


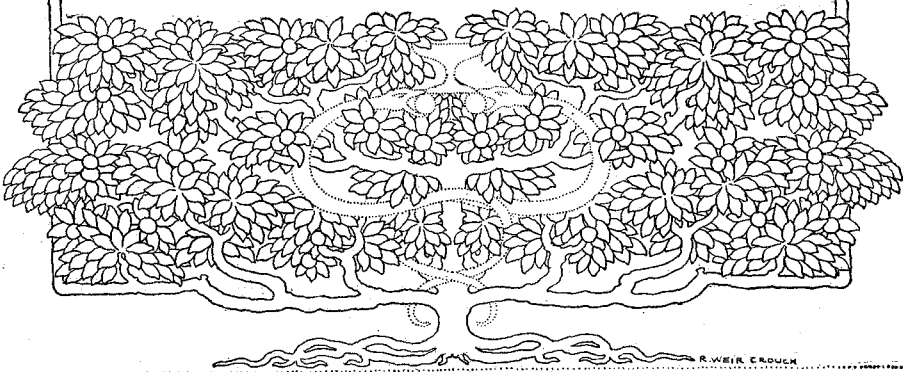
My Ghosts

By JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

My house is filled with ghosts—
Ghosts of all sorts that sing and dance,
And fill the halls with laughter gay,
And other ghosts that are content
To be philosophers,
And point the way to peace and happiness.
Grim ghosts are there,
Wan specters they of tragedy,
Despairing in their mien,
Compellers all of gloom,
Who fill me full of horror as they pass;
The which, when grown too tense
With contemplation of their evil ways,
I turn away from, summoning
Some ghost of lyric song to ease the strain,
And find serenity
The while he, smiling, sings to me.
The ghosts of all the famous folk of history
Are there:
Wise Solomon and Charlemagne
And Pericles and Plato; Socrates,
And all the singers of the glory that was Greece
And Rome;
Columbus, Cabot, and their crews,
And Raleigh, brave pathfinders to our newer world;
Sad Louis, and Robespierre of greenish eyes,
The pallid Nemesis of kings;



And he who lost at Waterloo
Comes now and then, and back to glory stalks,
Rehearsing for my thrill the deeds of Lodi's bridge
And Austerlitz;
While Washington's own self strides nobler by,
Crowned with the greener bays
Of his unselfishness;
And Lincoln, heart of godlike mold,
Comes hauntingly to stir
My soul alternately to laughter and to tears.
The noblest thinkers of recorded time
They, too, come by,
And none too bent on more important things
To pause at my behest
And grant to me the ripened fruits
Of their vast cogitations.
And when my faith by some doubt is besieged,
The valiant hosts of followers of the light,
The saintly heroes of the word,
Responding to my call,
Troop in from out the past, and circling me about,
The torch of truth upraised,
Drive forth mine enemy, who never hath withstood
Its splendent flame.
And so the list runs on.
The ghosts of every age are there,
And at the moment of my need,
For cheer, for knowledge, or for sympathy,
They rise at summons and, dismissed, depart,
Not to return until again I call them forth
From off those bending shelves
Whereon,
Within the covers of my books,
They dwell, to bless me with their gifts
Of story and of song,
In payment for my reverent love of them.



R. WEIR CROUCH

Lost Ships and Lonely Seas

IV.—The Adventures of David Woodard, Chief Mate

By RALPH D. PAINE

Illustration by George Avison



LONG before the art of Joseph Conrad created *Lord Jim* to follow the star of his romantic destiny to the somber, misty coast of Patusan, an American sailor lived and dared amazingly among the sullen people of those same mysterious islands of the Far East. He was of the race of mariners whose ships were first to display the Stars and Stripes in those distant waters and to challenge the powerful monopolies of the British and Dutch East India companies. Only seven years earlier, in fact, at the end of the War of the Revolution, the ship *Empress of China* had ventured on the pioneering voyage from New York to Canton. The seas still swarmed with pirates and other gentlemen of fortune who called themselves privateers, and every merchantman carried heavy batteries of guns and crews who knew how to use them. Amid such conditions were trained the sailors who were to man the *Constitution* and the other matchless frigates of 1812.

The good ship *Enterprise* sailed from Batavia for Manila on the twentieth of January, 1793, and laid a course to pass through the Straits of Massacar. Head winds and currents kept her beating to and fro in this torrid passage for six weeks on end, and the grumbling crew began to wonder if they had signed in another *Flying Dutchman*. Food was running short, for this protracted voyage had not been expected, and while the *Enterprise* drifted becalmed on the greasy tide another ship was sighted about five miles distant. Captain Hubbard ordered the chief mate, David Woodard, to take a boat and five seamen and row off to this other vessel and try to buy some stores. The men were

William Gideon, John Cole, Archibald Millar, Robert Gilbert, and George Williams. Expecting to be gone only a few hours, they took no food or water, and all they carried with them were an ax, a boat-hook, two pocket-knives, a musket, and forty dollars.

It was sunset when they pulled alongside the other ship, which was *China* bound and had no provisions to spare. A strong squall and heavy rains prevented them from returning to the *Enterprise*, so they stayed where they were until next morning. Then the wind shifted, and blew fresh from the southward, to sweep the *Enterprise* on her course, and she had already vanished hull down and under. Stout-hearted David Woodard guessed he could find her again, and his men cheerfully tumbled into the boat after him. The skipper of the *China* ship, a half-caste, with a crew of Lascars, was a surly customer who seemed anxious to be rid of his visitors and offered them no provisions or water. All he would sell them was a bottle of brandy and twelve musket cartridges.

They tugged at the oars all day long, or tended sail when the breeze favored them, but caught never a glimpse of the missing *Enterprise*. At nightfall they landed on an island and found fresh water, but nothing to eat. A large fire was built on the beach in the hope of attracting the attention of their ship, but there was no responsive signal. It was the land of Conrad's magic fancies, where "the swampy plains open out at the mouth of rivers, with a view of blue peaks beyond the vast forests. In the offing a chain of islands, dark, crumbling shapes, stand out in the everlasting sunlit haze like the remnants of a wall breached by the sea."