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MORE MYSTERY TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

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Edited by ELVA S. SMITH

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MORE MYSTERY TALES for Boys and Girls

Edited by ELVA S. SMITH and ALICE I. HAZELTINE

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MORE MYSTERY TALES

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

SELECTED BY
ELVA S. SMITH

Frontispiece by Frank T. Merrill

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

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More Mystery Tales
For Boys and Girls

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PREFACE

MANY years ago, amid the arid wastes of a New England Sunday School library, I once chanced upon an oasis—George MacDonald's "Warlock o' Glenwarlock." In spite of its more than seven hundred pages and its difficult Scotch dialect, I returned to it again and again; but the lodestone of attraction was not, I fear, the fine and unworldly characters of the old laird and his son, or the descriptions of Old World life and scenery; still less the sermons, though these were excellent, or the good advice, which the author so liberally bestowed upon the reader. It was rather the lure of the haunted chamber, the ghostly appearances of the auld captain, commonly reputed a pirate, the slow unraveling of the mystery, and the final discovery of the treasure, the wonderful, glowing mass of jewels, so artfully hidden away. A glance through the pages of the book still brings back the breathless thrill of yore, when the opening up of the secret cavity in the wall revealed the toy horse in his prison stall. Cosmo had at last caught his "naig"; he had but to

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"pu' his tail;
In his hin' heel ca' a nail;
Rug his lugs frae ane anither—
Stan' up, an' ca' the king [his] brither."

"A good, clean story," some one has penciled in a library copy; but it is little known now, and most boys and girls, with scores of attractive and beautifully illustrated books from which to choose, would probably look somewhat askance at its plain cover, closely printed pages, and old-fashioned pictures. The author himself characterized "Warlock o' Glenwarlock" as "homely," but it had the qualities which irresistibly attracted the young people of the eighties and nineties—the elements of mystery and romance, the background of the unknown, the suggestion of the supernatural—and these qualities are equally fascinating to the boys and girls of to-day. "Please give me a good mystery tale" is one of the most frequent requests in library children's rooms. Literary fashions, or methods, may have changed somewhat in the intervening years; but still

"It is very good indeed,
When the nights are dark and cold,
Near the friendly hearth to read,
Tales of ghosts and buried gold."

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It is to meet this need that some of the best short stories and story-poems have been brought together in this book and its companion volume, "Mystery Tales for Boys and Girls." As in the earlier collection, the selections are chiefly legendary in character; but they are varied in setting and incident, and cover a wide range of time from the days of the Emperor Maximus to the Great War of the twentieth century. Though the plot interest of longer narratives is wanting, herein will be found mystic talismans, spectral lights, phantom ships, warlocks and witches, ghosts and wizards, hidden treasure, and strange enchantments. The stories and poems are not limited in their interest to any particular period; they may be enjoyed throughout the year; but they are especially appropriate for use at the Hallowe'en season and will help to meet the increased demand for mystery tales at this time. Many of them, it is hoped, will suggest other reading, or lead to the original volumes from which these selections have been taken. "Redgauntlet," the source of "Wandering Willie's tale," tells, for instance, the interesting story of a Jacobite conspiracy; Irving's "Alhambra" is a mine of fascinating Moorish tales; the Welsh legend of Maxen Wledig, only a part of which is included here, is from "The Mabinogion," translated by Lady

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Charlotte Guest. "The Abbaye de Cérisy," taken from "Studies and Stories," by Mrs. Molesworth, naturally suggests the history and fiction of the French Revolution. For more ghost stories, one should read the tale of the murdered king of Denmark, young Hamlet's father, and the story of Macbeth who met the weird sisters on the blasted heath and saw in a vision the "blood-bolter'd Banquo."

"The Mystery of Old Daddy's Window" from "The Young Mountaineers," by Charles Egbert Craddock; "Howe's Masquerade" from "Twice-Told Tales," by Nathaniel Hawthorne; "A Grey-port Legend," by Bret Harte; "Friar Bacon's Brazen Head" from "Stories from Old English History," by Abby Sage Richardson; "The Mystery of Cro-a-tàn from "Colonial Ballads, Sonnets, and Other Verses," by Margaret J. Preston; and "The Dead Ship of Harpswell," by John Greenleaf Whittier, are used by permission of and by special arrangement with Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers. "The Three Low Masses" from "Little French Masterpieces: Alphonse Daudet," the translation by George Burnham Ives; and "The Bowmen" from "The Bowmen, and Other Legends of the War," by Arthur Machen, are included through the courtesy

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Thanks are also due to Dr. Arthur Wentworth Hamilton Eaton for permission to reprint "The Phantom Light of the Baie des Chaleurs" from "Acadian Legends and Lyrics"; to the Atlantic Monthly Press for the use of the poem "Ipswich Bar," by Esther and Brainard Bates; and to the Overland Publishing Company for permission to include "Lost in the Fog," by Noah Brooks. "The Roll-Call of the Reef," from "Wandering Heath," by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch, and "The Miracle of the White Wolf," from "The White Wolf, and Other Fireside Tales," are used with the permission of Charles Scribner's Sons.

Most of the selections have been given without change or adaptation but in a few cases they have been slightly shortened by the omission of an occasional sentence or paragraph not necessary to the understanding of the story.

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Pittsburgh, 1922.

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MORE MYSTERY TALES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

LEGEND OF THE TWO DISCREET STATUES

Washington Irving

There lived once in a waste apartment of the Alhambra a merry little fellow, named Lope Sanchez, who worked in the gardens, and was as brisk and as blithe as a grasshopper, singing all day

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long. He was the life and soul of the fortress; when his work was over, he would sit on one of the stone benches of the esplanade, strum his guitar, and sing long ditties about the Cid, and Bernardo del Carpio, and Fernando del Pulgar, and other Spanish heroes, for the amusement of the old soldiers of the fortress; or would strike up a merrier tune, and set the girls dancing boleros and fandangos.

Like most little men, Lope Sanchez had a strapping buxom dame for a wife, who could almost have put him in her pocket; but he lacked the usual poor man's lot—instead of ten children he had but one. This was a little black-eyed girl about twelve years of age, named Sanchica, who was as merry as himself, and the delight of his heart. She played about him as he worked in the gardens, danced to his guitar as he sat in the shade, and ran as wild as a young fawn about the groves and alleys and ruined halls of the Alhambra.

It was now the eve of the blessed St. John, and the holiday-loving gossips of the Alhambra, men, women, and children, went up at night to the Mountain of the Sun, which rises above the Generalife, to keep their midsummer vigil on its level summit. It was a bright moonlight night, and all the mountains were gray and silvery, and the city, with its

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domes and spires, lay in shadows below, and the Vega was like a fairy-land, with haunted streams gleaming among its dusky groves. On the highest part of the mountain they lit a bonfire, according to an old custom of the country handed down from the Moors. The inhabitants of the surrounding country were keeping a similar vigil, and bonfires, here and there in the Vega, and along the folds of the mountains, blazed up palely in the moonlight.

The evening was gayly passed in dancing to the guitar of Lope Sanchez, who was never so joyous as when on a holiday revel of the kind. While the dance was going on, the little Sanchica with some of her playmates sported among the ruins of an old Moorish fort that crowns the mountain, when, in gathering pebbles in the fosse, she found a small hand curiously carved of jet, the fingers closed, and the thumb firmly clasped upon them. Overjoyed with her good fortune, she ran to her mother with her prize. It immediately became a subject of sage speculation, and was eyed by some with superstitious distrust. "Throw it away," said one; "it's Moorish—depend upon it, there's mischief and witchcraft in it." "By no means," said another; "you may sell it for something to the jewelers of the Zacatin."

In the midst of this discussion an old tawny sol-

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dier drew near, who had served in Africa and was as swarthy as a Moor. He examined the hand with a knowing look. "I have seen things of this kind," said he, "among the Moors of Barbary. It is a great virtue to guard against the evil eye, and all kinds of spells and enchantments. I give you joy, friend Lope; this bodes good luck to your child."

Upon hearing this, the wife of Lope Sanchez tied the little hand of jet to a ribbon, and hung it round the neck of her daughter.

The sight of this talisman called up all the favorite superstitions about the Moors. The dance was neglected, and they sat in groups on the ground, telling old legendary tales handed down from their ancestors. Some of their stories turned upon the wonders of the very mountain upon which they were seated, which is a famous hobgoblin region. One ancient crone gave a long account of the subterranean palace in the bowels of that mountain where Boabdil and all his Moslem court are said to remain enchanted.

"Among yonder ruins," said she, pointing to some crumbling walls and mounds of earth on a distant part of the mountain, "there is a deep black pit that goes down, down into the very heart of the mountain. For all the money in Granada I would not look down into it. Once upon a time a poor

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man of the Alhambra, who tended goats upon this mountain, scrambled down into that pit after a kid that had fallen in. He came out again all wild and staring, and told such things of what he had seen, that every one thought his brain was turned. He raved for a day or two about the hobgoblin Moors that had pursued him in the cavern, and could hardly be persuaded to drive his goats up again to the mountain. He did so at last, but, poor man, he never came down again. The neighbors found his goats browsing about the Moorish ruins, and his hat and mantle lying near the mouth of the pit, but he was never more heard of."

The little Sanchica listened with breathless attention to this story. She was of a curious nature, and felt immediately a great hankering to peep into this dangerous pit. Stealing away from her companions, she sought the distant ruins, and, after groping for some time among them, came to a small hollow, or basin, near the brow of the mountain, where it swept steeply down into the valley of the Darro. In the centre of this basin yawned the mouth of the pit. Sanchica ventured to the verge and peeped in. All was as black as pitch and gave an idea of immeasurable depth. Her blood ran cold; she drew back, then peeped in again, then would have run away, then took another peep—the

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very horror of the thing was delightful to her. At length she rolled a large stone and pushed it over the brink. For some time it fell in silence; then struck some rocky projection with a violent crash; then rebounded from side to side, rumbling and tumbling, with a noise like thunder; then made a final splash into water, far, far below—and all was again silent.

The silence, however, did not long continue. It seemed as if something had been awakened within this dreary abyss. A murmuring sound gradually rose out of the pit like the hum and buzz of a bee-hive. It grew louder and louder, there was the confusion of voices as of a distant multitude, together with the faint din of arms, clash of cymbals and clangor of trumpets, as if some army were marshaling for battle in the very bowels of the mountain.

The child drew off with silent awe, and hastened back to the place where she had left her parents and their companions. All were gone. The bonfire was expiring and its last wreath of smoke curling up in the moonshine. The distant fires that had blazed along the mountains and in the Vega were all extinguished and everything seemed to have sunk to repose. Sanchica called her parents and some of her companions by name, but received no

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reply. She ran down the side of the mountain, and by the gardens of the Generalife, until she arrived in the alley of trees leading to the Alhambra, when she seated herself on a bench of a woody recess, to recover breath.

The bell from the watch-tower of the Alhambra tolled midnight. There was a deep tranquillity as if all nature slept; excepting the low tinkling sound of an unseen stream that ran under the covert of the bushes. The breathing sweetness of the atmosphere was lulling her to sleep, when her eye was caught by something glittering at a distance, and to her surprise she beheld a long cavalcade of Moorish warriors pouring down the mountain-side and along the leafy avenues. Some were armed with lances and shields; others with cimeters and battle-axes, and with polished cuirasses that flashed in the moonbeams. Their horses pranced proudly and champed upon their bits, but their tramp caused no more sound than if they had been shod with felt, and the riders were all as pale as death. Among them rode a beautiful lady, with a crowned head and long golden locks entwined with pearls. The housings of her palfrey were of crimson velvet embroidered with gold, and swept the earth; but she rode all disconsolate, with eyes ever fixed upon the ground.

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Then succeeded a train of courtiers magnificently arrayed in robes and turbans of divers colors, and amidst them, on a cream-colored charger, rode king Boabdil el Chico, in a royal mantle covered with jewels, and a crown sparkling with diamonds. The little Sanchica knew him by his yellow beard and his resemblance to his portrait, which she had often seen in the picture-gallery of the Generalife. She gazed in wonder and admiration at this royal pageant, as it passed glistening among the trees; but though she knew these monarchs and courtiers and warriors, so pale and silent, were out of the common course of nature, and things of magic and enchantment, yet she looked on with a bold heart, such courage did she derive from the mystic talisman of the hand, which was suspended about her neck.

The cavalcade having passed by, she rose and followed. It continued on to the great Gate of Justice, which stood wide open. The old invalid sentinels on duty lay on the stone benches of the barbican, buried in profound and apparently charmed sleep and the phantom pageant swept noiselessly by them with flaunting banner and triumphant state. Sanchica would have followed; but to her surprise she beheld an opening in the earth, within the barbican, leading down beneath the foundations of the tower. She entered for a

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little distance and was encouraged to proceed by finding steps rudely hewn in the rock, and a vaulted passage here and there lit up by a silver lamp, which, while it gave light, diffused likewise a grateful fragrance. Venturing on, she came at last to a great hall, wrought out of the heart of the mountain, magnificently furnished in the Moorish style, and lighted up by silver and crystal lamps. Here, on an ottoman, sat an old man in Moorish dress, with a long white beard, nodding and dozing, with a staff in his hand, which seemed ever to be slipping from his grasp; while at a little distance sat a beautiful lady, in ancient Spanish dress, with a coronet all sparkling with diamonds and her hair entwined with pearls, who was softly playing on a silver lyre. The little Sanchica now recollected a story she had heard among the old people of the Alhambra, concerning a Gothic princess confined in the centre of the mountain by an old Arabian magician, whom she kept bound up in magic sleep by the power of music.

The lady paused with surprise at seeing a mortal in that enchanted hall. "Is it the eve of the blessed St. John?" said she.

"It is," replied Sanchica.

"Then for one night the magic charm is suspended. Come hither, child, and fear not. I am a

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Christian like thyself, though bound here by enchantment. Touch my fetters with the talisman that hangs about thy neck and for this night I shall be free."

So saying, she opened her robes and displayed a broad golden band round her waist and a golden chain that fastened her to the ground. The child hesitated not to apply the little hand of jet to the golden band and immediately the chain fell to the earth. At the sound the old man woke and began to rub his eyes; but the lady ran her fingers over the chords of the lyre and again he fell into a slumber and began to nod and his staff to falter in his hand.

"Now," said the lady, "touch his staff with the talismanic hand of jet." The child did so and it fell from his grasp and he sank in a deep sleep on the ottoman. The lady gently laid the silver lyre on the ottoman, leaning it against the head of the sleeping magician; then touching the chords until they vibrated in his ear—"O potent spirit of harmony," said she, "continue thus to hold his senses in thraldom till the return of day. Now follow me, my child," continued she, "and thou shalt behold the Alhambra as it was in the days of its glory, for thou hast a magic talisman that reveals all enchantments."

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Sanchica followed the lady in silence. They passed up through the entrance of the cavern into the barbican of the Gate of Justice, and thence to the Plaza de los Algibes, or esplanade within the fortress.

