

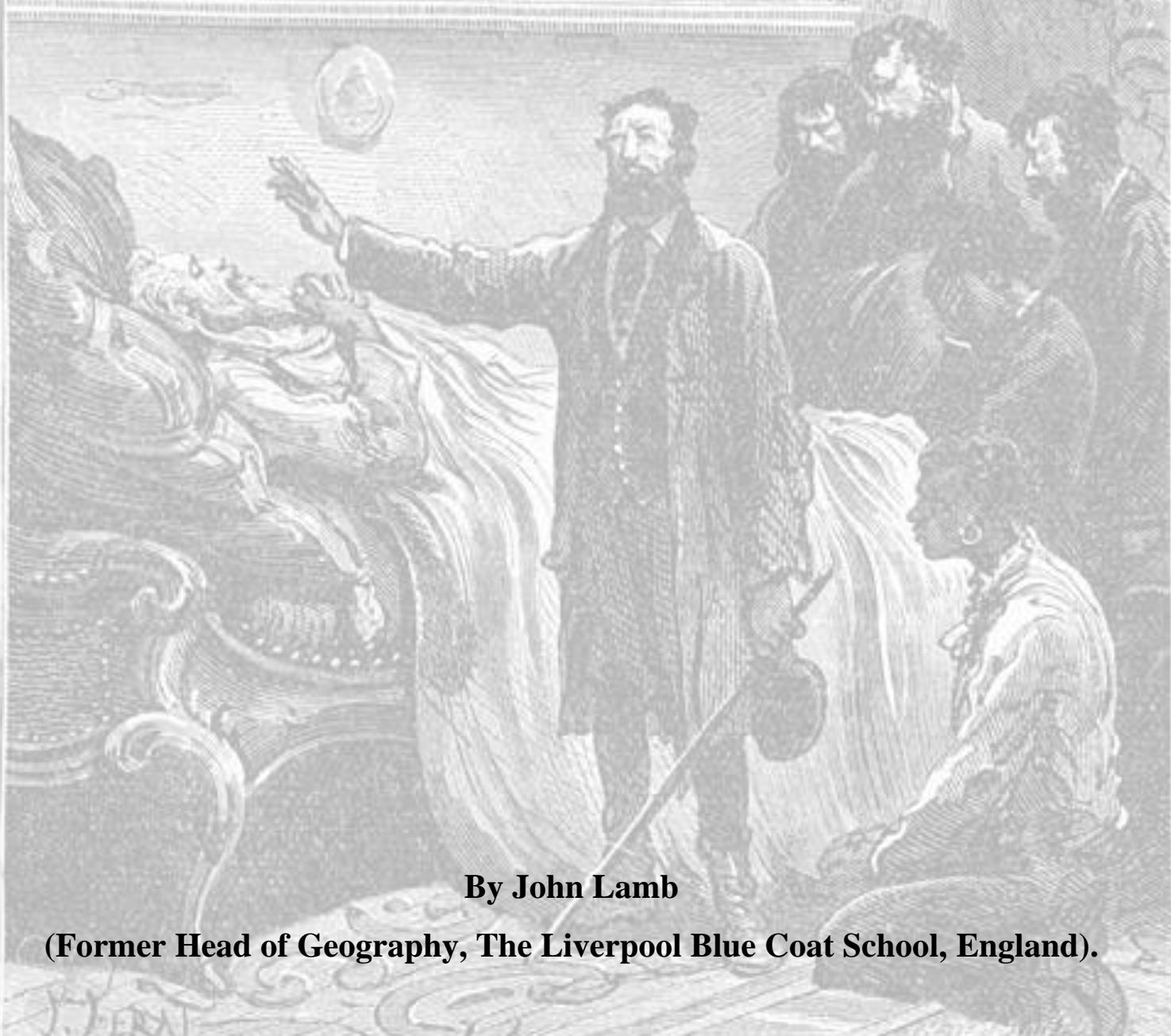


Jules Verne and The Heroes of Birkenhead.

Part 16.

The Death of Captain Nemo.

The End of Lincoln Island.



By John Lamb

(Former Head of Geography, The Liverpool Blue Coat School, England).

The Death of Captain Nemo.

An extreme fatigue then overcame Captain Nemo and he fell back onto the sofa. There was no thought of carrying him back to Granite House because he had expressed his wish to remain among the Nautilus's priceless treasures, awaiting death which would not be long in coming.

Cyrus Harding and Gideon Spilett carefully observed the patient's condition. It was obvious that the captain was slowly dying. There was no strength left in this formerly robust body, now the frail envelope of a soul about to escape. All life was concentrated in the heart and in the head.

"Can we do nothing?" said Gideon Spilett.

"But what is he dying of?" asked Pencroft.

"Of old age," replied the reporter.

"However," asked the sailor, "if we carry him to the open air in full sunlight, perhaps he will revive?"

"No, Pencroft," answered the engineer, "nothing can be done. Besides, Captain Nemo would not even consent to leave his vessel. He has lived on board the Nautilus for thirty years, and it's on the Nautilus that he wishes to die."

Doubtless Captain Nemo heard Cyrus Harding's reply because, rising a little and in a feeble but ever intelligent voice, he said:

"You're right, sir. I must and I wish to die here. And therefore I have a favour to ask of you".

