

THE FROZEN PIROUETTE.

BY W. CLARK RUSSELL. (Continued.)

CHAPTER XI. I MAKE FURTHER DISCOVERIES.

So long as I moved about and worked I did not feel the cold; but if I stood or sat for a couple of minutes I felt the nip of it in my marrow. Yet, here as the cold was, it was impossible it could be comparable with the rigors of the parts in which this schooner had originally got locked up in the ice, and as I rose from the cask shuddering to the heart with the frosty, motionless atmosphere, my mind naturally went to the consideration of a fire by which I might sit and toast myself.

I put a bunch of candles in my pocket—they were as hard as a parcel of marines spikes—and took the lantern into the passage and inspected the next room. Here was a cot hung up by hooks, and a large black chest stood in cleats upon the deck; some clothes dangled from pins in the bulkhead, and upon a kind of tray fixed upon short legs and serving as a shelf were a miscellaneous bundle of boots, laced waistcoats, three corner hats, a couple of swords, three or four pistols, and other objects not very readily distinguishable by the candle light. There was a port which I tried to open, but found it so hard frozen I should need a handspike to start it. It there were three cabins besides this—the last cabin, that is, the one in the stern, being the biggest of the lot. Each had its cot, and each also had its own special outfit and litter of boxes, clothes, fire-arms, swords, and the like.

Indeed, by this time I was beginning to see how it was, and I was satisfied that this schooner had been a pirate or buccaner, twenty years before I was born those two men were sitting dead in the cabin! He on deck was keeping his blind and silent lookout; he on the rocks with his hands locked upon his knees sat sunk in blank and frozen contemplation.

Every cabin had its port, and there were ports in the vessel's side opposite; but on reflection I considered that the cabin would be the warmer for their remaining closed, and so I came away and entered the great cabin, bent on exploring the forward part. I must tell you that the main-mast, piercing the upper deck, came down close against the bulkhead that formed the forward wall of the cabin, and on approaching this partition, the daylight being broad enough now that the hatch lay open on top, I remarked a sliding door on the larboard side of the main-mast, and I pushed it open, and I immediately saw was the cook-house. I turned the lantern about, and discovered every convenience for dressing food. The furnaces were of brick and the oven was a great one—great, I mean, for the size of the vessel. There were pots, pans, and kettles in plenty, a dresser with drawers, dishes of tin and earthenware, a Dutch clock—in short, such an equipment of kitchen furniture as you would not expect to find in the galley of an Indian built to carry two or three hundred passengers.

Half a chaldron of small coal lay heaped in a wooden angular fence fitted to the ship's side, for the sight of which I thanked God. I held the lantern to the furnace, and observed a crooked chimney rising to the deck and passing through it. The mouth or head of it I discovered its contents to be brandy. I can give no better idea of the cold of the latitudes in which this schooner had lain, than by speaking of the oven found them warm and thawed. On smelling to the mouth of the jar I discovered its contents to be brandy. I can give no better idea of the cold of the latitudes in which this schooner had lain, than by speaking of the oven found them warm and thawed. On smelling to the mouth of the jar I discovered its contents to be brandy.

The fire burned brightly, and its ruddy glow was sweet as human companionship. I put the ice into a saucpan and set it upon the fire, and then pulling the cheese and ham out of the oven found them warm and thawed. On smelling to the mouth of the jar I discovered its contents to be brandy. I can give no better idea of the cold of the latitudes in which this schooner had lain, than by speaking of the oven found them warm and thawed. On smelling to the mouth of the jar I discovered its contents to be brandy.

I poured this into a panikin and took a sup, and a finer drop of spirits I never swallowed in all my life; its elegant perfume proved it amazingly choice and old. I fetched a lemon and some sugar and speedily prepared a small smoking bowl of punch. The ham cut readily, I fried a couple of steaks, and fell to the heartiest and most delicious repast I ever sat down to; at any time there is something fragrant and appetizing in the smell of fried ham; conceive then the rollish that the appetite of a starved, half-frozen, shipwrecked man would find in it! The cheese was extremely good, and was as sound as if it had been made a week ago. Indeed, the preservative virtues of the cold struck me with astonishment. Here was I taking a fine meal of stores which in all probability had lain in this ship fifty years, and they ate as choicely as like food of a similar quality ashore.

