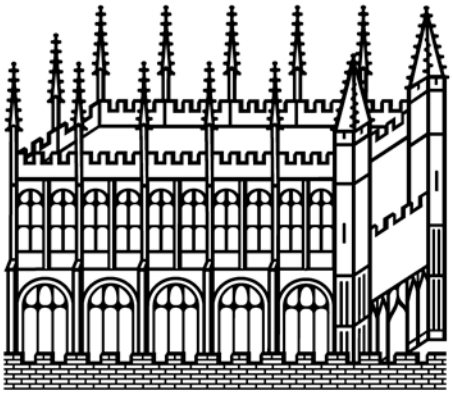

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# THE FIELD OF ICE.

BY JULES VERNE.

## Chapter I.—The Doctor's Inventory.

IT was a bold project of Hatteras to push his way to the North Pole, and gain for his country the honour and glory of its discovery. But he had done all that lay in human power now, and, after having struggled for nine months against currents and tempests, shattering icebergs and breaking through almost insurmountable barriers, amid the cold of an unprecedented winter, after having outdistanced all his predecessors and accomplished half his task, he suddenly saw all his hopes blasted. The treachery, or rather the despondency, of his worn-out crew, and the criminal folly of one or two leading spirits among them, had left him and his little band of men in a terrible situation—helpless in an icy desert, two thousand five hundred miles away from their native land, and without even a ship to shelter them.

However, the courage of Hatteras was still undaunted. The three men which were left him were the best on board his brig, and while they remained he might venture to hope.

After the cheerful, manly words of the Captain, the Doctor felt the best thing to be done was to look their prospects fairly in the face, and know the exact state of things. Accordingly, leaving his companions, he stole away alone down to the scene of the explosion.

Of the *Forward*, the brig that had been so carefully built and had become so dear, not a vestige remained. Shapeless blackened fragments, twisted bars of iron, cable ends still smouldering, and here and there in the distance spiral wreaths of smoke, met his eye on all sides. His cabin and all his precious treasures were gone; his books, and instruments, and collections reduced to ashes. As he stood thinking mournfully of his irreparable loss, he was joined by



Johnson, who grasped his offered hand in speechless sorrow.

"What's to become of us?" asked the Doctor.

"Who can tell!" was the old sailor's reply.

"Anyhow," said Clawbonny, "do not let us despair! Let us be men!"

"Yes, Mr. Clawbonny, you are right. Now is the time to show our mettle. We are in a bad plight, and how to get out of it, that is the question."

"Poor old brig!" exclaimed the Doctor. "I had grown so attached to her. I loved her as one loves a house where he has spent a life-time."

"Ay! it's strange what a hold those planks and beams get on a fellow's heart."

"And the long-boat—is that burnt?" asked the Doctor.

"No, Mr. Clawbonny. Shandon and his gang have carried it off."

"And the pirogue?"

"Shivered into a thousand pieces? Stop. Do you see those bits of sheet-iron? That is all that remains of it."

"Then we have nothing but the Halkett-boat?"

"Yes, we have that still, thanks to your idea of taking it with you."

"That isn't much," said the Doctor.

"Oh, those base traitors!" exclaimed Johnson. "Heaven punish them as they deserve!"

"Johnson," returned the Doctor, gently, "we must not forget how sorely they have been tried. Only the best remain good in the evil day; few can stand trouble. Let us pity our fellow-sufferers, and not curse them."

For the next few minutes both were silent, and then Johnson asked what had become of the sledge.

"We left it about a mile off," was the reply.

"In charge of Simpson?"

"No, Simpson is dead, poor fellow!"

"Simpson dead!"

"Yes, his strength gave way entirely, and he first sank."

"Poor Simpson! And yet who knows if he isn't rather to be envied?"

"But, for the dead man we have left behind, we have brought back a dying one."

"A dying man?"

"Yes, Captain Altamont."

And in a few words he informed Johnson of their discovery.

"An American!" said Johnson, as the recital was ended.

"Yes, everything goes to prove that. But

I wonder what the *Porpoise* was, and what brought her in these seas?"

"She rushed on to her ruin like the rest of foolhardy adventurers; but, tell me, did you find the coal?"

The Doctor shook his head sadly.

"No coal! not a vestige! No, we did not even get as far as the place mentioned by Sir Edward Belcher."

"Then we have no fuel whatever?" said the old sailor.

"No."

"And no provisions?"

"No."

"And no ship to make our way back to England?"

It required courage indeed to face these gloomy realities, but, after a moment's silence, Johnson said again—

"Well, at any rate we know exactly how we stand. The first thing to be done now is to make a hut, for we can't stay long exposed to this temperature."

"Yes, we'll soon manage that with Bell's help," replied the Doctor. "Then we must go and find the sledge, and bring back the American, and have a consultation with Hatteras."

"Poor Captain," said Johnson, always forgetting his own troubles, "how he must feel it!"

Clawbonny and Bell found Hatteras standing motionless, his arms folded in his usual fashion. He seemed gazing into space, but his face had recovered its calm, self-possessed expression. His faithful dog stood beside him, like his master, apparently insensible to the biting cold, though the temperature was 32° below zero.

Bell lay on the ice in an almost inanimate condition. Johnson had to take vigorous measures to rouse him, but at last, by dint of shaking and rubbing him with snow, he succeeded.

"Come, Bell," he cried, "don't give way like this. Exert yourself, my man; we must have a talk about our situation, and we need a place to put our heads in. Come and help me, Bell. You haven't forgotten how to make a snow hut, have you? There is an iceberg all ready to hand; we've only got to hollow it out. Let's set to work; we shall find that is the best remedy for us."

Bell tried to shake off his torpor and help his comrade, while Mr. Clawbonny undertook to go and fetch the sledge and the dogs.

"Will you go with him, Captain?" asked Johnson.

"No, my friend," said Hatteras, in a gentle tone, "if the Doctor will kindly undertake the task. Before the day ends I must come to some resolution, and I need to be alone to think. Go. Do meantime whatever you think best. I will deal with the future."

Johnson went back to the Doctor, and said—

"It's very strange, but the Captain seems quite to have got over his anger. I never heard him speak so gently before."

"So much the better," said Clawbonny. "Believe me, Johnson, that man can save us yet."

And drawing his hood as closely round his head as possible, the Doctor seized his



iron-tipped staff, and set out without further delay.

Johnson and Bell commenced operations immediately. They had simply to dig a hole in the heart of a great block of ice; but it was not easy work, owing to the extreme hardness of the material. However, this very hardness guaranteed the solidity of the dwelling, and the further their labours advanced the more they became sheltered.

Hatteras alternately paced up and down, and stood motionless, evidently shrinking from any approach to the scene of explosion.

In about an hour the Doctor returned, bringing with him Altamont lying on the sledge, wrapped up in the folds of the tent. The poor dogs were so exhausted from starvation that they could scarcely draw it along, and they had begun to gnaw their harness. It was, indeed, high time for beasts and men to take food and rest.

While the hut was being still further dug out, the Doctor went foraging about, and



had the good fortune to find a little stove, almost undamaged by the explosion. He soon restored it to working trim, and, by the time the hut was completed, had filled it with wood and got it lighted. Before long it was roaring, and diffusing a genial warmth on all sides. The American was brought in and laid on blankets, and the four Englishmen seated themselves round the fire to enjoy their scanty meal of biscuit and hot tea, the last remains of the provisions on the sledge. Not a word was spoken by Hatteras, and the others respected his silence.

When the meal was over, the Doctor rose and went out, making a sign to Johnson to follow.

"Come, Johnson," he said, "we will take an inventory of all we have left. We must know exactly how we are off, and our treasures are scattered in all directions; so we had better begin, and pick them up as fast as possible, for the snow may fall at any moment, and then it would be quite useless to look for anything.

"Don't let us lose a minute, then," replied Johnson. "Fire and food—those are our chief wants."

"Very well, you take one side and I'll take the other, and we'll search from the centre to the circumference."

