

SONG OF THE TORONTO NAVY
LEAGUE

Adapted from "The Rudder,"
For the Register.
No feet have we of the deep blue sea,
Nor the waves that break on the bar,
Nor rocks, nor shoals, affright our
souls,
For we never go where they're at.

Chorus and dance—
Heave-ho! Heave-ho!
We are dandy men-of-war's men,
The best you ever knew—
Heave-ho! Heave-ho! Heave-ho!
Blither Blaker or mighty Nelson,
When they fell for country true,
Had none such in their crew—
Heave-ho! Heave-ho! Heave-ho!

When the clouds rise and the lighting flies—
And the sky gets as black as ink,
The steward pulls the curtains down,
And we all of us take a drink.

Chorus and dance—
Then let her bow, come high or low,
And over the ocean sweep,
It's little we fear, safe seated here,
We sons of the rolling deep.

Chorus and dance—
But when the main is smooth again,
And the clouds have vanished away,
We hearts of oak sit round and smoke,
And raze on Toronto bay.

Chorus and dance—

ENCORE.
Then three-times-three to our navy,
Which never goes out in the wet,
And we old salts, with all our faults
We trust you will never forget.

CHORUS AND DANCE—

CARMILHAN

A Scotch Legend.

Many years ago, on one of the rocky
islands of the Scottish coast, there
dwelt two fishermen, named Caspar
Strumpf and William Falcon. They
lived together in the greatest harmony,
and their joint earnings sufficed to
maintain them in comfort. Both were
unmarried, and had no relatives. The
two men were nearly of the same age,
but there all similarity ended; in per-
son and disposition they no more re-
sembled each other than an eagle re-
sembles a seacalf.

Caspar Strumpf was a short, stout
man, with a broad, fat, full-moon face,
and kindly laughing eyes, to which
grief and care seemed strangers. He
was of an indolent, lazy disposition and
very averse from any occupation re-
quiring energy, or saving of the ad-
venturous. To him, therefore, fell the
work of the sea-cooking, their
simple meals, baking bread, mending
fishing-nets for his own use and also
for sale.

His companion, William Falcon, was
a man of very different stamp. In
person he was tall and lean, with a big
aquiline nose and flashing eyes.
Through all the island he was known
as the best fisherman and the most in-
dustrious agricultural laborer. Brave
and bold, he would seek the loftiest
precipice in his search for the sea birds,
whose valuable down rendered them a
coveted prize. In Kilmacallum he had
the reputation of being the most
scrupulous and virtuous dealer, but as
his wares were always good, and he
never practised the least fraud, every
one willingly dealt with him. Notwith-
standing his aversion, he cheerfully
shared his hard-won earnings with
Caspar, and the two men had not
only a good livelihood, but were in a
fair way to acquire a certain degree
of independence. Unfortunately, this
modest comfort did not satisfy Falcon's
covetous spirit. He wished to become
very rich, and he soon perceived that
on the ordinary path of industry, it
took a long time to overtake wealth.
He therefore came to the conclusion
that he should seek for some extra-
ordinary chance to put him in possession
of the coveted riches.

Once this idea took possession of his
wild, undisciplined mind and imagina-
tion, he could think of nothing else.
He looked upon it as a complete certainty
that some wonderful event was about
to happen which would give him
boundless wealth. He never tired of re-
peating these glowing visions to Caspar.
The latter, who received all that
Falcon said as gospel, repeated all his
wild sayings to his neighbors. Soon
the rumor spread abroad that William
Falcon had either actually sold himself
to the evil one for money, or had re-
ceived an offer to that effect from the
prince of the lower regions.

At first Falcon laughed at these re-
ports, but by degrees he began to take
pleasure in the thought that, perhaps,
some day, a spirit might reveal to him
hidden treasures. Gradually he ceased
to laugh or contradict when his neigh-
bors teased him on the subject. He still
pursued his usual avocations, but no
longer with his former zeal and energy.
He often lost a great part of the time
which he formerly spent in fishing, or
other useful pursuits, in vainly seek-
ing for an adventure through which he
might become suddenly rich.

His evil fate ordained that as he was
one day standing on the lonely shore,
gazing over the sea, as if in expectation
of some wonderful fortune coming to
him from beyond a great wave cast at
his feet a quantity of stones and sea-
weed. Glittering among the mass was
a small lump of gold. William stood as
if bewitched. His hopes, then were no
idle dreams. The sea had cast at his
feet gold—beautiful, pure gold, the re-
mains probably of a heavy bar, which,
lying at the bottom of the sea, had
been worn away by the action of the
waves.