They could see his attention was directed toward all the marvels of the salon, lighted by the electric rays which softened the arabesques of an illuminated ceiling. He looked, one after the other, at the paintings hanging from the splendid wall tapestries, these masterpieces of the Italian, Flemish, French and Spanish masters, the miniatures of marble and bronze mounted on their pedestals, the magnificent organ against the rear wall, then the glass cases arranged around a central fountain in which were blooming the most admirable products of the sea, marine plants, zoophytes and pearls of priceless value. Finally, he looked at the motto inscribed on the fronton of this museum, the motto of the Nautilus:

MOBILIS IN MOBILE

It seemed that, for one last time, he wanted to caress with his eyes these masterpieces of art and of nature to which he had limited his world for so many years in the depths of the seas.

"Tomorrow I shall die, and I wish to have no other tomb than the Nautilus. It's my coffin. All my friends have found their rest at the bottom of the sea. I wish to rest there also."

"Tomorrow, after my death, Mr. Harding," continued the captain, "you and your companions, you'll leave the Nautilus because all the riches it contains must disappear with me. One souvenir only will remain for you of Prince Dakkar whose history you now know."

"This chest ... there ... contains several million in diamonds, for the most part souvenirs from a time when, as a father and a husband, I almost believed in happiness, and it contains a collection of pearls gathered by my friends and myself from the bottom of the sea.

With this treasure, you'll be able to do good deeds one day. In the hands of people like you and your companions, Mr Harding, this money will never be used to do evil. I shall always be associated with your good works, and I've no fears about that."

"This chest contains several million in diamonds."



After resting a few moments because of his extreme weakness, the captain asks Harding to do one final thing following his death – he must scuttle the *Nautilus*.

"But, before abandoning the Nautilus, go to the rear and open two large valves you'll find at the water line. The water will penetrate into the ballast reservoirs, and the Nautilus will slowly sink beneath the waves and come to rest at the bottom of the abyss."

Neither Cyrus Harding nor any of his companions felt obliged to say a word. Captain Nemo had made his last wishes known, and they would carry them out.

The colonists leave Nemo's cabin and consider his legacy.

What judgement would be pronounced by posterity on the acts of this person's life who was almost super-human? Prince Dakkar would always remain one of those extraordinary individuals who could not be forgotten.

"What a man!" said Pencroft. "It's incredible to think that he really lived at the bottom of the ocean! And to think that he possibly didn't find any more peace there than elsewhere!"

The colonists then return to Nemo's Grand Salon;

“Gentlemen,” the captain said to them, “you’re courageous men, honest and good. You have all devoted yourselves, without reservation, to your common cause. I’ve observed you. I’ve been very fond of you, I’m fond of you still! ... Your hand, Mr Harding.”

Cyrus Harding offered his hand to the captain who clasped it warmly.

“That’s good” he murmured.

Then: continuing,

“But enough about me! I must speak about you and about Lincoln Island on which you have found refuge ... You count on leaving it?”

“And to come back to it, captain,” Pencroft immediately replied.

“To come back to it? ... Indeed, Pencroft,” observed the captain. Smiling, “I know how much you love this island. It’s been changed by your cares, and it truly belongs to you.”

“Our plan, Captain,” Cyrus Harding then said, “would be to turn it over to the United States and to establish a port of call here for our navy, which fortunately is situated in this part of the Pacific.”

“Your thoughts are of your country, gentlemen,” replied the captain. “You work for her prosperity, for her glory. You’re right. One’s homeland! ... It’s there that one must return! It’s there that one should die! And I, I am dying far from all that I’ve loved.”

“Do you have some last wish to convey,” asked the engineer earnestly, “some souvenir to give to your friends that you may have left in the mountains of India?”

“No Mr Harding. I no longer have friends! I am the last of my race ... and I die long after those I have known. But to return to you. Solitude and isolation are sad things, beyond human endurance ... I die for having believed that one could live alone! ... You must then do everything to leave Lincoln Island and see your native land again.”

Nemo wishes to talk to Cyrus Harding alone, the others leave the room, and he informs Harding that the volcano is likely to explode in the very near future and they must make haste in their departure. It is Nemo’s penultimate act of kindness. The others soon return.

Gideon Spilett then observed the patient carefully. It was evident that the captain was living on the strength of his will alone, which could not hold out against his physical weakness.

The day ended without change. The colonists did not leave the Nautilus for an instant. Night came on, although it was impossible to tell in this crypt.

Captain Nemo did not suffer but was weakening. His noble figure, pale at the approach of death, was calm. At times nearly imperceptible words escaped his lips, recalling various incidents of his strange existence. They could feel the life leaving his body little by little. His extremities were already cold.

He still spoke once or twice to the colonists gathered near him, and he smiled at them with the last smile that lingers after death.

Finally, a little after midnight, Captain Nemo, in a supreme effort, managed to cross his arms on his chest, as if he wished to die in this position.

At about one o'clock in the morning, all life was concentrated only in his eyes. One last spark burned in these pupils which had formerly flashed fire. Then, murmuring these words: "God and country!" he quietly expired.

Perhaps on the other side of the World, The Birkenhead One 'O'clock Gun goes 'boom' in a final salute'

Cyrus Harding then leaned over and closed the eyes of he who had been Prince Dakkar and who was no longer Captain Nemo.

Herbert and Pencroft sobbed. Ayrton furtively wiped away a tear. Neb was on his knees near the reporter, transformed into a statue.

Cyrus Harding raising his hand above the dead man's head:

"May God receive his soul!" he said, and turning again to his friends he added:

"Let's pray for him whom we've lost!"

"May God receive his soul!"