This was all filled with Moorish soldiery, horse and foot, marshaled in squadrons, with banners displayed. There were royal guards also at the portal and rows of African blacks with drawn cimeters. No one spoke a word and Sanchica passed on fearlessly after her conductor. Her astonishment increased on entering the royal palace, in which she had been reared. The broad moonshine lit up all the halls and courts and gardens almost as brightly as if it were day, but revealed a far different scene from that to which she was accustomed. The walls of the apartments were no longer stained and rent by time. Instead of cobwebs, they were now hung with rich silks of Damascus and the gildings and arabesque paintings were restored to their original brilliancy and freshness. The halls, no longer naked and unfurnished, were set out with divans and ottomans of the rarest stuffs, embroidered with pearls and studded with precious gems, and all the fountains in the courts and gardens were playing.

The kitchens were again in full operation; cooks

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were busy preparing shadowy dishes, and roasting and boiling the phantoms of pullets and partridges; servants were hurrying to and fro with silver dishes heaped up with dainties, and arranging a delicious banquet. The Court of Lions was thronged with guards and courtiers and alfaquis, as in the old times of the Moors; and at the upper end, in the saloon of judgment, sat Boabdil on his throne, surrounded by his court, and swaying a shadowy sceptre for the night. Notwithstanding all this throng and seeming bustle, not a voice nor a footstep was to be heard; nothing interrupted the midnight silence but the splashing of the fountains.

The little Sanchica followed her conductress in mute amazement about the palace, until they came to a portal opening to the vaulted passages beneath the great tower of Comares. On each side of the portal sat the figure of a nymph, wrought out of alabaster. Their heads were turned aside and their regards fixed upon the same spot within the vault. The enchanted lady paused and beckoned the child to her. "Here," said she, "is a great secret, which I will reveal to thee in reward for thy faith and courage. These discreet statues watch over a treasure hidden in old times by a Moorish king. Tell thy father to search the spot on which their eyes are fixed and he will find what will make him richer

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than any man in Granada. Thy innocent hands alone, however, gifted as thou art also with the talisman, can remove the treasure. Bid thy father use it discreetly, and devote a part of it to the performance of daily masses for my deliverance from this unholy enchantment."

When the lady had spoken these words, she led the child onward to the little garden of Lindaraxa, which is hard by the vault of the statues. The moon trembled upon the waters of the solitary fountain in the centre of the garden and shed a tender light upon the orange and citron trees. The beautiful lady plucked a branch of myrtle and wreathed it round the head of the child. "Let this be a memento," said she, "of what I have revealed to thee, and a testimonial of its truth. My hour is come; I must return to the enchanted hall; follow me not, lest evil befall thee—farewell. Remember what I have said, and have masses performed for my deliverance." So saying, the lady entered a dark passage leading beneath the tower of Comares, and was no longer seen.

The faint crowing of a cock was now heard from the cottages below the Alhambra, in the valley of the Darro, and a pale streak of light began to appear above the eastern mountains. A slight wind arose, there was a sound like the rustling of dry

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leaves through the courts and corridors, and door after door shut to with a jarring sound.

Sanchica returned to the scenes she had so lately beheld thronged with the shadowy multitude, but Boabdil and his phantom court were gone. The moon shone into empty halls and galleries stripped of their transient splendor, stained and dilapidated by time, and hung with cobwebs. The bat flitted about in the uncertain light, and the frog croaked from the fish-pond.

Sanchica now made the best of her way to a remote staircase that led up to the humble apartment occupied by her family. The door as usual was open, for Lope Sanchez was too poor to need bolt or bar; she crept quietly to her pallet, and, putting the myrtle wreath beneath her pillow, soon fell asleep.

In the morning she related all that had befallen her to her father. Lope Sanchez, however, treated the whole as a mere dream and laughed at the child for her credulity. He went forth to his customary labors in the garden, but had not been there long when his little daughter came running to him almost breathless. "Father! father!" cried she, "behold the myrtle wreath which the Moorish lady bound round my head!"

Lope Sanchez gazed with astonishment, for the

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stalk of the myrtle was of pure gold, and every leaf was a sparkling emerald! Being not much accustomed to precious stones, he was ignorant of the real value of the wreath, but he saw enough to convince him that it was something more substantial than the stuff of which dreams are generally made, and that at any rate the child had dreamt to some purpose. His first care was to enjoin the most absolute secrecy upon his daughter; in this respect, however, he was secure, for she had discretion far beyond her years or sex. He then repaired to the vault, where stood the statues of the two alabaster nymphs. He remarked that their heads were turned from the portal, and that the regards of each were fixed upon the same point in the interior of the building. Lope Sanchez could not but admire this most discreet contrivance for guarding a secret. He drew a line from the eyes of the statues to the point of regard, made a private mark on the wall, and then retired.

All day, however, the mind of Lope Sanchez was distracted with a thousand cares. He could not help hovering within distant view of the two statues, and became nervous from the dread that the golden secret might be discovered. Every footstep that approached the place made him tremble. He would have given anything could he but have

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turned the heads of the statues, forgetting that they had looked precisely in the same direction for some hundreds of years, without any person being the wiser.

"A plague upon them," he would say to himself, "they'll betray all; did ever mortal hear of such a mode of guarding a secret?" Then on hearing any one advance, he would steal off, as though his very lurking near the place would awaken suspicion. Then he would return cautiously, and peep from a distance to see if everything was secure, but the sight of the statues would again call forth his indignation. "Ay, there they stand," would he say, "always looking, and looking, and looking, just where they should not. Confound them! they are just like all their sex; if they have not tongues to tattle with, they'll be sure to do it with their eyes."

At length, to his relief, the long anxious day drew to a close. The sound of footsteps was no longer heard in the echoing halls of the Alhambra; the last stranger passed the threshold, the great portal was barred and bolted, and the bat and the frog and the hooting owl gradually resumed their nightly vocations in the deserted palace.

Lope Sanchez waited, however, until the night was far advanced before he ventured with his little daughter to the hall of the two nymphs. He found

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them looking as knowingly and mysteriously as ever at the secret place of deposit. "By your leaves, gentle ladies," thought Lope Sanchez, as he passed between them, "I will relieve you from this charge that must have set so heavy in your minds for the last two or three centuries." He accordingly went to work at the part of the wall which he had marked, and in a little while laid open a concealed recess, in which stood two great jars of porcelain. He attempted to draw them forth, but they were immovable, until touched by the innocent hand of his little daughter. With her aid he dislodged them from their little niche, and found to his great joy that they were filled with pieces of Moorish gold, mingled with jewels and precious stones. Before daylight he managed to convey them to his chamber, and left the two guardian statues with their eyes still fixed on the vacant wall.

Lope Sanchez had thus on a sudden become a rich man; but riches, as usual, brought a world of cares to which he had hitherto been a stranger. How was he to convey away his wealth with safety? How was he even to enter upon the enjoyment of it without awakening suspicion? Now, too, for the first time in his life the dread of robbers entered into his mind. He looked with terror at the insecurity of his habitation, and went to work to barri-

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cade the doors and windows; yet after all his precautions he could not sleep soundly. His usual gaiety was at an end, he had no longer a joke or a song for his neighbors, and, in short, became the most miserable animal in the Alhambra. His old comrades remarked this alteration, pitied him heartily, and began to desert him; thinking he must be falling into want, and in danger of looking to them for assistance. Little did they suspect that his only calamity was riches.

The wife of Lope Sanchez shared his anxiety, but then she had ghostly comfort. We ought before this to have mentioned that Lope, being rather a light inconsiderate little man, his wife was accustomed, in all grave matters, to seek the counsel and ministry of her confessor, Fray Simon, a sturdy, broad-shouldered, blue-bearded, bullet-headed friar of the neighboring convent of San Francisco, who was in fact the spiritual comforter of half the good wives of the neighborhood. He was, moreover, in great esteem among divers sisterhoods of nuns; who requited him for his ghostly services by frequent presents of those little dainties and knickknacks manufactured in convents, such as delicate confections, sweet biscuits and bottles of spiced cordials, found to be marvelous restoratives after fasts and vigils.

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Fray Simon thrived in the exercise of his functions. His oily skin glistened in the sunshine as he toiled up the hill of the Alhambra on a sultry day. Yet notwithstanding his sleek condition, the knotted rope round his waist showed the austerity of his self-discipline; the multitude doffed their caps to him as a mirror of piety, and even the dogs scented the odor of sanctity that exhaled from his garments, and howled from their kennels as he passed.

Such was Fray Simon, the spiritual counselor of the comely wife of Lope Sanchez; and as the father confessor is the domestic confidant of women in humble life in Spain, he was soon acquainted, in great secrecy, with the story of the hidden treasure.

The friar opened his eyes and mouth and crossed himself a dozen times at the news. After a moment's pause, "Daughter of my soul!" said he, "know that thy husband has committed a double sin—a sin against both state and church! The treasure he hath thus seized upon for himself, being found in the royal domains, belongs of course to the crown; but being infidel wealth, rescued as it were from the very fangs of Satan, should be devoted to the church. Still, however, the matter may be accommodated. Bring hither thy myrtle wreath."

When the good father beheld it, his eyes twinkled more than ever with admiration of the size and

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beauty of the emeralds. "This," said he, "being the first fruits of this discovery, should be dedicated to pious purposes. I will hang it up as a votive offering before the image of San Francisco in our chapel, and will earnestly pray to him, this very night, that your husband be permitted to remain in quiet possession of your wealth."

The good dame was delighted to make her peace with heaven at so cheap a rate, and the friar, putting the wreath under his mantle, departed with saintly steps toward his convent.

When Lope Sanchez came home, his wife told him what had passed. He was excessively provoked, for he lacked his wife's devotion, and had for some time groaned in secret at the domestic visitations of the friar. "Woman," said he, "what hast thou done? thou hast put everything at hazard by thy tattling."

"What!" cried the good woman, "would you forbid my disburdening my conscience to my confessor?"

"No, wife! confess as many of your own sins as you please; but as to this money-digging, it is a sin of my own, and my conscience is very easy under the weight of it."

There was no use, however, in complaining; the secret was told, and, like water spilled on the sand,

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was not again to be gathered. Their only chance was that the friar would be discreet.

The next day, while Lope Sanchez was abroad, there was a humble knocking at the door, and Fray Simon entered with meek and demure countenance.

"Daughter," said he, "I have earnestly prayed to San Francisco, and he has heard my prayer. In the dead of night the saint appeared to me in a dream, but with a frowning aspect. 'Why,' said he, 'dost thou pray to me to dispense with this treasure of the Gentiles, when thou seest the poverty of my chapel? Go to the house of Lope Sanchez, crave in my name a portion of the Moorish gold, to furnish two candlesticks for the main altar, and let him possess the residue in peace.'"

When the good woman heard of this vision, she crossed herself with awe, and going to the secret place where Lope had hid the treasure, she filled a great leathern purse with pieces of Moorish gold, and gave it to the friar. The pious monk bestowed upon her, in return, benedictions enough, if paid by Heaven, to enrich her race to the latest posterity; then slipping the purse into the sleeve of his habit, he folded his hands upon his breast, and departed with an air of humble thankfulness.

When Lope Sanchez heard of this second donation to the church, he had well-nigh lost his senses.

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"Unfortunate man," cried he, "what will become of me? I shall be robbed by piecemeal; I shall be ruined and brought to beggary!"

It was with the utmost difficulty that his wife could pacify him, by reminding him of the countless wealth that yet remained, and how considerate it was for San Francisco to rest contented with so small a portion.

Unluckily, Fray Simon had a number of poor relations to be provided for, not to mention some half-dozen sturdy bullet-headed orphan children and destitute foundlings that he had taken under his care. He repeated his visits, therefore, from day to day, with solicitations on behalf of Saint Dominick, Saint Andrew, Saint James, until poor Lope was driven to despair, and found that unless he got out of the reach of this holy friar, he should have to make peace-offerings to every saint in the calendar. He determined, therefore, to pack up his remaining wealth, beat a secret retreat in the night, and make off to another part of the kingdom.

Full of his project, he bought a stout mule for the purpose, and tethered it in a gloomy vault underneath the tower of the seven floors; the very place whence the Belludo, or goblin horse, is said to issue forth at midnight, and scour the streets of Granada, pursued by a pack of hell-hounds. Lope

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Sanchez had little faith in the story, but availed himself of the dread occasioned by it, knowing that no one would be likely to pry into the subterranean stable of the phantom steed. He sent off his family in the course of the day, with orders to wait for him at a distant village of the Vega. As the night advanced, he conveyed his treasure to the vault under the tower, and having loaded his mule, he led it forth, and cautiously descended the dusky avenue.

Honest Lope had taken his measures with the utmost secrecy, imparting them to no one but the faithful wife of his bosom. By some miraculous revelation, however, they became known to Fray Simon. The zealous friar beheld these infidel treasures on the point of slipping forever out of his grasp, and determined to have one more dash at them for the benefit of the church and San Francisco. Accordingly, when the bells had rung for animas, and all the Alhambra was quiet, he stole out of his convent, and descending through the Gate of Justice, concealed himself among the thickets of roses and laurels that border the great avenue. Here he remained, counting the quarters of hours as they were sounded on the bell of the watch-tower, and listening to the dreary hootings of owls, and the distant barking of dogs from the gypsy caverns.

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At length he heard the tramp of hoofs, and, through the gloom of the overshading trees, imperfectly beheld a steed descending the avenue. The sturdy friar chuckled at the idea of the knowing turn he was about to serve honest Lope.

Tucking up the skirts of his habit, and wriggling like a cat watching a mouse, he waited until his prey was directly before him, when darting forth from his leafy covert, and putting one hand on the shoulder and the other on the crupper, he made a vault that would not have disgraced the most experienced master of equitation, and alighted well-forked astride the steed. "Ah ha!" said the sturdy friar, "we shall now see who best understands the game."

He had scarce uttered the words when the mule began to kick, and rear, and plunge, and then set off full speed down the hill. The friar attempted to check him, but in vain. He bounded from rock to rock, and bush to bush; the friar's habit was torn to ribbons and fluttered in the wind, his shaven poll received many a hard knock from the branches of the trees, and many a scratch from the brambles. To add to his terror and distress, he found a pack of seven hounds in full cry at his heels, and perceived, too late, that he was actually mounted upon the terrible Belludo!

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Away then they went, according to the ancient phrase, "pull devil, pull friar," down the great avenue, across the Plaza Nueva, along the Zacatin, around the Vivarrambla—never did huntsman and hound make a more furious run, or more infernal uproar. In vain did the friar invoke every saint in the calendar, and the Holy Virgin into the bargain; every time he mentioned a name of the kind it was like a fresh application of the spur, and made the Belludo bound as high as a house. Through the remainder of the night was the unlucky Fray Simon carried hither and thither, and whither he would not, until every bone in his body ached, and he suffered a loss of leather too grievous to be mentioned. At length the crowing of a cock gave the signal of returning day. At the sound the goblin steed wheeled about, and galloped back for his tower. Again he scoured the Vivarrambla, the Zacatin, the Plaza Nueva, and the avenue of fountains, the seven dogs yelling, and barking, and leaping up, and snapping at the heels of the terrified friar. The first streak of day had just appeared as they reached the tower; here the goblin steed kicked up his heels, sent the friar a somersault through the air, plunged into the dark vault followed by the infernal pack, and a profound silence succeeded to the late deafening clamor.

