

the dramatic experiments, from groping for impracticable means and results. The forms which he introduced or revived were as successful as Tennyson's; in fact, his product represents the full advance of American taste and feeling, during the period covered by it, though not our most significant thought. He was a lyrical artist, whose taste outranked his inspiration; and assuredly, if he had been a Minister of the Fine Arts, he never would have abolished an *École* at the dictation of the "impressionists," nor have adopted as a motto the phrase "Beware of the Beautiful." We have noted his industry and the self-control with which he devoted his life to poetry alone. Yet the report of his library talk shows that his brain was alert upon many topics; that in private, at least, he did not reserve his talents for his publisher,—an economy which a French critic declares to be "a bad sign, and the proof that one makes a trade of literature, and that one does not

really have the impressions he assumes to have in his books." His verse is peculiarly open to the test of Milton's requirement, that poetry should be simple, sensuous, passionate. Simple, even elementary, it manifestly is, despite the learning which he put to use. It is sensuous in much that charms the ear and eye, and in little else; for the extreme of sensuousness is deeply felt, and feeling results in passion, and passionate the verse of Longfellow was not, nor ever could be. His song was a household service, the ritual of our feastings and mournings; and often it rehearsed for us the tales of many lands, or, best of all, the legends of our own. I see him, a silver-haired minstrel, touching melodious keys, playing and singing in the twilight, within sound of the rotes of the sea. There he lingers late; the curfew bell has tolled and the darkness closes round, till at last that tender voice is silent, and he softly moves unto his rest.

Edmund C. Stedman.

THROUGH WATERSPOUT AND TYPHOON.

WE had just left the Philippine Islands,—the clipper *Wasatch*, bound for New York, with some fifteen hundred tons of sugar,—and were then bowling easily across the Celebes Sea toward the Straits of Macassar, with the last of the south-west monsoon. Very little wind seemed left in the bag, for as the ship lifted on the remnants of the long Pacific rollers, the sails lost their snowy fullness, and slapped shudderingly against the spars and rigging; the reef-points rattled like hail, the masts creaked in their fidings, and the yards jerked uneasily at the braces. The whole ship had a rattling, unsteady, loose-jointed motion, until she rolled ponderously to windward again and tautened everything with a quick jerk that seemed powerful enough to carry away the lighter spars. We had a long voyage before us with much of this rattle-and-bang sort of sailing, until we reached the steady trade winds of the Indian Ocean; so all hands were busy making and putting on chafing-mats to protect those parts of the rigging most exposed to wear in this continual shaking. As we were only a few degrees north of the Line, the weather was decidedly warm. The hot sun overhead and not a cloud in the sky, the light reflected from the myriad ripples in the water as though from mirrors, the planks hot enough to blister our feet, with the pitch starting from the seams

and knots, all combined to make the intermittent fanning of the shaking sails very acceptable.

The monsoon was about breaking up; and although the sky was now as serene as possible, unsettled weather, with violent squalls, was to be expected.

It was with such surroundings that I left the ship when I went below at eight bells, turned into my bunk, and soon fell asleep.

I was roused by the boatswain thrusting his head hurriedly in at the door and saying, "All hands shorten sail, Mr. Ratline. A water-spout to windward, sir!" Bounding up, I soon jumped into the few clothes necessary in that latitude, and ran on deck.

What a sight! To leeward the sky, air, and water were, as before, hot, breathless, and glittering; but to windward a vault of billowy black nimbus cloud, rent by incessant lightning and acting as an immense reverberator for the thunder which rolled along over the water, crash after crash, shaking the ship like a leaf, until it was almost deafening. The lower surfaces of the clouds were torn into white and ragged fragments, and these were spun and blown about by the resistless currents of the whirlwind, while in the center of the mass, like a sturdy Jewish column supporting the vast dome, writhed an enormous water-spout. Within a radius of many

rods about its twirling base the sea was lashed into boiling fury, and rose and fell in irregular tumultuous waves, whose crests were whipped off by the wind and blown hither and thither like smoke.

