

THE MYSTERIOUS SHIP.

The phenomenon of the *mirage* is common in the Ochotsk and Kamtschatka Seas.

The reflection of ships is something seen above the tops of high hills, presenting the singular appearance of vessels running along through the air in an inverted position.

The vision is so weird and singular as almost to impress the spectator with the idea that he is in the land of spirits.

On the 21st of July, 18—, we, that is to say, the crew of the whaler *Frefly*, passed the *Kimew* Islands, and entered the Ochotsk Sea.

The wind was blowing a gale, and we were, therefore, under double reefed topsails.

Luckily we had contrived to get to leeward of a number of huge detached masses of ice, which otherwise must have stove our vessel in a short time, as there was a fog which would have prevented our steering clear of them.

The sun was about going down, and its red light streamed luridly along the crests of the huge rolling seas.

Soon the fog having cleared a little, the mate seemed on the point of issuing orders to shake one reef out of the main-top-sail, when the mate at the main-top-sail, for our captain kept a man on the look-out—sang out "Sail O!" with all his might.

To the usual question "Whereaway?" the answer was, "two points off the weather bow."

Looking in this direction, we saw a vessel looming up where the fog had cleared a little, in the midst of the drifting masses of ice to windward. The mist was too thick for us to make out the stranger very distinctly; but while we were still looking at her the mate had shouted that she showed signs of distress.

This announcement created much excitement among the crew. We all crowded around the rails, while the captain hastened to procure his glass.

"Ay," said he, after a moment's survey, "she evidently has been stove, and is going down."

"We'd better beat up to her then," said the mate. "We can do it in a few tacks."

"No," was the curt reply. "I can't spare the time. Besides, I don't care to crowd my craft with another vessel's crew. They have boats, and can take to them."

The mate and the other officers shrugged their shoulders.

"Surely," said the first officer, "you will not leave those poor fellows to go down. It will be a lasting disgrace to us. Their boats can hardly live in the midst of that ice, with such a sea running."

"I am master of my own craft," said the captain, angrily, "and shall do as I please."

At that moment a flash was seen, and the booming of a gun was heard, fired by the stranger, as if she were impatient of our tardiness in rendering her assistance. She was evidently sinking fast, for her signal was now moved rapidly up and down.

All the endeavors of the mate and his officers to persuade the captain to go to the assistance of the unfortunate proved of no avail. He would stir neither tack nor sheet; and so we continued on our course, leaving the other craft to her doom. The fog again thickening, soon shut her out from our sight; and for a long time after we could hear the shouts and cries of the crew.

We kept on our course for about a week, when we beheld in *Shanster's Bay*, where we found plenty of whales.

Captain Russell's conscience, in spite of his success in filling up his vessel in one season, evidently gave him but little peace.

The contemptuous manner in which his officers and crew behaved to him, irritated him, and kept fresh in his mind his unmanly conduct with regard to the stove craft.

We were first approaching the Kurile Islands, near which the disaster had taken place, when one afternoon a sudden gale came upon us, tearing our sails into shreds, and compelling us to close reef.

It was exactly such an afternoon as that on which we had seen the sinking ship.

The watch were all gathered aft conversing on various topics, when the look-out man was suddenly heard shouting with all his might:

"Sail, Oh! right ahead! coming this way!"

We all glanced forward, when, sure enough, we beheld a gigantic vessel, looming up through the mist, and approaching us at a great rate.

The remarkable height of her masts, and the enormous breadth of her canvas, and the huge dimensions of her hull and boats, all of which bore a peculiar dim, unearthly aspect, startled us very much.

Upon her foretop-gallant cross-tree a huge look-out swung hither and thither with every roll of the ship. The size of this man seemed equal to that of a Patagonian savage, and as every part of his face, with the exception of his chin and a large, flowing beard, was hidden by the mist, he presented an aspect at once weird and terrible.

"Keep off!" howled Captain Russell to the man at the helm. "Up with the helm, lively, or we'll be foul of that ship!"

The helmsman obeyed, when, to our unspeakable dismay, the stranger also kept off, as if her captain really desired a collision.

"Ship ahoy!" roared Captain Russell, trembling in every limb. "What are you about there?"

There was no reply; but the stranger came steadily on.

"Luff!" shrieked our captain, with white lips, to the man at the wheel.