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Was ever so diabolical a trick played off upon a holy friar? A peasant going to his labors at early dawn found the unfortunate Fray Simon lying under a fig-tree at the foot of the tower, but so bruised and bedeviled that he could neither speak nor move. He was conveyed with all care and tenderness to his cell, and the story went that he had been waylaid and maltreated by robbers. A day or two elapsed before he recovered the use of his limbs; he consoled himself, in the meantime, with the thoughts that though the mule with the treasure had escaped him, he had previously had some rare pickings at the infidel spoils. His first care on being able to use his limbs was to search beneath his pallet, where he had secreted the myrtle wreath and the leathern pouches of gold extracted from the piety of Dame Sanchez. What was his dismay at finding the wreath, in effect, but a withered branch of myrtle, and the leathern pouches filled with sand and gravel!

Fray Simon, with all his chagrin, had the discretion to hold his tongue, for to betray the secret might draw on him the ridicule of the public, and the punishment of his superior. It was not until many years afterward, on his death-bed, that he revealed to his confessor his nocturnal ride on the Belludo.

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Nothing was heard of Lope Sanchez for a long time after his disappearance from the Alhambra. His memory was always cherished as that of a merry companion, though it was feared, from the care and melancholy observed in his conduct shortly before his mysterious departure, that poverty and distress had driven him to some extremity. Some years afterward one of his old companions, an invalid soldier, being at Malaga, was knocked down and nearly run over by a coach and six. The carriage stopped; an old gentleman, magnificently dressed, with a bag-wig and sword, stepped out to assist the poor invalid. What was the astonishment of the latter to behold in this grand cavalier his old friend Lope Sanchez, who was actually celebrating the marriage of his daughter Sanchica with one of the first grandees in the land.

The carriage contained the bridal party. There was Dame Sanchez, now grown as round as a barrel, and dressed out with feathers and jewels, and necklaces of pearls, and necklaces of diamonds, and rings on every finger, altogether a finery of apparel that had not been seen since the days of Queen Sheba. The little Sanchica had now grown to be a woman, and for grace and beauty might have been mistaken for a duchess, if not a princess outright. The bridegroom sat beside her—rather a

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withered, spindle-shanked little man, but this only proved him to be of the true-blue blood; a legitimate Spanish grandee being rarely above three cubits in stature. The match had been of the mother's making.

Riches had not spoiled the heart of honest Lope. He kept his old comrade with him for several days; feasted him like a king, took him to plays and bull-fights, and at length sent him away rejoicing, with a big bag of money for himself, and another to be distributed among his ancient messmates of the Alhambra.

Lope always gave out that a rich brother had died in America and left him heir to a copper mine; but the shrewd gossips of the Alhambra insist that his wealth was all derived from his having discovered the secret guarded by the two marble nymphs of the Alhambra. It is remarked that these very discreet statues continue, even unto the present day, with their eyes fixed most significantly on the same part of the wall; which leads many to suppose there is still some hidden treasure remaining there well worthy the attention of the enterprising traveler. Though others, and particularly all female visitors, regard them with great complacency as lasting monuments of the fact that women can keep a secret.

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THE CAVERN OF STEENFOLL

A Legend of Scotland

WILHELM HAUFF

ON one of the rocky islands off the coast of Scotland lived many years ago, in the utmost harmony, two fishermen. They were both unmarried, were both without relatives, and supported themselves by their common labor. In age they were nearly equal, but in person and disposition they resembled each other as little as an eagle and a seal.

Donald Douglas was a short, thick-set man, with a broad face and good-humored, laughing eyes, where care and sorrow seemed to be total strangers.

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He was sleepy and torpid as well as fat, and on him fell the cares of the household, cooking and baking, making nets for catching fish, and a large share of the cultivation of the little field around the cottage.

His companion was diametrically his opposite; tall and spare, with the eyes of a hawk, and a high, arched nose. He was known as the most energetic and successful fisherman, the most daring climber for birds, the busiest farmer, and the shrewdest merchant in Kirkwall; but, as his wares were good and his dealings rigidly honest, every one was ready to trade with him, and William Falke—so the country people called him—and his friend Donald Douglas, with whom the former, notwithstanding his avarice, ungrudgingly divided his hard-earned gains, made not only a comfortable livelihood, but were in a fair way to reach a decent independence.

But independence merely was not the goal at which Falke's avarice aimed; he wished to be rich, —*very* rich; and, as he had early discovered that wealth came but slowly by the common highway of industry, he formed the idea at last that he should obtain the object of his ambition by some unforeseen and sudden stroke of fortune; and, when once this belief had obtained possession of his vigorous mind, he found room in it for no other idea, and

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began to talk of the subject to Donald Douglas as if it were a matter of absolute certainty. The latter, who took for gospel everything Falke said, told it about among his neighbors, and the rumor soon spread that William Falke had either actually sold himself for money to the Evil One, or that he had had an offer to that end from the Prince of the Lower World.

At first Falke laughed at these reports; but gradually his mind adopted the idea that some spirit could disclose a treasure to him if he would, and he ceased to contradict his neighbors when they questioned him concerning his fatal bargain. He continued to follow his business, but with far less zeal than he had formerly shown, and often lost the time which he had been wont to devote to fishing and other useful labors, in idle search for means by which suddenly to obtain enormous riches. As ill luck would have it, moreover, as he was standing one day on the seashore, gazing with excited hopes over the restless ocean, a big wave rolled up to his feet, among a mass of loose seaweed and pebbles, a yellow bullet—a bullet of precious gold.

William stood like one entranced; his hopes then had not been mere idle dreams, for the sea had given him gold, pure and precious gold, perhaps the relic of some heavy ingot which the waves had worn

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away against the ocean bed to the size of a rifle-ball. And now his imagination conceived the idea that a richly-freighted vessel must have been wrecked years ago on this shore, and that he was the one marked out by destiny to discover its treasures.

Henceforth, this was his sole aim in life; musing ever on his hopes, reserved in the presence of his closest friends, he neglected all other pursuits to spend his days and nights on this beach, where he passed the time in casting into the sea, not nets for fishes, but a peculiarly constructed scoop for the recovery of sunken gold. But he found nothing save poverty, for his own earnings utterly ceased, and Donald's indolent labors were not sufficient to support both. In his search for greater treasures vanished not only the gold he had obtained by chance, but by degrees the whole accumulations of the two friends. But, as in earlier times Douglas had trusted to Falke for the greater part of his support, so now he submitted without a murmur to his comrade's profitless aberrations; and it was precisely this submissive patience which incited Falke still more to continue his unceasing search for treasure.

And what urged him to increased exertions was that, as often as he lay down to rest his weary limbs,

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his ear caught a whisper of strange words, whose meaning at the time he thought he understood, and which, nevertheless, he could never remember on waking. To be sure, he knew not what connection this circumstance, strange as it was, had with his présent efforts; but, on a disposition like William Falke's, every incident had its effect, and this mysterious whisper only helped to strengthen him in the belief that some great good fortune was in store for him, which assumed in his uncultivated mind only the shape of a huge pile of gold.

One day a tempest overtook him on the shore where he had found the golden bullet, and its severity drove him to take refuge in a neighboring cave. This cave, which the inhabitants called the Cavern of Steenfoll, consisted of a long subterranean passage, open to the sea by two wide mouths, through which the waves rushed with a roar like that of an angry lion. It was accessible from the land only in one place, a crevice opening above, and was rarely visited by any but adventurous boys, while to its natural dangers was added the tradition of its being haunted.

William descended this crevice with much difficulty, and perched himself on a rock under an overhanging cliff, where, with the roaring waves at his feet and the storm above his head, he fell into his

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usual train of thought about the wrecked ship. Spite of all his inquiries, he had never been able to learn, even from the old residents of the place, of any shipwreck in the neighborhood.

How long he sat there, he was himself unconscious; but, waking at last from his dreamy abstraction, he discovered that the storm was over, and he was about to reascend to the upper air, when a voice issued from the deep, and the word "Carmilhan" fell distinctly on his ear. Terrified, he hastened to escape from the cave and gazed down into the empty abyss. "Great God!" he cried, "that is the word which has pursued me in my dreams. For the love of heaven, what can it mean?"

"Carmilhan!" was sighed once more by the voice, as he took his last step out of the cavern, and he fled like a frightened doe to his hut.

But William was no coward. The thing had come upon him unexpectedly; but his thirst for gold was too strong to permit him to be deterred by an appearance of danger from following his perilous path. He persevered. Once, late in the night, while fishing for treasure by moonlight near the cavern of Steenfoll, his scoop was caught by something beneath the water. He pulled with all his force, but the mass remained immovable. Meanwhile the wind increased, dark clouds enveloped the

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heavens, his boat rocked violently and threatened to overset. But Falke was not to be diverted from his purpose. He pulled and pulled till the resistance at length ceased, and, feeling no weight, he supposed his rope had parted. But at the same instant that the clouds rolled together and concealed the moon, a round, dark mass appeared above the surface, and the external "Carmilhan" sounded in his ear. He extended his arm to grasp the prize, but it vanished instantly in the pitchy darkness, and the fury of the gale compelled him to seek shelter under the neighboring cliff. He fell asleep from mere exhaustion, to suffer anew in his dreams, through the power of his imagination, the misery to which his restless thirst for riches subjected him during the day.

When he awoke, the early beams of the rising sun were glancing from the now tranquil mirror of the ocean. He was on the point of starting again to resume his accustomed labors, when he noticed something approaching in the distance. He soon perceived it to be a boat, and recognized in it a human figure; and was startled to observe that it was advancing with no assistance from sail or oar, and that its prow pointed steadily to the shore, although its occupant seemed unconscious of its course.

The boat continued to advance, and at length

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stopped alongside of William's skiff. The voyager proved to be a little, shriveled man, in a suit of yellow linen and tall red night-cap, who sat, with his eyes shut, as immovable as any corpse. After shouting at and punching him to no purpose, Falke was on the point of attaching a rope to the boat and towing it away, when the little man opened his eyes and began to speak in a tone which filled even the stout-hearted fisherman with horror.

"Where am I?" he asked, in Dutch, drawing a deep sigh.

Falke, who had learned a little of the language from Dutch herring fishermen, told him the name of the island, and inquired who he was and what brought him there.

"I come to look for the *Carmilhan.*"

"The Carmilhan! In God's name, what is the Carmilhan?" cried the excited fisherman.

"I answer not questions put to me in that form," replied the spectre, with a shudder.

"Well, well," shouted Falke, "what is the Carmilhan?"

"The *Carmilhan* is now nothing; but was once a fair ship, laden with more gold than vessel ever carried before."

"Where did she sink, and when?"

"A hundred years ago; where, I know not. I

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come to find the place, and to recover the lost treasure. If you will help me, we will share what we find."

"With all my heart. Tell me, what must I do?"

"A deed which requires courage. Just before midnight you must go to the wildest and most desolate part of this island, taking with you a cow, which you must there slay, and have with you some one to wrap you in her fresh hide. Your companion must then lay you down and leave you; and, before an hour goes by, you will know where the treasures of the *Carmilhan* are lying."

"In this way old Engrol perished, body and soul!" cried Falke in terror. "You are the Evil Spirit," he continued, rowing rapidly away. "Away with you! I will have no dealings with you!"

The little being gnashed his teeth, and yelled curses on the fisherman; but the latter was soon out of his hearing, and, after rounding a cliff, beyond his sight. But the discovery that the evil one was seeking to avail himself of his lust for wealth, to entice him into his snares by a golden bait, had no effect in diverting the deluded man from his purpose. On the contrary, he even hoped to take advantage of the assistance, without placing him-

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self in the clutches, of the fiend; so, continuing to dredge for gold off the desolate coast, he neglected utterly the independence which the rich fishing-grounds in the neighboring waters offered him, and sank with his companion day by day into deeper poverty.

Yet, although this state of things was due solely to Falke's infatuation, and the providing sustenance for both now fell wholly on Donald, the latter never complained. He showed him always the same devotion, the same confidence in his superior intellect, as in the times when his undertakings were successful and rational; and while this submissiveness greatly increased Falke's misery, it stimulated him all the more to search for gold, hoping thereby to indemnify his generous friend for his deprivations. All this time the devilish whisper, "Carmilhan," continued to pursue him in his slumbers. In short, want, hope and avarice drove him at last into a sort of madness; and he resolved, finally, to carry out what the demon had suggested to him, although he knew well that, according to tradition, he was surrendering himself by so doing to the powers of darkness.

All Donald's dissuasions were thrown away. Falke grew the more determined the more the other implored him to desist; and the good-natured fel-

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low consented at last to accompany him, and help him carry out his plan.

The hearts of both throbbed painfully as they fastened a rope round the horns of a fine cow, their last article of property, which they had raised from a calf, and which they had always refused to sell, from an unwillingness to see her pass into the hands of strangers. But the evil spirit, which had got the mastery over Falke, stifled all the better feelings of his heart, and Donald was unable to resist his will.

It was the month of September and the long nights of the Scottish winter had already begun. The evening clouds drove swiftly before the fierce night-winds; deep shadows filled the valleys, and the wet turf-bogs and the turbid channels of the streams looked black and fearful as the mouths of hell. Falke strode in front, followed by Douglas, shuddering at his own boldness, and tears filling his eyes whenever he looked at the poor animal, going so confidingly to her speedy death, to be inflicted by the same hand which had fed her so many years.

They reached, at last, a narrow, marshy vale, here and there overgrown with moss and heath and sprinkled with huge boulders. A wild mountain chain encircled the spot, losing itself in the distance in the gray evening mist. The place was rarely visited by the foot of man and they approached,

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with hesitating steps, a huge stone lying in the middle of this desolate spot, and from which a frightened eagle rose screaming into the air. The cow lowed mournfully, as if conscious of the horror of the place, and of her own approaching fate; and Donald turned aside to wipe away his streaming tears. He looked down the gorge which they had just climbed, and through which he could hear the distant surging of the sea; then upwards to the mountain peaks, on which an inky cloud had settled, and from which, at intervals, descended a hollow roar. When he again looked at Falke, the latter had bound the cow to a rock, and was standing, with upraised axe, to take the poor brute's life.

It was too much for his resolution. He fell upon his knees, wringing his hands. "For heaven's sake, William," he exclaimed, in an agonizing tone, "spare her! O, spare yourself and me! Have mercy on your own soul! Or, if you are resolved thus to tempt your Maker, wait till to-morrow, and obtain some other than our darling cow for this wicked sacrifice."

"Donald, are you mad?" shrieked William, poising the axe above his head. "Shall I spare the cow and starve?"

"You shall not starve," answered Donald firmly. "While I have hands you shall not starve. I will

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work for you from morning till night. But peril not the salvation of your soul, and let the poor brute live."

"Take the axe then, and cleave my head," cried Falke in a despairing tone. "I go not from this place till I have obtained what I desire. Can you raise the treasures of the *Carmilhan?* Can your hands earn more than the barest necessities of life? But you can end my misery. Come, let me be the sacrifice!"

