

THE WRECK OF THE CHANCELLOR

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649737215

The Wreck of the Chancellor by Jules Verne

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

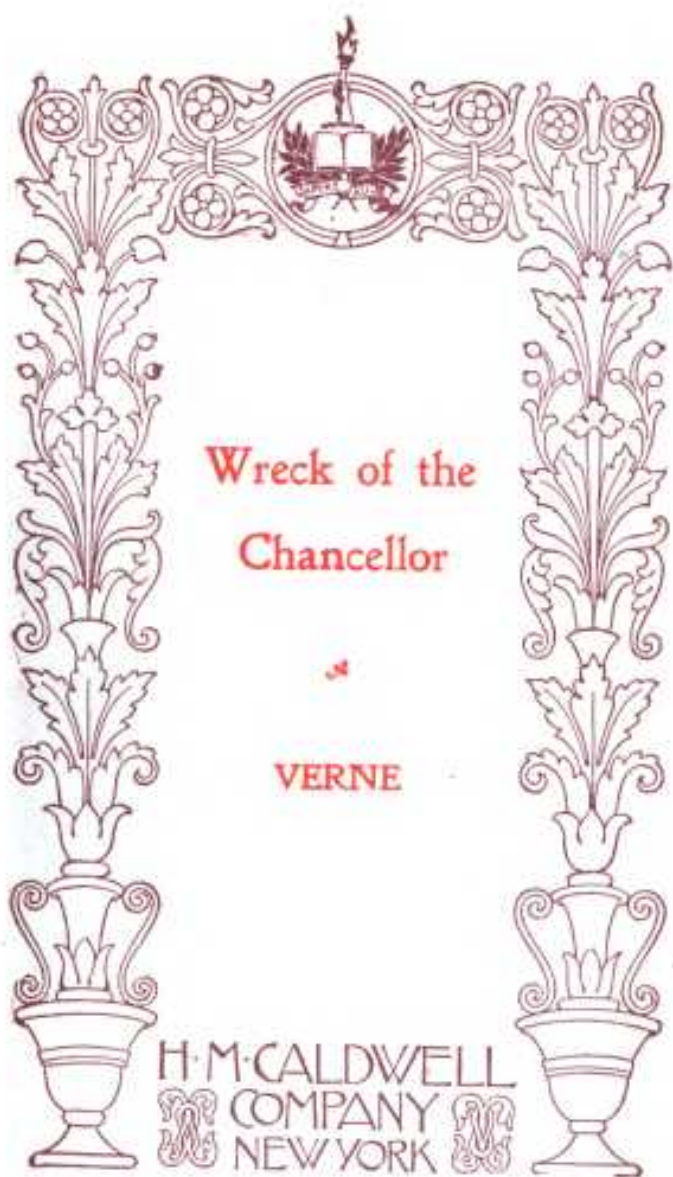
www.triestepublishing.com

JULES VERNE

**THE WRECK OF
THE CHANCELLOR**



JULES VERNE.



Wreck of the
Chancellor

VERNE

H. M. CALDWELL
COMPANY
NEW YORK

KC4495



Copyright, 1875.

BY JAMES R. OSGOOD & CO.

Wreck of the Chancellor

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
THE WRECK OF THE CHANCELLOR	7
<i>From the Journal of J. R. Kazallon.</i>	
MARTIN PAZ	219

THE
WRECK OF THE CHANCELLOR.

I.

CHARLESTON, *September 27, 1869.* — We have just left the Battery wharf, at 3 P. M. The ebb-tide is fast carrying us out to sea. Captain Huntly has put on all sail, and the north-wind is wafting the *Chancellor* across the bay. We soon double Fort Sumter, and the batteries flanking us along the coast are passed on the left. At four o'clock the entrance to the harbor, through which rushes a rapid ebb current, gives egress to the vessel. But the open ocean is still distant, and in order to reach it we must follow in the narrow channels which the waves have hollowed out in the sand-banks. Captain Huntly therefore enters the southwest channel. The sails are nearly trimmed, and by seven in the evening our vessel has left behind the last sandy point on the coast, and is fairly launched upon the Atlantic.

The *Chancellor*, a fine three-masted ship of nine hundred tons burden, belongs to the wealthy house of the Lairds, of Liverpool. She is two years old,

sheathed and fastened with copper, lined with teak-wood, and her low masts, except the mizzen-mast, are of iron, as is also the rigging.

This substantial and comely craft, ranked A 1, is now making her third trip between Charleston and Liverpool. On clearing Charleston harbor the British flag has been hoisted ; but no sailor, seeing the ship, could doubt her nationality. She is distinctly British from her water-line to the trucks of her masts. My reason for taking passage on board the *Chancellor*, outward bound for England, is as follows : —

There is no direct steamship communication between South Carolina and the United Kingdom. To cross the Atlantic, you must either repair to New York, or go southward to New Orleans. Several steamship lines ply between New York and the old world, English, French, and German ; and a *Scotia*, a *Pereire*, or a *Holsatia* would speedily have borne me to my destination. Rapid transits are made between New Orleans and Europe, by the boats of the "National Steamship Navigation Company," which connect with the French transatlantic steamers from Colon and Aspinwall.

But as I was sauntering along the Charleston quays, I happened to espy the *Chancellor*. She pleased me, and I know not what instinct led me to go on board her. Her arrangements were as comfortable as possible. Besides, a voyage in a sailing vessel, when favored by wind and sea, is nearly as rapid as travelling by steam, and is preferable on all accounts. In the early autumn the season is still fine in the lower latitudes. I

therefore decided to take passage by the *Chancellor*.

Have I done wisely or not? Shall I have occasion to repent of my decision? The future will tell. I jot down these notes day by day, and, at the moment I am writing, I know no more about it than those who read this diary, — if, indeed, it ever finds any readers.

II.

September 28. — I have said that the captain's name is Huntly. His first names are John Silas. He is a Scotchman from Dundee, about fifty years old, with a high reputation as an Atlantic sailor. He is of medium height, with narrow shoulders, and a small head which, from long habit, is inclined a little to the left side. I do not pretend to be a physiognomist; but I think I have already read Captain Huntly, though I have only known him a few hours.

I do not doubt that Silas Huntly is reputed to be a good sailor, or that he is a thorough master of his business. But I cannot believe that he has firmness of character, or a physical and moral energy which is proof against all tests.

In short, Captain Huntly seems heavy, and betrays a certain depression in his manner. He is indifferent; this is seen in the unsteadiness of his look, the slow movements of his hands, and