## THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1888.

## CE BOUND By W. CLARK RUSSELL Author of "The Wreck of the Grossenon, "Jack's Courtship," "My Watch Be-low," "The Lady Maud " Etc.



CHAPTER XXV. THE SCHOONER PREES RERSELP.

All day long the weather remained sullen All day long the weather remained sullen and still, and the swell powerful. I was on deck at noon, looking at an iceberg half a league distant, when it overset. It was a small berg, though large compared with most of the others; yet such a mighty volume of foam boiled up as gave me a startling idea of the predigious weight of the mass. The of the prodigious weight of the mass. The sight made me very anxious about my own state; and to satisfy my mind I got upon the ice and walked round the vessel, and to get a true view of her posture went to the ex-treme end of the rocks beyond her hows; and finally came to the conclusion that, suppo-ing the ice should crunible away from her sides so as to cause the weight of the schooser to render ft top heavy, her buoyancy, on touching the water, would certainly tear her heel out of its fronty setting and here her el out of its frosty setting and leave her ing. Indeed, so sure was I of this that I saw, next to the ice splitting and freeing her in that way, the best thing that could appen would be its capsizal.

I regained the ship, and had paused an in-I regained the ship, and had paused an in-stant to look over the side, when I perceived the very block of ice on which I had come to a halt break from the bed with a smart clap of noise, and completely roll over. Only a minute before had I been standing on it, and thus had sixty seconds stood between me and death; for most certainly must I have been drowned or killed by being beaten against the ice by the swell! I fell upon my knees and lifted up my hands in gratitude to God, feeling extraordinarily comforted by God, feeling extraordinarily comforted by this further mark of His care of me, and very strongly persuaded that he designed I should come off with my life after all, since his providence would not work so many miracles for my preservation if I was to perish by

this adventure. These thoughts did more for my spirits than I can well express; and the intolerable sense of loneliness was mitigated by the knowledge that I was watched, and therefore not alone

The day passed I know not how. The shadow as of a tempest hung in the air, but never a cat's paw did I see to blur the rolling mirror of the ocean. The hidden sun sand out of the breathless sky, tingeing the atmos out of the breathless sky, tingeing the atmos-phere with a faint hectic, which quickly yielded to the deepest shade of blackness. The mysterious, desperate silence, however, that on deck weighed oppressively on every senso, as something false, menacing, and ma-lignant in these seas, was qualified below by peculiar straining noises in the schooner's