"William, I plead not for myself, but for your eternal happiness! Alas! this is the altar of the Picts, and the sacrifice you bring belongs to hell."

"I deny it," cried Falke, with a frantic laugh. "Douglas, you are mad, and make me mad! But here," he continued, throwing away the axe, and taking his knife as if to plunge it into his heart; "here, keep the cow at the price of your friend's life!"

Donald was at his side in a moment, and snatching the weapon of death from his hand, seized the axe, and swinging it round his head, brought it down with such force on the forehead of the loved animal that, without a shudder, it fell dead at its master's feet.

A flash of lightning, accompanied by a terrific peal of thunder, followed this hasty deed; and

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Falke stared at his friend with the look with which a man wonders at a child who has ventured to do what he himself lacks courage to attempt. Douglas, however, seemed neither terrified by the thunder nor disconcerted by the bewildered gaze of his companion, but bent over the cow without a word and began to take off its hide. When Falke had recovered his composure, he helped him in the operation, but with a reluctance as visible as he had previously shown anxiety. Meanwhile the tempest had increased in fury, the thunder echoed in the mountains, and frightful flashes of lightning illuminated the scanty herbage of the defile, while the wind, which had not yet reached this altitude, filled the lower valleys with its wild howling. Both men found themselves drenched to the skin by the time they had finished stripping off the hide. They spread it out on the ground and Donald bound Falke firmly into it. When this was done the poor man for the first time broke the prolonged silence, and, looking down compassionately on his friend, asked in a trembling voice:

"Can I do anything more for you, William?"

"Nothing more!" answered Falke. "Farewell!"

"Farewell!" replied Donald. "God protect you, and pardon you as I do!"

These were the last words which Falke heard

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from him, for the next moment he had disappeared in the increasing darkness. At the same time, one of the most violent tornadoes William had ever seen broke upon him. It began with a flash of lightning, which showed him not only the peaks and cliffs in his immediate neighborhood, but the valley below him, and the raging sea, and the rocky islands scattered about the bay, among which he thought he caught a glimpse of a large dismasted ship, which vanished again instantly in the pitchy darkness. The claps of thunder were absolutely deafening. A large mass of rocks from the cliffs above rolled down from the mountain, narrowly missing him. The rain fell in such torrents that, in a few minutes, it had overflowed the valley with a deep flood, which soon rose to Falke's shoulders; and, had not Donald fortunately laid him with the upper part of his body resting on a hillock, he would have been speedily drowned. The water continued to rise and the more Falke strove to release himself from his perilous position, the closer did the moist hide embrace him in its folds. In vain he shouted for Donald—his friend was far away. He dared not call on God in his necessity, and a shudder convulsed his frame when he attempted to supplicate the being to whose power he felt himself given over.

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The water had already risen above his shoulders; already it was moistening his trembling lips. "God in heaven! I am lost!" he shrieked, as he felt the flood meet above his face. But at this moment a sound like that of a neighboring waterfall fell faintly on his ear, and his mouth was again uncovered. The torrent had forced itself a passage through its rocky barriers. The rain moderating at the same time, and the darkness of the clouds lifting a little, his despair was somewhat mitigated, and a beam of hope shone in upon his soul. But, spite of his exhaustion from a struggle like that of death, and his intense desire to escape from his imprisonment, the object of his desperate ambition had not yet been attained, and, with the disappearance of immediate danger, covetousness returned in all its strength. Satisfied that to obtain his wishes he must submit patiently to his fate, he held his peace, and soon fell into a deep sleep from cold and exhaustion.

He had slept perhaps a couple of hours, when a cold wind blowing across his face, and a sound like that of approaching waves, roused him from his oblivion. The sky had again grown dark. A flash, like that which had preceded the first tempest, lighted up once more the surrounding landscape, and he again thought he caught a glimpse of the

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foreign vessel hanging for a moment on a lofty wave, close by the cliffs of Steenfoll, and then sinking suddenly into the abyss. He continued to gaze intently after the phantom, for incessant flashes now lighted up the sea, when a mountainous billów rushed up the valley, and dashed him with such force against a rock that he lost his senses. When he came to himself, the storm had passed away and the sky was clear, though the lightning still played at intervals. He was lying at the foot of the mountain range enclosing the valley, and felt himself so shattered that he could scarcely move. He heard where he lay the subdued murmur of the surf, seemingly mingled with a solemn melody like church music. The tones were at first so faint that he thought them a delusion of his senses. But nearer and clearer they came, and it seemed to him at length he could distinguish the music of a psalm which he had heard the summer before on board a Dutch herring-boat.

At last he could make out voices and thought he recognized the words of the song. The voices were now in the valley below and working himself along with great difficulty to a stone, on which he laid his head, he perceived a procession of human beings moving in his direction. Their faces showed signs of grief and misery, and their garments seemed to

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drip with water. They were now at no great distance and their music ceased. At their head went several musicians, followed by a number of sailors, and behind came a tall, powerful man, in an antiquated, gold-embroidered dress, a sword by his side, and in his hand a thick Spanish cane with a golden head. At his left walked a negro boy, handing his master from time to time a long pipe, from which he drew in several solemn draughts of smoke and strode on. He drew himself up to his full height before Falke, and other less sumptuously dressed men arranged themselves on either side, all with pipes in their hands. Other persons followed these, among whom were several women, some of whom carried little children in their arms, or led them by the hand. All were in handsome but old-fashioned garments. A crowd of Dutch sailors closed the procession, each holding between his teeth a short, black pipe, which he smoked in gloomy silence.

The fisherman looked with terror on this singular assemblage, but the expectation of what was to ensue sustained his courage. They stood around him for a long time, and the smoke from their pipes rose in a cloud above their heads. The crowd continued to close up on Falke, and thicker and thicker poured the clouds from their mouths and pipes. Falke was a bold, determined man;

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he had braced himself for something supernatural; but when he saw this mysterious group pressing slowly upon him, as if to crush him with their weight, his courage fell, the sweat rolled from his brow, and he thought he should die of terror. But imagine his horror when, turning his eyes, he saw the yellow dwarf at his head, sitting stark and stiff, as he had looked when he first saw him, but now, as if in ridicule of the whole assemblage, with a lighted pipe between his lips. In the deadly terror which now seized him, Falke shouted to the principal figure:

"In the name of him you serve, who are you? What do you require of me?"

The tall figure took three pulls at his pipe, more solemnly than before, and, handing it to his servant, answered:

"I am Alfred Franz van der Swelder, captain of the ship *Carmilhan* of Amsterdam, lost with all its crew on this rocky coast on its return from Batavia. These are my officers, these my passengers, and those yonder my brave sailors, who all perished with me. Why have you summoned us from our dwelling below the sea? Why do you disturb our rest?"

"I would know where lie the treasures of the *Carmilhan?*"

"At the bottom of the sea."

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"Where?"

"In the cavern of Steenfoll."

"How shall I obtain them?"

"A goose dives in the shallows after a herring. Are the treasures of the *Carmilhan* worth less?"

"How much of them shall I recover?"

"More than you can spend."

The yellow dwarf grinned, and the whole group burst into loud laughter.

"Have you finished?" asked the captain.

"I have. Farewell!"

"Farewell, till we meet again!" answered the Dutchman; and turned to go.

The musicians placed themselves in front, and the procession moved away in the same order in which it came, while the solemn song, which they had sung while approaching, grew gradually fainter in the distance, till it lost itself in the murmur of the surf.

Falke now put forth his last remaining strength and succeeded at length in liberating one arm, with which he untied the cords, and at last extricated himself wholly from the hide. He hurried home without turning his head and found poor Donald lying senseless on the ground. He brought him to his senses with much difficulty and the good fellow wept aloud for joy at seeing alive the friend whom he had supposed lost forever. This gleam of happi-

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ness quickly vanished when he learned from him the desperate undertaking he was now resolved on.

"I would rather perish, body and soul, than endure longer these naked walls, this abject wretchedness. Follow me or not—I go."

With these words, Falke seized a torch, and, winding a rope round his waist, hastened away. Donald followed him as quickly as he could, and found him already standing on the precipice on which he had in former times found shelter from the storm, and about to let himself down by the rope into the black and roaring abyss. Finding that his dissuasions had no influence on the unhappy maniac, he made ready to follow him down; but Falke ordered him to remain above and hold the cord. With frightful exertion, for which only the maddest avarice could have given him strength and courage, Falke clambered into the abyss, and stood at last on a projecting rock under which the black and foam-streaked billows rushed thundering in.

He looked anxiously around, and saw at length something shining dimly beneath the water. He laid down his torch, and, leaping in, grasped some heavy object, which he succeeded in raising. It was an iron chest filled with gold pieces. He told his companion what he had found, but turned a deaf ear to his earnest entreaties to be satisfied with his

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success and reascend. Falke thought this was but the first fruits of his long and arduous toils. He again sprang in. A loud peal of scornful laughter sounded through the cavern, and William Falke was never seen again!

Donald went home alone, an altered man. The shocks which his feeble brain had received destroyed his mind. He left everything to go to ruin, and wandered about day and night, gazing vacantly around, an object of pity and sympathy to all his former friends. One of the fishermen insists that he recognized William Falke one stormy night standing on the shore among the crew of the *Carmilhan*. On the same night vanished also Donald Douglas.

He was sought for in every direction without success. Tradition says, however, that he has often been seen since standing with Falke among the men of the spectre ship, which since that time has annually been visible in the cavern of Steenfoll.

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CAP'N GOLDSACK

William Sharp

Down in the yellow bay where the scows are sleeping,
Where among the dead men the sharks flit to and fro—
There Cap'n Goldsack goes, creeping, creeping, creeping,
Looking for his treasure down below!
Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!
Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—
Yo! ho!

Down among the tangleweed where the dead are leaking
With the ebb an' flow o' water through their ribs an' hollow bones,
Isaac Goldsack stoops alow, seeking, seeking, seeking.
What's he seeking there amidst a lot o' dead men's bones?
Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!
Seeking, seeking, seeking down below—
Yo! ho!

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Twice a hundred year an' more are gone acrost the bay,
Down acrost the yellow bay where the dead are sleeping;
But Cap'n Goldsack gropes an' gropes from year-long day to day—
Cap'n Goldsack gropes below, creeping, creeping, creeping, creeping:
Yeo, yeo, heave-a-yeo!
Creeping, creeping, creeping down below—
Yo! ho!

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PETER RUGG, THE MISSING MAN

William Austin

From Jonathan Dunwell of New York, to Mr. Herman Krauff.

Sir,—Agreeably to my promise, I now relate to you all the particulars of the lost man and child which I have been able to collect. It is entirely owing to the humane interest you seemed to take in the report, that I have pursued the inquiry to the following result.

You may remember that business called me to Boston in the summer of 1820. I sailed in the packet to Providence, and when I arrived there I

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learned that every seat in the stage was engaged. I was thus obliged either to wait a few hours or accept a seat with the driver, who civilly offered me that accommodation. Accordingly, I took my seat by his side, and soon found him intelligent and communicative. When we had traveled about ten miles, the horses suddenly threw their ears on their necks, as flat as a hare's. Said the driver, "Have you a surtout with you?"

"No," said I; "why do you ask?"

"You will want one soon," said he. "Do you observe the ears of all the horses?"

"Yes; and was just about to ask the reason."

"They see the storm-breeder, and we shall see him soon."

At this moment there was not a cloud visible in the firmament. Soon after, a small speck appeared in the road.

"There," said my companion, "comes the storm-breeder. He always leaves a Scotch mist behind him. By many a wet jacket do I remember him. I suppose the poor fellow suffers much himself—much more than is known to the world."

Presently a man with a child beside him, with a large black horse, and a weather-beaten chair, once built for a chaise-body, passed in great haste, apparently at the rate of twelve miles an hour. He

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seemed to grasp the reins of his horse with firmness, and appeared to anticipate his speed. He seemed dejected, and looked anxiously at the passengers, particularly at the stage-driver and myself. In a moment after he passed us, the horses' ears were up, and bent themselves forward so that they nearly met.

"Who is that man?" said I; "he seems in great trouble."

"Nobody knows who he is, but his person and the child are familiar to me. I have met him more than a hundred times, and have been so often asked the way to Boston by that man, even when he was traveling directly from that town, that of late I have refused any communication with him; and that is the reason he gave me such a fixed look."

"But does he never stop anywhere?"

"I have never known him to stop anywhere longer than to inquire the way to Boston; and let him be where he may, he will tell you he cannot stay a moment, for he must reach Boston that night."

We were now ascending a high hill in Walpole; and as we had a fair view of the heavens, I was rather disposed to jeer the driver for thinking of his surtout, as not a cloud as big as a marble could be discerned.

"Do you look," said he, "in the direction whence

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the man came; that is the place to look. The storm never meets him; it follows him."

We presently approached another hill; and when at the height, the driver pointed out in an eastern direction a little black speck about as big as a hat. "There," said he, "is the seed-storm. We may possibly reach Polley's before it reaches us, but the wanderer and his child will go to Providence through rain, thunder, and lightning."

And now the horses, as though taught by instinct, hastened with increased speed. The little black cloud came on rolling over the turnpike, and doubled and trebled itself in all directions. The appearance of this cloud attracted the notice of all the passengers, for after it had spread itself to a great bulk it suddenly became more limited in circumference, grew more compact, dark, and consolidated. And now the successive flashes of chain lightning caused the whole cloud to appear like a sort of irregular network, and displayed a thousand fantastic images. The driver bespoke my attention to a remarkable configuration in the cloud. He said every flash of lightning near its centre discovered to him, distinctly, the form of a man sitting in an open carriage drawn by a black horse. But in truth I saw no such thing; the man's fancy was doubtless at fault. It is a very common thing

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for the imagination to paint for the senses, both in the visible and invisible world.

In the meantime the distant thunder gave notice of a shower at hand; and just as we reached Polley's tavern the rain poured down in torrents. It was soon over, the cloud passing in the direction of the turnpike toward Providence. In a few moments after, a respectable-looking man in a chaise stopped at the door. The man and child in the chair having excited some little sympathy among the passengers, the gentleman was asked if he had observed them. He said he had met them; that the man seemed bewildered, and inquired the way to Boston; that he was driving at great speed, as though he expected to outstrip the tempest; that the moment he had passed him, a thunder-clap broke directly over the man's head, and seemed to envelop both man and child, horse and carriage. "I stopped," said the gentleman, "supposing the lightning had struck him, but the horse only seemed to loom up and increase his speed; and as well as I could judge, he traveled just as fast as the thunder-cloud."

While this man was speaking, a peddler with a cart of tin merchandise came up, all dripping; and on being questioned, he said he had met that man and carriage, within a fortnight, in four different

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states; that at each time he had inquired the way to Boston; and that a thunder-shower like the present had each time deluged his wagon and his wares, setting his tin pots, etc., afloat, so that he had determined to get a marine insurance for the future. But that which excited his surprise most was the strange conduct of his horse, for long before he could distinguish the man in the chair, his own horse stood still in the road, and flung back his ears. "In short," said the peddler, "I wish never to see that man and horse again; they do not look to me as though they belonged to this world."

