

# THE IRON PIRATE

A Plain Tale of Strange  
Happenings on the Sea

By MAX PEMBERTON

## CHAPTER XV.

During some days I saw no more of the doctor, or of anyone about the ship save an old negro, who became my servant. He was not an unkindly looking man, being of great age, and somewhat feeble in his actions; but he never opened his lips when I questioned him, and gave a plain "Yes" or "No" to any demand.

It must have been on the fourth day after my capture that the nameless ship, which hitherto had not been speeding at an abnormal pace, began to go very fast. Finally, by the consciousness that the ship had stopped, and that there was much agitation on deck, I looked from my window and observed the cause of the confusion, for there, ahead of us a mile or more, was one of the largest icebergs I have ever seen. I watched intently, hoping to see other bergs that should tell me how far we had gone towards the North, but the night fell suddenly. I had a notion that Captain Black was running to hiding; and his hiding place lay to the north, far above the course even of Canadian-bound vessels.

The time passed, the weather growing colder day by day, the bergs more frequent about my windows; until on the evening of the seventh day the ship stopped suddenly. The work of mooring was not a long one. On the next morning I got up at daybreak, and looked eagerly from my spying place; but I could discern only a blank cliff of rock, the ship being now moored against the very side of it. The negro brought a note with my breakfast; and I read an invitation to dine with Captain Black that evening. I welcomed the prospect of change, when the old man threw open the door and said, "The Master waits!"

He led the way up the companion ladder, which was, in fact, a broad staircase, elaborately lit with the electric light; and so brought me to the deck, where there was darkness save in one spot above the fore-turret. There a lantern threw a great volume of white light which spread out upon the sea, and showed me at once that we were in a cove of some breadth, surrounded by prodigiously high cliffs; and the light being focussed straight across the bay, disclosed a cleft in these rocks leading apparently to a further cove beyond. I had scarce time to get other than a rough idea of the whole situation, for a boat was waiting at the gangway. The men gave way at once, keeping in the course of the searchlight, and rowing straight to the cleft in the cliffs, through which they passed; and so left the light and entered a narrower fjord. This second cove opened after a while into a lake, above whose shores I observed many twinkling lights, which seemed to come from windows far up the face of the cliff. There was a rough landing stage, cut in the rock, and an iron stairway led thence to the chambers which evidently existed above.

When we had come to shore, and had received there by several men who held lanterns, the negro pointed to the iron stairway and told me to mount; he following me to the summit, where there was a platform and an iron door. The door opened as we arrived before it, and there standing by it I found the young doctor.

"Come in," he said, "they're waiting for you."

We were in a broad passage lit by the electric light—a passage cut in a crystal like rock, whose surface had almost the lustre of a mirror. The passage led up to a second door—this one built of fine American walnut; and we passed through it at once into a room where I was astounded to see indisputable evidence of civilization and of refinement. The whole chamber was hung round with superb skins, the white fur of the polar bear predominating; but there were couches cushioned with deep brown seal; and the same glossy skin was laid upon the floor in so many layers that the floorfall was noiseless and pleasantly luxuriant. The furniture otherwise was both modern and artistic.

The room had a solitary occupant. One glance assured me that I was face to face with Captain Black—the Captain Black I had seen in Paris; but yet not the same, for all the bravado and rough speech which which then fell from his lips was wanting. When he stepped forward and held out his hand to me, I had the mind almost to draw back from him, for I knew that the man had crime heavy upon him; but a second thought convinced me of the folly of making a scene at such a moment; so I took the great hand and looked him full in the face.

"I am glad to see you," said he; "dinner waits us;" and with that we passed into another chamber containing a dining table laid for four persons in a very elegant manner. The only servant was a giant black, and the guests of the Captain were the young doctor, the Scotsman known as Dick the Ranter, and myself.

The captain made no attempt to conceal information from me. The first occasion of his speaking during dinner was in answer to a remark of mine that I found the room very pleasantly warm.

"Yes," he said, "you must feel the change. You know where you are, of course. This is the west coast of Greenland, and there is a Danish settlement not fifty miles from you—although we don't leave cards on our neighbors. Well, I won't have you burred, and you're my guest until I put a certain straight question to you. When that happens you won't think twice about the answer."

"This pleasant party must disperse," he said to me later; "you can go to the quarters we have provided for you, unless you would like to see more of us."