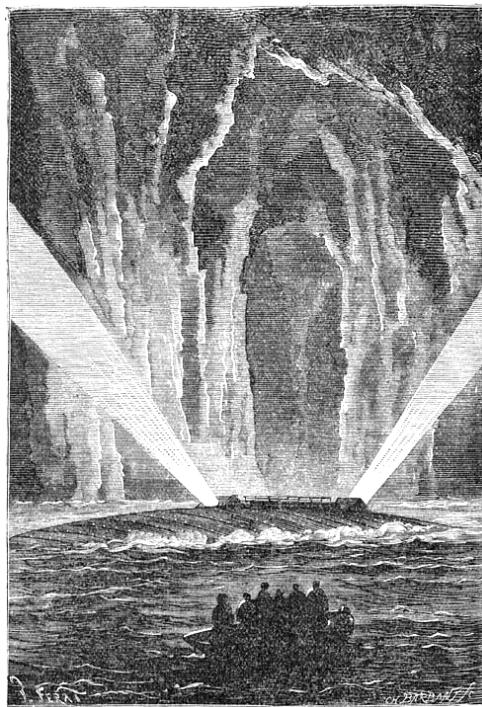


A few hours later, the colonists fulfilled the promise made to the captain and carried out the last wishes of the dying man.

Cyrus Harding and his companions left the Nautilus taking the only souvenir which their benefactor had bequeathed to them, this coffer which enclosed a hundred fortunes.

As the colonists leave the *Nautilus*, they carry out Nemo's final request.

The boat was oared towards the stern. There, at the water line, were two large valves which led to the ballast reservoirs designed to control the immersion of the submarine.



These valves were opened, the ballast reservoirs filled, and the Nautilus, sinking slowly, disappeared beneath the surface of the water.

For a time, the colonists could still follow her course through the depths. Its powerful beam lit up the transparent water as the crypt itself began to darken. But this vast stream of electric radiance finally died out, and the Nautilus, which had become the coffin of Captain Nemo, soon rested at the bottom of the sea.

The Nautilus slowly sank.

At the break of day, the colonists silently reached the entrance of the cavern to which they gave the name "Dakkar's Grotto," in memory of Captain Nemo. The tide was then low, and they easily passed under the arch as the waves beat against the basaltic pier.

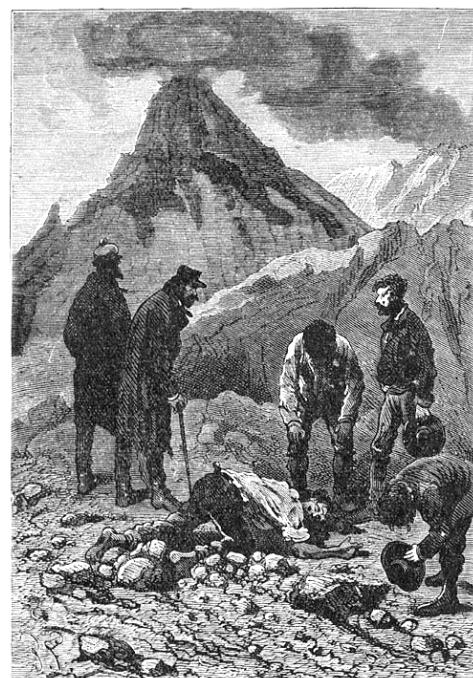
The iron-plated boat would remain there, sheltered from the waves. As an added precaution, Pencroft, Neb, and Ayrton hauled onto a small beach bordering one of the sides of the crypt where it would be in no danger.

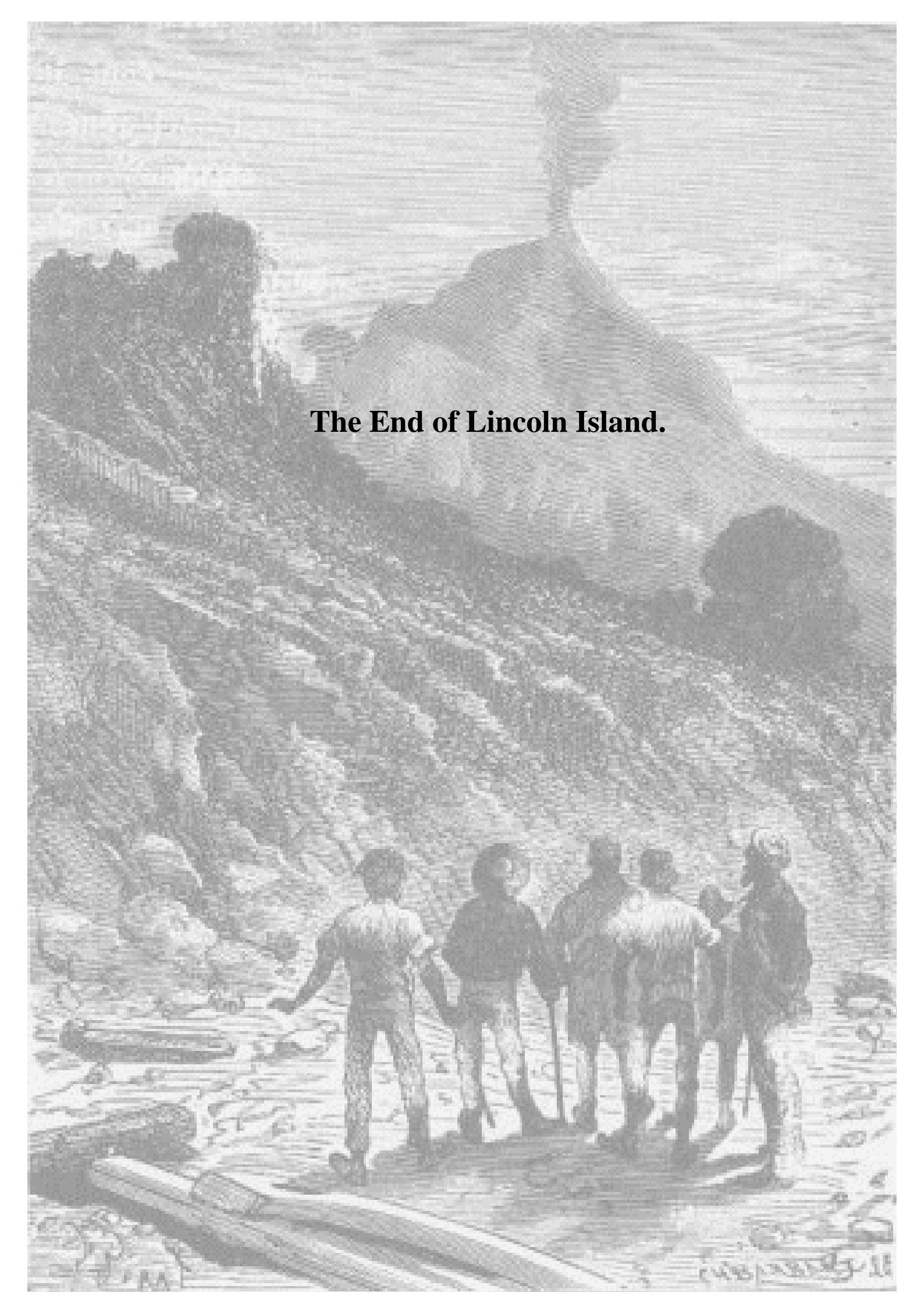
This stranger, Captain Nemo, whose influence had protected them so well, this man whom their imagination made into a genie, was no more.