It now became clear to him that
somewhere on the rocky island that
ship which had been wrecked, and that
he was chosen to raise the treasure

which lay buried in the ocean depths.
He fancied, Falcon lived for no other
object, carefully concealing this find
from his friend, lest others should
come upon the track of his discovery,
he neglected everything in his mad
hunt after the hidden treasure.

Every day that dawned upon that
rocky coast saw him cast—nor his
net for fishing—but a shovel, speckly
made for fishing buried treasure.
All his efforts were in vain; he found
nothing except poverty, for he himself
no longer earned anything and Cas-
par's earnings were not sufficient for
the maintenance of both.
In the pursuit of his wild idea, Falcon
spent every penny which he and
his companion possessed; in fact,
nothing remained of their joint sub-
stance.

Strumpf bore all his privations in
uncomplaining silence. His friend's
zeal and patience urged Falcon to greater
zeal in his search after wealth. An-
other circumstance added fuel to the
fire of his greed for gold.
Whenever he lay down to rest,
and his eyes were closed in slumber,
through all his dreams he heard a
voice repeating a mysterious word,
which never varied. In the dream he
distinctly remembered clearly the sig-
nificance of this word, but in his wak-
ing moments, he was unable to re-
call it. Although he could not explain
what this dream strange as it was,
could have to do with his pursuit of
riches, still, on a temperament such
as his the veriest trifle has an effect.
This mysterious whisper helped to
strengthen him in the belief that he
was destined to great good fortune,
which, according to his mind, was only
to be found in a heap of gold.

One day, as he was standing on the
shore, just at the spot where he had
found the lump of gold, a violent storm
arose suddenly. He was obliged to seek
shelter from the fury of the elements
in a neighboring cave.
This cave, which was known as the
cave of Steenfall, was only accessible
at one particular spot from a cleft
above. None save a few adventurous
spirits ventured near it for besides
the great danger attending a descent
into the cave, it also had the reputa-
tion of being haunted. With great dif-
ficulty William lowered himself, and
taking a leap of twelve feet, he alighted
on a projecting ledge beneath a
mass of overhanging rock. In this
hazardous position, with the roaring
waves surging and settling many feet
below, he fell into his usual train of
thought. He was certain that the
gold which he had found formed part
of the cargo of some wrecked ship. He
had made the most searching enquiries,
but the oldest inhabitant had never
heard of a shipwreck at that particu-
lar spot. How long he remained there,
lost in thought, he himself knew not,
but when he awoke from his reverie
he found that the storm had ceased.
He was about to ascend when a voice
from the depths resounded through the
cave, and the word "Carmilhan" fell
clearly on his ear. Terror-stricken, he
paused, and looked into the black
abyss.

"Great God!" he cried, "that is the
word that haunts me in my dreams;
in Heaven's name, what can it mean?"
"Carmilhan" once more floated up-
ward from the cavern depths.
With one bound Falcon galloped the
top, and fled like a frightened deer. It
must not be inferred from this that
Falcon was a coward, but the incident
was so strange and unexpected that
for the time being he was startled. He
soon regained his customary coolness
and daring; his passion for money was
too strong within him for the mere
appearance of danger to deter him.
Shortly after his adventure in the
cave, he was fishing, as usual, for trea-
sure, late one night, when his shovel
suddenly caught in something beneath
the waters. He pulled with all his
might, but in vain; it remained im-
movable. Meanwhile, the wind had
risen, dark clouds had obscured the
heavens, the boat rocked violently, and
untreated every instant to upset. Wil-
liam was not the least disconcerted; he
pulled and pulled, until at last the re-
sistance ceased, but as he felt no
weight he concluded that his rope had
given way. Just then black masses of
clouds obscured the moon, and at that
moment a round black mass appeared
on the surface of the waters, and the
several lights which illumined the
cave, faded through the air. Falcon
tried to grasp the mass, but as
soon as he stretched forth his arm it
disappeared in darkness. At that mo-
ment the storm burst forth and obliged
him to take shelter under the rocks,
where he fell asleep from fatigue.