"I should like to see everything you can show me," I replied, being aflame with curiosity to know all that the strange situation could teach me; and then he made a motion for the others to follow, and we passed from the room.

The way from the dining room was through a long passage lighted with arc

lamps at intervals, and having the doors of many rooms on the right-hand side of it. Several of these doors were open; and I saw the interiors of well-furnished bedrooms, of smaller sitting rooms, and of a beautifully furnished billiard room. At the end of the passage we descended a flight of stairs to another landing. This proved the way to a small stretch of beach, and here I found several substantial buildings of stone, evidently for the use of Black's company. The largest of the houses seemed to be a kind of hall, well lighted by arc lamps. Into this we passed, lifting a heavy curtain of skins; and seated there, on all sorts of rough lounges and benches were the men I had seen in Paris, with fifty or sixty others, no less ferocious looking.

"Men," said Black, "I want to tell you that we've got a stranger with us; but he's here to stay, and he's my charge."

"Has he joined?" asked a bear-eyed man, who eyed me with much curiosity; but the captain answered:

"That's my affair, and you keep your tongue still if you don't want me to cut it out; he'll join us by-and-by."

"That's agen rules," said Roaring John.

"Agen what?" asked Black in a tone of thunder.

"Agen rules," replied Roaring John; "his man broke my jaw, and I'll pay him, or you guess."

"Maybe you're right. No stranger stays here unless he joins, except them from the mines—but I've my own ideas on that, and when the time comes I'll abide by what's done. If any man would like to dictate to me, let him step out."

The fellow slunk away under the threat. Black was master beyond all question, and he protected me.

We went back with him to the long passage where I had seen the doors of bed chambers, and there he bade me good-night. The doctor showed me into a room cut in the solid rock, but with windows towards the sea. But first he said:

"You must have been born under a lucky star; you're the first man to whom Black ever gave an hour's grace."

CHAPTER XVI.

The bed in which I lay was wondrous soft and downy; and the cold gave me deep sleep, so that I awoke at a late hour to find the sun streaming through my rock window, and the negro telling me that my bath was ready. When we returned to my sleeping place, I found the bed curtained off, leaving a commodious apartment, with books, armchairs, a writing table and a fireplace, in which a coal fire burned brightly. But the greater surprise was the view from my window over a sunlit fjord, away to mountain peaks, snow-capped and shining; and between them to a vista of an endless snow plain, white and dazzling.

The doctor came to me while I was at breakfast. "The captain sends you his compliments," he said. "The men are inclined to resent the exception that has been made in your case. I am afraid it will lead to trouble unless you choose to close with the offer that Black makes to you."

"How has an exception been made in my case, and what is the offer?"

"Captain Black has brought thirty or forty Englishmen of your position to this place within the last three years; not one of them has lived twenty hours from the time he set foot in the rock house. The time will come when you must sign an agreement such as I have signed, and these men have signed—and I don't believe that you will refuse."

"You lay it all down very clearly," I replied, "but you can have my answer now if you like."

"Black won't hurry you. You can't do better than take things easy, and see the place."

The idea of inspecting the place pleased me. I followed Doctor Osbark to the beach. The coast-line was lofty and awe-inspiring. I stood entranced with the vigor born of the life-giving breeze. At last he touched me upon the shoulder, and pointed to where the nameless ship lay snugly moored.

"Look," he said, "at the instrument of our power. Is not she magnificent? With her we defy the world. Aboard her, we are superior to fleets and nations; we laugh at the fastest cruisers and the biggest warships."

He spoke with extraordinary enthusiasm. The great ship was indeed a beautiful object, lying there golden, yet swart-like, the guns uncovered as the men worked at them.

"She is a wonderful ship," said I, "and built of metal I never met with."

"Her hull is constructed of phosphor-bronze," he answered, "and she is driven by gas. It was one of Black's inspirations to choose Greenland for his hole; it is one of the few comparatively uninhabited countries in the world where coal is to be had."

"Who are your miners?" I asked.

"Honest British seamen whose voyages have been interrupted. We give them the alternative of work in the mine, or their liberty on the snow yonder."

"But how can they live in such a place?"

"They don't live," said he. "They die like vermin."

CHAPTER XVII.