This was all I could learn at that time; and the occurrence soon after would have become with me, "like one of those things which had never happened," had I not, as I stood recently on the door-step of Bennett's hotel in Hartford, heard a man say, "There goes Peter Rugg and his child! he looks wet and weary, and farther from Boston than ever." I was satisfied it was the same man I had seen more than three years before; for whoever has once seen Peter Rugg can never after be deceived as to his identity.

"Peter Rugg!" said I; "and who is Peter Rugg?"

"That," said the stranger, "is more than any one can tell exactly. He is a famous traveler, held in

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light esteem by all innholders, for he never stops to eat, drink or sleep. I wonder why the government does not employ him to carry the mail."

"Ay," said a bystander, "that is a thought bright only on one side; how long would it take in that case to send a letter to Boston, for Peter has already, to my knowledge, been more than twenty years traveling to that place."

"But," said I, "does the man never stop anywhere; does he never converse with any one? I saw the same man more than three years since, near Providence, and I heard a strange story about him. Pray, sir, give me some account of this man."

"Sir," said the stranger, "those who know the most respecting that man, say the least. I have heard it asserted that Heaven sometimes sets a mark on a man, either for judgment or a trial. Under which Peter Rugg now labors, I cannot say; therefore I am rather inclined to pity than to judge."

"You speak like a humane man," said I; "and if you have known him so long, I pray you will give me some account of him. Has his appearance much altered in that time?"

"Why, yes. He looks as though he never ate, drank or slept; and his child looks older than him-

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self, and he looks like time broken off from eternity, and anxious to gain a resting-place."

"And how does his horse look?" said I.

"As for his horse, he looks fatter and gayer, and shows more animation and courage than he did twenty years ago. The last time Rugg spoke to me he inquired how far it was to Boston. I told him just one hundred miles.

"'Why,' said he, 'how can you deceive me so? It is cruel to mislead a traveler. I have lost my way; pray direct me the nearest way to Boston?'

"I repeated, it was one hundred miles.

"'How can you say so?' said he; 'I was told last evening it was but fifty, and I have traveled all night.'

"'But,' said I, 'you are now traveling from Boston. You must turn back.'

"'Alas,' said he, 'it is all turn back! Boston shifts with the wind, and plays all around the compass. One man tells me it is to the east, another to the west; and the guide-posts, too, they all point the wrong way.'

"'But will you not stop and rest?' said I; 'you seem wet and weary.'

"'Yes,' said he, 'it has been foul weather since I left home.'

"'Stop, then, and refresh yourself.'

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"'I must not stop; I must reach home to-night, if possible; though I think you must be mistaken in the distance to Boston.'

"He then gave the reins to his horse, which he restrained with difficulty, and disappeared in a moment. A few days afterward I met the man a little this side of Claremont,[1] winding around the hills in Unity, at the rate, I believe, of twelve miles an hour."

"Is Peter Rugg his real name, or has he accidentally gained that name?"

"I know not, but presume he will not deny his name; you can ask him,—for see, he has turned his horse, and is passing this way."

In a moment a dark-colored, high-spirited horse approached, and would have passed without stopping, but I had resolved to speak to Peter Rugg, or whoever the man might be. Accordingly, I stepped into the street; and as the horse approached, I made a feint of stopping him. The man immediately reined in his horse. "Sir," said I, "may I be so bold as to inquire if you are not Mr. Rugg? for I think I have seen you before."

"My name is Peter Rugg," said he. "I have unfortunately lost my way; I am wet and weary,

[1] In New Hampshire.

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and will take it kindly of you to direct me to Boston."

"You live in Boston, do you; and in what street?"

"In Middle Street."

"When did you leave Boston?"

"I cannot tell precisely; it seems a considerable time."

"But how did you and your child become so wet? It has not rained here to-day."

"It has just rained a heavy shower up the river. But I shall not reach Boston to-night if I tarry. Would you advise me to take the old road or the turnpike?"

"Why, the old road is one hundred and seventeen miles, and the turnpike is ninety-seven."

"How can you say so? You impose on me; it is wrong to trifle with a traveler; you know it is but forty miles from Newburyport to Boston."

"But this is not Newburyport; this is Hartford."

"Do not deceive me, sir. Is not this town Newburyport, and the river that I have been following the Merrimac?"

"No, sir; this is Hartford, and the river the Connecticut."

He wrung his hands and looked incredulous.

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"Have the rivers, too, changed their courses, as the cities have changed places? But see! the clouds are gathering in the south, and we shall have a rainy night. Ah! that fatal oath!"

He would tarry no longer; his impatient horse leaped off, his hind flanks rising like wings; he seemed to devour all before him, and to scorn all behind.

I had now, as I thought, discovered a clew to the history of Peter Rugg; and I determined, the next time my business called me to Boston, to make a further inquiry. Soon after, I was enabled to collect the following particulars from Mrs. Croft, an aged lady in Middle Street, who has resided in Boston during the last twenty years. Her narration is this:

Just at twilight last summer a person stopped at the door of the late Mrs. Rugg. Mrs. Croft on coming to the door perceived a stranger with a child by his side, in an old weather-beaten carriage, with a black horse. The stranger asked for Mrs. Rugg, and was informed that Mrs. Rugg had died at a good old age, more than twenty years before that time.

The stranger replied, "How can you deceive me so? Do ask Mrs. Rugg to step to the door."

"Sir, I assure you Mrs. Rugg has not lived here

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these twenty years; no one lives here but myself, and my name is Betsey Croft."

The stranger paused, looked up and down the street, and said, "Though the paint is rather faded, this looks like my house."

"Yes," said the child, "that is the stone before the door that I used to sit on to eat my bread and milk."

"But," said the stranger, "it seems to be on the wrong side of the street. Indeed, everything here seems to be misplaced. The streets are all changed, the town seems changed, and what is strangest of all, Catherine Rugg has deserted her husband and child. Pray," continued the stranger, "has John Foy come home from sea? He went a long voyage; he is my kinsman. If I could see him, he could give me some account of Mrs. Rugg."

"Sir," said Mrs. Croft, "I never heard of John Foy. Where did he live?"

"Just above here, in Orange-tree Lane."

"There is no such place in this neighborhood."

"What do you tell me! Are the streets gone? Orange-tree Lane is at the head of Hanover Street, near Pemberton's Hill."

"There is no such lane now."

"Madam, you cannot be serious! But you doubtless know my brother, William Rugg. He

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lives in Royal Exchange Lane, near King Street."

"I know of no such lane; and I am sure there is no such street as King Street in this town."

"No such street as King Street! Why, woman, you mock me! You may as well tell me there is no King George. However, madam, you see I am wet and weary, I must find a resting-place. I will go to Hart's tavern, near the market."

"Which market, sir? for you seem perplexed; we have several markets."

"You know there is but one market near the town dock."

"Oh, the old market; but no such person has kept there these twenty years."

Here the stranger seemed disconcerted, and uttered to himself quite audibly: "Strange mistake; how much this looks like the town of Boston! It certainly has a great resemblance to it; but I perceive my mistake now. Some other Mrs. Rugg, some other Middle Street. — Then," said he, "Madam, can you direct me to Boston?"

"Why, this is Boston, the city of Boston; I know of no other Boston."

"City of Boston it may be; but it is not the Boston where I live. I recollect now, I came over a

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bridge instead of a ferry. Pray, what bridge is that I just came over?"

"It is Charles River bridge."

"I perceive my mistake; there is a ferry between Boston and Charlestown; there is no bridge. Ah, I perceive my mistake. If I were in Boston my horse would carry me directly to my own door. But my horse shows by his impatience that he is in a strange place. Absurd, that I should have mistaken this place for the old town of Boston! It is a much finer city than the town of Boston. It has been built long since Boston. I fancy Boston must lie at a distance from this city, as the good woman seems ignorant of it."

At these words his horse began to chafe, and strike the pavement with his forefeet. The stranger seemed a little bewildered, and said, "No home to-night;" and giving the reins to his horse passed up the street, and I saw no more of him.

It was evident that the generation to which Peter Rugg belonged had passed away.

This was all the account of Peter Rugg I could obtain from Mrs. Croft; but she directed me to an elderly man, Mr. James Felt, who lived near her, and who had kept a record of the principal occurrences for the last fifty years. At my request she sent for him; and after I had related to him the

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object of my inquiry, Mr. Felt told me he had known Rugg in his youth, and that his disappearance had caused some surprise; but as it sometimes happens that men run away,—sometimes to be rid of others, and sometimes to be rid of themselves,—and Rugg took his child with him, and his own horse and chair, and as it did not appear that any creditors made a stir, the occurrence soon mingled itself in the stream of oblivion; and Rugg and his child, horse and chair were soon forgotten.

"It is true," said Mr. Felt, "sundry stories grew out of Rugg's affair, whether true or false I cannot tell; but stranger things have happened in my day, without even a newspaper notice."

"Sir," said I, "Peter Rugg is now living. I have lately seen Peter Rugg and his child, horse and chair; therefore I pray you to relate to me all you know or ever heard of him."

"Why, my friend," said James Felt, "that Peter Rugg is now a living man, I will not deny; but that you have seen Peter Rugg and his child is impossible, if you mean a small child; for Jenny Rugg, if living, must be at least—let me see—Boston massacre, 1770—Jenny Rugg was about ten years old. Why, sir, Jenny Rugg, if living, must be more than sixty years of age. That Peter Rugg

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is living is highly probable, as he was only ten years older than myself, and I was only eighty last March; and I am as likely to live twenty years longer as any man."

Here I perceived that Mr. Felt was in his dotage, and I despaired of gaining any intelligence from him on which I could depend.

I took my leave of Mrs. Croft, and proceeded to my lodgings at the Marlborough Hotel.

"If Peter Rugg," thought I, "has been traveling since the Boston massacre, there is no reason why he should not travel to the end of time. If the present generation know little of him, the next will know less, and Peter and his child will have no hold on this world."

In the course of the evening I related my adventure in Middle Street.

"Ha!" said one of the company, smiling, "do you really think you have seen Peter Rugg? I have heard my grandfather speak of him as though he seriously believed his own story."

"Sir," said I, "pray let us compare your grandfather's story of Mr. Rugg with my own."

"Peter Rugg, sir,—if my grandfather was worthy of credit,—once lived in Middle Street, in this city. He was a man in comfortable circumstances, had a wife and one daughter, and was gen-

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erally esteemed for his sober life and manners. But unhappily, his temper, at times, was altogether ungovernable, and then his language was terrible. In these fits of passion, if a door stood in his way, he would never do less than kick a panel through. He would sometimes throw his heels over his head, and come down on his feet, uttering oaths in a circle; and thus in a rage, he was the first who performed a somersault, and did what others have since learned to do for merriment and money. Once Rugg was seen to bite a tenpenny nail in halves. In those days everybody, both men and boys, wore wigs; and Peter, at these moments of violent passion, would become so profane that his wig would rise up from his head. Some said it was on account of his terrible language; others accounted for it in a more philosophical way, and said it was caused by the expansion of his scalp, as violent passion, we know, will swell the veins and expand the head. While these fits were on him, Rugg had no respect for heaven or earth. Except this infirmity, all agreed that Rugg was a good sort of a man; for when his fits were over, nobody was so ready to commend a placid temper as Peter.

"One morning, late in autumn, Rugg, in his own chair, with a fine large bay horse, took his daughter and proceeded to Concord. On his return a violent

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storm overtook him. At dark he stopped in Menotomy, now West Cambridge, at the door of a Mr. Cutter, a friend of his, who urged him to tarry the night. On Rugg's declining to stop, Mr. Cutter urged him vehemently. 'Why, Mr. Rugg,' said Cutter, 'the storm is overwhelming you. The night is exceedingly dark. Your little daughter will perish. You are in an open chair, and the tempest is increasing.' '*Let the storm increase,*' said Rugg, with a fearful oath, '*I will see home tonight, in spite of the last tempest, or may I never see home!*' At these words he gave his whip to his high-spirited horse and disappeared in a moment. But Peter Rugg did not reach home that night, nor the next; nor, when he became a missing man, could he ever be traced beyond Mr. Cutter's, in Menotomy.

"For a long time after, on every dark and stormy night the wife of Peter Rugg would fancy she heard the crack of a whip, and the fleet tread of a horse, and the rattling of a carriage passing her door. The neighbors, too, heard the same noises, and some said they knew it was Rugg's horse; the tread on the pavement was perfectly familiar to them. This occurred so repeatedly that at length the neighbors watched with lanterns, and saw the real Peter Rugg, with his own horse and chair and

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the child sitting beside him, pass directly before his own door, his head turned toward his house, and himself making every effort to stop his horse, but in vain.

"The next day the friends of Mrs. Rugg exerted themselves to find her husband and child. They inquired at every public house and stable in town; but it did not appear that Rugg made any stay in Boston. No one, after Rugg had passed his own door, could give any account of him, though it was asserted by some that the clatter of Rugg's horse and carriage over the pavements shook the houses on both sides of the streets. And this is credible, if indeed Rugg's horse and carriage did pass on that night; for at this day, in many of the streets, a loaded truck or team in passing will shake the houses like an earthquake. However, Rugg's neighbors never afterward watched. Some of them treated it all as a delusion, and thought no more of it. Others of a different opinion shook their heads and said nothing.

"Thus Rugg and his child, horse, and chair were soon forgotten; and probably many in the neighborhood never heard a word on the subject.

"There was indeed a rumor that Rugg was seen afterward in Connecticut, between Suffield and Hartford, passing through the country at headlong

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speed. This gave occasion to Rugg's friends to make further inquiry; but the more they inquired, the more they were baffled. If they heard of Rugg one day in Connecticut, the next they heard of him winding round the hills in New Hampshire; and soon after a man in a chair, with a small child, exactly answering the description of Peter Rugg, would be seen in Rhode Island inquiring the way to Boston.

"But that which gave a color of mystery to the story of Peter Rugg was the affair at Charlestown bridge. The toll-gatherer asserted that sometimes, on the darkest and most stormy nights, when no object could be discerned, about the time Rugg was missing, a horse and wheel-carriage, with a noise equal to a troop, would at midnight, in utter contempt of the rates of toll, pass over the bridge. This occurred so frequently that the toll-gatherer resolved to attempt a discovery. Soon after, at the usual time, apparently the same horse and carriage approached the bridge from Charlestown square. The toll-gatherer, prepared, took his stand as near the middle of the bridge as he dared, with a large three-legged stool in his hand; as the appearance passed, he threw the stool at the horse, but heard nothing except the noise of the stool skipping across the bridge. The toll-gatherer on the next day as-

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serted that the stool went directly through the body of the horse, and he persisted in that belief ever after. Whether Rugg, or whoever the person was, ever passed the bridge again, the toll-gatherer would never tell; and when questioned, seemed anxious to waive the subject. And thus Peter Rugg and his child, horse, and carriage, remain a mystery to this day."

This, sir, is all that I could learn of Peter Rugg in Boston.

