

# CAST UP BY THE SEA.

BY SIR SAMUEL W. BAKER.

## CHAPTER I.—CONTINUED.

The fire had burned low, and as Paul spoke a shadow flitted upon the cottage wall, and the low chuckle of Mother Lee was heard as she approached the fire and warmed her skinny hands.

"Ha, ha!" she muttered, "the luck comes from the sou'-west. There's no hempen cable that'll stand a Cornish rock. Shall cut before the morning. Get to bed with yer," cried the old hag, and wake fresh for the pickings. There'll be work for all hands before the morning."

Horror struck at the cold-blooded prophecy of Mother Lee, and glad to escape from her presence, Polly retired, and throwing herself, without undressing, upon the bed, in spite of her anxiety she fell into a sound sleep, thoroughly tired out in watching. Paul would not sleep, but busied himself with preparing ropes for the expected emergency. In the meantime Mother Lee scraped together the hot embers and arranged the few unburnt pieces that remained to restore the fire, over which the old wosman scrouched, apparently not heeding the hurricane, which at every gust swept showers of sparks against the cottage wall.

There were many watchers that night at Sandy Cove, who had been aroused by Mother Lee, who had gone her rounds to the various cottages and prophesied "luck from the sou'-west."

It was about 5 o'clock in the morning, and Paul, having first completed his coils of lines, had slept for an hour, when he was awakened by a sharp knocking at the door. In another instant it opened and Mother Lee entered the room. "Get up with you! get up!" she cried; "one cable's cut and a mast gone overboard; she won't last long!"

Paul hurried out, accompanied by his wife, who had hastily thrown her cloak across her shoulders, for the morning was cold and raw. "God help them!" exclaimed the kind-hearted Polly as she first looked upon the terrible scene. The storm was if possible more intense than before; the ship had changed her position during the night and had apparently dragged her anchors; she was now lying about a half mile from the coast, exactly opposite the entrance of the little bay of Sandy Cove, which, not being above fifty yards in width, was unseen and unknown to the crew of the vessel. As Mother Lee had already made known the rocks had chafed through one of the hempen cables, the slack of which now hung loosely in the water, while the remaining cable was as tight as an iron bar whenever a tremendous wave struck the bows of the ship. In those days chain cables were very rare, and many a vessel and crew would have been saved from destruction had they been provided as now with the faithful metal. When anchored among sharp-edged rocks, it was next to impossible that a hempen rope should escape the friction. One rope, as we have seen, had just parted, therefore the ship swung by a single cable in the storm that rendered her position hopeless. She appeared to be an Indianaman of about 1,200 tons. The mizzenmasts had been carried away a few feet above the deck, and the crew were actively employed in cutting away the mainmast to lighten the ship and to lessen the strain upon the anchor.

The natural feeling of the sailor now burst from Paul. "Fools!" he exclaimed, as he stamped his foot upon the ground, and gesticulated vainly to the fated vessel; "up with the jib! Slip the cable, and bring her ahead to the shore! Loose the foresail, and run for the mouth of the bay!" Alas! they knew nothing of the coast, neither could they distinguish the narrow entrance in the mist of spray and white-headed breakers that burst upon the rocks. Even the little bay, usually so calm, was now a heavy sea, as every wave, although broken in its force, swept through the gap and rolled heavily upon the beach. The Polly rode safely at anchor, with a long cable, and although every now and then the surf broke over her forecastle, her hatchways were secured, and there was nothing to fear in Sandy Cove for so good a vessel.

The Indianaman was, as usual with that fine class of vessels, exceedingly well named; and, had the crew been aware of the little harbor that lay concealed near them, there would have been no difficulty, with good seamanship, in running in and beaching the ship upon Sandy Cove. However, there was no means of communicating with the doomed vessel; and, although a harbor of refuge was actually at hand, the axes were plied at both the remaining masts, which presently fell by the board.

Paul was watching these operations with a telescope and explaining to his eager wife all that passed upon the deck. "They are making a raft with spars," said he, "but it will be of little use among those breakers." After a little pause he continued, "Poor things. There are women and children on board, all clinging to each other on the poop deck."

"Oh, Paul, dear Paul, can we do nothing to help them?" cried his wife in intense excitement, "how dreadful for the poor children and mothers!" At this moment her own recent loss awakened in her heart a deep sympathy for those who were shortly to part forever, even before her eyes.