The first beams of the rising sun
were falling on the calm and mirror-
like surface of the ocean when Falcon
awoke. He was about to begin his
usual work, when he saw, far away on
the expanse of waters, an object mov-
ing toward him. As the distance less-
ened he perceived it was a boat, with
one solitary occupant. He was greatly
astonished to find that the vessel
moved without sail or oar, and that
the cutter was turned from the shore,
while the figure remained perfectly
motionless.
The boat drew nearer and nearer,
and at last stopped close to William's
boat. The passenger in this strange bark
was a small, shrivelled, old man,
dressed in yellow linen, with a red
night-cap, his eyes were closed, and
he remained motionless as a dummy.
William called repeatedly, and every-
thing called the silent figure, but in vain.
At last, impatient of receiving an an-
swer, he was about to seize a rope
which dangled over the side of the
boat, when the little man opened his
eyes, and began to move, in such a
weird fashion that even the bold fish-
man was filled with terror.

The stranger drew a deep sigh, and
exclaimed in Dutch—
"Where am I?"
Falcon, who had picked up some
knowledge of the language from the
Dutch fishing boats, told him the
name of the island, and asked him
who he was, and what had brought
him thither.

"I come to look for the Carmilhan."
"The Carmilhan! For God's sake,
what is that?" exclaimed the fish-
erman.
"I give no answer to questions
which are put to me in such a man-
ner."
Well, then, cried Falcon, "what
is the Carmilhan?"
The Carmilhan is nothing now, but
it was once a beautiful ship, and laden
with gold, that no other vessel
ever carried.

"Where did it go down, and when?"
"A hundred years ago, where, I don't
exactly know. I have come to look
for the spot, and to fish up the lost gold.
If you will help me, we can share the
find together."
"With all my heart. Tell me what
I am to do."
What you must do requires cour-
age. You must go just before mid-
night to the loneliest and wildest spot
on the island. You must take with you
a cow, which you must kill the day
before. You must get someone to cover
you with the fresh hide. Your com-
panion must then lay you on the
ground and leave you alone. Before
the clock strikes one, you will know
where the treasures of the Carmilhan
lie."
That is the way old Engrul was
ruined body and soul," exclaimed Wil-
liam, in terror. "You are the evil one,
go to hell; I dare not have anything
to do with you," and he rowed away
in all haste. The old man gnashed his
teeth, abused, and swore after him,
but the fisherman, who piled both ears,
was soon out of hearing, and when he
had turned a rocky point, out of sight
also.

The discovery that the evil one, pro-
fiting by his aversion, had sought to de-
ceit him into his snare, with the prom-
ises of gold, did not cut him out of
man. On the contrary, he determined
to make use of the information he had
received. He imagined he would be
clever enough to do this without fall-
ing into the clutches of the evil spirit.

Day after day he continued to fish
for gold. He neglected, more and more,
all his former means of living, and he
and his friend sank deeper and deeper
into a sorry, until they began to want
the bare necessities of life. Although
these misfortunes were to be attributed
solely to Falcon's obstinacy and blind
ambition, Caspar Strumpf never ut-
tered the least reproach, but strove his
hardest to provide for both. His friend-
ship never wavered; he showed him
the same submission, the same trust
in his superior intelligence, as in the days
of his prosperity. This unquestioning
faith increased Falcon's sufferings ten-
fold, and drove him still more to seek
for gold, as he thereby hoped to re-
ward his friend for his confidence. Be-
sides the domestic whisper of the
word "Carmilhan" pursued him night
and day. In short, misery and disap-
pointment at last roused him to frenzy.
He resolved to carry out the little
man's directions, although he knew
well that in doing so he gave himself
up to the prince of darkness.

All Caspar's remonstrances were in
vain; in fact, they only served to ren-
der Falcon still more obstinate in his
determination. The good but weak man
at last consented to help him in carry-
ing out his desperate purpose.
The hearts of both were filled with
sorrow as they drew a cord round the
horns of a beautiful cow, which they
had reared from a calf, the last of
their possessions, and which they had
always refused to sell, because they
could not bear to see it in the hands of
strangers. But the evil spirit, who had
mastered William, stifled every good
feeling in him, and Caspar could con-
tradict him in no thing.

It was September, and the long
nights of the Scottish winter had al-
ready set in. The night-cooler drifted
slowly before the fierce wind, and piled
themselves high like towers in the
meadows. Deep shadows fell across
the ravines, and the beds of the moun-
tain torrents, looked gloomy and black
as the mouth of hell.

Falcon went first, followed by
Strumpf, shuddering at his friend's
daring. His sad eyes filled with tears
at the sight of the poor cow, which
went so trustfully and unconsciously
to meet its doom at the hands of him
from whom it had hitherto been accus-
tomed to receive food and caresses.
With difficulty they reached the nar-
row mountain valley. The ground was
covered with moss and heather, and
here and there were scattered large
stones. Around was a chain of moun-
tains whose summits were lost in the
clouds.