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY

LONG time ago, from Amsterdam a vessel sailed
away,—
As fair a ship as ever flung aside the laughing
spray.
Upon the shore were tearful eyes, and scarfs were
in the air,
As to her, o'er the Zuyder Zee, went fond adieu and
prayer;
And brave hearts, yearning shoreward from the
outward-going ship,
Felt lingering kisses clinging still to tear-wet cheek
and lip.
She steered for some far eastern clime, and, as she
skimmed the seas,
Each taper mast was bending like a rod before the
breeze.

Her captain was a stalwart man,—an iron heart had
he,—
From childhood's days he sailed upon the rolling
Zuyder Zee:

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He nothing feared upon the earth, and scarcely heaven feared,
He would have dared and done whatever mortal man had dared!
He looked aloft, where high in air the pennant cut the blue,
And every rope and spar and sail was firm and strong and true.
He turned him from the swelling sail to gaze upon the shore,—
Ah! little thought the skipper then 'twould meet his eye no more:
He dreamt not that an awful doom was hanging o'er his ship,
That Vanderdecken's name would yet make pale the speaker's lip.
The vessel bounded on her way, and spire and dome went down,—
Ere darkness fell, beneath the wave had sunk the distant town.
No more, no more, ye hapless crew, shall Holland meet your eye.
In lingering hope and keen suspense, maid, wife, and child shall die!

Away, away the vessel speeds, till sea and sky alone

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Are round her, as her course she steers across the torrid zone.
Away, until the North Star fades, the Southern Cross is high,
And myriad gems of brightest beam are sparkling in the sky.
The tropic winds are left behind; she nears the Cape of Storms,
Where awful Tempest ever sits enthroned in wild alarms;
Where Ocean in his anger shakes aloft his foamy crest,
Disdainful of the weakly toys that ride upon his breast.
Fierce swell the winds and waters round the Dutchman's gallant ship,
But, to their rage, defiance rings from Vanderdecken's lip:
Impotent they to make him swerve, their might he dares despise,
As straight he holds his onward course, and wind and wave defies.
For days and nights he struggles in the weird, unearthly fight.
His brow is bent, his eye is fierce, but looks of deep affright

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Amongst the mariners go round, as hopelessly they steer:
They do not dare to murmur, but they whisper what they fear.
Their black-browed captain awes them: 'neath his darkened eye they quail,
And in a grim and sullen mood their bitter fate bewail.
As some fierce rider ruthless spurs a timid, wavering horse,
He drives his shapely vessel, and they watch the reckless course,
Till once again their skipper's laugh is flung upon the blast:
The placid ocean smiles beyond, the dreaded Cape is passed!

Away across the Indian main the vessel northward glides;
A thousand murmuring ripples break along her graceful sides:
The perfumed breezes fill her sails—her destined port she nears,—
The captain's brow has lost its frown, the mariners their fears.
"Land ho!" at length the welcome sound the watchful sailor sings,

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And soon within an Indian bay the ship at anchor swings.
Not idle then the busy crew; ere long the spacious hold
Is emptied of her western freight, and stored with silk and gold.
Again the ponderous anchor's weighed; the shore is left behind,
The snowy sails are bosomed out before the favoring wind.
Across the warm blue Indian sea the vessel southward flies,
And once again the North Star fades and Austral beacons rise.
For home she steers! she seems to know and answer to the word,
And swifter skims the burnished deep, like some fair ocean-bird.
"For home! for home!" the merry crew with gladsome voices cry,
And dark-browed Vanderdecken has a mild light in his eye.

But once again the Cape draws near, and furious billows rise;
And still the daring Dutchman's laugh the hurricane defies.

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But wildly shrieked the tempest ere the scornful sound had died,
A warning to the daring man to curb his impious pride.
A crested mountain struck the ship, and like a frighted bird
She trembled 'neath the awful shock. Then Vanderdecken heard
A pleading voice within the gale,—his better angel spoke,
But fled before his scowling look, as mast-high mountains broke
Around the trembling vessel, till the crew with terror paled;
But Vanderdecken never flinched, nor 'neath the thunders quailed.
With folded arms and stern-pressed lips, dark anger in his eye,
He answered back the threatening frown that lowered o'er the sky.
With fierce defiance in his heart, and scornful look of flame,
He spoke, and thus with impious voice blasphemed God's holy name:—
"Howl on, ye winds! ye tempests, howl! your rage is spent in vain:

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Despite your strength, your frowns, your hate, I'll
ride upon the main.
Defiance to your idle shrieks! I'll sail upon my
path:
I cringe not for thy Maker's smile,—I care not for
His wrath!"

He ceased. An awful silence fell: the tempest and
the sea
Were hushed in sudden stillness by the Ruler's
dread decree.
The ship was riding motionless within the gather-
ing gloom;
The Dutchman stood upon the poop and heard his
dreadful doom.
The hapless crew were on the deck in swooning
terror prone,—
They, too, were bound in fearful fate. In angered
thunder-tone
The judgment words swept o'er the sea: "Go,
wretch, accurst, condemned!
Go sail for ever on the deep, by shrieking tempests
hemmed.
No home, no port, no calm, no rest, no gentle fa-
v'ring breeze,
Shall ever greet thee. Go, accurst! and battle with
the seas!

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Go, braggart! struggle with the storm, nor ever
cease to live,
But bear a million times the pangs that death and
fear can give.
Away! and hide thy guilty head, a curse to all thy
kind
Who ever see thee struggling, wretch, with ocean
and with wind.
Away, presumptuous worm of earth! Go teach
thy fellow-worms
The awful fate that waits on him who braves the
King of Storms!"
'Twas o'er. A lurid lightning flash lit up the sea
and sky
Around and o'er the fated ship; then rose a wailing
cry
From every heart within her, of keen anguish and
despair;
But mercy was for them no more,—it died away in
air.

Once more the lurid light gleamed out,—the ship
was still at rest,
The crew were standing at their posts; with arms
across his breast
Still stood the captain on the poop, but bent and
crouching now

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He bowed beneath that fiat dread, and o'er his
swarthy brow
Swept lines of anguish, as if he a thousand years of
pain
Had lived and suffered. Then across the heaving,
angry main
The tempest shrieked triumphant, and the angry
waters hissed
Their vengeful hate against the toy they oftentimes
had kissed.
And ever through the midnight storm that hapless
crew must speed;
They try to round the stormy Cape, but never can
succeed.
And oft when gales are wildest, and the lightning's
vivid sheen
Flashes back the ocean's anger, still the Phantom
Ship is seen
Ever sailing to the southward in the fierce tornado's
swoop,
With her ghostly crew and canvas, and her captain
on the poop,
Unrelenting, unforgiven; and 'tis said that every
word
Of his blasphemous defiance still upon the gale is
heard!

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But Heaven help the ship near which the dismal sailor steers,—
The doom of those is sealed to whom that Phantom Ship appears:
They'll never reach their destined port,—they'll see their homes no more,—
They who see the *Flying Dutchman*—never, never reach the shore!

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THE FLYING DUTCHMAN

Charles Godfrey Leland

We met the *Flying Dutchman*,
By midnight he came,
His hull was all of hell-fire,
His sails were all aflame;
Fire on the main-top,
Fire on the bow,
Fire on the gun-deck,
Fire down below.

Four-and-twenty dead men,
Those were the crew,
The devil on the bowsprit,
Fiddled as she flew,
We gave her the broadside,
Right in the dip,
Just like a candle,
Went out the ship.

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THE DEAD SHIP OF HARPSWELL

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

WHAT flecks the outer gray beyond
The sundown's golden trail?
The white flash of a sea-bird's wing,
Or gleam of slanting sail?
Let young eyes watch from Neck and Point,
And sea-worn elders pray,—
The ghost of what was once a ship
Is sailing up the bay!

From gray sea-fog, from icy drift,
From peril and from pain,
The home-bound fisher greets thy lights,
O hundred-harbored Maine!
But many a keel shall seaward turn,
And many a sail outstand,
When, tall and white, the Dead Ship looms
Against the dusk of land.

She rounds the headland's bristling pines;
She threads the isle-set bay;
No spur of breeze can speed her on,
Nor ebb of tide delay.

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Old men still walk the Isle of Orr
Who tell her date and name,
Old shipwrights sit in Freeport yards
Who hewed her oaken frame.

What weary doom of baffled quest,
Thou sad sea-ghost, is thine?
What makes thee in the haunts of home
A wonder and a sign?
No foot is on thy silent deck,
Upon thy helm no hand;
No ripple hath the soundless wind
That smites thee from the land!

For never comes the ship to port,
Howe'er the breeze may be;
Just when she nears the waiting shore
She drifts again to sea.
No tack of sail, nor turn of helm,
Nor sheer of veering side;
Stern-fore she drives to sea and night,
Against the wind and tide.

In vain o'er Harpswell Neck the star
Of evening guides her in;
In vain for her the lamps are lit
Within thy tower, Seguin!

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In vain the harbor-boat shall hail,
In vain the pilot call;
No hand shall reef her spectral sail,
Or let her anchor fall.

Shake, brown old wives, with dreary joy,
Your gray-head hints of ill;
And, over sick-beds whispering low,
Your prophecies fulfil.
Some home amid yon birchen trees
Shall drape its door with woe;
And slowly where the Dead Ship sails,
The burial boat shall row!

From Wolf Neck and from Flying Point,
From island and from main,
From sheltered cove and tided creek,
Shall glide the funeral train.
The dead-boat with the bearers four,
The mourners at her stern,—
And one shall go the silent way
Who shall no more return!

And men shall sigh, and women weep,
Whose dear ones pale and pine,
And sadly over sunset seas
Await the ghostly sign.

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They know not that its sails are filled
By pity's tender breath,
Nor see the Angel at the helm
Who steers the Ship of Death.

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THE PHANTOM LIGHT OF THE BAIE DES CHALEURS

ARTHUR WENTWORTH HAMILTON EATON

'Tis the laughter of pines that swing and sway
Where the breeze from the land meets the breeze
from the bay,
'Tis the silvery foam of the silver tide
In ripples that reach to the forest side;
'Tis the fisherman's boat, in the track of sheen,
Plying through tangled seaweed green,
O'er the Baie des Chaleurs.

Who has not heard of the phantom light
That over the moaning waves at night
Dances and drifts in endless play,
Close to the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter light that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs.

They tell us that many a year ago,
From lands where the palm and olive grow,
Where vines with their purple clusters creep
Over the hillsides gray and steep,

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A knight in his doublet, slashed with gold,
Famed in that chivalrous time of old,
For valorous deeds and courage rare,
Sailed with a princess wondrous fair
To the Baie des Chaleurs.

That a pirate crew from some isle of the sea,
A murderous band as e'er could be,
With a shadowy sail, and a flag of night,
That flaunted and flew in heaven's sight,
Swept in the wake of the lovers there,
And sank the ship and its freight so fair
In the Baie des Chaleurs.

Strange is the tale that the fishermen tell,—
They say that a ball of fire fell
Straight from the sky, with crash and roar,
Lighting the bay from shore to shore;
That the ship with a shudder and a groan,
Sank through the waves to the caverns lone
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

That was the last of the pirate crew,
But many a night a black flag flew
From the mast of a spectre vessel, sailed
By a spectre band that wept and wailed,

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For the wreck they had wrought on the sea and the land,
For the innocent blood they had spilt on the sand
Of the Baie des Chaleurs.

This is the tale of the phantom light,
That fills the mariner's heart at night,
With dread as it gleams o'er his path on the bay,
Now by the shore, then far away,
Fierce as the flame in sunset skies,
Cold as the winter moon that lies
On the Baie des Chaleurs.

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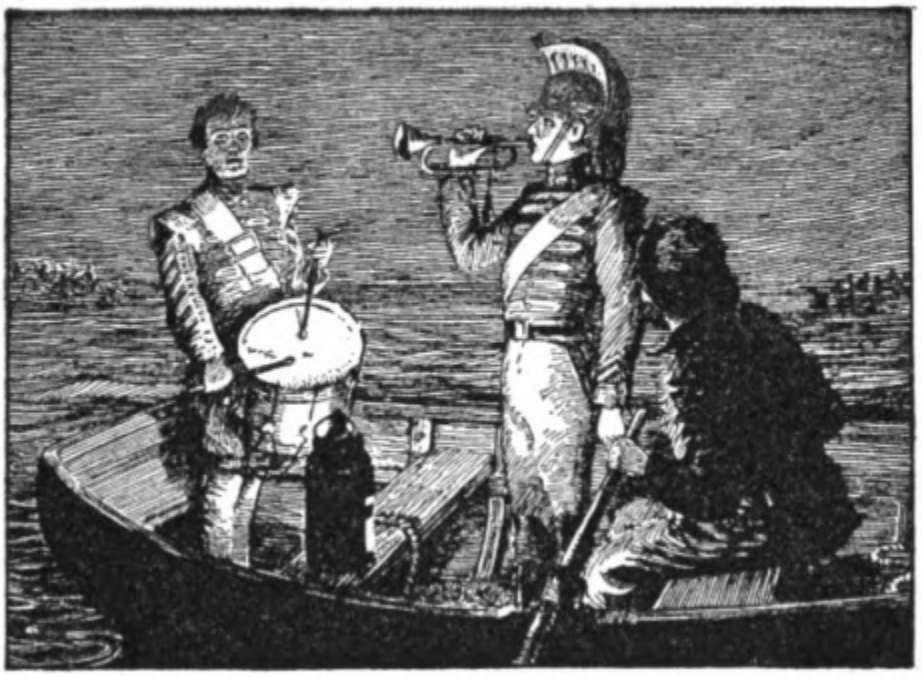

THE ROLL-CALL OF THE REEF

Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch

"Yes, sir," said my host the quarryman, reaching down the relics from their hook in the wall over the chimneypiece; "they've hung there all my time, and most of my father's. The women won't touch 'em; they're afraid of the story. So here they'll dangle, and gather dust and smoke, till another tenant comes and tosses 'em out o' doors for rubbish. Whew! 'tis coarse weather."

He went to the door, opened it, and stood studying the gale that beat upon his cottage-front, straight from the Manacle Reef. The rain drove

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past him into the kitchen aslant like threads of gold silk in the shine of the wreckwood fire. Meanwhile by the same firelight I examined the relics on my knee. The metal of each one was tarnished out of knowledge. But the trumpet was evidently an old cavalry trumpet, and the threads of its parti-colored sling, though frayed and dusty, still hung together. Around the side-drum, beneath its cracked brown varnish, I could hardly trace a royal coat-of-arms and a legend running, *Per Mare per Terram*—the motto of the Marines. Its parchment, though colored and scented with wood-smoke, was limp and mildewed; and I began to tighten up the straps—under which the drumsticks had been loosely thrust—with the idle purpose of trying if some music might be got out of the old drum yet.

But as I turned it on my knee, I found the drum attached to the trumpet-sling by a curious barrel-shaped padlock, and paused to examine this. The body of the lock was composed of half a dozen brass rings, set accurately edge to edge; and, rubbing the brass with my thumb, I saw that each of the six had a series of letters engraved around it.

I knew the trick of it, I thought. Here was one of those word padlocks, once so common; only to be opened by getting the rings to spell a certain word, which the dealer confides to you.

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My host shut and barred the door, and came back to the hearth.