"For Heaven's sake, luff!"

"Luff it is!" answered the man, and down went his wheel.

As our vessel came, however, the stranger also did the same.

"That fellow is mad!" cried the horrified third mate. "He is determined to run foul of us. May heaven help us if he does!"

Again we kept off, and again the other ship did the same. She was now scarcely twenty fathoms distant, and a collision seemed inevitable.

With a hoarse shriek of dismay, our men rushed aft, believing that their doom was sealed. If run down by the huge vessel approaching us we could not hope to escape with our lives in such a gale as now was raging.

Meanwhile, on came the gigantic ves-

sell-nearer, nearer, nearer! And now we crouched, expecting the fearful shock! Minute after minute passed however, and still the collision did not take place. Wondering, we then rose to our feet, and perceived that the stranger had disappeared!

"Good heavens!" howled our superstitious Captain, quivering all over with terror. "That was no earthly craft. It was the spectre of the one which I allowed to sink in the ice four months ago!"

And he fell upon the deck in a swoon. When restored to his senses he was informed by our mate—a very intelligent man—that the vessel which had been seen was simply a *mirage*—a shadow, the magnified reflection of our own vessel in the mist, as in a mirror!

The mate had proved this by jumping upon the night-heads; when the rest of us rushed aft. He had then seen his own form reflected upon the night-head of the stranger, just before she vanished.

When we reached the Sandwich Islands, a month later, we learned that the vessel which our captain had deserted in her distress was the *Mount Vernon*, stove by the ice. Her crew took to the boats, and with much difficulty succeeded in preventing their frail vessel from being crushed.

At daylight they were all picked up by the *Montpellier*, a homeward-bound craft.

DR. LIVINGSTONE.

PARTICULARS OF THE SEARCHING EXPEDITION—LIVINGSTONE SAFE.

From the *Cape Argus*.

Yesterday evening Capt. Faulkner, who, it will be remembered, proceeded with Capt. Young as a volunteer on the *Livingstone* searching expedition, arrived in Cape Town, and has obligingly furnished us with the following interesting particulars of the successful search after the traces of the distinguished explorer. It will be in the recollection of our readers that the expedition left Simon's Town in the middle of July, and that in Dr. Kirk's account of the circumstances connected with the reported death of Dr. Livingstone, it was said that the latter had crossed the north lake, named Makara, and subsequently Matsowa, Maponda, Marenga and Matsowa. The searching party having reached Nyassa, where driven by a gale into a small bay, were they found a native who reported to them that a white man, about eight or ten months previously, had been there.

Capt. Faulkner and the rest of the expedition feared at first that the news was too good to be true, and it was resolved to endeavor to reach a point higher up, at which there was an Arab crossing place, near Mount Momba, a point about twenty miles from the spot at which the boat was anchored.

In carrying this intention into effect, they fell in with a large party of native herdsmen, and on communication with them, received a similar account to that which had been previously given them.

These people described the dress of the "white man," which tallied pretty closely with that of Dr. Livingstone. These men, having been shown some surveying instruments appeared to recognize and to understand the use of them. One of them produced a spoon, and a second a knife, which they had received as presents from Dr. Livingstone. As a further test, Captain Faulkner exhibited a case of photographs, and without any hesitation, that of Dr. Livingstone was recognized as the picture of the white man. This gave the searching party more confidence, and they proceeded on to the crossing place.

On arriving there the same story was repeated, with the addition that the white man had endeavored to cross the lake, but finding all the boats were on the opposite side he went toward the south, and passed through the villages already named. The searching party then sailed across the lake, but obtaining no information, made for the south.

They shortly afterwards came across a large village, and here the same story was repeated. It is known that Marenga, the chief of the village of that name, was extremely civil to Livingstone and so he was found to be to those in search of him. It appears he had ferried Dr. Livingstone across a lake forming an indentation in the banks of the Nyassa, which he might have circled on foot at the cost of a detour. Marenga gave the searching party every information in his possession and presented them with a very acceptable supply of fresh provisions. It will be remembered that it was at this point that the *Johanna* men abandoned Livingstone. While Livingstone went across the marsh, the natives skirted the margin, and on returning to the village, reported they were being led into a hostile country, and at once made their way for the seaboard. The last place named by Dr. Kirk, Matsowa, was two days' journey from Marenga. The chief of this village had been driven away, but a number of his men were collected who had been employed to convey the baggage of Dr. Livingstone 20 miles further in a north-westerly direction. Both Captain Faulkner and Mr. Young regarded the information as conclusive, but, with a view of discovering the position of Maponda's settlement, they proceeded on a little further.