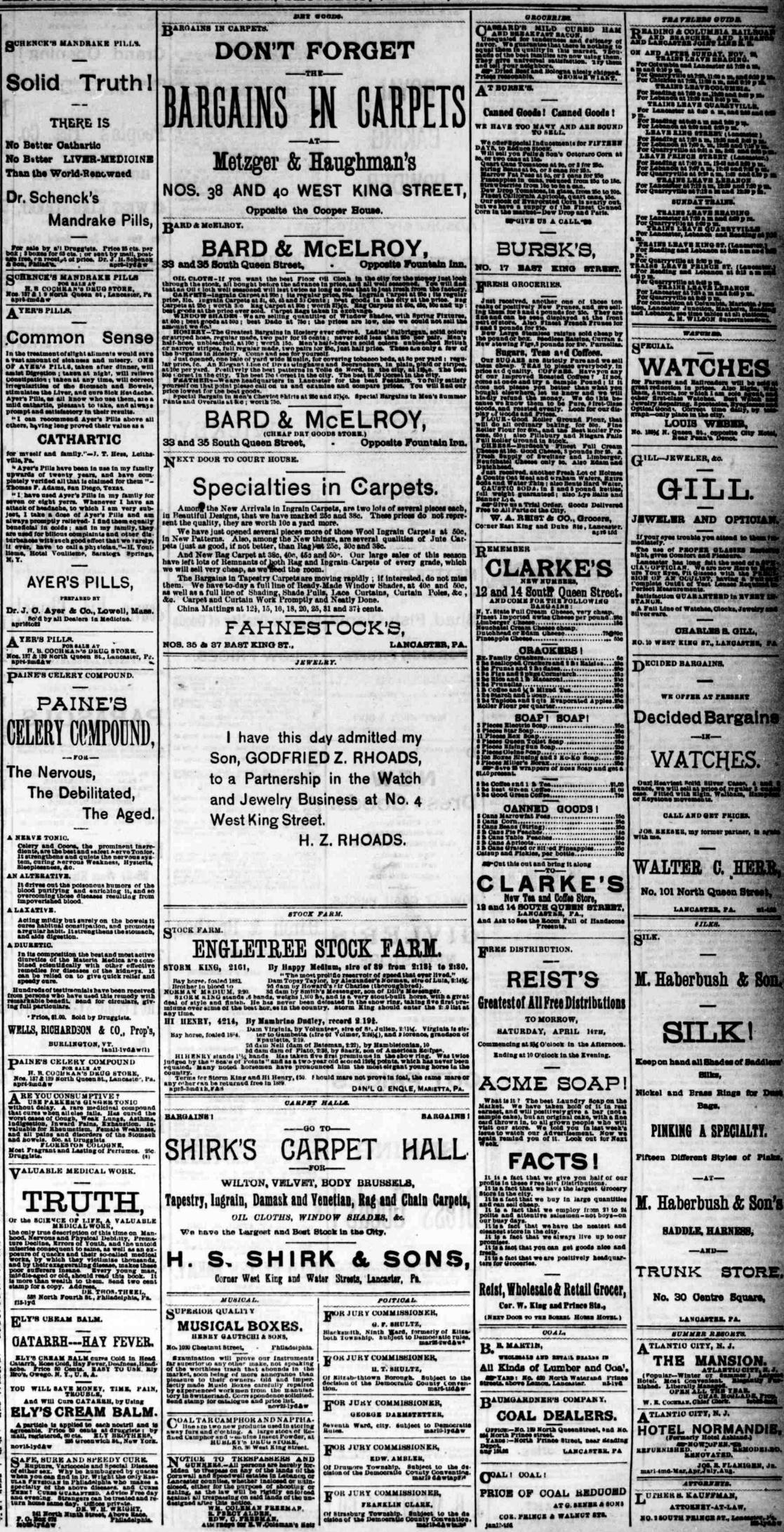
hold, caused by the swinging of the ice upon the swell. I was very uncasy; I dreaded a gale. It was impossible but that the vessel must quickly go to pieces in a heavy sea upon the ice if she did not liberate herself. But though this excited a depression melancholy enough, nothing else that I can recollect contributed to it. When I reviewed the apprehension the Frenchman had raised, and reflected how insupportable a burden he must have become, I was very well satisfied to be alone. Time had fortified me; I had d through experiences so surpri encountered wouders so preternatural, that superstition lay asleep in my soul, and I found nothing to occasion in me the least ness in thinking of the lifeless, shriveled figure of what was just now a fierce, cowardly, untamed villain lying in the fore-

castle. I made a good supper, built up a large fire, and mixed myself a hearty bowl of punch, not with the view of drowning my anxieties --God forbid! I was too grateful for the past, too expectant of the future, to be capa-ble of so brutish a folly-but that I might keep myself in a cheerful posture of mind; n I was terrified by an extraordinary loud explosion, that burst so near and rang with such a prodigious clear note of th

Had she been damaged below? was she taking in water? I know her to be so thickly sheathed with ice that, unless it had been scaled off in places by the breaking of her bod, I had little fear (until this covering melted or dropped off by the working of the frame) of the hull not proving tight. I should have been coated with ice myasif had I stayed but a little longer in my wet clothes in that plercing wind; so I ran below, and bringing an armful of clothes from my cabin to the cook room, was very soon in dry atto the cook room, was very soon in dry at-tire, and making an extraordinary figure, I don't question, in the buttons, lace, and frip-peries of the old fashioned garments. Meanwhile, I was crasy to ascertain if the

peries of the old fashioned garments. Meanwhile, I was craxy to ascertain if the schooner was taking in water. If there was a sounding rod in the ship I did not know where to lay my hands upon it. But he is a poor sailor who is slow at substitutes. There with the tools we show as substitutes. There where soveral spears in the arms room (pirati-cal plunder, no doubt) with mere spikes for heads, like those weapons used by the Caffers and other tribes in that country; they were formed of a hard heavy wood. I took a length of ratine line and secured it to one of these spears, and carried it on deck with the powder room bull's eye lamp; but when I probed the sounding pipe I found it full of ice, and as it was impossible to draw the pumps I flung my ingenious sounding rook own in a passion of grief and mortification. Tet was I not to be besten. Such was my function to be besten. Such was my function to be besten. Such was my function to be besten, and copped into the hold. It needed an experienced ear to detect the sobbing of internal waters amid the pissings of the seas outside. I listened with aissings of the seas outside. I listened with and mistake. I hearkened with all my might is the hatch on. There was no meet to go to the hatch on. There was no meet to go at and listen. The schooner was by the pist and listen. There was no meet to go to and listen for water to. that would not be forward too.

that would not be forward too. Being reassured in respect of the stanch-ness of the hull, I returned to the fire and proceeded to equip myself for a prolonged watch on deck. While I was drawing on a great pair of boots I heard a knocking in the after part of the vessel. I supposed she had drifted into a little field of broken ice, and that she would go clear presently, and I fin-ished arming myself for the weather; but the knocking continuing I went into the cabin, where I heard it very plain, and walked as far as the lazarotte hatch, where I stood linwhere I heard it very plain, and walked as far as the lazarette hatch, where I stood lis-taning. The noises were a kind of irregular thumping, accompanied by a peculiar grind-ing sound. In a moment I guessed the truth, rushed on deck, and by the dim light in the air saw the long tiller moving to and froi The beat of the beam sees had unlocked the frozen bonds of the rudder, and there swung the tiller, as though like a dog the ship was wanging her tail for joy!