One accustomed only to the temperate zones can not appreciate the awful grandeur of the more violent atmospheric disturbances of the tropics. Man's puny endeavors seem so doubly unavailing against the infinite power of nature's forces, that the individual is almost overwhelmed by his own insignificance. So it was with us that day. There seemed to be no way of escape. The spout was dead to windward, and bearing down upon us with fearful speed. Already its roaring was in our ears. All hands were working for their very lives to get sail off the vessel, pulling and hauling like steam engines every one of them, and jumping aloft like monkeys to roll up the slatting canvas. For once, Captain Mason lost his habitual coolness and seemed almost beside himself with excitement and apprehension. When I came on deck, the ship was beginning to heel over from the effect of the outside currents of the whirlwind upon her bare spars and half-furled canvas. Our signal howitzer had been unlashd by the cabin-boy and the captain shouted, "Mr. Ratline, will you serve that gun." I sighted the piece and pulled the lock-string with such a trembling hand that the ball missed its mark, and called forth a cry of disappointment from those aloft, who had watched its ricochet course with the eagerness of men intent on a forlorn hope. "Load again!—quick, for God's sake!—load again!" This time the ball went crashing through the watery column, but with no more effect than if my piece had been a popgun. There was no time for another shot. The ship was now staggering under the violence of the wind. The men aloft, knowing the insecurity of the spars, came sliding down the back-stays in their haste to reach the deck. Every second the force of the wind was stronger, bearing the good ship down upon her beam ends as a skillful wrestler forces an antagonist to his knees. Slowly the cloud began to swing around, and we backed our bare main yards to deaden any headway the ship might now have, until we could get some little patch of sail up forward to pay her off from the wind; and thus escape the spout, which in its altered course we hoped would pass ahead of us. Suddenly the half-furled mizzen top-sail blew from the gaskets, and filling out like a balloon sent the ship spinning around toward the wind and tearing through the water as though she had all sail set. "Up helm, there—run up the foretop-mast stay-sail

—keep her away!" shouted the captain wildly through his hands. One of the ordinary seamen was at the wheel, and I saw him jamming down the spokes in his vain endeavors to move the helm. Calling to one of my watch to follow, I sprang to the wheel, and with our united strength had the helm hard up, when the foretop-mast stay-sail they were trying to set forward blew clear from the bolt-roping at the first slap, and it became a certainty that all our endeavors were fruitless, and the water-spout must strike us. The ponderous fabric of the vessel, quivering like a whale at the stroke of the harpoon, was tossed like a cork on the seething base of the column. Her masts bent like coach-whips before they snapped. Great patches of canvas were torn from the yards, and spreading out, sped off like frightened ghosts, their long arms of tatters waving wildly as they vanished in the misty air. Each man almost involuntarily secured himself as best he might, and in an instant more the water-spout was upon us—with a roaring and bellowing as of a thousand demons, the cannon-like crash of breaking spars, the snapping of cordage, and the rending of timber. Then an irresistible rush of water poured down upon the deck, seemingly with the concussions of Niagara; it bore me back against the wheel-casing, and held me as in a vise, tore off my shirt and shoes, and pressed with such a weight upon my chest that my eyeballs almost started from their sockets, and I thought I had been caught under a falling spar.

A moment of deathlike stillness succeeded this awful pandemonium, and then the rain fell, not in drops, but in solid masses that beat us down upon the deck, filled our eyes, mouths, and nostrils, and nearly drowned us. The decks were afloat even with the tops of the demolished bulwarks; and ropes, and half-alive but struggling men were washing back and forth as the ship's bare hulk rolled about in the trough of the sea.

When I recovered from the shock of being half-drowned and half-crushed, and had succeeded in getting my breath and dashing the water from my eyes, I saw—instead of the gallant clipper of an hour before, whose graceful build and lofty spars excited the admiration of every seaman and made the *Wasatch* the "smartest" ship in port, wherever she went—instead of this, a dismantled wreck shorn of every semblance of her former beauty. Our fore and mizzen masts were gone close to the deck, and the mainmast had been taken out bodily from the stepping, tearing up the deck from rail to rail as it went. Of the forward house and fore-castle, not a vestige remained. The bowsprit was twisted off