Suddenly Paul lowered the telescope. "The cable's parted!" he shouted; "they're lost!"

At that moment the ship, that had

hitherto been lying with her stern toward the shore and her head direct to the wind, leaping over the opposing waves although almost buried in surf and spray, suddenly altered her position, and her head turning slowly away from the gale, she fell into the trough of the sea with her broadside to the wind. A tremendous wave with curling crest came towering toward her, and, hardly rising to meet the shock, the ship suddenly heeled over and the terrific wave swept clean across her decks. For an instant nothing was visible but a confused mass of foam and spray with a dark object in the center; but in a few moments the hull again appeared. The decks that had been thronged with people were nearly empty; only a few of the strongest men remained hanging on to any rope that offered a secure hold. Another sea struck her, and once more the powerless hull lay buried. Again she righted, and still fewer people remained upon her decks; she now rolled helplessly on, buried by every sea and nearly turning bottom upward as each successive wave struck her. The current set rather away from the entrance to Sandy Cove but the wind being dead on shore, she would evidently strike a little on the left of the mouth.

"She'll strike on the Iron Rock before she reaches the shore," said Paul.

This was a black mass that only now and then reared its threatening form above the surface, about three hundred yards from the entrance to the bay, over which the breakers dashed in a tremendous surf. As Paul foretold, the vessel was evidently being driven directly against this rock.

Again Paul searched the wreck with his telescope; she was now in a short distance of the fatal rock. "They're lowering a boat," said Paul; "some women have just come on deck from the cabin. Well done! the boat's lowered and they are getting the women down. Off she goes! That's right; now pull hard for the mouth of the Cove! Now keep her straight!—here comes a breaker!—sit close together in the stern! Ha! what's that? the tiller broken? My God! she's over!

A raging breaker burst directly over the boat, and after rolling over several times she disappeared. Polly sobbed aloud.

In the mean while the once noble ship, sometimes lifted upon a wave, sometime half buried in the surf, rolled heavily toward the Iron Rock. At length a wave higher than the rest bore her forward with irresistible power, and, raising her far above the general level, it appeared to drop her bodily upon the rock, the crash of the collision being distinctly heard on the shore; she remained fast, lying athwart ship, and in another instant a huge wave burst against her as though she had been a portion of the cliff, and the spray flew high in the air, while the sea rolled completely across her decks.

"She can't stand that for half an hour," said Paul. "Stay here, Polly, or better go in doors; she'll break in two directly, and there's no living soul on her now."

But Polly could not quit the dreadful scene, and as Paul now descended from the cottage to the beach below by a zig-zag path, she accompanied him to the bottom of the Sandy Cove. Here all the fishermen had congregated with their wives and children, intent upon the plunder that the cargo would afford whenever the wreck should break up and the price would be washed on shore.

In such a storm it was impossible to descend the cliffs, as the wind and waves beat against the face; when the wind should abate, at low tide, there would be a narrow beach at the foot of the precipice, upon which the cargo would be washed on shore, if not previously destroyed by being beaten against the rocks; but they now all waited, in expectation that some portion of the spoil might be washed upon the shelving beach in Sandy Cove by the narrow entrance, especially as the vessel had grounded at no great distance from the mouth of the bay, where she now lay within view of the village.

For about an hour the hull of the vessel withheld the fury of the sea, which dashed against her with irresistible force; but, as each wave retarded, large volumes of water poured in cascades from her open timbers, showing that she could not much longer hold together. At length the entire deck floated off the poop as a heavy wave broke over her; a short time afterward the stern rose bodily to an advancing breaker, and as the sea rushed over her it separated and disappeared, leaving only the fore-part of the vessel fixed upon the rocks. From that moment the waves became enriched with the cargo, which was to be seen floating in the surf in all directions in the shape of barrels, cases, tea chests, barrels and packages of all descriptions. This was a signal for a general cheer from the wreckers and their families, who now thronged the shore. A few minutes later a couple of large caskets were seen at the entrance of the cove, which, lifted by a rolling wave, were driven directly into the harbor; they were apparently lashed together. There was a general rush forward on the part of the people who lined the beach in their eagerness to secure the prize. Among the men who dashed into the surf were some of the most desperate wreckers of the coast; but the force of the breakers was so great that they not only were beaten down by the curl of the wave, but they were dragged back by the under-tow, and only re-