This task occupied two hours, and all they discovered was a little salt meat, about 50 lbs. of pemmican, three sacks of biscuits, a small stock of chocolate, five or six pints of brandy, and about 2 lbs. of coffee, picked up bean by bean off the ice.

Neither blankets, nor hammocks, nor clothing—all had been consumed in the devouring flame.

This slender store of provisions would hardly last three weeks, and they had wood enough to supply the stove for about the same time.

Now that the inventory was made, the next business was to fetch the sledge. The tired-out dogs were harnessed sorely against their will, and before long returned bringing the few but precious treasures found among the *débris* of the brig. These were safely deposited in the hut, and then Johnson and Clawbonny, half-frozen with their work, resumed their places beside their companions in misfortune.

---

## Chapter II.

### First Words of Altamont.

About eight o'clock in the evening, the grey snow clouds cleared away for a little, and the stars shone out brilliantly in the sky.

Hatteras seized the opportunity and went out silently to take the altitude of some of the principal constellations. He wished to ascertain if the ice-field was still drifting.

In half an hour he returned and sat down in a corner of the hut, where he remained without stirring all night, motionless as if asleep, but in reality buried in deepest thought.

The next day the snow fell heavily, and the Doctor congratulated himself on his wise forethought, when he saw the white sheet lying three feet thick over the scene of the explosion, completely obliterating all traces of the *Forward*.

It was impossible to venture outside in such weather, but the stove drew capitally, and made the hut quite comfortable, or at any rate it seemed so to the weary, worn out adventurers.

The American was in less pain, and was evidently gradually coming back to life. He opened his eyes, but could not yet speak, for his lips were so affected by the scurvy that articulation was impossible, but he could hear and understand all that was said to him. On learning what had passed, and the circumstances of his discovery, he expressed his thanks by gestures, and the Doctor was too wise to let him know how brief his respite from death would prove. In three weeks at most every vestige of food would be gone.

About noon Hatteras roused himself, and going up to his friends, said—

"We must make up our minds what to do, but I must request Johnson to tell me first all the particulars of the mutiny on the brig, and how this final act of baseness came about."

"What good will that do?" said the Doctor. "The fact is certain, and it is no use thinking over it."

"I differ from your opinion," rejoined Hatteras. "Let me hear the whole affair from Johnson, and then I will banish it from my thoughts."

"Well," said the boatswain, "this was how it happened. I did all in my power to prevent, but——"

"I am sure of that, Johnson; and what's

more, I have no doubt the ringleaders had been hatching their plans for some time."

"That's my belief too," said the Doctor.

"And so it is mine," resumed Johnson; "for almost immediately after your departure Shandon, supported by the others, took the command of the ship. I could not resist him, and from that moment everybody did pretty much as they pleased. Shandon made no attempt to restrain them: it was his policy to make them believe that their privations and toils were at an end. Economy was entirely disregarded. A blazing fire was kept up in the stove, and the men were allowed to eat and drink at discretion; not only tea and coffee was at



heir disposal, but all the spirits on board, and on men who had been so long deprived of ardent liquors, you may guess the result. They went on in this manner from the 7th to the 15th of January."

"And this was Shandon's doing?" asked Hatteras.

"Yes, Captain."

"Never mention his name to me again! Go on, Johnson."

"It was about the 24th or 25th of January that they resolved to abandon the ship. Their plan was to reach the west coast of Baffin's Bay, and from thence to embark in the boat and follow the track of the whalers, or to get to some of the Green-

land settlements on the eastern side. Provisions were abundant, and the sick men were so excited by the hope of return that they were almost well. They began their preparations for departure by making a sledge which they were to draw themselves, as they had no dogs. This was not ready till the 15th of February, and I was always hoping for your arrival, though I half dreaded it too, for you could have done nothing with the men, and they would have massacred you rather than remain on board. I tried my influence on each one separately, remonstrating and reasoning with them, and pointing out the dangers they would encounter, and also the cowardice of leaving you, but it was a mere waste of words; not even the best among them would listen to me. Shandon was impatient to be off, and fixed the 22nd of February for starting. The sledge and the boat were packed as closely as possible with provisions and spirits, and heaps of wood, to obtain which they had hewed the brig down to her water-line. The last day the men ran riot. They completely sacked the ship, and in a drunken paroxysm Pen and two or three others set it on fire. I fought and struggled against them, but they threw me down and assailed me with blows, and then the wretches, headed by Shandon, went off towards the east, and were soon out of sight. I found myself alone on the burning ship, and what could I do? The fire-hole was completely blocked up with ice. I had not a single drop of water! For two days the *Forward* struggled with the flames, and you know the rest."

A long silence followed the gloomy recital, broken at length by Hatteras, who said—

"Johnson, I thank you; you did all you could to save my ship, but single-handed you could not resist. Again I thank you, and now let the subject be dropped. Let us unite efforts for our common salvation. There are four of us, four companions, four friends, and all our lives are equally precious. Let each give his opinion on the best course for us to pursue."

"You ask us then, Hatteras," said the Doctor; "we are all devoted to you, and our words come from our hearts. But will you not state your own views first?"

"That would be little use," said Hatteras, sadly; "my opinion might appear interested; let me hear all yours first."

"Captain," said Johnson, "before pronouncing on such an important matter, I wish to ask you a question."

"Ask it, then, Johnson."

"You went out yesterday to ascertain our exact position; well, is the field drifting or stationary?"

"Perfectly stationary. It had not moved since the last reckoning was made. I find we are just where we were before we left, in 80° 15″ latitude and 97° 35″ longitude."

"And what distance are we from the nearest sea to the west?"

"About six hundred miles."

"And that sea is ——?"

"Smith's Sound," was the reply.

"The same that we could not get through last April?"

"The same."

"Well, Captain, now we know our actual situation, we are in a better position to determine our course of action."

"Speak your minds, then," said Hatteras, again burying his head in his hands.

"What do you say, Bell?" asked the Doctor.

"It strikes me the case doesn't need long thinking over," said the carpenter. "We must get back at once without losing a single day or even a single hour, either to the south or west, and make our way to the nearest coast, even if we are two months doing it!"

"We have only food for three weeks," replied Hatteras, without raising his head.

"Very well," said Johnson, "we must make the journey in three weeks, since it is our last chance. Even if we can only crawl on our knees before we get to our destination, we must be there in twenty-five days."

"This part of the Arctic Continent is unexplored. We may have to encounter difficulties. Mountains and glaciers may bar our progress," objected Hatteras.

"I don't see that's any sufficient reason for not attempting it. We shall have to endure sufferings, no doubt, and perhaps many. We shall have to limit ourselves to the barest quantities of food, unless our guns should procure us anything."

"There is only about half a pound of powder left," said Hatteras.

"Come now, Hatteras, I know the full weight of your objections, and I am not deluding myself with vain hopes. But I think I can read your motive. Have you any practical suggestion to offer?"

"No," said Hatteras, after a little hesitation.

"You don't doubt our courage," continued the Doctor. "We would follow you to the last—you know that. But must we not, meantime, give up all hope of reaching the Pole? Your plans have been defeated by treachery. Natural difficulties you might have overcome, but you have been outmatched by perfidy and human weakness. You have done all that man could do, and you would have succeeded I am certain; but situated as we are now, are you not obliged to relinquish your projects for the present, and is not a return to England even positively necessary before you could continue them?"

"Well, Captain?" asked Johnson after waiting a considerable time for Hatteras to reply.

Thus interrogated, he raised his head, and said in a constrained tone—

"You think yourselves quite certain then of reaching the Sound, exhausted though you are, and almost without food?"

"No," replied the Doctor, "but there is one thing certain, the Sound won't come to us, we must go to it. We may chance to find some Esquimaux tribes further south."

"Besides, isn't there the chance of falling in with some ship that is wintering here?" asked Johnson.

"Even supposing the Sound is blocked up, couldn't we get across to some Greenland or Danish settlement? At any rate, Hatteras, we can get nothing by remaining here. The route to England is towards the south not the north."