close to the stem, and both bulwarks were gone from the bows clear aft to the quarter-deck. The cabin was partly unroofed, and the body of the captain's son was visible, jammed into a corner of the companion way, broken and crushed into an almost unrecognizable mass. As soon as they were able, the remnant of the crew crawled aft to the quarter-deck. Instead of our complement of twenty-five, we only mustered eleven. The captain and mate were gone; the cook and steward had vanished with their galley. There were six of the men, one with a broken arm, the boatswain with a wound in his head deluging his face with blood, the carpenter, two of the boys, and myself left in command. Getting out the medicine chest, I at once began to dress the hurts of the wounded men, and gave the order to clear away the wreck. It was considerable of a surprise when the men returned saying that there was no wreckage to clear away. Such had been the force of the whirlwind, that all our heavy top-hammer had been entirely torn away. Not a spar or a timber, except a few odds and ends, was hanging by the ship, but pieces of both could be seen heaving about in the swell for a mile or so to leeward.

Where the mainmast had been torn out, the gaping decks revealed the hold half full of water, swashing around amongst the sugar bags, while at every roll of the shattered hulk tons of it burst in over the stumps of the demolished bulwarks. The pumps were nearly destroyed in the general upheaval of the decks in their vicinity. The carpenter immediately went to work upon them, while the rest of us broke out old sails from the locker to nail over the openings in the decks, and stretched life lines along fore and aft.

To the stump of the mizzen mast we lashed a studding-sail-boom, and on it spread an old try-sail. This kept the ship nearly head to wind, decreasing the rolling motion, and preventing the deluge of water upon the decks, so that we could work with greater safety and expedition. The afternoon was now well advanced, and we were sadly in need of food. The galley in which our dinner had been preparing was completely gone, and on further investigation we found that the mainmast in its fall had torn out the forward end of the store-room under the half deck, emptying overboard nearly all our provisions. What little of perishable goods remained were about spoiled by salt water. Hastily conveying this remnant of our former supply into the after-cabin, I detailed as steward a man who had served in that capacity on a former voyage, and told him to save all he could, and try to improvise a galley out of the cabin heater.

As I turned to go on deck, my eyes fell on the crushed body of little Ben — poor boy! He had begged to go to sea, and live among the incidents he had heard his father relate in his short visits to their Connecticut home; and much against his mother's wishes, the captain had taken him on this voyage. He was a bright, active lad of about twelve. I had taken a great fancy to him, and had endeavored to teach him all that a second mate could of seamanship and navigation. Tenderly taking up his lifeless form I placed it on the cabin table, and spread an ensign over it. Returning to the deck, I found that the sun was out again. The sky, air, and water were as placid and innocent-looking as they had been before the squall. The heavy sea had nearly subsided, and the wind, but a few hours ago a tornado, had now failed utterly. The ship rolled slowly but heavily in the trough of the sea, the water in her hold rushing back and forth through the cargo with a force that made the hulk tremble in every timber. Its rumbling and gurgling sounded as if we were over a volcano. By this time the men had covered all the breaks in the deck and sides, as far as possible, with plank and canvas, and water was no longer taken in in large quantities, although there must have been enormous leakage both there and through the vessel's seams, which had been opened by the awful strain to which she had been subjected. The carpenter reported that he had so far succeeded in repairing the pumps that two of the cylinders could be used. There were eleven of us all told; one was not able to work because of his broken arm, which, I fear, was badly set, and we had five men in a watch, one for the wheel and four for the pumps. As one watch would be weakened by the absence of the steward in preparing our meals, I placed him in my watch, because the boatswain, who, of course, was in charge of the other watch, was but little better able to work than the man with the broken arm, the jerking motion of the pumps making his wounded head very painful. There was fully eight feet of water in the hold, bringing our decks amidships nearly even with the surface of the sea. After working all hands at the pumps for about an hour and a half, we lowered it not quite a foot. It was very fatiguing work. Our pumps were of the old-fashioned pattern, with brakes and plungers like a hand fire-engine, but they were large and would raise about five gallons at a stroke. The falling mainmast had so thoroughly bent and twisted them, that it was with the greatest difficulty they were made to work at all, and then with so much friction that we could not give more than twenty strokes without a rest.