For some days I saw no more of Doctor Osbark, or of Captain Black. Once or twice I saw the man "Four-Eyes," and from him gained a few answers to my questions. He told me that Captain Black kept up communication with Europe by two small screw steamers disguised as whalers.

There were fifty prisoners in the mines. If fifty men were to be turned free, then surely I could count on fifty allies; and fifty-one strong hands could at least make some show even against the ruffians of the rock house. Give them arms, and a chance of surprise, and who knows? I said.

It might have been a mad hope, but yet it was a hope. Unless the man "Four-Eyes" deliberately deceived me, Black would connive at the murder of fifty British seamen before another twenty-four hours had sped. These men would have all the anger of desperation to drive them to the attack; and I felt sure that if I could get some arms into their hands, the attempt would at least be justifiable.

During the remaining hours of the day I engaged myself in searching the houses on the beach; but, although I looked into many of them, I found no sign of armory. Then I remembered that Black had a stand of Winchester rifles in his study. I had hopes that they would suffice, with knives and any revolvers I might lay hands upon, to hold a ring of men against the company. This thought I hugged to me all day, going often to the iron platform above the creek to know if there were any sign of the release of the miners, or of preparation for getting rid of them.

Towards evening, when I was weary with the watching, there was the sound of a gunshot below in the creek; and I went to my window, and saw the whole of a cruel scene. Some twenty of these seamen, black as they had come from the coal shaft, were going ashore from a long-boat, while an electric launch was bringing twenty more from the outer creek where the nameless ship lay. But the men who had first landed were surrounded by the others of Black's company; and were being driven towards the hills, snow where no human thing could long retain life. The pirates lit lustily with the butt ends of their pistols; the honest fellows used their fists, and many a man they laid his length upon the rock. Inch by inch they gave way, were driven towards the ravines and the countless miles of snow plain; and as the battle raged, the armed began to shoot with murderous purpose. Death at last was added to the horrors, and as body after body rolled down the rocky slope and fell splashing into the water, those unwounded took panic at the sight and fled with all possible speed away up the side of the glacier mount, and so to their death in that frozen refuge beyond.

At 7 o'clock I dined as usual. I closed my own door, and for three hours or more I paced my chamber, the fever of anticipation and of design burning me as with fire.

Of the doors about, the majority were closed; but the Doctor's was open. I began to feel my way in the blinding dark. My first proceeding was to run upon some slight article of furniture and to overturn it. Twice I went round the room, and could not put my hand upon the rifles; but at the third attempt I found them, and gave a sigh of relief. Then an overwhelming terror struck me chill and powerless. My sigh was echoed from the corner by the window; and a low chuckle of laughter followed it. I stood as a man petrified, my hand upon a gun, but my nerves strained to a tension that was horrible to bear.

In another moment the electric light flooded the chamber, and I saw Black sitting at his writing table, observing me, a jeer upon his lips, and all the terrible malice of his nature written in his keen and mocking eyes. He had a revolver cocked at his left hand, but a pen in his right; while manuscript lay before him, so that he must have been in the room for some time, and had extinguished his light only at my coming. He leaned over the table, and drew near to it a lounge on which the skin of a polar bear was spread. "Sit here," he said, and at the bluff word my nerve came back to me. "You're a smart boy, and have ideas, but, like all little boys, your ideas don't go far enough. I was just the same when I was your age, always trying to climb perpendicular planes, and always falling down again. Silly lad, to put your head into a business which never concerned you."

"I came here to-night to stop your murdering fifty innocent men," I said, but he started up at the words and raved like a maniac.

"And who made you judge? Who set you to watch me, or give your opinions on what I do or what I don't do? Who asked you whether you liked it or didn't like it?"

(To be continued.)

Another Scandal Spoiled.

"Oh, yes," said Miss Kidder, "Mrs. Henpeck set a trap for her husband last night, and—"

"You don't say?" exclaimed Miss Gauspiss.

"Why, I always thought him too harmless and timid—"

"Just so; too timid to set a mouse-trap. That's why she had to do it for him."—Philadelphia Press.

Helping Him Along.

Chapleigh—I say, old man, I wish you would intercede for me with that pretty cousin of yours.

Haverly—Sure, I will. Only the other day I told her you had more money than brains.

Chapleigh—What did she say?

Haverly—She wanted to know if you had as much as 30 cents.

Murrah for Widows.

Tom—I hear Fred is married. I always thought he was too timid for anything of that kind.