gained the shore by the assistance of the crowd, who, with joined hands, formed a line and were thus enabled to resist the rush of the waters. There was only one man who had been able to force his way through the breakers, and swim out to the floating barrels, this was Paul Grey, who had thrown off his coat and boots, and, with a coil of thin line across his broad shoulders, now struck out manfully through the rough sea; sometimes he was for a moment buried in the broken waves; at others he would dive through the advancing wall of water just as it curved above his head and threatened to beat him down. "Bravo, Paul!" shouted many voices, especially those of the women, who were standing on the beach; "he'll have it now!" "There's good spirits in those casks or they wouldn't swim so light," said a grim-looking ruffian, who had just failed in his attempt to swim through the surf. "Paul's the cat's paw, but we'll cry halves when it comes ashore." "He can't drag the cask ashore," said another fellow; "we must all give a hand and share the profit." "He's got it now!" cried several, as Paul, having reached the barrels, dexterously fastened a hook that was attached to his line, and, turning toward the shore, having thrown off the coil while he held the end of the rope in his teeth, he swam vigorously for the beach.

There was one heart that beat with pride as the powerful form of Paul Grey struggled bravely with the surf that had beaten back all others, and Polly clapped her hands with enthusiasm and headed the crowd to dash into the water to help her husband when he gained his footing on the rolling shingles. Her hair had blown from its fastening, and now flew in long waves driven by the wind in wild confusion, while the excitement of the moment had flushed her cheek and added a fire to her large eyes that rendered her perfectly beautiful and, as Paul pressed her hand when he landed dripping from the sea, he thought he had never seen his Polly look so lovely.

"It shall belong to you, Polly, whatever it may be!" said Paul; "it's my prize, and you shall have it." "Halves!" cried the surly ruffian who had already spoken in the crowd; and one and all, seizing the line, began to haul the barrels toward the beach.

"Avast hauling!" cried Paul, as he pushed two or three men on one side as though they were children; "the line is mine, and you shan't break it when I've had the trouble of the job." He then carefully drew in the rope, hand over hand, until the barrels approached the surf; in an instant, as a broken wave hurried them toward the beach, a dozen men rushed into the water and dragged them to the shore.

Hardly had they pulled the barrels high and dry than they surveyed them with an air of disappointment. "They're empty!" was the general exclamation.

This was evident. Two empty rum puncheons that would contain ninety gallons each were firmly lashed parallel together by means of broken oars that formed a framework, in which the casks were beautifully secured. At one end was a strong rope that had apparently been arranged for the support of some person who should have clung to the raft; to this rope some long fair hair was attached, as though it had become entangled with the hands that had vainly attempted to keep their hold. On the top of the buoyant raft, and well secured in the center between the two casks, was a box covered with a piece of tarpaulin that had been fastened down with nails to the side in order to preserve the contents dry. Some treasure of importance was evidently well secured. "Halves again!" shouted the first ruffian, as he rudely pushed Polly on one side and grasped the box with both hands; at the same time he staggered and rolled upon the shingle as Paul's fist descended full upon the side of his head.

"Now, my lads, fair play," said Paul; "the prize belongs to me, and I don't mind sharing a portion after I know what it is. But hands off till Polly takes her share!"

Paul was a match for any two men in the village; and, as none could contest in the present case either his strength or his argument, the crowd immediately agreed, and, standing around the mysterious prize, they watched with much curiosity the opening of the box. It was an old wine case, and as Paul broke off the nail heads with a stone and removed the tarpaulin, a few bars of wood beneath that had supported the waterproof cover were easily withdrawn. A rich cashmere shawl was loosely arranged above some object; beneath this was a wrapper of pink flannel. With extreme curiosity Polly now removed this covering, and started back with an exclamation of surprise that was echoed by the crowd, as the mystery of the box was suddenly revealed.

Apparently asleep or dead lay the body of an infant about two months old; around its neck was a locket suspended by a thin gold chain. Was it possible? Could a miracle restore the child that had perished in the wreck of yesterday? A few more strokes brought them close to it.

"It is a woman!" said Polly, who was steering the boat. "Look, Paul, your ear will now touch her. Help me to lift her from the water!"