Larsen, the steward, now announced that he had a jury-meal rigged up in presentable shape. As little Ben lay on the cabin table, I told him to bring up the dinner, and we would mess on deck.

I now had leisure to question the survivors of the port watch about the water-spout, and ask how it happened that the ship was caught so unprepared. They said they were all seated on deck as I had left them when I went below, making mats, the mate and boatswain both among them giving directions, leaving, for the time, no one actually on the lookout except one of the boys at the wheel. He was somewhat green at steering, and consequently must have kept his eyes fast on the compass card. Our high bulwarks forward shut out the horizon from the men on the main deck, and the sky was so bright overhead that no one thought of the squall, which came up with exceptional rapidity, even for those latitudes, until they were called into action by a clap of thunder and the "old man" suddenly appearing on the poop and singing out, "Clew up the royals!" The squall had promised to be one of only ordinary severity, until the boys who had gone aloft to furl were down again, and standing by the top-gallant gear with the rest, when, as if by magic, the water-spout was formed. All hands were then called and set to work in earnest to take in the kites. It was almost laughable, in spite of the gravity of our surroundings, to see some of the men handling the cabin china, and their look of contempt upon the fancy stores—canned vegetables, sardines, and the like,—of which the greater part of our repast consisted; for the more costly supplies, having been kept in lockers, formed the bulk of what we had saved, and the steward informed me that the stock of salt beef was so scanty that we would need to be exceedingly careful of it. After dinner I tossed up with the boatswain for the watch, and as it fell to his lot I left him to do what he could toward rigging jury-masts, and went below. On the captain's desk I found the half-worked *Sumner's* sight of the morning, which I finished, and, allowing for our drift, found that we were in latitude 3 degrees 15 minutes north, longitude 163 degrees 41 minutes east, or almost the center of the Celebes Sea. Plotting down this position on the chart, it appeared that Cape Rivers, on the island of Celebes, was the nearest land, bearing S. by E. 125 miles. This was so nearly to windward that we could hardly hope to reach it under jury-masts.

The nearest islands of the Sooloo Archipelago bore about N. W. by W., nearly 200 miles away. There was every reason for try-

ing to reach Celebes. The Bughis were semi-civilized and friendly to Caucasians, and their propensity for trading with the neighboring islands and passing ships would give us a good chance to reach some frequented port.

On the other hand, if we merely succeeded in keeping the wreck afloat without thought of progress or direction, we would eventually drift into the Sooloo Islands. Many of them were uninhabited, and in fact incapable of sustaining life, while the people of the fertile groups were cruel, piratical, and, by common report, cannibals.

At eight bells, when the watches were changed, we buried poor Benny, who had, in the meantime, been sewed up in his blanket. The loss of the captain, mate, and the missing members of the crew was taken by the survivors almost as a matter of course—as part of a seaman's lot. They had been washed overboard or taken up by the whirlwind, leaving nothing but vacant places as a reminder of their absence; but the crushed form of the captain's boy affected the men visibly. He was not properly part of the ship's company, and, as such, could not be expected to bear any of the hardships or dangers of the voyage. He had been a universal favorite among the crew, having won them by his manliness, kindness, and quickness in learning all matters pertaining to his father's profession. When the little bundle lying there on the wheel-grating, covered by the flag, was launched over the rail and fell with a dull splash into the leaden surface of the sea, the rough men turned away with a sob, and, brushing away the gathering tears, endeavored to hide their emotion by coiling down now useless ropes' ends or anything they laid hold of first, and I hurried below more to conceal my own weakness than to replace the prayer-book in its case.

I then called a council of the more intelligent of the men, and put before them my ideas concerning the best course to steer, etc. It was decided that working to windward was not to be thought of, and as the monsoon was late in changing we would have to take our chances and run for the Sooloo Islands. It would take us three or four days at least to rig any sort of sail that would give the ship a speed of two knots in a good breeze; so that we could not hope to reach land in less than ten days at the quickest, and it was a question if we could endure the labor of pumping for that length of time on no more stable food than cabin luxuries. My heart sank when I thought of how the ship might founder in a heavy squall, or how we might roll around for weeks in calms. Smart and fully equipped vessels were often a fortnight in crossing the Celebes

Sea, and I had personal knowledge of one fine ship, the *Titan* of Boston, that knocked about in these very waters for nearly forty days, and then only entered the Straits of Macassar to drift upon the Paternosters in a calm. Our stores too were scanty, and could not last us longer than three weeks by the strictest economy above short allowance. During all our consultations and work the steady clank of the pumps had continued, broken only by the occasional "Spell, oh!"