Jack—Oh, he married a widow.

Tom—A widow! Where did he meet her?

Jack—He didn't meet her at all; she overtook him.

Good for Him.

Ascum—Markley has a very bad memory, hasn't he?

Borrhoughs—It depends on the way you look at it. I consider it very good.

Ascum—You do, eh?

Borrhoughs—Yes; he loaned me a "diner" last spring and he's forgotten all about it.—Philadelphia Press.

Talking Shop.

"It took you years to learn all about the business in which you were so successful."

"Yes," answered Mr. Cumroo, "and mother and the girls say it is going to take me years more to forget about it."—Washington Star.

The famous palace occupied by the late George W. Childs, of the Philadelphia Ledger, which cost him over \$1,000,000, is to be transformed into an apartment house.

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## CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

His anger was fierce, terrible as a tornado. His teeth gnashed, his hands shook, he rolled in his chair like a great wounded beast; but when he saw that I was unmoved, he fell quiet again, and said in a low, coaxing voice:

"Don't compel me, lad, to do what I have meant not to do. You're here for good or ill. These men are nothing to you; they're lazy hogs that the world's well rid of—let 'em die, and save your own carcass. You've been here days now—the first man that ever lived among us without signing our papers. You've a straight notion that my hand's agen Europe, and for the matter of that, agen the world, too; those that share with me shall swing with me. It isn't of my asking that you're amongst us, or that you took up the work of Hall, who put the first nail in my coffin; that night he came to my bed at Spazia. I saw him there, though he thought me sleeping; and that night I wrote death against his name, as I wrote it against yours when you entered my room in Paris. There's reasons why I've broken my word in your case, though you'll never know 'em; but there's no reason why you shouldn't swear to go through it with me. There's my papers. Sign 'em now, or you lie a corpse before an hour on the clock."

He leaned over his writing table and put into my hands a rough sheet of parchment. But my eyes were dimmed with the restless excitement of the situation. The silence of the room was terrible to hear; it was as though I struggled for thought while already in the tomb. My thoughts went hurriedly to Europe, to my home, to my friends. I took heart for a step which was the last mad design of a driven man.

"Give me the pen!" I said suddenly.

He put the pen into my hands, and leaned back with a chuckle of satisfaction; but the movement cost him the game. I clutched his pistol with a lightning grasp, and covered him with it.

"If you raise a finger I'll shoot you like a dog," I cried.

Then the man, who was no craven, sat motionless in his chair, and his face might have been cut from marble.

"If you raise your voice to call out, or if anyone comes to this room, you die where you sit," I said.

"You're the first that's bested Black," he said. "I'm caught like a rat in the hole. What do you want? Name it, and I'll know how to stand!"

"I want my life—now that I refuse to sign that paper. You can give the order that no man's to lay a finger on me, and you will?"

He thought a moment, looking straight down the barrel of the Colt. Then he said:

"Yes, I can't avoid that—I'll give you that."

"And my liberty on the first occasion offering."

"No," he replied very slowly and sternly; "they'd tear me to pieces."

There was no doubt that he had right in this. I put the pistol down; then I offered him my hand, and he jumped up from his seat, grasping it with a great clutch.

"You're a sound plank of a boy."

The sound of firing, rapid and oft repeated, came to us from the shore of the cove below. He went to his window and I saw the whole bay lit with silver light from a full-risen moon, and the distant peaks as grim beacons above a land of rest. Out on the snow there was a hungry crowd of starving souls, crying for bread; and those to whom they cried answered them with their muskets, dyeing the glittering white with many a red stream.

"For heaven's sake, help those men, if you have anything but the instincts of a brute in you!" I cried.

There was a pause before he answered me. Then he snatched a rifle from a case and said:

"Take that pistol and come on. There's blood to let."

I followed him down the passage to the beach, where he blew a whistle sharp and shrill.

"That'll wake 'em on the ship," he explained. "I'm not afraid of these, but there's fighting to be done—now don't show till you're wanted."

He advanced towards the snow plain and sang out:

"John, you there, Dick—hands to quarters, do you hear me? Move right quick, or I'll move you!"

They put down their arms from their shoulders in blank amazement, and listened to him as he went on:

"There's enough down for one night, I reckon, and I'm not going to be kept awake by your firing."