Possibly some of these days science may devise a means for keeping the stores of a ship frozen, which would be as great a blessing as could befall the mariner, and a sure remedy for the scurvy, for then as much fresh meat might be carried as salt, besides other articles of a perishable kind.

(To be continued.)

of shadows upon the scene, through which the hammocks glimmered wan and melancholy.

I came away in a fright, sliding the door to in my hurry with a bang that fetched a groaning echo out of the hold. If this ship were haunted, the forecastle would be the abode of the spirits!

Before I could make a fire the chimney must be cleared. Among the furniture in the arms-room—a number of spade-headed spears—the spade as wide as the length of a man's thumb, and about a foot long, mounted on light, thin wood. Armed with one of these weapons, the like of which is to be met with among certain South American tribes, I passed into the cabin to proceed on deck; but through I knew the two figures were there, the coming upon them fresh struck me with as much astonishment and alarm as if I had not before seen them. The man starting from the table confronted me on this occasion, and I stopped dead to that astounding living posture of terror—even recoiling—as though he were alive indeed, and was jumping up from the table in his amazement at my apparition.

The brilliance of the snow was very striking after the dusk of the interiors I had been penetrating. The glare seemed like a blaze of white sunshine; yet it was the dazzle of the ice and nothing more for the sun was hidden; the fairness of the morning was passed; the sky was lead-colored down to the ocean line, with a quantity of smoke-brown so edifying along it.

Though it was frightful to be alone in this frozen vault, with no other society than that of the dead, not even a seal-fowl to put life into the scene, I would not feel that, by my prospects what they might be, for the moment I was safe—that is to say, I was immeasurably safer than ever I could have been in the boat, which, when I had emerged into the storm now coming on and realized the sea that was running outside.

I speedily spied the chimney, which showed a head of two feet above the deck, and made short work of the snow that was frozen in it, [as nothing could have been fitter to cut ice with than the spade-shaped weapon I carried. This done, I returned to the cook-room, and with a butcher's axe that hung against the bulk-head I knocked away one of the boards that confined the coal, split it into small pieces, and in a short time had kindled a good fire. The heat was exquisite. I pulled a little bench, after the pattern of those on which the men sat in the cabin, to the fire, and, with outstretched legs and arms, thawed out of me the frost that had lain tant in my flesh ever since the wreck of the *Laughing Mary*. When I was thoroughly warm and comforted I took the lantern and went aft to the steward's room, and brought thence a cheese, a ham, some biscuit, and one of the jars of spirits, all of which I carried to the cook-room, and placed the whole of them in the oven. But how was I to make a bowl without fresh water? I went on deck and scratched up some snow, but the salt in it gave it a sickly taste, and I was not only certain it would spoil and make disgusting whatever I mixed it with or cooked in it, but it stood as a drink to disorder my stomach and bring on an illness. I searched about until I found the scuttle-bulk and went for the chopper, with which I returned and got into the forward hold where I had discovered them. After chopping one of them and knocking off the staves I found there were three-quarters of a cask full of sparkling clear ice, and chipping off a piece and sucking it, I found it to be very sweet fresh water.

I cut as much as, when dissolved, would make a couple of gallons and with it clambered on to the forecastle deck and returned to the cook-room. It was extremely disagreeable and disconcerting to me to have to pass the ghastly occupants of the cabin every time I went in and out; and I made up my mind to get them on deck when I felt equal to the work, and cover them up there.

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(To be continued.)

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General Business.

TIN SHOP. Notice of Sale. To John E. Baldwin, of Bathurst, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, Fish Merchant, and N. Herbert Molloy, formerly of Bathurst aforesaid, at present of the County of St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, posthumous, and all others whom it shall or may concern:

Notice of Sale. To John E. Baldwin, of Bathurst, in the County of Gloucester, in the Province of New Brunswick, Fish Merchant, and N. Herbert Molloy, formerly of Bathurst aforesaid, at present of the County of St. Paul, in the State of Minnesota, posthumous, and all others whom it shall or may concern:

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