As soon as one gang became exhausted and were relieved by the others, they rested for a while, and then went to work at the rigging. In order to gain upon the leaks we had to keep the pumps going three hours out of four, and when the watch were relieved they were not slow in turning in. The lashings of one or two of our spare spars had held against the water-spout, and our light yards and booms, of which there was a good supply, we kept run in under the half deck through a port in the break of the poop, so that they had not been washed overboard. With these, by dint of hard labor and doing the heaviest work at eight bells, when all hands were temporarily on deck, we had succeeded on the fourth day in raising three jury-masts. On the fore we spread a main top-gallant sail, on the main an old spanker, and on the mizzen the try-sail we had set to keep the hulk head to sea. Not a very good or handy rig, we thought, but it was the best we could do with our limited resources. A breeze springing up in the evening, I was overjoyed to find that the old hooker actually made two and a half knots, and answered her helm tolerably well. The effect upon the men was surprising. They worked with twice the vim, joked, and even sang their "chanties" when pulling and hauling, a sure sign of a contented crew. One of these, which had been a favorite with them before, now had attached to it a melancholy interest by association. I recall a few verses:

"O Tom is gone, and we'll go too,—
 Tom is gone for highlo!
 O Tom was always brave and true,—
 Tom is gone for highlo!
 O Tom has his long watch below,—
 Tom is gone for highlo!
 He is not called out in calm or blow,—
 O Tom is gone for highlo!"

and so on until the work was done and the word "Bela-a-y" stopped their hauling and song together.

I knew that there was a large fleet of vessels bound down from Manila, Iloilo, and Cebu, and momentarily expected to sight some one of them, but so far had been disappointed.

On the seventh day my observation showed that we had made barely ninety miles in all in the direction of the Sooloos. That day we all knew, by the actions of the barometer and the unmistakable appearance of the sky, that the scourge of the China seas, a typhoon, would be upon us in less than twenty hours. We were several degrees south of the probable path of its vortex, but still far enough within its influence to make it extremely probable that our shaky hulk would founder in its first stages; or if we did manage to keep afloat, we could hardly hope to escape being driven upon some of the reefs or iron-bound coasts surrounding the Sooloo Sea.

The remainder of the day we spent in securing with extra stays and lashings our pitiful jury-masts, putting new battens around the hatches and breaks in the deck, and endeavoring with but poor success to put the bilge pumps in order. That night the wind increased to a gale, with blinding lightning and scourging squalls of rain and electric hail that stung like whip-lashes. The ship was too water-logged to attempt successfully the seaman's usual maneuver in a heavy blow and lay her to. She only fell off again into the trough of the sea, which swept her decks completely, and drove us from the pumps. It soon became apparent that the hulk must in some way be kept head to sea. With the greatest difficulty we succeeded in overhauling enough of the chain cable, outside the vessel and in over the bows, to reach our jury foremast, and there lashed it. Securing to the chain all the spars, lumber, and old sails we could find, we let go the anchors easily, and, cutting away the steppings of the foremast, managed to slide the whole mass overboard with a heavy lurch of the ship, immediately paying out through the hawse-pipes fifteen or twenty fathoms more of chain.

The tangle of spars, chain, and rigging floated a hundred yards or so ahead, and, being almost under water, drifted much more slowly than the ship, so that by their action as a drag, together with the little rag of a mizzen hauled flat aft, the only sail remaining set, the hulk was kept almost head to sea.

The sails ahead, spreading out in the water, served to break the force of the waves, making the ship ride more comfortably, although each heavy sea broke over the bows like a deluge and, running aft waist-deep clear to the taffrail, poured out in great spouts through the shattered bulwarks.