They came round him slowly and sulkily, and he drove them to the big houses with fine round phrases. I lurked near him, but an American saw me and cried:

"Say, Cap'n, hev ye took to adoptin' that boy ez ye seem so fond of?"

"Shut your jaw, or I'll shut it for you!" replied Black. "Is the boy your affair?"

"I calculate, an' some of us wishes to know particlar if he's signed or no."

"Oh, you want to know, do you? Let them as makes complaint step right here."

Only four joined the leader; but the Captain suddenly snatched my revolver from me, and fired four shots; and for each shot a man dropped dead on the beach; but the American stood untouched.

The appalling brutality of the action seemed to awe the rest of the crew. They stood motionless, dumb with their rage; but when they recovered themselves they rushed upon us with wild ferocity. I heard a shout from the water and, looking there, I saw Doctor Osbark in the launch; and there was a Maxim gun in the bows of her.

"Clear that beach!" roared Black in awful passion; and instantly, as he dropped flat and I imitated him, there was a hail of bullets, and the main part of the crowd fell shrieking. The victory was

awful, instantaneous. As the men fled towards the hills, Black called after them:

"Bring to, you carrion, or I'll wipe you out, every one of you! Any man who'll save his throat, let him come here!"

At these words they turned back to a man, and came cowering to the water's edge. Thirty of their fellows lay dead or wounded on the stones.

"Where's your leader?" asked Black, and they pointed to the American, who lay with the blood pouring from a wound in his left thigh.

"He's there, is he?" screamed the infuriated man. "Well, I'll cure him like a ham. Get torches, some of you, and ice him in."

All helped him in his ghastly work, and brought shovels and picks, which they carried to the higher plane of snow.

"We've got to die, both of us," said the American at last; "you en me, Black, on there isn't much ez we kin look for. Go on, lay me right here as I lay now; but I'll rise agen, and the day'll come when you'd give every dollar yer worth to dig me up, en give me life agen."

I touched Black on the arm and was about to plead with him; but at the sight of me he raised his fist, and I moved away. He stood foaming and muttering, his hands clenched. The haste of the men was not half haste enough for him; and when they began to dig he hurried them the more, until a great pile of snow had been thrown out.

I watched them roll the man over into the trench and shovel the snow quickly upon him. He watched them, silent in his terror; but when his head only was uncovered he gave a shriek of agony, which rose like the great cry of a man going before his God, and ceased not to echo from height to height until long minutes had passed. Black gave a great start, and shivering as a man struck down with a deadly chill, he passed from the grave to the beach.

CHAPTER XVIII.

It was on the next afternoon, near to the setting of the sun, that Doctor Osbark came to my room with great news for me.

"This business with the men has completely upset our plans," said he. "Black hoped to winter here; and to let the hubbub in Europe quite subside before he put to sea again. Now he can't do that. There's only one thing that will keep the hands quiet, and that's excitement. He has determined to sail to-night; but, before we talk of that, we must have the conditions."

"What have you to ask?" said I.

"Simply this," he answered. "You shall give your word, as a man of honor, that you will make no attempt to leave the ship without permission."

"I accept."

Then slowly the great engines began their work, and we swept out to the open sea. We dined that night in the saloon upon the deck, a commodious place lighted by electricity, and in every way luxuriously fitted. The walls of it were paneled in white and gold, and were covered with curious designs, old heroes fighting, old gods drawn by lions at their chariots; Jason seeking the fleece in a golden barque; Orestes fleeing the Furies. The long seats were covered in leather of a deep crimson, and there was a small piano. The dinner itself was admirably served, and was partaken of by the deaf and dumb engineer, by the doctor, the Scotsman and myself. Black talked without reserve before me, knowing well that I could do him no injury. He relied mostly on the doctor for advice, and discussed everything with him in the best of tempers.

"My plan is this," he said; "we're short of oil, and Karl here is beginning to get uneasy. I shall knock over a couple of whalers in these seas and fill the tanks. Then, as they're looking for us in mid-Atlantic, we'll get south of Madeira, and run again; two or three of the big ones making for Rio or Buenos Ayres. We shall pick up a good bit of money; and it'll be a month before they get on our course that way, for I mean to let 'em down light when it's not a case of saving our own skin."