"'Twas just such a wind—east by south—that brought in what you've got between your hands. Back in the year 'nine it was; my father has told me the tale a score o' times. You're twisting round the rings, I see. But you'll never guess the word. Parson Kendall, he made the word, and knocked down a couple o' ghosts in their graves with it; and when his time came, he went to his own grave and took the word with him."

"Whose ghosts, Matthew?"

"You want the story, I see, sir. My father could tell it better than I can. He was a young man in the year 'nine, unmarried at the time, and living in this very cottage just as I be. That's how he came to get mixed up with the tale."

He took a chair, lit a short pipe, and unfolded the story in a low, musing voice, with his eyes fixed on the dancing violet flames.

"Yes, he'd ha' been about thirty year old in January of the year 'nine. The storm got up in the night o' the twenty-first o' that month. My father was dressed and out long before daylight; he never was one to 'bide in bed, let be that the gale by this time was pretty near lifting the thatch over his head. Besides which, he'd fenced a small 'taty-

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patch that winter, down by Lowland Point, and he wanted to see if it stood the night's work. He took the path across Gunner's Meadow—where they buried most of the bodies afterward. The wind was right in his teeth at the time, and once on the way (he's told me this often) a great strip of ore-weed came flying through the darkness and fetched him a slap on the cheek like a cold hand. But he made shift pretty well till he got to Lowland, and then had to drop upon his hands and knees and crawl, digging his fingers every now and then into the shingle to hold on, for he declared to me that the stones, some of them as big as a man's head, kept rolling and driving past till it seemed the whole foreshore was moving westward under him. The fence was gone, of course; not a stick left to show where it stood; so that, when first he came to the place, he thought he must have missed his bearings. My father, sir, was a very religious man; and if he reckoned the end of the world was at hand—there in the great wind and night, among the moving stones—you may believe he was certain of it when he heard a gun fired, and, with the same, saw a flame shoot up out of the darkness to windward, making a sudden fierce light in all the place about. All he could find to think or say was, 'The Second Coming—The Second Coming! The Bridegroom

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cometh, and the wicked He will toss like a ball into a large country!' and being already upon his knees, he just bowed his head and 'bided, saying this over and over.

"But by'm-by, between two squalls, he made bold to lift his head and look, and then by the light —a bluish color 'twas—he saw all the coast clear away to Manacle Point, and off the Manacles, in the thick of the weather, a sloop-of-war with top-gallants housed, driving stern foremost toward the reef. It was she, of course, that was burning the flare. My father could see the white streak and the ports of her quite plain as she rose to it, a little out-side the breakers, and he guessed easy enough that her captain had just managed to wear ship, and was trying to force her nose to the sea with the help of her small bower anchor and the scrap or two of canvas that hadn't yet been blown out of her. But while he looked, she fell off, giving her broadside to it foot by foot, and drifting back on the breakers around Carn dû and the Varses. The rocks lie so thick thereabouts, that 'twas a toss up which she struck first; at any rate, my father couldn't tell at the time, for just then the flare died down and went out.

"Well, sir, he turned then in the dark and started back for Coverack to cry the dismal tidings—

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though well knowing ship and crew to be past any hope; and as he turned, the wind lifted him and tossed him forward 'like a ball,' as he'd been saying, and homeward along the foreshore. As you know, 'tis ugly work, even by daylight, picking your way among the stones there, and my father was prettily knocked about at first in the dark. But by this 'twas nearer seven than six o'clock, and the day spreading. By the time he reached North Corner, a man could see to read print; hows'ever he looked neither to sea nor toward Coverack, but headed straight for the first cottage—the same that stands above North Corner to-day. A man named Billy Ede lived there then, and when my father burst into the cottage bawling, 'Wreck! wreck!' he saw Billy Ede's wife, Ann, standing there in her clogs, with a shawl over her head, and her clothes wringing wet.

"'Save the chap!' says Billy Ede's wife, Ann. 'What d' 'ee mean by crying stale fish at that rate?'

"'But 'tis a wreck, I tell 'ee. I've a-zeed'n!'

"'Why, so 'tis,' says she, 'and I've a-zeed'n, too; and so has every one with an eye in his head.'

"And with that she pointed straight over my father's shoulder, and he turned; and there, close under Dolor Point, at the end of Coverack town, he

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saw another wreck washing, and the Point black with people, like emmets, running to and fro in the morning light. While he stood staring at her, he heard a trumpet sounded on board, the notes coming in little jerks, like a bird rising against the wind; but faintly, of course, because of the distance and the gale blowing—though this had dropped a little.

"'She's a transport,' said Billy Ede's wife, Ann, 'and full of horse soldiers, fine long men. When she struck they must ha' pitched the hosses over first to lighten the ship, for a score of dead hosses had washed in afore I left, half an hour back. An' three or four soldiers, too—fine long corpses in white breeches and jackets of blue and gold. I held the lantern to one. Such a straight young man.'

"My father asked her about the trumpeting.

"'That's the queerest bit of all. She was burnin' a light when me an' my man joined the crowd down there. All her masts had gone; whether they were carried away, or were cut away to ease her, I don't rightly know. Anyway, there she lay 'pon the rocks with her decks bare. Her keelson was broke under her and her bottom sagged and stove, and she had just settled down like a sitting hen—just the leastest list to starboard; but a man could stand

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there easy. They had rigged up ropes across her, from bulwark to bulwark, an' beside these the men were mustered, holding on like grim death whenever the sea made a clean breach over them, an' standing up like heroes as soon as it passed. The captain an' the officers were clinging to the rail of the quarter-deck, all in their golden uniforms, waiting for the end as if 'twas King George they expected. There was no way to help, for she lay right beyond cast of line, though our folk tried it fifty times. And beside them clung a trumpeter, a whacking big man, an' between the heavy seas he would lift his trumpet with one hand, and blow a call; and every time he blew the men gave a cheer. There (she says)—hark 'ee now—there he goes agen! But you won't hear no cheering any more, for few are left to cheer, and their voices weak. Bitter cold the wind is, and I reckon it numbs their grip o' the ropes, for they were dropping off fast with every sea when my man sent me home to get his breakfast. Another wreck, you say? Well, there's no hope for the tender dears, if 'tis the Manacles. You'd better run down and help yonder; though 'tis little help that any man can give. Not one came in alive while I was there. The tide's flowing, an' she won't hold together another hour, they say.'

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"Well, sure enough, the end was coming fast when my father got down to the Point. Six men had been cast up alive, or just breathing—a seaman and five troopers. The seaman was the only one that had breath to speak; and while they were carrying him into the town, the word went round that the ship's name was the *Despatch,* transport, homeward bound from Corunna with a detachment of the 7th Hussars, that had been fighting out there with Sir John Moore. The seas had rolled her farther over by this time, and given her decks a pretty sharp slope; but a dozen men still held on, seven by the ropes near the ship's waist, a couple near the break of the poop, and three on the quarter-deck. Of these three my father made out one to be the skipper; close by him clung an officer in full regimentals—his name, they heard after, was Captain Duncanfield; and last came the tall trumpeter; and if you'll believe me, the fellow was making shift there, at the very last, to blow '*God Save the King.*' What's more, he got to '*Send us victorious*' before an extra big sea came bursting across and washed them off the deck—every man but one of the pair beneath the poop—and *he* dropped his hold before the next wave; being stunned, I reckon. The others went out of sight at once, but the trumpeter—being, as I said, a power-

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ful man as well as a tough swimmer—rose like a duck, rode out a couple of breakers, and came in on the crest of the third. The folks looked to see him broke like an egg at their feet; but when the smother cleared, there he was, lying face downward on a ledge below them; and one of the men that happened to have a rope round him—I forget the fellow's name, if I ever heard it—jumped down and grabbed him by the ankle as he began to slip back. Before the next big sea, the pair were hauled high enough to be out of harm, and another heave brought them up to grass. Quick work; but master trumpeter wasn't quite dead; nothing worse than a cracked head and three staved ribs. In twenty minutes or so they had him in bed, with the doctor to tend him.

"Now was the time—nothing being left alive upon the transport—for my father to tell of the sloop he'd seen driving upon the Manacles. And when he got a hearing, though the most were set upon salvage, and believed a wreck in the hand, so to say, to be worth half a dozen they couldn't see, a good few volunteered to start off with him and have a look. They crossed Lowland Point; no ship to be seen on the Manacles, nor anywhere upon the sea. One or two was for calling my father a liar. 'Wait till we come to Dean Point,' said he. Sure

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enough, on the far side of Dean Point, they found the sloop's mainmast washing about with half a dozen men lashed to it—men in red jackets—every mother's son drowned and staring; and a little farther on, just under the Dean, three or four bodies cast up on the shore, one of them a small drummer-boy, side-drum and all; and, near by, part of a ship's gig, with 'H. M. S. *Primrose*' cut on the stern-board. From this point on, the shore was littered thick with wreckage and dead bodies—the most of them marines in uniform; and in Godrevy Cove in particular, a heap of furniture from the captain's cabin, and among it a water-tight box, not much damaged, and full of papers, by which, when it came to be examined next day, the wreck was easily made out to be the *Primrose* of eighteen guns, outward bound from Portsmouth, with a fleet of transports for the Spanish War, thirty sail, I've heard, but I've never heard what became of them. Being handled by merchant skippers, no doubt they rode out the gale and reached the Tagus safe and sound. Not but what the captain of the *Primrose* (Mein was his name) did quite right to try and club-haul his vessel when he found himself under the land; only he never ought to have got there if he took proper soundings. But it's easy talking.

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"The *Primrose*, sir, was a handsome vessel—for her size, one of the handsomest in the King's service—and newly fitted out at Plymouth Dock. So the boys had brave pickings from her in the way of brass-work, ship's instruments, and the like, let alone some barrels of stores not much spoiled. They loaded themselves with as much as they could carry, and started for home, meaning to make a second journey before the preventive men got wind of their doings and came to spoil the fun. But as my father was passing back under the Dean, he happened to take a look over his shoulder at the bodies there. 'Hullo,' says he, and dropped his gear, 'I do believe there's a leg moving!' And, running fore, he stooped over the small drummer-boy that I told you about. The poor little chap was lying there, with his face a mass of bruises and his eyes closed; but he had shifted one leg an inch or two, and was still breathing. So my father pulled out a knife and cut him free from his drum—that was lashed on to him with a double turn of manila rope—and took him up and carried him along here, to this very room we're sitting in. He lost a good deal by this, for when he went back to fetch his bundle the preventive men had got hold of it, and were thick as thieves along the foreshore; so that 'twas only by paying one or two to look the

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other way that he picked up anything worth carrying off; which you'll allow to be hard, seeing that he was the first man to give news of the wreck.

"Well, the inquiry was held, of course, and my father gave evidence, and for the rest they had to trust to the sloop's papers, for not a soul was saved besides the drummer-boy, and he was raving in a fever, brought on by the cold and the fright. And the seamen and the five troopers gave evidence about the loss of the *Despatch*. The tall trumpeter, too, whose ribs were healing, came forward and kissed the book; but somehow his head had been hurt in coming ashore, and he talked foolish-like, and 'twas easy seen he would never be a proper man again. The others were taken up to Plymouth, and so went their ways; but the trumpeter stayed on in Coverack; and King George, finding he was fit for nothing, sent him down a trifle of a pension after a while—enough to keep him in board and lodging, with a bit of tobacco over.

"Now the first time that this man—William Tallifer, he called himself—met with the drummer-boy, was about a fortnight after the little chap had bettered enough to be allowed a short walk out of doors, which he took, if you please, in full regimentals. There never was a soldier so proud of his dress. His own suit had shrunk a brave bit with

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the salt water; but into ordinary frock an' corduroys he declared he would not get—not if he had to go naked the rest of his life; so my father, being a good-natured man and handy with the needle, turned to and repaired damages with a piece or two of scarlet cloth cut from the jacket of one of the drowned Marines. Well, the poor little chap chanced to be standing, in this rig-out, down by the gate of Gunner's Meadow, where they had buried twoscore and over of his comrades. The morning was a fine one, early in March month; and along came the cracked trumpeter, likewise taking a stroll.

"'Hullo!' says he; 'good-mornin'! And what might you be doin' here?'

"'I was a-wishin',' says the boy, 'I had a pair o' drumsticks. Our lads were buried yonder without so much as a drum tapped or a musket fired; and that's not Christian burial for British soldiers.'

"'Phut!' says the trumpeter, and spat on the ground; 'a parcel of Marines!'

"The boy eyed him a second or so, and answered up: 'If I'd a tab of turf handy, I'd bung it at your mouth, you greasy cavalryman, and learn you to speak respectful of your betters. The Marines are the handiest body of men in the service.'

"The trumpeter looked down on him from the

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height of six feet two, and asked: 'Did they die well?'

"'They died very well. There was a lot of running to and fro at first, and some of the men began to cry, and a few to strip off their clothes. But when the ship fell off for the last time, Captain Mein turned and said something to Major Griffiths, the commanding officer on board, and the Major called out to me to beat to quarters. It might have been for a wedding, he sang it out so cheerful. We'd had word already that 'twas to be parade order, and the men fell in as trim and decent as if they were going to church. One or two even tried to shave at the last moment. The Major wore his medals. One of the seamen, seeing that I had hard work to keep the drum steady—the sling being a bit loose for me and the wind what you remember—lashed it tight with a piece of rope; and that saved my life afterward, a drum being as good as a cork until it's stove. I kept beating away until every man was on deck; and then the Major formed them up and told them to die like British soldiers, and the chaplain read a prayer or two—the boys standin' all the while like rocks, each man's courage keeping up the other's. The chaplain was in the middle of a prayer when she struck. In ten minutes she was gone. That was how they died, cavalryman.'

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"'And that was very well done, drummer of the Marines. What's your name?'

"'John Christian.'

"'Mine's William George Tallifer, trumpeter, of the 7th Light Dragoons—the Queen's Own. I played *'God Save the King'* while our men were drowning. Captain Duncanfield told me to sound a call or two, to put them in heart; but that matter of *'God Save the King'* was a notion of my own. I won't say anything to hurt the feelings of a Marine, even if he's not much over five foot tall; but the Queen's Own Hussars is a tearin' fine regiment. As between horse and foot 'tis a question o' which gets the chance. All the way from Sahagun to Corunna 'twas we that took and gave the knocks—at Mayorga and Rueda and Bennyventy.' (The reason, sir, I can speak the names so pat is that my father learnt 'em by heart afterward from the trumpeter, who was always talking about Mayorga and Rueda and Bennyventy.) 'We made the rear-guard, under General Paget, and drove the French every time; and all the infantry did was to sit about in wine-shops till we whipped 'em out, an' steal an' straggle an' play the tom-fool in general. And when it came to a stand-up fight at Corunna, 'twas we that had to stay seasick aboard the transports, an' watch the infantry in the thick o' the

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caper. Very well they behaved, too; 'specially the 4th Regiment, an' the 42d Highlanders, an' the Dirty Half Hundred. Oh, ay; they're decent regiments, all three. But the Queen's Own Hussars is a tearin' fine regiment. So you played on your drum when the ship was goin' down? Drummer John Christian, I'll have to get you a new pair o' drumsticks for that.'