It was the body of a beautiful woman of about two-and-twenty, which the united exertions of Paul and his wife soon placed on board the boat; her long blonde hair he had mistaken in the distance for sea-weed. Although they knew that she was dead, they arranged her in a reclining position, with her back resting against the seat of the boat.

"Poor creature! she is a lady," said Polly; "and so beautiful!"

She had no other clothes than a night dress; several valuable rings of diamonds and rubies were on her fingers, in addition to her wedding-ring, and necklace of large brilliants was hung round her neck.

Some of her long hair was twisted among her delicate fingers; the button of the collar of her night-gown had burst, and her beautiful snow-white bosom was exposed.

"She had a baby," sighed Polly;

"poor woman, how sad!" Who knows whether she is the mother of the child we have saved?

"Very likely," said Paul, "for the hair that we found upon the rope-handle attached to the barrels is exactly the same as that now twisted in her fingers. See! the inside of her soft hands is chafed with holding on to the hard rope. Her long hair must have become entangled while struggling in the water, and she has had no strength to keep her hold."

The expression of the unfortunate mother was one of calm serenity;

"Lucky comes from the sou'-west, ha, ha!" muttered a hoarse voice, succeeded by a chuckle, and Polly saw the wrinkled face of old Mother Lee peering into the box; and laying her skinny fingers upon the chest of the infant, she once more muttered: "Lucky comes from the sou'-west; ye'll get no other, Polly Grey, except what's cast up by the sea—ha, ha!" "Go, wretched old woman!" replied Polly, stung by the taunt; "frighten fools who are worthy of you, but leave me and mine alone."

The old woman's face changed to something devilish, and scowling upon Polly she spat on the ground and hoarsely croaked: "We'll see, we'll see!" "Come along, Polly," said Paul, who had uncorded the fastenings of the box and raised it upon his head. "Don't quarrel with Mother Lee; and look you, mother, if you're going to bring bad luck on my Polly I'll leave you over the cliff to feed the crabs the next time you come up the hill; d'ye hear?"

Paul now left the crowd, and followed by his wife he ascended the zig-zag path with his burden and quickly reached his cottage on his cliff. Having placed the box gently on the floor, Polly took away the damp shawl and wrappers, and covering the child with warm flannel she held it close to her breast and briskly rubbed its back and spine. It was very cold, but the limbs were not stiff; she had therefore hope, and with the door and window opened to give fresh air, which blew violently from the sea, she anxiously watched for some sign of returning animation. In a few minutes it gasped faintly, and to her intense delight, after an hour's careful attention, she was rewarded by hearing it cry lustily. She now dressed it in some clothes that had belonged to her own child, and pressing it gently to her bosom, she felt a mother's happiness as though she had been its proper parent. As she watched the lovely infant now peacefully resting in her arms, she could hardly believe in her recent loss. It appeared as a dream. Her boy had been replaced by another that she might have mistaken for her own. She felt bewildered; so many scenes had changed in rapid succession within the last few hours; her loss, the storm, the wreck, the infant now her child, that had been thus mysteriously Cast Up by the sea.

**CHAPTER II.**  
The day following the storm was a harvest for the people of Sandy Cove. The wreck had entirely broken up, and not a vestige of the ship remained, except the fragments that together with the cargo, strewed the coast for miles on either side of the bay. Paul Grey had been out at day-break, and when he returned to breakfast he found his wife happier than he had seen her for many days. The table was spread. The newly-arrived baby was snugly asleep in its cradle, looking as blooming as though nothing extraordinary had happened; and as the storm had passed and the day was fine, the sun was shining gayly through the open window.

When breakfast was finished, Paul took his telescope and sat upon the terrace wall above the sea. He had not been long seated before his attention was attracted to some object floating in the water beneath, at no great distance from the shore; as the waves gave it motion, sometimes it was completely submerged, while at others a portion appeared upon the surface.

"Polly," he cried, "can you make out what that it? Sometimes it looks like a long mass of sea-weed, but it is not white."

Neither could distinguish the object clearly; therefore descending to the beach, Paul, accompanied by his wife, launched a small skiff and rowed out of the harbor toward the spot. Rounding the point that formed a natural breakwater to the small bay, they at once discovered the cause. Upon nearer approach there could be no doubt that it was the body of some unfortunate who had perished in the wreck of yesterday. A few more strokes brought them close to it.