"Yes," said Bell, "Mr. Clawbonny is right. We must start, and start at once. We have been forgetting our country too long already."

"Is this your advice, Johnson?" asked Hatteras again.

"Yes, Captain."

"And yours, Doctor?"

"Yes, Hatteras."

Hatteras remained silent, but his face, in spite of himself, betrayed his inward agitation. The issue of his whole life hung on the decision he had to make, for he felt that to return to England was to lose all! He could not venture on a fourth expedition.

The Doctor finding he did not reply, added—

"I ought also to have said, that there is not a moment to lose. The sledge must be loaded with the provisions at once, and as much wood as possible. I must confess six hundred miles is a long journey, but we can, or rather we must make twenty miles a day, which will bring us to the coast about the 26th of March."

"But cannot we wait a few days yet?" said Hatteras.

"What are you hoping for?" asked Johnson.

"I don't know. Who can tell the future? It is necessary, too, that you should get your strength a little recruited. You might sink down on the road with fatigue, without even a snow hut to shelter you."

"But think of the terrible death that awaits us here," replied the carpenter.

"My friends," said Hatteras, in almost supplicating tones; "you are despairing too soon. I should propose that we should seek our deliverance towards the north, but you would refuse to follow me, and yet why should there not be Esquimaux tribes round about the Pole as well as towards the south? The open sea, of the existence of which we are certified, must wash the shores of continents. Nature is logical in all her doings. Consequently vegetation must be found there when the earth is no longer ice-bound. Is

there not a promised land awaiting us in the north from which you would flee?"

Hatteras became animated as he spoke, and Doctor Clawbonny's excitable nature was so wrought upon that his decision began to waver. He was on the point of yielding, when Johnson, with his wiser head and calmer temperament, recalled him to reason and duty by calling out—

"Come, Bell, let us be off to the sledge."

"All right," said Bell, and the two had risen to leave the hut, when Hatteras exclaimed—

"Oh, Johnson! You! you! Well, go! I shall stay, I shall stay!"

"Captain!" said Johnson, stopping in spite of himself.

"I shall stay, I tell you. Go! Leave me like the rest! Come, Duk, you and I will stay together."

The faithful dog barked as if he understood, and settled himself down beside his master. Johnson looked at the Doctor, who seemed at a loss to know what to do, but came to the conclusion at last that the best way, meantime, was to calm Hatteras, even at the sacrifice of a day. He was just about to try the force of his eloquence in this direction, when he felt a light touch on his arm, and turning round saw Altamont, who had crawled out of bed and managed to get on his knees. He was trying to speak, but his swollen lips could scarcely make a sound. Hatteras went towards him, and watched his efforts to articulate so attentively that in a few minutes he made out a word that sounded like *Porpoise*, and stooping over him he asked—

"Is it the *Porpoise?*"

Altamont made a sign in the affirmative, and Hatteras went on with his queries, now that he had found a clue.

"In these seas?"

The affirmative gesture was repeated.

"Is she in the north?"

"Yes."

"Do you know her position?"

"Yes."

"Exactly?"

"Yes."

For a minute or so, nothing more was said, and the onlookers waited with palpitating hearts.

Then Hatteras spoke again and said—

"Listen to me. We must know the exact position of your vessel. I will count the degrees aloud, and you will stop me when I come to the right one."

The American assented by a motion of the head, and Hatteras began—

"We'll take the longitude first. 105°, No? 106°, 107°? It is to the west, I suppose?"

"Yes," replied Altamont.

"Let us go on, then: 109°, 110°, 112°, 114°, 116°, 118°, 120°."

"Yes," interrupted the sick man.

"120° of longitude, and how many minutes? I will count."

Hatteras began at number one, and when he got to fifteen, Altamont made a sign to stop.

"Very good," said Hatteras; "now for the latitude. Are you listening? 80°, 81°, 82°, 83°."

Again the sign to stop was made.

Now for the minutes: 5′, 10′, 15′, 20′, 25′, 30′, 35′."

Altamont stopped him once more, and smiled feebly.

"You say, then, that the *Porpoise* is in longitude 120° 15′, and latitude 83° 35′?"

"Yes," sighed the American, and fell back motionless in the Doctor's arms, completely overpowered by the effort he had made.

"Friends!" exclaimed Hatteras; "you see I was right. Our salvation lies indeed in the north, always in the north. We shall be saved!"

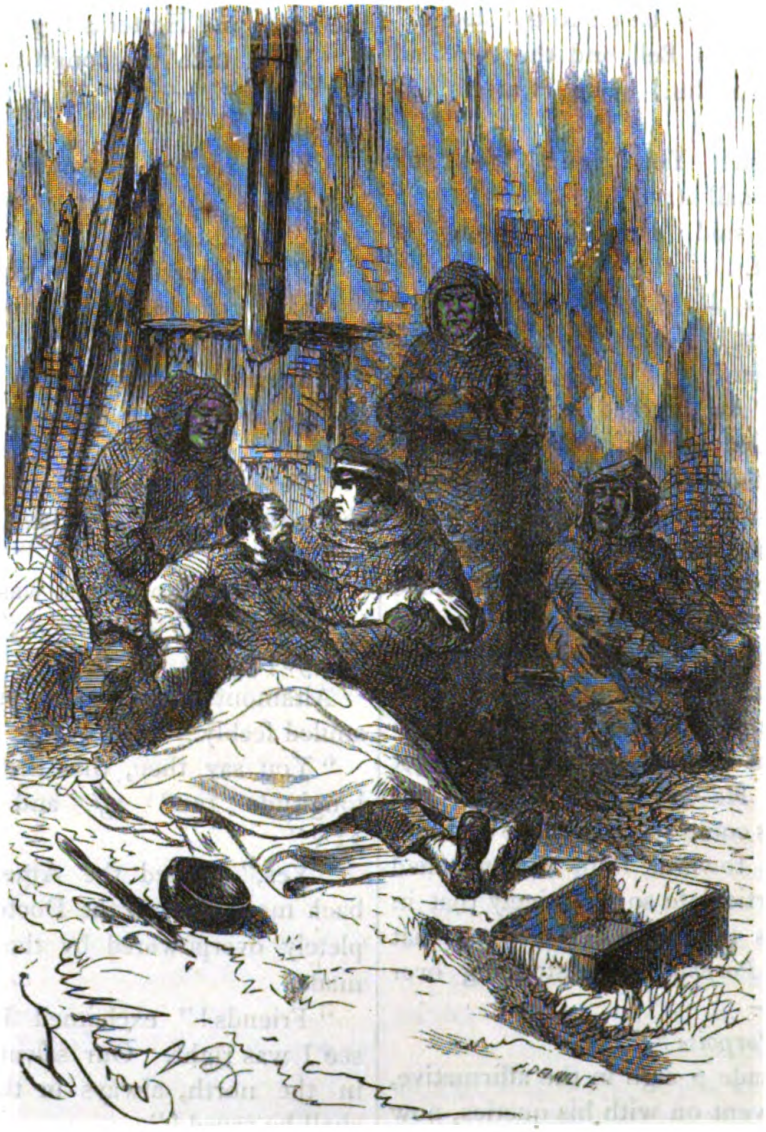
But the joyous, exulting words had hardly escaped his lips before a sudden thought made his countenance change. The serpent of jealousy had stung him, for this stranger was an American, and he had reached three degrees nearer the Pole than the ill-fated *Forward*.

## Chapter III.

### A Seventeen Days' March.

These first words of Altamont had completely changed the whole aspect of affairs, but his communication was still incomplete, and, after giving him a little time to rest, the Doctor undertook the task of conversing again with him, putting his questions in such a form that a movement of the head or eyes would be a sufficient answer.

He soon ascertained that the *Porpoise* was a three-mast American ship, from New York, wrecked on the ice, with provisions



and combustibles in abundance still on board, and that, though she had been thrown on her side, she had not gone to pieces, and there was every chance of saving her cargo.