The straining ship, wallowing like a mad buffalo in the sea, sent up the most life-like groans and screams of pain from her tortured timbers, as, buffeted back and forth from sea to sea, she rolled and pitched till our brains

began to reel. As I recall the resounding blows of the waves upon the vessel's sides and deck, the bellowing of the wind, the swash and crash of the tons of water in the hold, the cargo adrift, and sugar-bags tumbling around as pebbles roll up and down a beach, each one a hundred-pound battering-ram upon the white pine ceiling of the hold, the wild convulsions of the laboring hulk, the seams opening and closing and planks sawing back and forth against each other as if the wreck were breaking up, the pumps clogged with half-dissolved sugar and pieces of bamboo bags, while the water swept the decks so as to drive us into the scanty rigging of our jury mizzen-mast, where we lashed ourselves to keep from being blown away, expecting that each heavy plunge of the quivering bows would be the last,—as I recall all this, I wonder that our reason held, and can hardly understand how we calculated so logically as we did our chances of survival, discussed so coolly such projects as lashing a leaky oil barrel alongside the bowsprit to becalm the sea ahead, and even joked about the ship's being like Paddy's boot,—a hole in her fore-foot to let the water in, and a hole in her heel to let it out,—or like the *Mary Dunn* of Dover, with three decks and no bottom.

The morning of the ninth day dawned, or rather glimmered, upon a cheerless, cold, gray sky streaked with flying scud, and the air full of rain and spume flakes that stung our faces and hands like the pricking of needles, and almost blinded us if we attempted to look to windward. We had nothing to expect for some days but a living gale, which, veering gradually around the southern half of the compass from north-east to north-west, showed clearly that we were in the lower radius of a cyclone that must have destroyed everything in the path of its vortex, judging by the severity of what we experienced some two hundred miles away to the southward.

Toward the close of the forenoon, one of the men above me in the rigging scrambled down, and placing his face close to mine, shouted excitedly from the hollow of his hand, "Sail on the port quarter, sir!" On drawing ourselves higher up the rigging, we saw, through the flying spume-drift, a large vessel lying-to under storm canvas and apparently weathering the gale handsomely. With much difficulty and considerable danger of being washed overboard, we brought an ensign from the locker and secured it, union down, to the rigging above us, where it blew out straight and stiff as a board. Our hulk was by this time low enough in the water not to be visible at any great distance, and the entire absence of top-hamper made it ex-

tremely doubtful that we could be seen by the watch of the ship, who were in all probability crouched behind their weather cloth for protection from the gale. As the vessel drew nearer and her outline became more distinct, we made out that she was on the port tack and fore-reaching enough to carry her across our bows. Thus we were on her lee beam, and had a much better chance of being seen than if we had been to windward.

We clung there in the rigging and watched her graceful motions. She was careened enough to let us see her slant decks running with water, her hatches tightly battened down, the coils of running gear triced up clear of the deck, her black, taunt spars reeling overhead from the pressure on the little strips of white canvas, round and full as the breast of a swan, and in the mizzen rigging a square black tarpaulin with a few oil-skin coats visible behind it. She rolled heavily, but with that easy, graceful sweep that betokens a well-trimmed cargo, now revealing the whole outline of her decks and then shutting out the scene with her high, black bulwarks. Her cleanly cut and sweeping Yankee bows would be buried in a smother of foam clear to the knight-heads, and then rise dripping and quivering, revealing the glittering copper nearly to the fore-foot; and, as the sea rushed aft along the black and shining sides, her after-body rose slowly until her heel was flung out with a ponderous flourish, and then sank again with a fierce swash from under her rounded counter. As she was slowly forging by us not a quarter of a mile away, our hearts were gladdened by the sight of the American flag, and below it an answering pennant flying out from her monkey-gaff. In another instant her watch below tumbled out of the fore-castle, and we could see them all busy ungriping their lee boat and running a line forward outside of all to the bows. Then we began to feel that we had done wrong in flying our signal of distress, for no boat, we thought, could live a moment in such an awful sea, and any attempt to take us off would only result in the drowning of the brave fellows who were coming to our relief, without bettering our condition a whit. They soon showed us that we were discounting Yankee skill and bravery at sea. We almost held our breath as we saw their whale-boat half-lowered, the crew in place with oars apeak, and then saw it dropped on the crest of a huge, rolling sea when the ship lurched heavily leeward. The boat's crew slued her quickly round head to wind as she was swept away from the ship, and let her drive down toward us with the gale, keeping her "bows on" with the oars, and checking her