Meanwhile, the volcano at Mount Franklin (Bidston Lighthouse) rumbles ominously to the sound of the nearby Birkenhead Iron Foundry and in particular Thomas Brassey's Canada Works.

"It seems to me," said Ayrton, who had put his ear to the ground, "It seems to me that I hear some muffled rumblings like a cart loaded with iron bars."

"I hear muffled rumblings"





The End of Lincoln Island.

The colonists' build a boat to take them away from Lincoln Island. Meanwhile the light of the volcano Mount Franklin (Bidston Lighthouse) begins to glow more intently.

Mount Franklin, about six miles away, appeared then like a gigantic torch with fuliginous flames twisting about its summit. There was so much smoke, slag, and ashes mixed in with the flames, that their very feeble glare did not affect the darkness of the night. But a sort of fawn-coloured glow diffused over the island, and the nearby woods stood out in vague outline. An immense cloud covered the sky through which several stars twinkled.

The activity in the volcano continues to cause concern – to everyone it seems apart from the sailor Pencroft.

Three days passed, the 4th, 5th and 6th of January. They still laboured on the construction of the boat and, without otherwise offering any explanation, the engineer accelerated the work with all his energy. Mount Franklin was then wrapped in a sinister dark cloud and, amid the flames, it vomited up incandescent rocks, some of which fell back into the crater itself. Pencroft, choosing to see this phenomenon only from its humorous side, said:

"Look! The giant is playing cup and ball! The giant juggles!"

And indeed, the spewed materials were falling back into the abyss and it did not seem that the lava, pumped up by the interior pressure, had risen any higher than the orifice of the crater. At least the northwest outlet, which was partly visible, did not yet discharge any torrent on the northern slopes of the mountain.

Cyrus Harding senses a greater danger and ventures back to Dakkar's Grotto to view the internal structure of the volcano.

The Nautilus was no longer there to illuminate this sombre cavern. Perhaps the electric light, nourished by its powerful source, was still shining deep beneath the water, but no glimmer arose from the depths of the abyss where Captain Nemo rested.

Harding examines the inner wall of the volcano,

There, from barely visible cracks, through badly jointed crystals, escaped a pungent odour which infected the atmosphere of the cavern.



The wall was streaked with these fractures and some, more clearly visible, reached down to within two or three feet of the water level of the crypt.

Cyrus Harding at first remained pensive. Then, he again murmured these words:

“Yes! The Captain was right! Here lies the danger, a terrible danger!”

Ayrton said nothing. But, at a sign from Cyrus Harding, he again took the oars, and, a half hour later, the engineer and he came out of Dakkar’s Grotto.

Cracks in the basaltic wall.

The next day Harding breaks the news to the other colonists.

“*My friends,*” he said, his voice revealing a deep emotion, “*Lincoln Island will not endure as long as the globe itself. It will be destroyed sooner or later, and the cause lies within itself. Nothing can avoid it.*”

“*I’ll pass along to you the explanation which Captain Nemo gave me during the few minutes of our private talk.*”

“*Captain Nemo!*” exclaimed the colonists.

“*Yes, and it’s the last service which he wished to render us before dying.*”

“*The last service!*” objected Pencroft. “*The last service! You’ll see that, although he’s dead, he’ll render us still others!*”

“*But what did Captain Nemo say to you?*” asked the reporter.

“*Know then, my friends,*” replied the engineer, “*that Lincoln Island isn’t like other islands of the Pacific. A particular condition which Captain Nemo made known to me will eventually disrupt its very foundations.*”

“*Lincoln Island destroyed? Come now!*” replied Pencroft.