Altamont and his crew had left her two months previously, taking the long boat with them on a sledge. They intended to get to Smith's Sound, and reach some whaler that would take them back to America; but one after another succumbed to fatigue and illness, till at last Altamont and two men were all that remained out of thirty; and truly he had survived by a providential miracle, while his two companions already lay beside him in the sleep of death.

Hatteras wished to know why the *Porpoise* had come so far north, and learned in reply that she had been irresistibly driven there by the ice. But his anxious fears were not satisfied with this explanation, and he asked further what was the purpose of his voyage. Altamont said he wanted to make the north-west passage, and this appeared to content the jealous Englishman, for he made no more reference to the subject.

"Well," said the Doctor, "it strikes me that, instead of trying to get to Baffin's Bay, our best plan would be to go in search of the *Porpoise*, for here lies a ship a full third of the distance nearer, and, more than that, stocked with everything necessary for winter quarters."

"I see no other course open to us," replied Bell.

"And the sooner we go the better," added Johnson, "for the time we allow ourselves must depend on our provisions."

"You are right, Johnson," returned the Doctor. "If we start to-morrow, we must reach the *Porpoise* by the 15th of March, unless we mean to die of starvation. What do you say, Hatteras?"

"Let us make preparations immediately, but perhaps the route may be longer than we suppose."

"How can that be, Captain? The man seems quite sure of the position of his ship," said the Doctor.

"But suppose the ice-field should have drifted like ours?"

Here Altamont, who was listening attentively, made a sign that he wished to speak, and, after much difficulty, he succeeded in telling the Doctor that the *Porpoise* had struck on rocks near the coast, and that it was impossible for her to move.

This was re-assuring information, though it cut off all hope of returning to Europe, unless Bell could construct a smaller ship out of the wreck.

No time was lost in getting ready to start. The sledge was the principal thing, as it needed thorough repair. There was plenty of wood, and, profiting by the experience they had recently had of this mode of transit, several improvements were made by Bell.

Inside, a sort of couch was laid for the American, and covered over with the tent. The small stock of provisions did not add much to the weight, but, to make up the deficiency, as much wood was piled up on it as it could hold.

The Doctor did the packing, and made an exact calculation of how long their stores would last. He found that, by allowing three-quarter rations to each man and full rations to the dogs, they might hold out for three weeks.

Towards seven in the evening, they felt so worn out that they were obliged to give up work for the night; but, before lying down to sleep, they heaped up the wood in the stove, and made a roaring fire, determined to allow themselves this parting



luxury. As they gathered round it, basking in the unaccustomed heat, and enjoying their hot coffee and biscuits and pemmican, they became quite cheerful, and forgot all their sufferings.

About seven in the morning they set to work again, and by three in the afternoon everything was ready.

It was almost dark, for, though the sun had reappeared above the horizon since the 31st of January, his light was feeble and of short duration. Happily the moon would rise about half-past six, and her soft beams would give sufficient light to show the road.

The parting moment came. Altamont was overjoyed at the idea of starting, though

the jolting would necessarily increase his sufferings, for the Doctor would find on board the medicines he required for his cure.

They lifted him on to the sledge, and laid him as comfortably as possible, and then harnessed [the dogs, including Duk. One final look towards the icy bed where the *Forward* had been, and the little party set out for the *Porpoise*. Bell was scout, as before; the Doctor and Johnson took each a side of the sledge, and lent a helping hand when necessary; while Hatteras walked behind to keep all in the right track.

They got on pretty quickly, for the weather was good, and the ice smooth and hard, allowing the sledge to glide easily along; yet the temperature was so low that men and dogs were soon panting, and had often to stop and take breath. About seven the moon shone out, and irradiated the whole horizon. Far as the eye could see, there was nothing visible but a wide-stretching level plain of ice, without a solitary hummock or patch to relieve the uniformity.

As the Doctor remarked to his companion, it looked like some vast, monotonous desert.

"Ay! Mr. Clawbonny, it is a desert, but we shan't die of thirst in it at any rate."



"That's a comfort, certainly; but I'll tell you one thing: it proves, Johnson, we must be a great distance from any coast. The nearer the coast, the more numerous the icebergs in general, and you see there is not one in sight."

"The horizon is rather misty, though."

"So it is, but ever since we started, we have been on this same interminable ice-field."

"Do you know, Mr. Clawbonny, that smooth as this ice is, we are going over most dangerous ground. Fathomless abysses lie beneath our feet."

"That's true enough, but they won't engulph us. This white sheet over them is pretty tough, I can tell you. It is always getting thicker too; for in these latitudes, it snows nine days out of ten, even in April and May; ay, and in June as well. The ice here, in some parts, cannot be less than between thirty and forty feet thick."

"That sounds reassuring, at all events," said Johnson.

"Yes, we're not like the skaters on the Serpentine—always in danger of falling through. This ice is strong enough to bear the weight of the Custom House in Liverpool, or the Houses of Parliament in Westminster."

"Can they reckon pretty nearly what ice will bear, Mr. Clawbonny?" asked the old sailor, always eager for information.

"What can't be reckoned now-a-days?

Yes, ice two inches thick will bear a man; three and a half inches, a man on horseback; five inches, an eight pounder; eight inches, field artillery; and ten inches, a whole army."

"It is difficult to conceive of such a power of resistance, but you were speaking of the incessant snow just now, and I cannot help wondering where it comes from, for the water all round is frozen, and what makes the clouds?"

"That's a natural enough question, but my notion is that nearly all the snow or rain that we get here, comes from the temperate zones. I fancy each of those snowflakes was originally a drop of water in some river, caught up by evaporation into the air, and wafted over here in the shape of clouds; so that is not impossible that when we quench our thirst with the melted snow, we are actually drinking from the very rivers of our own native land."

Just at this moment the conversation was interrupted by Hatteras, who called out that they were getting out of the straight line. The increasing mist made it difficult to keep together, and at last, about eight o'clock, they determined to come to a halt, as they had gone fifteen miles. The tent was put up and the stove lighted, and after their usual supper they lay down and slept comfortably till morning.

The calm atmosphere was highly favourable, for though the cold became intense, and the mercury was always frozen in the thermometer, they found no difficulty in continuing their route, confirming the truth of Parry's assertion that any man suitably clad may walk abroad with impunity in the lowest temperature, provided there is no wind; while, on the other hand, the least breeze would make the skin smart acutely, and bring on violent headache, which would soon end in death.

On the 5th of March a peculiar phenomenon occurred. The sky was perfectly clear and glittering with stars, when suddenly snow began to fall thick and fast, though there was not a cloud in the heavens; and through the white flakes the constellations could be seen shining. This curious display lasted two hours, and ceased before the Doctor could arrive at any satisfactory conclusion as to its cause.

The moon had ended her last quarter, and complete darkness prevailed now for seventeen hours out of the twenty-four. The travellers had to fasten themselves together with a long rope to avoid getting separated, and it was all but impossible to pursue the right course.

Moreover, the brave fellows, in spite of their iron will, began to show signs of fatigue. Halts became more frequent, and yet every hour was precious, for the provisions were rapidly coming to an end.

Hatteras hardly knew what to think as day after day went on without apparent result, and he asked himself sometimes whether the *Porpoise* had any actual existence except in Altamont's fevered brain, and more than once the idea even came into his head that perhaps national hatred might have induced the American to drag them along with himself to certain death.

He told the Doctor his suppositions, who rejected them absolutely, and laid them down to the score of the unhappy rivalry that had arisen already between the two captains.

On the 14th of March, after sixteen days' march, the little party found themselves only yet in the 82° latitude. Their strength was exhausted, and they had a hundred miles more to go. To increase their sufferings, rations had to be still further reduced. Each man must be content with a fourth part to allow the dogs their full quantity.

Unfortunately they could not rely at all on their guns, for only seven charges of powder were left and six balls. They had fired at several hares and foxes on the road already, but unsuccessfully.