"Well, sir, it appears that the very next day the trumpeter marched into Helston, and got a carpenter there to turn him a pair of box-wood drumsticks for the boy. And this was the beginning of one of the most curious friendships you ever heard tell of. Nothing delighted the pair more than to borrow a boat of my father and pull out to the rocks where the *Primrose* and the *Despatch* had struck and sunk; and on still days 'twas pretty to hear them out there off the Manacles, the drummer playing his tattoo—for they always took their music with them—and the trumpeter practising calls, and making his trumpet speak like an angel. But if the weather turned roughish, they'd be walking together and talking; leastwise, the youngster listened while the other discoursed about Sir John's campaign in Spain and Portugal, telling how each little skirmish befell; and of Sir John himself, and General Baird and General Paget, and Colonel

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Vivian, his own commanding officer, and what kind men they were; and of the last bloody stand-up at Corunna, and so forth, as if neither could have enough.

"But all this had to come to an end in the late summer, for the boy, John Christian, being now well and strong again, must go up to Plymouth to report himself. 'Twas his own wish (for I believe King George had forgotten all about him), but his friend wouldn't hold him back. As for the trumpeter, my father had made an arrangement to take him on as a lodger as soon as the boy left; and on the morning fixed for the start he was up at the door here by five o'clock; with his trumpet slung by his side, and all the rest of his belongings in a small valise. A Monday morning it was, and after breakfast he had fixed to walk with the boy some way on the road toward Helston, where the coach started. My father left them at breakfast together, and went out to meat the pig, and do a few odd morning jobs of that sort. When he came back, the boy was still at table, and the trumpeter standing here by the chimney-place with the drum and trumpet in his hands, hitched together just as they be at this moment.

"'Look at this,' he says to my father, showing him the lock; 'I picked it up off a starving brass-

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worker in Lisbon, and it is not one of your common locks that one word of six letters will open at any time. There's *janius* in this lock; for you've only to make the ring spell any six-letter word you please, and snap down the lock upon that, and never a soul can open it—not the maker, even—until somebody comes along that knows the word you snapped it on. Now, Johnny here's goin', and he leaves his drum behind him; for, though he can make pretty music on it, the parchment sags in wet weather, by reason of the sea-water getting at it; an' if he carries it to Plymouth, they'll only condemn it and give him another. And as for me, I shan't have the heart to put lip to the trumpet any more when Johnny's gone. So we've chosen a word together, and locked 'em together upon that; and, by your leave, I'll hang 'em here together on the hook over your fireplace. Maybe Johnny'll come back; maybe not. Maybe, if he comes, I'll be dead and gone, an' he'll take 'em apart an' try their music for old sake's sake. But if he never comes, nobody can separate 'em; for nobody besides knows the word. And if you marry and have sons, you can tell 'em that here are tied together the souls of Johnny Christian, drummer, of the Marines, and William George Tallifer, once trumpeter of the Queen's Own Hussars. Amen.'

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"With that he hung the two instruments 'pon the hook there; and the boy stood up and thanked my father and shook hands; and the pair went forth of the door, toward Helston.

"Somewhere on the road they took leave of one another; but nobody saw the parting, nor heard what was said between them. About three in the afternoon the trumpeter came walking back over the hill; and by the time my father came home from the fishing, the cottage was tidied up and the tea ready, and the whole place shining like a new pin. From that time for five years he lodged here with my father, looking after the house and tilling the garden; and all the while he was steadily failing, the hurt in his head spreading, in a manner, to his limbs. My father watched the feebleness growing on him, but said nothing. And from first to last neither spake a word about the drummer, John Christian; nor did any letter reach them, nor word of his doings.

"The rest of the tale you're free to believe, sir, or not, as you please. It stands upon my father's words, and he always declared he was ready to kiss the Book upon it before judge and jury. He said, too, that he never had the wit to make up such a yarn; and he defied any one to explain about the

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lock, in particular, by any other tale. But you shall judge for yourself.

"My father said that about three o'clock in the morning, April fourteenth of the year 'fourteen, he and William Tallifer were sitting here, just as you and I, sir, are sitting now. My father had put on his clothes a few minutes before, and was mending his spiller by the light of the horn lantern, meaning to set off before daylight to haul the trammel. The trumpeter hadn't been to bed at all. Toward the last he mostly spent his nights (and his days, too) dozing in the elbow-chair where you sit at this minute. He was dozing then (my father said), with his chin dropped forward on his chest, when a knock sounded upon the door, and the door opened, and in walked an upright young man in scarlet regimentals.

"He had grown a brave bit, and his face was the color of wood-ashes; but it was the drummer, John Christian. Only his uniform was different from the one he used to wear, and the figures '88' shone in brass upon his collar.

"The drummer walked past my father as if he never saw him, and stood by the elbow-chair and said:

"'Trumpeter, trumpeter, are you one with me?'

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"And the trumpeter just lifted the lids of his eyes and answered, 'How should I not be one with you, drummer Johnny—Johnny boy? The men are patient. Till you come, I count; you march, I mark time until the discharge comes.'

"'The discharge has come to-night,' said the drummer, 'and the word is Corunna no longer;' and stepping to the chimney-place, he unhooked the drum and trumpet, and began to twist the brass rings of the lock, spelling the word aloud, so—C-O-R-U-N-A. When he had fixed the last letter, the padlock opened in his hand.

"'Did you know, trumpeter, that when I came to Plymouth they put me into a line regiment?'

"'The 38th is a good regiment,' answered the old Hussar, still in his dull voice. 'I went back with them from Sahagun to Corunna. At Corunna they stood in General Fraser's division, on the right. They behaved well.'

"'But I'd fain see the Marines again,' says the drummer, handing him the trumpet, 'and you—you shall call once more for the Queen's Own. Matthew,' he says, suddenly, turning on my father—and when he turned, my father saw for the first time that his scarlet jacket had a round hole by the breast-bone, and that the blood was welling there—'Matthew, we shall want your boat.'

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"Then my father rose on his legs like a man in a dream, while they two slung on, the one his drum, and t'other his trumpet. He took the lantern, and went quaking before them down to the shore, and they breathed heavily behind him; and they stepped into his boat, and my father pushed off.

"'Row you first for Dolor Point,' says the drummer. So my father rowed them out past the white houses of Coverack to Dolor Point, and there, at a word, lay on his oars. And the trumpeter, William Tallifer, put his trumpet to his mouth and sounded the *Revelly*. The music of it was like rivers running.

"'They will follow,' said the drummer. 'Matthew, pull you now for the Manacles.'

"So my father pulled for the Manacles, and came to an easy close outside Carn dû. And the drummer took his sticks and beat a tattoo, there by the edge of the reef; and the music of it was like a rolling chariot.

"'That will do,' says he, breaking off; 'they will follow. Pull now for the shore under Gunner's Meadow.'

"Then my father pulled for the shore, and ran his boat in under Gunner's Meadow. And they stepped out, all three, and walked up to the meadow. By the gate the drummer halted and

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began his tattoo again, looking out toward the darkness over the sea.

"And while the drum beat, and my father held his breath, there came up out of the sea and the darkness a troop of many men, horse and foot, and formed up among the graves; and others rose out of the graves and formed up—drowned Marines with bleached faces, and pale Hussars riding their horses, all lean and shadowy. There was no clatter of hoofs or accoutrements, my father said, but a soft sound all the while, like the beating of a bird's wing and a black shadow lying like a pool about the feet of all. The drummer stood upon a little knoll just inside the gate, and beside him the tall trumpeter, with hand on hip, watching them gather; and behind them both my father, clinging to the gate. When no more came the drummer stopped playing, and said, 'Call the roll.'

"Then the trumpeter stepped toward the end man of the rank and called, 'Troop-Sergeant-Major Thomas Irons,' and the man in a thin voice answered, 'Here!'

"'Troop-Sergeant-Major Thomas Irons, how is it with you?'

"The man answered, 'How should it be with me? When I was young, I betrayed a girl; and when I was grown, I betrayed a friend, and for

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these things I must pay. But I died as a man ought. God save the King!'

"The trumpeter called to the next man, 'Trooper Henry Buckingham,' and the next man answered, 'Here!'

"'Trooper Henry Buckingham, how is it with you?'

"'How should it be with me? I was a drunkard, and I stole, and in Lugo, in a wine-shop, I knifed a man. But I died as a man should. God save the King!'

"So the trumpeter went down the line; and when he had finished, the drummer took it up, hailing the dead Marines in their order. Each man answered to his name, and each man ended with 'God save the King!' When all were hailed, the drummer stepped back to his mound, and called:

"'It is well. You are content, and we are content to join you. Wait yet a little while.'

"With this he turned and ordered my father to pick up the lantern, and lead the way back. As my father picked it up, he heard the ranks of dead men cheer and call, 'God save the King!' all together, and saw them waver and fade back into the dark, like a breath fading off a pane.

"But when they came back here to the kitchen,

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and my father set the lantern down, it seemed they'd both forgot about him. For the drummer turned in the lantern-light—and my father could see the blood still welling out of the hole in his breast—and took the trumpet-sling from around the other's neck, and locked drum and trumpet together again, choosing the letters on the lock very carefully. While he did this he said:

"'The word is no more Corunna, but Bayonne. As you left out an "n" in Corunna, so must I leave out an "n" in Bayonne.' And before snapping the padlock, he spelt out the word slowly—'B-A-Y-O-N-E.' After that, he used no more speech; but turned and hung the two instruments back on the hook; and then took the trumpeter by the arm; and the pair walked out into the darkness, glancing neither to right nor left.

"My father was on the point of following, when he heard a sort of sigh behind him; and there, sitting in the elbow-chair, was the very trumpeter he had just seen walk out by the door! If my father's heart jumped before, you may believe it jumped quicker now. But after a bit, he went up to the man asleep in the chair, and put a hand upon him. It was the trumpeter in flesh and blood that he touched; but though the flesh was warm, the trumpeter was dead.

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"Well, sir, they buried him three days after; and at first my father was minded to say nothing about his dream (as he thought it). But the day after the funeral, he met Parson Kendall coming from Helston market; and the parson called out: 'Have 'ee heard the news the coach brought down this mornin'?' 'What news?' says my father. 'Why, that peace is agreed upon.' 'None too soon,' says my father. 'Not soon enough for our poor lads at Bayonne,' the parson answered. 'Bayonne!' cries my father with a jump. 'Why, yes'; and the parson told him all about a great sally the French had made on the night of April 13th. 'Do you happen to know if the 38th regiment was engaged?' my father asked. 'Come now,' said Parson Kendall, 'I didn't know you was so well up in the campaign. But, as it happens, I *do* know that the 38th was engaged, for 'twas they that held a cottage and stopped the French advance.'

"Still my father held his tongue; and when, a week later, he walked into Helston and bought a 'Mercury' off the Sherborne rider, and got the landlord of the Angel to spell out the list of killed and wounded, sure enough, there among the killed was Drummer John Christian, of the 38th Foot.

"After this there was nothing for a religious man

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but to make a clean breast. So my father went up to Parson Kendall and told the whole story. The parson listened, and put a question or two, and then asked:

"'Have you tried to open the lock since that night?'

"'I ha'n't dared to touch it,' says my father.

"'Then come along and try.' When the parson came to the cottage here, he took the things off the hook and tried the lock. 'Did he say "*Bayonne*"? The word has seven letters.'

"'Not if you spell it with one "n" as *he* did,' says my father.

"The parson spelt it out—B-A-Y-O-N-E. 'Whew!' says he, for the lock had fallen open in his hand.

"He stood considering it a moment, and then he says, 'I tell you what. I shouldn't blab this all round the parish, if I was you. You won't get no credit for truth-telling, and a miracle's wasted on a set of fools. But if you like, I'll shut down the lock again upon a holy word that no one but me shall know, and neither drummer nor trumpeter, dead or alive, shall frighten the secret out of me.'

"'I wish to gracious you would, parson,' said my father.

"The parson chose the holy word there and then,

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and shut the lock back upon it, and hung the drum and trumpet back in their place. He is gone long since, taking the word with him. And till the lock is broken by force, nobody will ever separate those twain."

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IPSWICH BAR

ESTHER AND BRAINARD BATES

THE mist lay still on Heartbreak Hill,
The sea was cold below,
The waves rolled up and, one by one,
Broke heavily and slow;

And through the clouds the gray gulls fled,
The gannets whistled past,
Across the dunes the wailing loons
Hid from the rising blast.

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The moaning wind, that all day long
Had haunted marsh and lea,
Went mad by night, and, beating round,
Fled shrieking out to sea.

The crested waves turned gray to white,
That tossed the drifting spar,
But far more bright the yellow light
That gleamed on Ipswich Bar.

Old Harry Main, wild Harry Main,
Upon the shifting sand
Had built a flaming beacon-light
To lure the ships to land.

"The storm breaks out and far to-night,—
They seek a port to bide;
God rest ye, sirs, on Ipswich Bar
Your ships shall surely ride.

"They see my fires, my dancing fires,
They lay their courses down,
And ill betide the mariners
That make for Ipswich town!

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"For mine the wreck, and mine the gold,—
With none to lay the blame,—
So hold ye down to-night, good sirs,
And I will feed the flame!"

Oh, dark the night and wild the gale!
The skipper hither turned
To where, afar, on Ipswich Bar,
The treacherous beacon burned;

With singing shrouds and snapping sheets
The vessel swiftly bore
And headed for the guiding lights
Which shone along the shore.

The shoaling waters told no tale,
The tempest made no sign,
Till full before her plunging bows
Flashed out a whitened line;

She struck,—she heeled,—the parting stays
Went by with mast and spar,
And then the wave and rain beat out
The light on Ipswich Bar.

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Gray dawn beneath the dying storm;
A figure gaunt and thin
Went splashing through the tangled sedge
To drag the treasure in;

For when the darkness broke away,
The lances of the moon
Had shown him where lay, bow in air,
A wrecking picaroon.

What matter if the open day
Bore witness to his shame?
'Twas his the wreck and his the gold,
And none had seen to blame.

He did not know the eyes of men
Were watching from afar,
As Harry Main went back and forth
The length of Ipswich Bar.

They told the Ipswich fisher-folk,
Who, all aghast and grim,
Came running down through Pudding Lane
In maddened search for him;

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No word,—no blow,—no bitter jest,—
They did not strike or mar,
But short the shrift of Harry Main
That day on Ipswich Bar.

They marched him out at ebb of tide
Where lay the shattered wreck,
And bound him to the dripping rocks
With chains about his neck;

With chains about his guilty neck
They left him to the wave—
The lapping tide rose eagerly
To hide the wrecker's grave.

And now, when sudden storms strike down
With hoarse and threatening tones,
Old Harry Main must rise again
And gird his sea-wracked bones

To coil a cable made of sand
Which ever breaks in twain,
While echoing through the salted marsh
Is heard his clanking chain.

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When rock and shoal are white with foam,
The watchers on the sands
Can see his ghostly form rise up
And wring his fettered hands.

And out at sea his cries are heard
Above the storm, and far,
Where, cold and still, old Heartbreak Hill
Looks down on Ipswich Bar.

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