"Yes, that will be the end of it," answered Cyrus Harding. "On the day when the sea rushes through the wall and penetrates through the central chimney into the bowels of the island where the eruptive materials are boiling, on that day, Pencroft, Lincoln Island will explode like Sicily would explode if the Mediterranean came rushing into Etna!"

The first reaction of the colonists was deep sorrow. They thought not of their own peril but of the destruction of this land which had given them refuge, this island which they had cultivated and loved, this island which they wanted to make so prosperous one day! So much effort uselessly expended, so much work lost!

Pencroft could not hold back a large tear which glistened on his cheek and which he did not try to hide.

The colonists redouble their efforts to build a boat in time to allow them to escape to nearby Tabor Island.

The work was resumed at a feverish pace. Around January 23rd, the vessel was half sided. Until then, there had been no change at the volcano's summit. It was always vapour and smoke, mixed with flames and incandescent stones, which were thrown up from the crater. But during the night of the 23rd, because of the pressure of the lava which reached the upper level of the volcano, the hat shaped cone was suddenly blown off. A frightful noise was heard. The colonists first thought that the island had cracked apart. They rushed outside Granite House.



The sky was on fire. The upper cone – a mass of rock a thousand feet in height and weighing billions of pounds – had fallen on to the island, making the ground tremble. Fortunately, the cone had been leaning northward, and it fell on to the plain of sand and tuffs which extended between the volcano and the sea.

The crater, now largely open, projected towards the sky a burning light so intense that, by its reflection, the atmosphere itself appeared incandescent. At the same time, a torrent of lava swelled up at the new summit and poured out in long cascades like water escaping from an overfull vase. A thousand serpents of fire crawled down the slope of the volcano.

A thousand fiery serpents.

"The corral! The corral!" shouted Ayrton.

The lava flowed towards the corral, as a result of the orientation of the new crater. It was now the fertile parts of the island, along with the springs of Red Creek and Jacamar Woods, which were threatened with immediate destruction.

Following Ayrton's lead, the colonists rushed towards the onagers' stable. The cart was harnessed. Everyone had but one thought, to rush to the corral and to set free the animals which it enclosed.

Before three o'clock in the morning, they arrived at the corral. The sheep and goats, filled with terror, were howling frightfully. Already a torrent of incandescent matter and liquified minerals fell from the mountainside onto the prairie and ate away at the side of the stockade wall. Ayrton quickly opened the gate, and the maddened animals escaped in all directions.

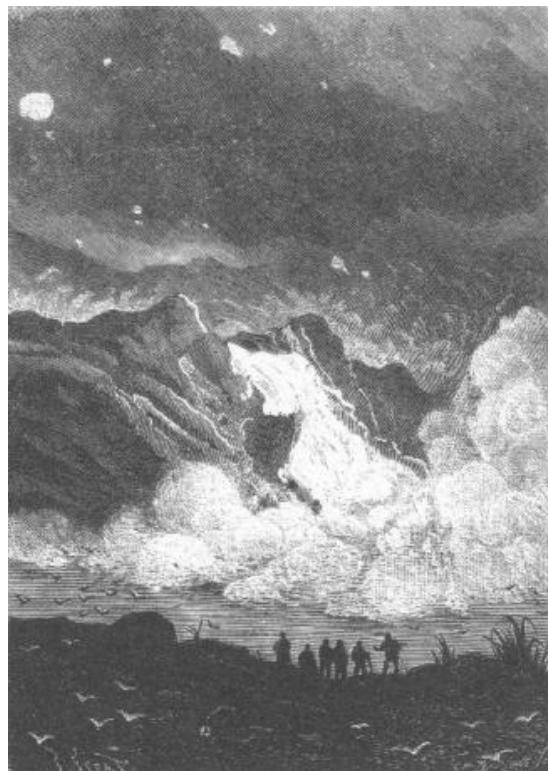
One hour later, the boiling lava filled the corral, vaporizing the water from the small brook which crossed it, setting fire to the house which burned like coal dust, and devouring the stockade wall to the last post. Nothing remained of the corral.

The position of the colonists, who had taken refuge at the edge of Jacamar Woods, was no longer tenable. Not only did projectiles begin to rain down all around them but the lava overflowing the bed of Red Creek threatened to cut off the corral road.

Meanwhile the main stream in the valley of Red Creek became more and more menacing. All of this forest was aflame, and enormous billows of smoke twirled above the trees whose crackling feet were already deep in lava.

After pouring down Red Creek the lava flow reaches Like Grant.

What a spectacle was this combat between fire and water! What pen could describe this scene of marvelous horror, and what brush could paint it? The water hissed and evaporated on contact with the boiling lava. Steam was thrown into the air, swirling to a great height as if the valves of an immense boiler had suddenly been opened. But however considerable the waters of the lake might be, in the end it would be vanquished because of the torrent, fed by an inexhaustible source, ceaselessly poured in fresh floods of incandescent material.



The combat between fire and water.

The first lava which fell into the lake solidified immediately, accumulated, and soon emerged. Other lava slid over its surface, becoming hard in its turn but gaining towards the centre. A jetty of sorts formed and threatened to fill up the lake which did not overflow because the excess water evaporated.

Fortunately for the colonists, the discharge of the lava had been directed toward Lake Grant. They had before them several days of respite. Grand View Plateau, Granite House, and the construction yard were spared for the moment. Now these few days had to be used to plank the vessel and to caulk it carefully. Then they would launch her and take refuge on her.