The village was found about a mile from the mouth of the Shire. Maponda was away from the village on a trading expedition, but his mother, who was at home, informed the party that Dr. Livingstone had passed through there, and that some of the party subsequently returned. The mother of the chief further produced a prayer book, containing the name of one of the doctor's followers, who had been left behind on account of lameness. The *Johanna* men had represented this boy, who was named Walkatane, as having deserted. It appears that at this time the boy was absent with the chief, so that the exploring party had no opportunity of a personal interview with him. The evidence which had been obtained at so many different points, and from such a number of witnesses, satisfied Mr. Young that the object they had in view had been obtained, and, acting upon the instructions issued to them, they resolved to return. There appeared not the slightest reason to doubt the substantial correctness of the information they had obtained, that Dr. Livingstone had passed safely through the most dangerous portion of his journey, and had made good his advance into the interior with the apparent intention of descending the Nile into Egypt. They accordingly descended the Shire, and in due time met with the *Petrel*, and returned to Simon's Town. Mr. Young and Capt. Faulkner return to England by this day's steamer, and we are certain will there meet with a reception which the nature of their report and their own enterprise and courage entitle them to.

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BUCK & WRIGHT AHEAD.

As may be seen by the following article, which we copy from the *New Orleans Times* of 15th Inst., Buck & Wright have borne off the highest premium in the stove line at the New Orleans Fair. Six entries were made with Buck's "Brilliant," away ahead of the heap.

The great stove trial was resumed yesterday at 12 o'clock, before a largely increased crowd over the day preceding. The utmost good humor seemed to prevail, both among the exhibitors and spectators, all of whom seemed thoroughly imbued with the good old F. B. principle "may the best stove win." Promptly to the time the committee appeared on the judges' stand, Saunders, particularly glowing with excitement and responsibility. The entries were the same as at the previous trial, and the engineers had not been changed.

At ten minutes to one the drum tapped, and the contest began. "Cotton Plant" popped in first, K. Wood Perry, led off in smoke, amid the cheers of the crowd and loud cries of "Go it, old fellow!" Buck's "Brilliant" followed, and all followed suit as quickly as though life depended on the issue, but Buck's "Brilliant" had started fire with broad already in the stove. Then came the tug; the cooks' countenances glowed like the stoves, a perpetual snapping of opening and shutting doors resounded over the arena. Noises were patted, coaxed and petted as though they were human beings. All seemed confident of winning, and the crowd snatched comments from time to time. Mr. Perry's efforts seemed to be the greatest favored.

At twenty minutes past one "Cotton Plant" threw open its throttle valves and announced that it wanted no more fuel. All the others "shut up" and "keeping dark." As the time for the broad to be taken approached, the "Cotton Plant" followed suit, in 42½; Cotton Plant next, in 41, then Charter Oak, in 42½ then Good Samaritan, 42½ and lastly Buck's "Brilliant," in 47. The grand result of the trial was as follows:

Norton's Furnace, E. Wood Perry, broad weighed 7 lbs 3 oz; burned fuel 7½ lbs. Charter Oak, Rice, Broad & Co., broad weighed 7 lbs 4 oz; burned fuel 7½ lbs. Peerless, Campman & Co., broad weighed 7 lbs 4 oz; burned fuel 7½ lbs. Good Samaritan, broad weighed 7 lbs 3 oz; burned fuel, 7½ pounds.

Cotton Plant, Levi & Navra, broad weighed 7 lbs 1 oz; burned fuel, 7½ lbs. Buck's "Brilliant," Buck & Wright, broad weighed 7 lbs 4 oz; burned fuel, 3½ lbs.

At the conclusion of the trial, the broad was taken charge of by the Awarding Committee and locked up for an hour, at the expiration of which it was all eaten by them. In accordance with their duty, and the gold medal awarded for the best wood stove to Buck & Wright of St. Louis, honorable mention being made of the Peerless, Campman & Co.—*New Orleans Times*, Jan. 15, 1888 & 17-cm & w-1.

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