However, on the 15th, the Doctor was fortunate enough to surprise a seal, basking on the ice, and, after several shots, the animal was captured and killed.

Johnson soon had it skinned and cut in pieces, but it was so lean that it was worthless as food, unless its captors would drink the oil like the Esquimaux.

The Doctor was bold enough to make the attempt, but failed in spite of himself.

Next day several icebergs and hummocks were noticed on the horizon. Was this a sign that land was near, or was it some ice-field that had broken up? It was difficult to know what to surmise.

On arriving at the first of these hummocks, the travellers set to work to make a cave in it where they could rest more comfortably than in the tent, and after three hours persevering toil, were able to light their stove and lie down beside it to stretch their weary limbs.

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# A TALE OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

## (A PERSONAL ADVENTURE.)

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW (LATE) I.N.

### CHAPTER I.—THE CAVE OF DEATH.

IN the life of every human being there are some incidents, the narration of which would interest his fellow-mortals. When I walk along the streets of this crowded city of London, I often think how every man and woman one meets and brushes past, has locked up in his, or her, breast, certain strange passages that would engage the attention of the most listless inquirer, and, in some instances, would vie with and exceed the most thrilling tales of sensation novelists. If one could only get the key that opens the heart to the gaze of the "seekers after hidden knowledge;" but that can seldom be, and the secret, in most instances, dies with the possessor. Now, to ease the minds of my readers, I must state that I am not about to moralize, or to unfold a harrowing story "of most disastrous chances of moving accidents by flood and field," but to narrate a short experience of my naval life, which may, perhaps, prove interesting to those who take pleasure in a simple recital of facts having all the merit of truth, and which, at the same time, cannot be regarded as commonplace.

The Honourable Company's ship "Zanzibar" was, in the year of grace 185—, lying in Aden Harbour, and was under orders to proceed on a cruise along the coast of Arabia to the eastward, when the senior naval officer gave instructions to the commander to hold himself in readiness to sail instead for the African coast. This was in consequence of his receiving notice, from some friendly quarter, of a large native craft having been observed lying off a town on the seaboard, for the purpose of embarking a gang of slaves on their arrival from the interior. The senior officer at first proposed going himself in his ship, but, changing his mind, ordered the "Zanzibar" to undertake the duty.

It was an unhealthy time of the year, and two of the ship's lieutenants had been taken ill with fever, and were residing on shore at the Sanitarium. There was, therefore, only one officer of that rank on board the "Zanzibar," and the watches were kept by junior mates and midshipmen, and among the number I was fortunate enough to be selected. Proud I felt of the honour, although the position was a responsible one, with hard work and no emolument. Our captain did not make excuses on the ground of paucity of officers, for duty is the primary consideration in the navy, and was so with him. The next day we stood out of the harbour of Aden round Steamer Point, and, setting a crowd of sail, soon lost sight of the peninsula, and even of the lofty peak of Jibbel Shum-shum.

The "Zanzibar" was an old sloop-of-war, that had once done good service in the taking of Aden in 1839 (if I remember correctly), and elsewhere. She was a sailing vessel of

small tonnage, and a perfect marvel in respect of the minimum amount of very bad accommodation she afforded her officers and crew, which consisted of 120 souls all told.

When I think of the discomfort which we went through cheerfully, I wonder greatly, and opine that we middies were certainly "fearfully and wonderfully made." When twelve young fellows, all gentlemen "to the manner born," were supposed to exist in a dark den 12 feet by 10 (I am above the mark), and not only did so exist after a fashion, but made the matter a fertile subject for jests, when such was the case in our instance,—and is doubtless now in that of numerous "sucking Nelsons,"—there must be a mania among our youth for the sea that nothing can satisfy, and which it is useless to reason against. It is a noble madness that causes our English lads to spurn the comforts of home, and in an honourable profession to brave the perils and constant dangers of the "battle and the breeze;" long may the current with its dash of brine run freely through their veins! for while it does, "Britannia will still rule the waves," and the race that has bred a Blake and a Nelson will continue to flourish in "Old" and "Merry" England.

We were three weeks on the voyage before the "Zanzibar" reached the neighbourhood of the spot where we were given to understand the slaver lay. During the cruise the time was passed in the ordinary routine of drills and ship's duties. Every morning a division of seamen was exercised at great-gun drill, sometimes with blank cartridge, and sometimes with round shot; then there was the cutlass exercise and musket drill; and as some of our men were new hands, who had recently taken the bounty at Aden, or had run away from merchant ships, there was plenty to do in "knocking them into shape." Nothing particular occurred during the cruise to merit notice. We had a strong breeze, nearly amounting to a gale of wind, and were under double-reefed topsails for two days.

Then I had a good deal of my favourite sport while at sea, of spearing porpoises. At one time this was my hobby, and often when I had to keep the middle watch, from twelve till four a.m., have I been from eight o'clock in the evening till midnight, out on the "dolphin striker" (as the spar which is fixed in a downward direction from the bowsprit is called), and there, harpoon in hand, would remain waiting until luck favoured me with a shot at one of the fish. I was generally obliged to bide my time, and exercise all the patience at my command, as sometimes nothing could be seen of them for hours, and then, perhaps, a shoal of them would suddenly appear, and, after a few moments' sportive play under the bows, would as quickly make off at their utmost speed, jumping and diving until they disappeared in the distance.

The difficulty consisted in hauling the creatures on board after you had buried the harpoon into them, for they almost invariably managed to struggle off; and, what with their great weight and the resistance of the water as the ship ploughed her way at great speed (for I have remarked that it was when a fresh breeze was blowing that a shoal of these strange-looking fish usually make their appearance), it is very seldom a man is lucky enough in securing one on board. During the cruise, I only killed one out of about fifteen fish wounded by my harpoon, and he was cut up and devoured by the sailors. The flesh is very much like beef, but tough; and we found the steaks served at our mess indigestible, although that might be owing to the execrable cooking.

One evening, land was reported ahead, and we were all on the look-out to sight the slaver. Although it was several weeks since she first arrived to embark the wretched slaves, our informant had stated that they were not expected from the interior for a considerable time, and that even if we encountered adverse winds, and were thereby delayed in the passage, there was every probability of the native vessel being still at anchor where he had seen her. The "Zanzibar" was hove-to during the few hours that remained of the day, to avoid giving alarm by her appearance off the coast,

for a British man-of-war is looked upon with distrust and fear by all slavemongers; and to the guilty minds of the slaver's crew, her errand on that desolate shore could only be suggestive of pains and penalties.

When night had cast her veil of darkness over the sea, all sail was set on the sloop, and we stood in for the coast. There was an interpreter of the languages spoken in these localities on board, whom we had brought from Aden, and also a native, who had come to point out the exact spot where was last seen the expectant slave-ship, which he knew by the bearings of the land:—and that he had acted in good faith throughout, of which we previously had had some doubts, was proved by the fact that there, sure enough, lay a large native vessel—"grabs," as they call them. She was brig-rigged, and as dirty and forbidding-looking a craft as you could well see anywhere. When daylight broke, she was discovered lying close in shore at single anchor, and with her sails "bent." There was a small village on the coast, which otherwise looked wild and desolate. Nothing met the eye in every direction but vast plains of interminable sand, with hillocks here and there, also of sand; no trees to be seen, not even a shrub; all was arid, dry, and parched up with heat. The village was merely an assemblage of half-a-dozen miserable mud-huts, and so great was the monotony of the scene, that the eye rested with positive pleasure on the dirty, yellow-coloured "grab." It had once been washed white with "chunam," but had gradually assumed the tawny hue which characterized all around. No time was to be lost.