During the six days which followed, from the 25th to the 30th January, the colonists did as much work on the vessel as twenty men could have done. They hardly took any rest at all; the glare from the flames which rushed out from the crater permitted them to continue working day and night. The volcano's lava still flowed but perhaps with less abundance. This was fortunate because Lake Grant was almost entirely filled and, if new lava would have piled up over the surface of the old, it would inevitably spill on to Grand View Plateau, and from there onto the beach.

There are two currents of lava flowing from Mount Franklin.

In fact, the second current of lava, following the wide valley of Falls River whose ground was depressed on each side of the creek, had nothing to stop it. The incandescent liquid had therefore flowed across the forests of the Far West.

The terrified wild animals, jaguars, boars, capybaras, koalas, game of every sort, rushed to take refuge on the banks of the Mercy and in the Tadorn Marsh beyond the road to Port Balloon.

The colonists abandon Granite House and camp in a tent near the mouth of the Mercy. All the wooded part of the island is now bare apart from a single cluster of trees at the extremity of the Serpentine Peninsula. The valleys of the Falls River and the Mercy no longer carry a single drop of water to the sea.

“It breaks my heart,” Gideon Spilett said one day.

“Yes, Spilett,” replied the engineer. May Heaven give us time to finish this ship, now our only refuge.”

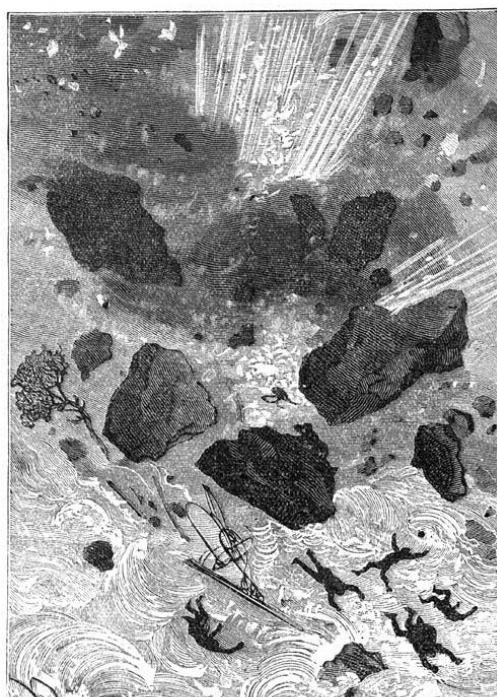
The volcanic activity eases off giving the colonists more time to complete their sailing boat and escape to nearby Tabor Island. Then, in March, things take a turn for the worse.

During the first week of March, Mount Franklin again became threatening. Thousands of glass-like threads, made of liquid lava, fell to the ground like rain. The crater again filled with lava, pouring out on all sides of the volcano. The torrent ran over the surface of the hardened tuffs and destroyed the straggling skeletons of trees which had withstood the first eruption. The flow, following the southwest bank of Lake Grant, carried as far as Creek Glycerine and overran Grand View Plateau. This blow to the accomplishments of the colonists was terrible. The windmill, the houses the poultry yard, the stables, nothing remained of them.

A good number of animals had perished during the first eruption. Those that had survived found refuge at the Tadorn marsh, except for the few to whom Grand View Plateau offered asylum. But this last retreat was finally closed to them, and the river of lava, overflowing the edge of the granite wall, began to rain its cataracts of fire on the beach.

The sublime horror of this spectacle defies all description. During the night, it was like a Niagara of molten liquid with its incandescent gases above and its boiling magma below!

The colonists were forced to their last resort. Even though its upper seams had not been caulked, they resolved to launch their ship at once! Pencroft and Ayrton prepared for the launching, which was to have taken place the next morning, March 9th.



But during the night of the 8th, an enormous column of steam escaped from the crater and rose to a height of more than 3,000 feet amidst frightful detonations. The wall of Dakkar cavern had evidently given way under pressure, and the sea's waters, rushing into the fiery abyss by way of the central chimney, were suddenly vaporised. The crater could not give a sufficient outlet for this stream. An explosion, which might have been heard a hundred miles away, shattered the air! Fragments of the mountain fell back into the Pacific and, in a few minutes, the ocean covered the place where Lincoln Island had once been!

An explosion shattered the air!

An isolated rock, thirty feet long, fifteen wide, emerging barely ten feet above the water – such was the only solid point of land that had not been engulfed by the waves of the Pacific.

Little Eye, the smallest of the three Hilbre Islands - An isolated rock, thirty feet long, fifteen wide, emerging barely ten feet above the water.



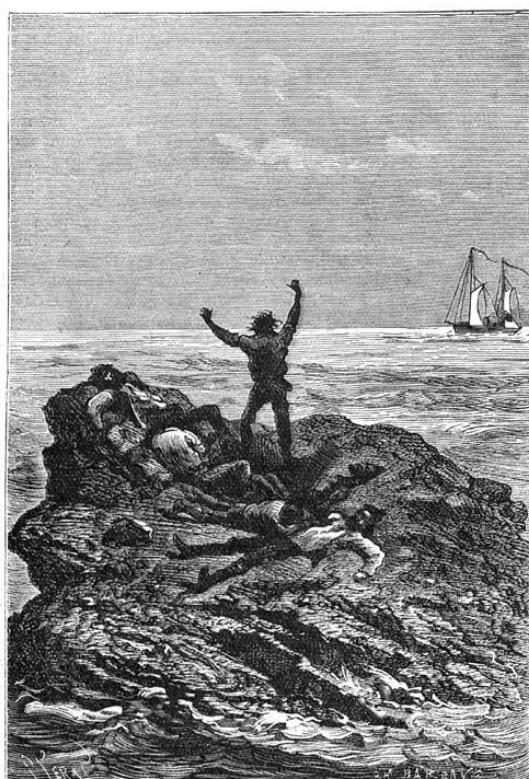
It was all that remained of Granite House! The cliff wall had been thrown down, then broken into pieces, and a few rocks from the large hall had piled up so as to form this culminating point. Everything around it had disappeared into the abyss: the lower cone of Mount Franklin torn apart by the explosion, the lava jaws of Shark Gulf, Grand View Plateau, Safety Islet, the granite stones of Port Balloon, the basalts of Dakkar's Grotto, the long Serpentine Peninsula so far from the eruptive centre! All that remained of Lincoln Island was this narrow rock, which now served as a refuge for the six colonists and their dog Top.