"It is a woman!" said Polly, who was steering the boat. "Look, Paul, your ear will now touch her. Help me to lift her from the water!"

It was the body of a beautiful woman of about two-and-twenty, which the united exertions of Paul and his wife soon placed on board the boat; her long blonde hair he had mistaken in the distance for sea-weed. Although they knew that she was dead, they arranged her in a reclining position, with her back resting against the seat of the boat.

"Poor creature! she is a lady," said Polly; "and so beautiful!"

The other day a lady walked into the Bowen-Merrill Company's store and inquired of one of the young lady clerks for a copy of "Her Ben."

"You mean 'Ben Hur,'" Gen. Wallace's book," replied the clerk.

"No, indeed. I never heard of that book. The one I want is 'Her Ben.'

The clerk asked the author, but the lady could not tell who it was, and as a last resort the question was appealed to Columbus T. Dollarhide, one of the oldest clerks in the retail book department, and who is recognized as a human bibliograph.

"Why, yes, we have it," said he. "The lady is right. The book she wants is 'Her Ben,' an old Sunday-school work published by the Methodist Book Concern."

**Dead Sea Evaporation.**  
The dead sea loses every day by evaporation several million tons of water. This enormous mass is easily drawn up by the rays of the sun, the valley wherein the sea lies being one of the hottest points upon the globe.

and as Polly Grey straightened her gracefully formed limbs and covered her breasts with her long flaxen hair she kissed her pale cheek and vowed inwardly never to forsake her orphan child. She then took off her cloak and spread it gently over the body.

"Take off the rings, Polly, before we get to the Cove," said Paul. "We must take care of them, as some day they may be wanted if the child should live. It wouldn't do to let the people at the Cove see the gold and stones." Accordingly Polly, not without some difficulty, drew the rings from her taper fingers and unfastened the snap of the necklace.

It was well that this had been done, for on their arrival at the Cove they found a great crowd; news of the wreck had spread rapidly throughout the neighborhood and people from all quarters had flocked to the spot. Among them was the good clergyman of the neighboring village, Dr. Jones, who, with his excellent wife, had driven down to the Cove with a good supply of warm clothing and restoratives in case they should be required by the survivors of the shipwreck. Alas! there were none; the little child was the only soul living of all those who but a few hours before were happy in their near approach to their native land and homes after a long and tedious voyage from China.

"What have we here?" cried Dr. Jones as Paul approached the shore. "Ah's me! ah's me! here's a disaster," exclaimed the good man. "No hope, Mr. Grey—no hope, I'm afraid. No, no hope," he mournfully and slowly repeated as he looked at the figure covered with Polly's cloak. The boat struck the beach and Polly uncovered the face of the drowned mother. "Ah's me! ah's me! Poor thing, so young, so lovely! and did you say a mother?" asked Dr. Jones in a tone of despair. In a few minutes Paul had explained the incident and his suspicions, which touching story at once enlisted the sympathy of the good doctor; but Paul said nothing about the trinkets, and merely stated that his wife had determined to nurse and adopt the child.

A few days after this event a simple funeral entered the churchyard of Stoke; the coffin was carried by some of the fishermen of Sandy Cove, foremost among whom was the powerful figure of Paul Grey. Many women and their children followed as mourners one whom they had never known, but whose fate had engaged their sympathies; and Polly Grey carried the infant, smiling unconsciously in her arms as it followed its dead mother to the grave. The good Dr. Jones not only paid the expenses of the funeral, but some days afterward he erected a stone in the form of a cross upon the spot, with this inscription: "A lady unknown, aged about twenty-two, cast up by the sea at Sandy Cove, 21st of August, 1791."

Paul and his wife returned to their cottage after the funeral, when a sudden thought struck him. "What was in the box with the child? Was there nothing except the Indian shawl and the wrapper?" he asked Polly. "Only some thick cotton wool at the bottom for the child to lie upon," said Polly, "which I did not remove; but if you like I will fetch the box and empty it."

In a few minutes she brought the box. "There is nothing here, you see, except the wool that makes a kind of a bed at the bottom." As she spoke she quickly emptied the contents in double handfuls. "What is this?" she said as something heavy in a canvas bag suddenly arrested her hand. Paul