The ship was quickly anchored, all sail taken in and furled, and a couple of boats lowered down and manned. The crews were ordered into them with their arms, and the first lieutenant sent them off in charge of a mate and two midshipmen to overhaul the stranger, and seize her if any slaves were found in her hold, or if her fittings were those of a slave-ship. In about an hour's time the cutters were seen returning only half manned. The midshipman in charge of them, lay in the stern sheets, and was unable to climb up the ship's side, and had to be carried up. He had, it appeared, been overcome by a sudden attack of vomiting accompanied with giddiness, and the mate in charge of the party directed him to return. He reported that she was a slave-ship, and had all the fittings of one; but in her hold only fifteen slaves were found, all young and able-bodied. From inquiries through the interpreter, who had boarded her in company with him, the mate elicited some information to the effect that, in a few days, a body of 130 slaves were expected on the seaboard from some place inland, and the master of the vessel, who, now that his object was defeated, became extremely communicative, informed him, with a touch of malicious pleasure at the small capture we had made, that his ship had been going to embark the whole gang, and that now they would be taken elsewhere, and so escape our clutches. It was unfortunate, certainly, but yet we were gratified at having been instrumental in freeing even fifteen wretched human beings from life-long thraldom. The mate, therefore, took possession of the vessel, notwithstanding the scowls and gestures of rage of the master and the gang who manned her, and hoisted the British colours. They saw that resistance was utterly useless, and submitted to their "kismut," or fate, with ill grace.

At this juncture the mate was also suddenly taken so ill, that he had to leave the young midshipman in charge of the slaver, with a prize crew of ten men, and then returned to report the state of affairs and get medical attendance. The interpreter here informed the captain, that one of the slaves told him that four of their number had some time previously been taken sick with smallpox, and were carried on shore; but whether they had since recovered from the disease, or died from its effects, he was unable to say, as, of course, all information was withheld from them by their cruel captors. Our commander, on hearing this, determined to send a party on shore to find

out, if possible, the whereabouts and condition of these poor wretches. They might be in the land of the living, and in a sufficiently advanced state of convalescence to admit of their removal on board the brig, without spreading the infection among their late fellow-captives. I was accordingly ordered to prepare myself to proceed in charge of the party told off for this duty. The first cutter's and launch's crews were called away, and a few minutes after the whistle of the boatswain's pipe was heard, the men "laid into" their boats, with their cutlasses girt to their sides, and musket and bayonet stowed away under the "thwarts," and all ready for the start. I was not behindhand, but jumped into the stern sheets of the launch with my sword and revolver, which, by the by, I remember was a Baker's patent, a description of revolver I have not seen since those days. With a flask of sherry and water slung across the shoulder to complete my equipment, I was ready for the road.

There was a junior middy—a "youngster," as it is the fashion of the service to call the naval cadets—in charge of the cutter. We numbered altogether, including officers, twenty-eight persons, fourteen in each boat. All being now ready, the order was passed to shove off. At the word, "Let fall," "Give way," the oars were dropped simultaneously into the water, and away we dashed for the shore. The boats grounded on the beach after a twenty-one minutes' good pull, and the sailors waded through the water—the above-mentioned youngster and myself being carried to *terra firma* on the shoulders of some of our men. I left a man in each boat, and after seeing them carefully moored, and leaving instructions to the boatkeepers to look out for our return in the course of three or four hours, we formed four deep, and, shouldering our arms, marched off for the village, which was close by.

On our arrival here, I desired the interpreter to inquire for some one who could show us where the four slaves, after whom we were in search, were kept. We soon found a man who, for a very small consideration, consented to take us to the spot, but he said they were too ill to be moved. My orders were to see the men, and judge for myself; so, after settling all preliminaries as to remuneration, we prepared to set out, when the "outer barbarian," 'cute enough to pass for a Yankee, began to haggle about receiving the stipulated payment before he had fulfilled his part of the bargain. The force of this argument I did not see, and had to threaten a compulsory march into the interior, with the prospect of a sound bastinadoing to boot, before we could bring him to reason. At length we set out, and turned our backs on the sea. After descending the crest of a sand hill, we found ourselves fairly in the desert. Nothing met the eye but sand—arid, parched-up sand. The wind that was blowing carried with it grains of sand, which filled one's mouth, and tasted hot and gritty; again, impalpable atoms of sand were blown into the corners of one's eyes, and, besides this injury inflicted on the organ of vision, were calculated by no means to improve a man's temper. However, we made light of these discomforts, and, after an hour and a half's march, arrived at the spot where our guide informed us were lodged the sick negroes. All we could distinguish was a large rock; of this we did not take much notice, and, in fact, would most likely have passed it by without even an examination, had not the native drawn our attention to it. On walking to the other side of this object, I found that there was an opening to a cavern, but it was dark, and nothing could be seen beyond the mouth. The guide, on my angrily questioning him (for I thought he was playing off a practical joke at our expense), said this was always the receptacle for slaves who were unhappy enough to be seized with smallpox, while on the road towards the seaboard. I desired him, nevertheless, to lead the way inside. He strongly demurred at first, and begged me to excuse him; but, on seeing he had no option, prepared to enter.

It was pitch dark, and we had to go on our hands and knees. On entering the cave

we turned to the left, and there I found that the interior was dimly lighted. Dazzled by the brilliant sunlight, I could at first make nothing out; but at length my eyes became more accustomed to the yellow duskiness of the place, and I found myself in a tolerably large cave. One could just stand upright in the middle, but the full extent of the area was not discernible, as a single oil-lamp alone lit up a very small space, and the rest was shrouded in impenetrable gloom, made all the darker by the uncertain rays of the feeble wick, which sputtered with the current of air caused by our entrance. At my request another lamp (for there were two) was lit, and then I took a survey of the den.

As I turned round I found something at my foot, which gave forth a feeble groan. Startled by the sound, I bent down cautiously, lamp in hand, and gazed long at an object which at first I was totally unable to make out. Could this be a human being? As the discovery first dawned upon my mind, for the moment a sensation of sickness and disgust overcame me, but it quickly gave place to a feeling of pity. How can I describe the poor mass of humanity, which otherwise than by a gentle heaving of the chest gave forth no sign of life. I leant over the head of the sufferer, but could discern nothing human in the face—all trace of features seemed to be obliterated. Nothing more dismal was imagined by a Dante, or depicted by a Doré. Around lay the desert, with no human habitation near the cave; while the feeble spark which lit the interior of this den of horror, barely revealed the situation in all its hideousness, and throwing the distant nooks and corners into shadows, left fancy to picture other unseen terrors. It did not necessitate a very extravagant flight of imagination to people these parts with the apparitions of departed slaves, and to fancy a throng of sable ghosts were watching us from the gloom with fiery, albeit unearthly, eyes. When I raised myself again, I found lying close by the spot where I was kneeling three other bodies which might have been inanimate, but that occasionally was heard a groan of suffering or a deep-drawn sigh. They were all in the last stages of the most virulent smallpox, and a glance round the chamber was sufficient to satisfy me that not one of them could be moved. An agency mightier than any power of this world was about to claim them for His own, and to that bourne from whence no traveller returns they were quickly gliding; neither the slave-drivers who brought them to this pass, nor the slave emancipators who came to release them, were of any account in the presence of the dread Reaper, who, sickle in hand, was about to gather them in his everlasting garner.

And who, it will be asked, was in charge of these poor dying Africans? I was just about to put this question to our guide, when I heard a slight noise behind me, and, turning round, saw a negro advancing towards us from the thick darkness that hid the recesses of the cavern. He was a tall, powerful, healthy-looking man, and, when able to scan his features, I thought his expression of countenance intelligent, but sinister and morose withal. He "salaamed" to me with both hands, bending his head down, and informing me, through the interpreter, in broken language, that he was placed to look after the slaves, who were very ill, and had been getting worse ever since they were brought here. How could it be otherwise, with such a den for an hospital, and the total absence of medical aid and means of ventilation?