The animals had likewise perished in the catastrophe, the birds as well as the other fauna of the island, all crushed or drowned. Even the unfortunate Jup himself had, alas! Found his death in some fissure in the ground!

If Cyrus Harding, Gideon Spilett, Herbert, Pencroft, Neb and Ayrton had survived, it was because, gathered then under their tent, they had been thrown into the sea at the moment when the debris from the island rained down on all sides.

When they returned to the surface, they could see only this mass of rocks half a cable-length away. They swam toward it and climbed up onto it.

The colonists survive fourteen days on this bare outcrop in the Pacific Ocean;



But, on this morning of March 24th, Ayrton raised his arms, reaching out toward a point in the distance. He got up, on his knees at first, then to his feet, his hand seemed to make a signal ... A vessel was in sight of the island! This vessel was not sailing the sea at random. Its goal was the reef, and it was moving toward it in a straight line and under full steam! The unfortunate colonists would have seen it several hours earlier if they had had the strength to observe the horizon!

"The Duncan!" murmured Ayrton, and he fell back, senseless.

The Duncan!

When Cyrus Harding and his companions had regained consciousness, thanks to the care lavished upon them, they found themselves in the cabin of a steamer, unable to comprehend how they had escaped death.

A word from Ayrton sufficed to tell them everything.

“The Duncan!” he murmured.

“The Duncan!” replied Cyrus Harding.

And, raising his arms toward Heaven, he exclaimed:

“Ah! All powerful God! It’s by your will that we’ve been saved!”

It was indeed the Duncan, Lord Glenarvan’s Yacht, now commanded by Robert, the son of Captain Grant, which had been sent to Tabor Island to look for Ayrton and to repatriate him after twelve years of expiation.

The colonists were saved. They were already on their way home!

“Captain Robert,” asked Cyrus Harding, “who could have given you the idea, after leaving Tabor Island when you didn’t find Ayrton there, of going a hundred miles to the north east?”

“Mr Harding,” replied Robert Grant, “it was to find not only Ayrton but also your companions and you!”

“My companions and me?”

“Doubtless! At Lincoln Island!”

“Lincoln Island?” Gideon Spilett, Herbert, Neb, and Pencroft exclaimed together with great astonishment.

“How do you know about Lincoln Island?” Asked Cyrus Harding, “This island isn’t even marked on the maps!”

“I knew about it from a message that you left on Tabor Island,” replied Robert Grant.

“A message?” cried Gideon Spilett.

“Certainly, and here it is,” answered Robert Grant, presenting a document which indicated the longitude and latitude of Lincoln Island, “the current residence of Ayrton and five American colonists.”

“Captain Nemo!” Said Cyrus Harding, after reading the message and recognising that it was written in the same hand as the document found at the corral.

“Ah!” said Pencroft, “so it was he who took our Bonadventure and who risked the trip to Mount Tabor alone! ...”

“To leave this message there!” Replied Herbert.

“So I had good reason to say,” exclaimed the sailor, “that, even after his death, the captain would still render us one last service!”

“My friends,” intoned Cyrus Harding with a voice full of emotion, “may all-merciful God receive the soul of Captain Nemo, our saviour!”

On hearing Cyrus Harding’s words, the colonists removed their hats and murmured the name of the captain.

At this moment, Ayrton approached the engineer and said to him simply:

“What should be done with this chest?”

It was the chest that Ayrton had saved at the risk of his life when the island was engulfed, and which he had faithfully come to return to the engineer.

“Ayrton, Ayrton!” said Cyrus Harding with deep emotion.

Then, addressing Robert Grant:

“Sir,” he added, “there where you once left a guilty man, you now find one made honest by repentance and to whom I’m proud to offer my hand!”

Robert Grant was then told the strange story of Captain Nemo and the colonists of Lincoln Island. Then, after recording the position of what remained of this reef which would henceforth figure on the maps of the Pacific, he gave the order to turn about.

Two weeks later, the colonists landed in America. They found their country at peace again after this terrible war in which justice and right had finally triumphed.

Of the riches contained in the chest bequeathed by Captain Nemo to the colonists of Lincoln Island, the largest share was used to purchase a vast tract of land in the state of Iowa. A single pearl, the finest, was set aside from this treasure and sent to Lady Glenarvan on behalf of the castaways repatriated by the Duncan.

There, on this land, the colonists sent out a call for work, for their fortune and happiness, to all those to whom they had intended to offer the hospitality of Lincoln Island. There, they founded a vast colony to which they gave the name of the island disappeared in the depths of the Pacific. A river was there which was baptized the Mercy, a mountain which took the name of Franklin, a small lake which was called Lake Grant, forests which became the forest of the Far West. It was like an island on terra firma.