We passed the Danish settlement of Godthaab early on the next morning, though so far out at sea that I could make nothing of it; while we lost the coast of Greenland altogether before the day had passed, a hazy shower of dust-like snow greeting our coming to the Atlantic and to a perceptibly warmer latitude. During this day, and until we sighted the Shetlands, the small screw tender kept our course, and we exchanged signals with her every morning.

Finally we sighted the coast of Ireland, and I know not if I have ever had a greater pleasure than that distant view. It was as though I had passed from a dead land to the land of man, from the silent ways of night to the first breaking of the day.

CHAPTER XIX.

It was not until daybreak on the following morning that we reached the track of ocean-bound ships; but our voyage was altogether in favor of Black, for the sun had scarce risen when Doctor Osbark got me from my bed to see what he called my first introduction to business.

"There's the Red Cross Line's Bellonic not a mile off on the starboard quarter," cried he excitedly, "and we're going to clear her."

I dressed anyhow, almost as excited as he was, and stepped on to the gallery. All eyes were turned to the north, where, now almost abreast of us, there was the long and magnificent hull of the great liner. She went at a tremendous pace and was rapidly leaving us, when the great gun forward sent a shell ploughing the sea fifty yards ahead of the Bellonic.

The effect of the call was seen upon the great vessel, whose decks were soon dotted with black objects, while three more men appeared on the bridge, and the signal flags ran up.

"Give it him for'ard," roared Black; and the shot that answered his command struck the quivering hull not twenty feet from the windlass and you could see the splinters carried fifty feet in the air, while the shrieks of terror came over the sea to us.

Screaming like wild beasts, the men turned the handles of the Maxim guns; the balls rained upon the defenseless liner as hail upon a sheepfold. I saw strong men reel and fall their length as death took them; the breeze bore to me the wailing of women, and the sobs of children.

The flag dropped and the signal was made to us to come aboard.

"Lower away the launch, you John!" cried Black, "and take every shilling you can lay hands on, and hang up that skipper to a thin-skinned fool."

"You'd better go," said Osbark to me, "you'll be amused;" and suggested it to Black.

"Yes, he shall go," he cried; "if we swing, he shall swing. Let him get aboard."

I might as well have put a pistol to my head as to have refused. They bundled me into the launch; but they would not leave me when they came alongside, and "Roaring John" himself drove me up the ladder. Seven of us at last stood on the bridge, and were face to face with the captain of the Bellonic, and four of his officers.

The deck was a very babel of sounds, of groans, of weeping. The ship's surgeon himself seemed paralyzed before the sight of the carnage around him. But above all this terror, I know of nothing which struck me with such fearful sorrow as the sight of a fair young English girl lying by the door of the great saloon, her arms extended, her nut-brown hair soaked in her own blood, while a man knelt over her, and you could see his tears falling upon her dead face, and his ravings were incoherent and almost those of a maniac. Meanwhile another scene was passing on the bridge between the man John and the captain of the Bellonic.

"What do you want aboard of my ship?" cried the latter; and "Roaring John" answered him with a mocking leer:

"We've come aboard to hang you, to begin on."

The men with the young officer cocked their revolvers at this, and I said in a mad frenzy which would not brook silence:

"You scoundrel, if you touch another soul here I'll shoot you myself;" for I had my revolver on me. "Do you make a business of killing children?" I cried again, and pointed to the dead body of the girl-child. I don't know who was more surprised, the captain of the Bellonic, listening, or the man John.

"You cub," he cried; "if you talk to me I'll skin you alive!" but I said quickly:

"Gentlemen, these men want every shilling on this ship. Give it them now and save your lives, for you have no alternative. If you give the money up, you have my word that they won't touch you."

"As there's a heaven above," exclaimed the young captain, "they shall pay for this day's work with their lives. I hand my specie over under this protest; but don't deceive yourselves—half the warships in Europe shall follow you within a week."

He turned away, and presently the ruffians with me had lowered money to the value of a hundred and fifty thousand pounds into their launch. When at last we put off again, and the launch was full of the jewels and the money, it seemed that I had passed through a hideous dream.

On the second day after the robbery of the Bellonic, we stopped a second and then a third ship; though I saw nothing of it, as all the fighting was on the starboard side, and my cabin was to port; but there was a sharp fight on the third morning with a Cape-bound vessel, and again towards the afternoon with one of the North German Lloyd boats homeward bound to Bremerhaven. Osbark, coming to my rooms, delighted to give me the details of these captures.

(To be continued.)