With trembling steps they approach-
ed an enormous stone standing in the
middle of the valley, as they halted,
a startled eagle rose into the air,
servant of the poor cow, and longed
to be freed from his bonds, but the
goal of his desperate strivings had
not been reached. With the disap-
pearance of danger the demon of
avarice returned with tenfold fury to
his breast, convinced that to gain his
end he must persevere, he lay quite
still. Worn out with cold and fatigue,
he fell into a deep sleep.
He might have slept about two
hours, when he was awakened by a
cold wind blowing over his face, and
at the same time a roaring sound like
that of an approaching gillow struck
his ear. The heavens had darkened
again, and a flash of lightning similar

to that which had heralded the first
storm once more illuminated all
around. Again he thought he saw
the strange ship, which now seemed
to rise on a tremendous billow close
to the steenfall rock, the next mo-
ment it shot headlong into the depths.
He was still staring after the phan-
tom when again a cataract from the
mountain filled the valley. The terror
of the rushing waters flung him
violently against a rock, and he lost
consciousness.

When he next came to himself the
storm had abated, the sky was clear,
but the lightning still continued. He
was lying close to the foot of the
mountain which overlooked the valley.
He felt bruised and sore in every
limb as he to be scarcely able to move.
He could hear the breaking of surf
upon the shore, and at intervals, man-
gled therein strains of sweet music.
These sounds were at first so faint
that he regarded them as a freak of
his imagination. But, ever and anon,
they floated up, clearer and more dis-
tinct, until he fancied he could dis-
tinguish the melody of a psalm which
he had heard the previous summer on
board a Dutch fishing vessel. The
sounds grew louder, and now William
heard voices and even the words of
the song became intelligible. Evidently
the mysterious singers had entered
the valley.

Haunting himself with difficulty
against a large stone which lay near
him, he saw a procession of human
figures moving directly toward him.
When the strange assemblage reached where
he lay it stopped, and the music also
ceased. At the head of the proces-
sion were several musketeers, then came
some sailors, and behind these was a
big, Herculean-looking man, dressed in
a uniform of long-past days. His coat
was richly decorated with gold, he
carried a sword at his side, and in his
hand a thick Malacca cane with a
gold knob. At his left was a negro
boy, who from time to time handed
his master a long pipe, from which
he took a prolonged whiff. On the
other side were two men not so richly
dressed, and who also had pipes, but
less costly than that which the stout
man used. Behind these were others,
amongst them a number of women,
some of whom had children either by
hand or in their arms. All were
in rich but old-fashioned attire. A
crowd of Dutch sailors closed the pro-
cession, each one with a short brown
pipe between his teeth, which he smok-
ed in gloomy silence. Care and anx-
iety were visible on every counten-
ance, and the clothes of all seemed
soaked with water.

The fisherman was filled with terror
at the approach of these mysterious
figures, and yet mingled with his fear
was a thrill of expectancy as to what
was to follow.
They stood for some time before
him. The smoke from their pipes rose
in a cloud over them, through which
the stars looked down. Then they
drew nearer to William, while the
smoking became still more furious,
and denser grew the cloud which rose
from mouths and pipes.
Falcon was a bold, adventurous
man; he was prepared to encounter
crowd pressing nearer and nearer, as
if to crush him, his courage failed
him; thick drops of sweat rolled down
his face, and he felt as if he was
about to die. Imagine then his hor-
ror when, turning his eyes accidental-
ly, he saw sitting above him the yellow
dwarf, stiff and upright as when
he had first seen him, except that he
also had a pipe in his mouth. Seized
with deadly anguish, William turned
to the man in uniform and ex-
claimed—
"In the name of him you serve, who
are you?"
The man took three whiffs from his
pipe as solemnly as ever, then, hand-
ing it to the negro boy, answered with
chilling coldness.
"I am Franz van der Swelder, com-
mander of the ship Carmilhan, of
Amsterdam, which on her homeward
journey from Batavia, went down with
all on board on this rocky coast. These
are my officers, my passengers, and
my sailors, who were all drowned
with me. Why hast thou called us
up from our resting-place deep in
the ocean? Why dost thou disturb
our rest?"
"I want to know where the treasures
of the Carmilhan lie."
"At the bottom of the sea."
"At what part?"
"In the cave of Steenfall."
"How shall I reach them?"
"A goose dives into the abyss for
a herring. Will you not do as much
for the treasures of the Carmilhan?"
"How much shall I get?"
"More than you will ever spend."
At this answer the yellow dwarf and
the whole assemblage laughed aloud.
"Have you finished?" enquired the
captain.
"I have. Farewell!"
"Farewell until we meet again," re-
plied the Dutchman, as he turned to
depart. The musicians again resumed
the lead, and the procession retired in
the same order in which it had come,
and to the accompaniment of the same
solemn music, which grew softer and
more indistinct as the performers dis-
appeared in the distance, until at last
it was lost altogether in the noise of
the surf.