There, under the intelligent guidance of the engineer and his companions, everything prospered. Not one of the former colonists of Lincoln Island was absent as they had sworn always to live together: Neb beside his master, Ayrton ready to sacrifice himself on all occasions, Pencroft more a farmer than he had ever been a sailor, Herbert whose studies were completed under the direction of Cyrus Harding, and Gideon Spilett who founded the New Lincoln Herald, the most informed journal of the entire world.

There, Cyrus Harding and his companions received visits on several occasions from Lord and Lady Glenarvan, from Captain John Mangles and his wife, the sister of Robert Grant, from Robert Grant himself, from Major MacNabbs, and from all those who had been part of the double story of Captain Grant and of Captain Nemo.

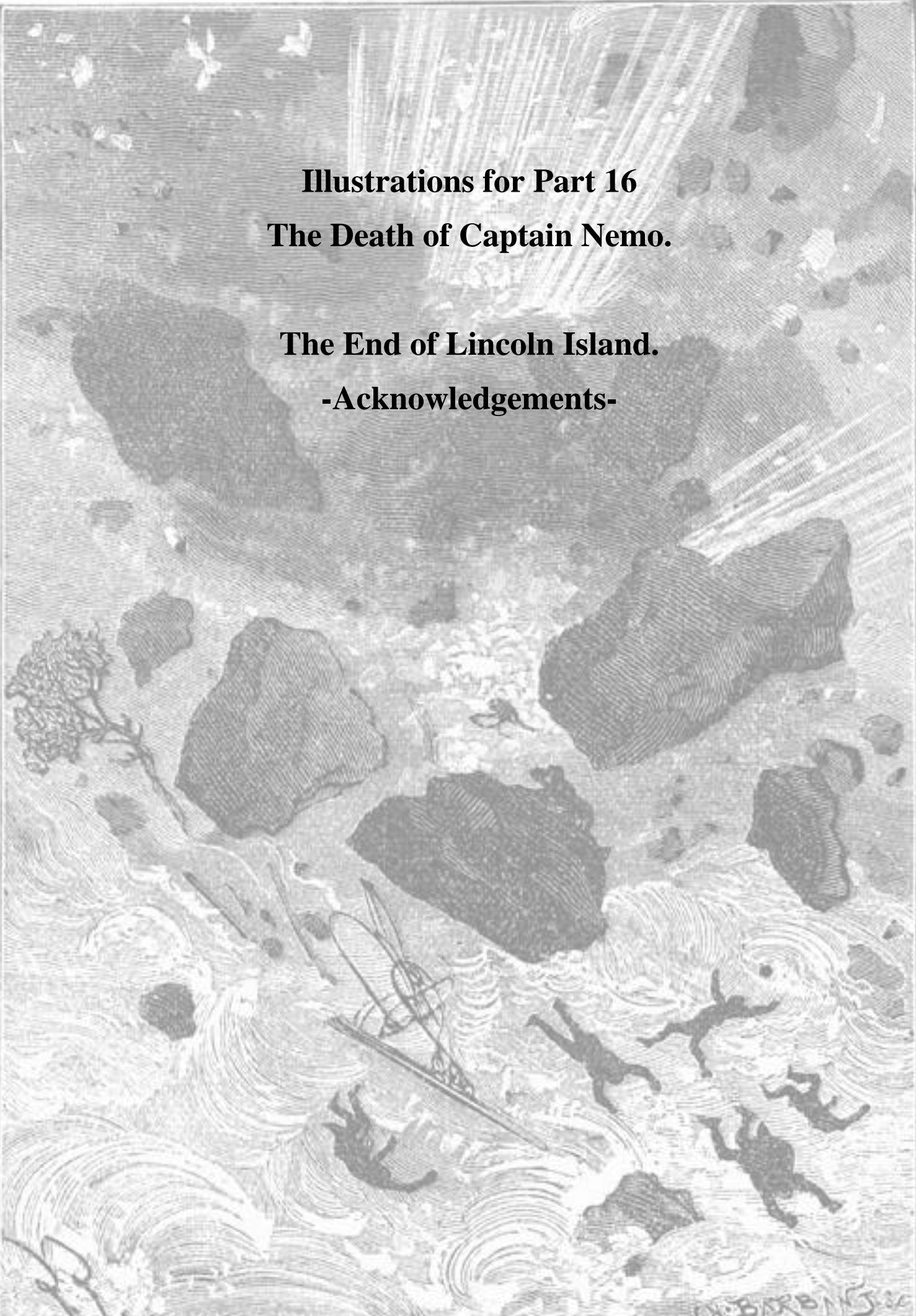
There, at last, everyone found happiness, united in the present as they had been in the past. But never could they forget this island on which they had landed poor and naked, this island which had furnished their every need for four years, but of which nothing now remained but a slab of granite battered by the waves of the Pacific, the tomb of the man who had once been Captain Nemo!

The End



Next in Jules Verne and the Heroes of Birkenhead.

Part 17 – Jules Verne Pays Tribute to the Birkenhead and Liverpool Abolitionists.



Illustrations for Part 16
The Death of Captain Nemo.

The End of Lincoln Island.

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6a	Wikisource – La Bibliotheque Libre	17	John Lamb
6b	Wikisource – La Bibliotheque Libre	18	-
7a	Wikisource – La Bibliotheque Libre	19	Wikisource – La Bibliotheque Libre
8	-	20	-