I felt inclined to rush out into the open air from this scene of abomination, but thought perhaps something might be done to relieve the sufferers. "There was plenty of water for them to drink," said this abnormal sort of nurse, and food, consisting chiefly of rice, with a few dates. What sustenance for men in this state! But, added he, "they will not eat anything." Alas! poor wretches, they were beyond eating or the physician's art, and the only wonder was how they yet lived. This man who attended to their wants did not appear indifferent or without sympathy for the sad position of his charges, for he spoke kindly of them, and began to tell me something

about each. I was too much overcome with nausea, for the air was foul and burdened with an insupportable odour, to endure this confinement any longer, so, asking him for the cup, I poured out some sherry, and placed the vessel to the lips of the sick men in succession. They all, with one exception, drank eagerly of the liquid, and seemed to wish for more. When my flask was nearly emptied, I prepared to leave, but the eager gestures of one of the slaves attracted my notice. I knelt down again, and pouring out the few drops that remained, placed it to his lips; but it was too late. As the dying African tried to lift his head, life ebbed rapidly; he sank back, and with a deep sigh, his spirit, freed from the long-continued anguish that had wracked his frame, fled from the body, diseased and disfigured so fearfully that his own mother, had she seen him there, would not have recognized the senseless clay before me as the remains of her son. The place was a charnel-house, and I rose quickly, and retreating from this Cave of Despair, sought, in the glorious sunlight and under the open canopy of heaven, to recover my self. The attendant followed me, and I desired him immediately to drag out the dead body of the slave, so that it should not pollute the air where lay the other sufferers.

When we were standing together outside, I questioned him as to where he drew his supplies for himself and his charges. He stated that he never left the accursed spot, but that there was a village about two miles distant, and once a day provisions and water were brought from thence for his sustenance and that of the poor sick slaves. At first, this strange creature did not seem to be communicative, but kind words and a present of a few hard biscuits, which some of the sailors happened to have brought with them, and which must have afforded a grateful change to his daily fare of rice and a handful of dates, mollified him, and the morose expression of countenance, of which I have before spoken, gave place to a more contented and amiable look. He evidently regarded our guide with suspicion, for he continually cast glances of mingled hate and distrust towards him, and I thought his conduct altogether that of a man whose mind was undecided on some point. The interpreter called my attention to this peculiarity of manner, and said he was mad.

Nothing could be done as to bringing the Africans off to the ship; so, sick at heart at what I had witnessed, and burning with indignation at the revolting place where they were confined, to rot out the remaining hours of their wretched existence, I formed my party of men in marching order, and prepared to return on board the "Zanzibar." The negro saw us start, and stood there with folded arms and with eyes eagerly watching our departure. When we had left, I observed him walking quickly up and down before the mouth of the cave, with his head thrown down as if buried in thought. We had placed about half a mile between us, when, attracted by an exclamation of the interpreter, I turned quickly round, and saw the negro running towards us, gesticulating and shouting to draw our attention. I halted my men, and waited till he came up, when in a hurried manner, but without any trace of his former indecision, he besought me, as soon as he recovered his voice, to return with him, as he had to communicate a matter of great importance, which would oblige us to go back to his post. The man was so earnest, and the change from the previous uncertainty that characterized him was so marked, that I at once acceded to his request, and we trudged back.

On our arrival at the rock, he desired me to sit down and rest myself, and he would communicate a piece of information that would repay me for the trouble I had been put to, and also reward me for my kindness to him. I asked him to lose no time, and to say what he wished in as few words as possible. Addressing me through the interpreter, he said, with a shudder, that his own history was a dreadful one, that he had been a slave for some years, and had suffere every species of torture and indignity. Here his eyes sparkled with the ferocity of a wild

beast as he glanced towards our guide, who looked uncomfortable, and sidled up to me as if for protection.

I subsequently had the whole story from his lips, and it was as painful a narrative as one could well imagine, but is too long to be given here. He, however, had been placed in that cave to attend to all slaves taken ill with smallpox, and who, when beyond hope of recovery, were always consigned to his care.

He spoke of the hundreds and hundreds of poor wretches who were brought here to die, for die they must, once they entered the portal of that Gólgotha. The burning words in which he recited the sufferings, and the tragic picture he drew of the relentless fate that dogged, as it were, the footsteps of these unhappy slaves, reminded me of the awful inscription placed over the gates of Hades, in Dante's "Inferno," "Leave all hope behind, ye who enter here." Of the multitudes who had passed into this pit, three only had left it alive. Harrowing was the narrative he poured into our attentive ears, in a voice that rose and fell with varied emotions—now heightened into frenzy, then broken into hoarse whispers as he recounted the full measure of his wrongs: how once his dearly-loved and only brother was brought to the threshold of the cave, and, unrecognized by him, was carried in to die among the others, a nameless crowd, though all had hearts to suffer and souls to be saved. How at first he knew him not, so dire were the ravages of disease, till addressed by name, and then gathered from his lips, n accents feeble and broken, how he had been borne from home and his aged mother's arms, and beaten and starved as he journed over the trackless desert, a path watered by his tears and stained by his blood, until at length he was seized with the disease, which consigned him to the hands of his brother. Finally, within two hours of his arrival, death released his soul from the poor shattered body. The King of Terrors was alone merciful, where no man showed compunction or remorse.

All this, and much more, did the unhappy man relate in a voice at times inaudible with sobs wrung from his very heart, expatiating on the fact of his lost brother being his mother's only hope and pride, for she was a widow, and had been bereft of her other children, and dwelling on his youth, amiability of disposition, and beauty. Two years had he passed in this dreadful occupation, and now, said he, if we would take him back to the "Zanzibar," he would impart to us in return a secret that would repay us. I then asked him how we were to manage about the sick slaves; they must be cared for, and could not be moved. After a little thought, he jumped up, saying an idea had entered his head which would meet that difficulty. The native who always brought his daily food had not yet arrived, and was past his time. We must secure him on his arrival, and take him into the cavern; and, as he was a slave like himself, he would for a dollar or two willingly fulfil his duties, for the mere fact of his having had personal contact with the diseased negroes would prevent the tribe from allowing him ever to return in their midst. This plan seemed feasible, so I concealed all the sailors on the side of the rock opposite to the direction from whence would come the messenger, and awaited his arrival. Anything was a relief, after the scene in the interior of that grave of the living, and the narrative just concluded; and meantime, the negro busied himself attending to his charges.

We had not long to wait, for soon over the crest of a hillock of sand was seen approaching the unsuspecting native; he was seized by the sailors, and informed that he could not return, as his services would be required to look after the sick. He attempted no resistance, but quietly submitted; and afterwards owned that he was glad of the change, anything was better than the life he led of hard drudgery and constant ill-usage. Now, at all events, he would have little to do—the Elysium of the slave; and no man would care to lay his hand on him. Our guide agreed (again for a

consideration) to inform his compatriot of the situation of affairs, and then I turned to the quondam hospital attendant, and said I was ready to hear the important information he had promised to impart; but no time must be lost, as it was near noon, and his engrossing narrative had already occupied too much valuable space. He then proceeded to disclose the secret of which he had spoken, and which was as follows.

*To be continued.*

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# THE LOST RIFLE; OR, SCHOOLBOY FACTION.

## A SECOND TALE OF NETHERCOURT.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

### CHAPTER I.—LAMBOURNE CHASE.

"HURRAH for the Picts!" shouted Philips; as he and some other of the juniors stood watching the practice of the first-class boys in the rifle-ground at Nethercourt. "There goes another centre for Paget. A Pict will win the belt after all, and the Scots will be nowhere."

"Take you an even tizzy a Scot wins it," cried Utterton, another boy of the same age. "The Picts have got it all their own way to-day, because the Chief hasn't come out yet. When he makes his appearance, he'll take the shine out of your friends, I expect."

"You are a 'false Scot,'" said Benson. "Campbell wouldn't have a chance with any of our best men, if it wasn't for that new rifle of his, which is at least twice as good as any belonging to the other fellows."

"As to my being a 'false Scot,' I had rather be that than 'a savage Pict,' any how," retorted Utterton. "I beg further to remark that Huntley and Cartwright say Campbell's shooting depends very little on his rifle, and they ought to know. I heard them saying so only a day or two ago."