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through the schooner that I vow to God I through the schooner that 1 yow to the a believed the gunpowder below had blown up. And in this suspicion I honestly supposed myself right for a moment-for on running into the cabin I was dazzled by a crimson e that clothed the whole interior with a fiame that clothed the whole interior with a wondrous gush of fire; but this being in-stantly followed by such another clap as the other, I understood a thunder storm had broken over the schooner. It was exactly overhead, and that ac-counted for the violence of the crashes, which were indeed so extreme that they

counded rather like the splitting of enormou sounded rather like the splitting of enormous bodies of ice close to than the flight of elec-tric bolts. The hatch lay open; I ran on dack; but scarce had passed my head through the companion when down came a storm of hall, every stone as big as a pigeon's egg; and in all my time I never heard a more helland in all my time i never heard a more heli-ish clamor. There was not a breath of air. The hail fell in straight lines, which the flerce near lightning flashed up into the ap-pearance of giant harpstrings, on which the black hand of the night was playing those heavy notes of thunder. I sat in the shelter of the mean in the shelter of the companion, very anxious and alarmed, for there was powder enough in the hold to blow the ship into atoms; and the lightning played so continuously and piercingly that is was like a bundred darts of fire, violet, crimson, and sun colored, in the grasp of spirits who thrust at the sea, all over its face, with swift movement of the arms, as though searching for the schooner to spear her.

The hail storm ceased as suddenly as it had arst. I stepped on to the deck, and observed burst. I stepped on to the deck, and observed that the storm was settling into the north-east, whence I concluded that what draught that might be up there sat in the southwest. Nor was I mistaken, for half an hour after the first of the outburst, by which time the lightning played weak and at long intervals low down, and the thunder had ceased. I felt crawling of air coming out of the southwest, which presently briskened into a small, steady blowing, but not for long. It fresh ened yet and yet; the wrinkles crisped into whiteness on the black heavings; they grew into small surges, with sharp, cubbish snarl-ings, preludious of the lion's voice, and by 10 o'clock it was blowing in strong squalls, the sea rising, and the clouds sailing swiftly in moke colored rags under the stars. The posture of the ice inclined the schoon-

er's starboard bow to the billows, and in a very short time she was trembling in every ne to the blows of the surges which rolled boiling over the ice there and struck her. flinging dim clouds of spume in the air, which soon set the scuppers gushing. My case was that of a stranded ship, with this difference only: that a vessel ashore lies solid to the beating of the waves, whereas the ice was buoyant; it rose and fell, sluggishly, it is true, and so somewhat mitigated the severity of the shocks of water. But, spite of this, I was perfectly sure that unless the bed broke under her or she slipped off it, she would be in pieces before the morning. It was not in any hull put together by human hands to resist the pounding of those seas. The weight of the mighty ocean, along whose breast they raced, was in them, and though the wind was no more than a brisk gale, each billow by its stature showed itself the child of a giantess. The ice bed was like a whichool with the leap and flash and play of the froth upon it. The black air of the night was whitehed by the storms of foam flakes which flew over the vessel. The roaring of the broken waters in creased the horrors of the scene. I firmly believed my time was come. God had been merciful, but I was to die now. As to mak ing any shift to keep myself alive after the ship should be broken up, the thought never entered my head. What could I do? There was no boat. I might have contrived some arrangement of booms and casks to serve as a raft, but to what purpose? How long would it take the wind and sea to freeze me!

I crouched in the companion way, hearken-ing to the uproar around, feeling the convul-sions of the schooner, fully prepared for death, dogged and hopeless. On a sudden-in a breath-I felt the vossel

rise. She was swung up with the giddy velocity of a hunter clearing a tall gate; she velocity of a hunter clearing a tall gate; she ank again, and there was a mighty concus-sion forward, then a pause of steadiness while you might have counted five, then a wild up-ward heave, a sort of sharp floating fall, a harsh grating along her keel and sides, as though she was being smartly warped over rocks, followed by an unmistakable free pitching and rolling motion. , I had prung to my fagt and stood weiting:

TO BE CONTINUED.) ----

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