stern-way to meet each combing breaker. It was magnificent to see her go down out of sight in the hollow of the sea, then come reeling up the steep ascent of green, pitch headlong through the foaming crest which burst over her and entirely concealed for a moment the six oil-jackets and south-westerns, and then with a triumphant effort free herself and dash down into the trough again. The gale was fierce enough to drift her down to us at a rapid rate, and as we watched we were amazed that she was not swamped and capsized as each heavy sea broke over her, until at last she drove by close to our quarter. They caught the line we hove them and rode astern clear of the swash of the wallowing wreck.

Hastily diving below, I screwed down the water-tight lid of the chronometer case, and placed it, together with the sextants and the log-book, in an empty clothes-bag. While doing this, the water was swashing around some six inches deep over the cabin floor. The carpet was torn off, and in several places the planks were started, letting the compressed air in the hold rush up with a hiss that was smothered into a ludicrous sputter as the water ran over the openings. Our rescuers had certainly not come any too soon, for the hulk would not float an hour longer. Returning on deck, I bent a small line to the becket of the clothes-bag, and dropped it astern into the boat. The wounded men, who had been up to this time lashed securely in the rigging, were slung by a rope's end from the tip of the spanker-boom, and, watch-

ing for a comparatively smooth spell, the boat was hauled up and we lowered them into it. Then we tied bowlines around our waists, and, jumping one at a time from the taffrail, struck out for the boat, and were hauled in over its stern. Meanwhile the ship, after working slowly across our bows, had worn short round and, squaring her yards, sped by us like an arrow, and now lay rolling about, hove-to again to leeward, waiting for us to drift down to her.

The boat was what I had never seen before on board a merchant ship—an iron self-bailing life-boat, of the whale-boat model; and most gallantly she behaved, overloaded as she was, in that awful sea, which no ordinary ship's boat could have weathered for five minutes. You may imagine what a difficult matter it was to get aboard the ship and hoist in the boat. After about half an hour of hard work, we were on the deck of the good ship *Iceberg*, Captain Blaney, who received us with a hearty welcome, declining with a gruff good nature our protestations of gratitude and our admiration for the skillful seamanship that had carried his vessel and whale-boat safely through such dangerous maneuvers. As I turned to go below, a cry from the men caused me to look to windward, and I saw the *Wasatch* throw up her stern and go down head-foremost like a sounding whale. Our rescuers gave us what we then most wanted, a substantial meal, and generously supplied us with clothing until we reached Java Head, where, at our request, we were put ashore.

James J. Wait.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

The Democrats and the Presidency.

ALTHOUGH the presidential election is more than a year distant, the politicians are actively preparing for it all over the United States. Candidates for both parties have sprung up in unusual numbers; and if we might believe all that is said in their favor by their enthusiastic friends, the amount of first-rate presidential material in the country is astonishingly large. We take little interest, however, in the fortunes of individual candidates when once the necessary qualifications of character and ability are insured; but we are somewhat concerned to know on what issues the presidential contest is to be fought. That there are questions of importance in our national politics about which there is wide difference of opinion among the people, is a familiar fact; but there seems to be a disposition in the leaders of both parties to keep these questions as much as possible out of sight. Civil service reform is

little talked of by either party; the currency question is held in abeyance; the tariff question is avoided as much as possible by both parties; while the transportation problem seems not to have dawned as yet on the mind of the average politician.

But meanwhile the Democrats, being in opposition, must raise some issue or other in order to justify their demand for a change in the government; and so they have started the cry that the Republican party is hopelessly corrupt, and that the first step toward a better state of affairs is to "turn the rascals out." This cry was started almost simultaneously in various parts of the country, and the Democratic leaders apparently intend to make it the main issue next year. But if they do, they will, in our opinion, make a grave mistake. No one will deny that there are corrupt men among the leaders of the Republican party, or that there have been of late years scandalous cases of malfeasance in office, for which that party is mainly