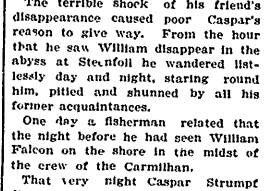
William now strained all his remain-
ing strength to free himself from his
bonds. He succeeded in getting one
arm loose. He was then able to un-
fasten the cords which bound him, and
rolled out of the hide.
Without once looking round him, he
hastened to his cabin, where he found
poor Caspar Strumpf lying on the floor
in rigid unconsciousness. It was with
difficulty William succeeded in resto-
ring animation to the almost lifeless
frame. The poor fellow, when he came
to himself, wept tears of joy to see
before him those friends of his youth,
whom he had always up for lost. How-
ever, his happiness was quickly turn-
ed to mourning when he learned the
deperate enterprise Falcon was about
to undertake.
"I would rather rush into hell than
look any longer at these bare walls
and this misery. Follow me or not, as
you will I am going. With these
words, William seized a torch, a tinder-
box, a rope, and hurried away.
Caspar followed as quickly as he
could. When he reached the cave,
William was already weaving around
the ledge of rock which he had formerly
found shut from the storm. He
was just about to lower himself with
the rope into the boiling black abyss.
Finding that all remonstrance availed
nothing, Caspar prepared to descend
also, but Falcon ordered him to re-
main where he was and to hold the
rope. With a fearful effort, Falcon
lowered himself into the depths to an-
other projecting piece of rock, many
feet further down, here he paused.
Beneath him the waves settled and
boiled. He looked eagerly around,
and his keen eyes discerned something
floating on the water exactly beneath
where he stood. He laid down the
torch and leaped into the foaming
waters. Having dexterously secured
the floating prize, which proved to be
a very small iron casket, remarkably
heavy, he contrived to hoist himself to
the ledge of rock, where Caspar await-
ed his return in fear and trembling.
The casket, when opened, was found to
be full of gold pieces. Caspar be-
lieved his friend to be satisfied with
this find, and to return home. Wil-
liam refused to listen to his entreas-
ures. This was but the first fruits of
all his toil and danger, assuredly he
would not turn back now. Once more
he plunged into the yeasty eddies,
as he did so a long, loud, burst of
laughter rose out of the depths and
re-echoed through the glen.
William Falcon was never seen
again.

The terrible shock of his friend's
disappearance caused poor Caspar's
reason to give way. From the hour
that he saw William disappear in the
abyss at Steenfall he wandered list-
lessly day and night, staring round
him, pitted and shunned by all his
former acquaintances.
One day a fisherman related that
the night before he had seen William
Falcon on the shore in the midst of
the crew of the Carmilhan.
That very night Caspar Strumpf
disappeared. They sought everywhere,
but not trace of him was ever discov-
ered.
The tradition runs that he has been
often seen near Falcon among the
crew of the enchanted vessel, which
since that time appears at regular
periods at the cave of Steenfall.—E.
Leahy in the Irish Rosary.

NAVIGABILITY OF THE MIGHTY
AMAZON.

Washington, D. C., May 17.—The
Navy Department has just received
from Commander Todd of the Wilming-
ton, an interesting account of the re-
markable voyage of exploration up the
Amazon river, made by that vessel in
April last. Manaus, at the junction of
the Rio Negro with the Amazon, has
heretofore been regarded as the head
of navigation for steam vessels, and
from that fact has grown to be a pros-
perous city of 40,000 inhabitants. Con-
sequently the intention of Captain
Todd to ascend above that point caus-
ed consternation and in the end, as re-
vealed by subsequent reports, led to
some adverse demonstrations against
the American consul and against the
native pilots who assisted the Wilming-
ton to make the voyage.
Captain Todd succeeded, notwith-
standing the obstacles, in ascending the
Amazon for 1,000 miles above Ma-
naos, and had it not been for lack of fuel he
could have steamed 200 miles further.
He believes the possibilities of the
successful navigation of the vast and
hitherto unknown interior of South
America revealed by Captain Todd's
voyage will, it is believed, be of the
greatest commercial importance, and
the Navy Department probably will
take steps to see that they are made
known to the maritime world.

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