"Yes," added Slade; "and Campbell himself declared he could shoot almost as well with his old rifle—after a little practice with it, that is!"

"Campbell is a Scot of Scots," rejoined Benson; "you know what the character of the Campbells was according to Sir Walter Scott—'Fair and false,' they were always called. The Chief's plausible enough, no doubt. No one *seems* fairer."

"Hold hard, Phil, you are coming it rather too strong now," interrupted Utterton; "you know well enough that there isn't a fairer or more honourable fellow in the school than Campbell."

"Humph," said Benson; "well, perhaps; but that doesn't make his rifle fair, does it?"

"His rifle," repeated Tom Hall a dull, heavy, but good-humoured lad, the continual butt of Benson and Philips; "well, but what prevents the Picts from having as good rifles as Campbell?"

"Only the circumstance of their not having the tin to pay for them, or a jolly rich old uncle, as Campbell has, to make them a present of 'em," returned Benson. "But at present the matches are almost a farce. It's like riding a race on a carthorse against a thoroughbred. I wonder our leaders don't try to put a stop to it!"

"Your leaders *have* tried," said Richardson; "there was a meeting of the first-class last night about it. The Picts insisted that Campbell should carry weight, as the winners of the belt in former years do. It came to a vote, after a regular blow up; but there were only three for it—Marshall, Walters, and Lane. Paget, they say, didn't vote."

"I heard that," said Hall; "but they said also that the Chief was angry with Paget, for something he said, or did; or perhaps it was

something he didn't say or do. I don't know what it was."

"And it doesn't much signify what it was, Tom," said Benson, with a laugh. "Nothing that Paget can do now pleases Campbell."

"And nothing that Campbell can do pleases Paget," retorted Slade. "So they are even there. The truth is, they have never been really friends, since the row last half about the Chiefship."

"You're about right," said Philips; "Paget this half has taken up with Walters and Marshall, instead of Campbell; and a good exchange too, I say."

"About as good an exchange as two bad sixpences would be for a good shilling," retorted Utterton. "And, mind you, Campbell has his friends too—Huntley and Cartwright, and Lightfoot. He doesn't seem to dislike the bargain either."

"Every one to his taste," said Benson. "If he is satisfied, I suppose everybody is; only he must be very easily pleased—that is all I can say."

"Every one isn't satisfied," observed Richardson; "Dick Irving isn't. He was complaining the other day that there was nothing but wrangling going on in the school now. If matters were to go on in this way, there would be a regular row before the half was nearly over, he said, and he wished Lane had been at Jericho before he invented those party names of 'Picts' and 'Scots.'"

"I didn't know that he had invented them," said Burns.

"Oh yes, it was Jerry," said Richardson. "He was talking about Campbell and his set, and he called them 'the Campbells' first, and then 'the Scots'—because Huntley also is a Scotch name, I suppose. Huntley retorted that Jerry and *his* friends might as well be called 'Picts,' as they 'Scots.' Jerry answered that he thought it would suit very well, as his party was a particularly select one. The fellows were a good deal amused, and the names have been kept up ever since. Everyone uses them now."

The readers of the "Chief of the School" will not have recognized any of their old friends in the above conversation. Five or six years indeed have passed since Glover's election to the Chiefship, and Glover himself is reading law in his chambers at Lincoln's Inn. The present leaders of the school can only just remember the first-class of the former tale, Paget and Campbell having come to Nethercourt in the first half of Glover's Chiefship. They had been fast friends, not only during their school life at Nethercourt, but for some months previously. Campbell was an orphan—the nephew of a rich baronet, Sir George Lambourne of Lambourne Chase. He had latterly been brought up by his uncle, to whose care he was committed when he was about eleven years old. The boy, who had lost his mother when he was quite young, and had seen little of his father, by whom he was chiefly left to the care of servants, found but little to regret in his removal from a colonial garrison town to his uncle's house. The fresh air and lovely scenery of the Chase were a pleasant contrast to the wooden houses and bare beach of G——, and the baronet's luxurious table and well-appointed household, a decided improvement on the scanty fare and narrow quarters to which the boy had been accustomed.

The change would have been delightful, if he could only have found a few suitable companions. But these Lambourne Chase did not supply. His uncle was a widower, often absent from home, or filling his house with company, who took but little notice of Archie. The only lad who would have been a suitable playfellow for him was the son of the vicar of the parish, the Rev. Mr. Paget. During Lady Lambourne's lifetime there had been considerable intimacy between the families. But an unhappy squabble respecting the reseating of the chancel, and the cutting down of the Squire's pew—that nineteenth century bone of contention, round which so many pitched parochial battles have been fought—had caused a coolness between Sir George and the Vicar. The latter was a zealous Churchman, in whose eyes a pew was an abominable thing, the

baronet was a red-hot Tory, to whom it was a venerable relic of the past. The question was raised at vestry meetings, at which the Squire's star was in the ascendant, and carried on through a lengthened correspondence, wherein the parson was judged to have the best of it. At last it came to angry epithets, and ended in a dead cut between the families. Fred Paget was positively forbidden by his father to enter the grounds of Lambourne Chase any more; and the servants warned young Campbell to abstain from going near the vicarage, or he would certainly draw down his uncle's wrath upon him.

It was the height of summer when Archie arrived; and for some weeks he found plenty of employment in exploring the depths of the deer-park, or rowing on the lake, which was situated at one extremity of it. On these occasions he was generally accompanied by Steve Lawrence, the most good-natured of the keepers, with whom he had struck up a close friendship. But, when the autumn came on, it chanced that the weather was rainy for several weeks, and a violent cold, which he caught one day, confined him for two or three weeks to the house. When the doctor again gave him leave to resume his out-door amusements, he went straightway in search of his friend, intending to ask him to take him with him on a shooting expedition, or accompany him to the fishing temple on the lake. The day was beautifully fine for the purpose, but the fates were not otherwise propitious. His uncle had been away for several days, and had not yet returned, though expected every hour. Not only Steve Lawrence, but nearly all the other keepers, were away at Lambourne, having to give evidence about a poaching case before the Court of Quarter Sessions. The only one, in fact, who had been left behind, was old Jasper Martin, a sour and crabbed old fellow, whose company Archie carefully eschewed, as being even less agreeable than no company at all. The whole place seemed for the time utterly deserted. Archie lounged about the gardens and stable-yard, until he got so moped that he resolved to try whether he could not reach the fishing island without help. He had only once or twice attempted to row, and did not feel himself able to manage the boat alone. But the distance from the shore to the island was not great, and he might surely contrive to paddle across. He fetched his fishing-rod from the house, and went into the yard for the can of bait, which he luckily found well supplied.

Thus armed, he took the nearest path to the lake, which ran first along a woody lane, and then through a portion of the deer-park. He was just opening the gate leading into the lane, when he heard the voice of Jasper calling after him. The old man had caught a glimpse of him from the further end of the stable-yard, and now shouted to him to come back. But Archie did not choose to hear him. Reflecting that the old man was fortunately lame from rheumatism, and would be unable to overtake him, he took to his heels, and was soon out of sight and hearing. He found the gate leading into the park closed and padlocked, and was obliged to clamber over it. This, however, caused him but little trouble, and he stepped along at a brisk pace, humming a tune which he had picked up from Lawrence.

"I say, is your name Campbell? Are you the Squire's nephew, that has lately come to the Chase?" said a voice just above his head.

Archie looked up in surprise. A lad about his own age was looking over a wall which skirted the park at that point of it. He had a bow in one hand, and an arm-guard braced on his wrist, and was looking wistfully at an arrow which was lodged in the turf a few yards from the wall. Archie liked his looks very much.

"Yes," he answered, "my name is Campbell, and my uncle is Sir George Lambourne."

"Hand us up that arrow, won't you? I ain't allowed to come down and fetch it."

Archie complied, though somewhat surprised. "Why ain't you allowed?" he

asked. "You are the the parson's son, ain't you?"

"Yes," said the lad; "my name is Fred Paget, and I am the Vicar's son, and that is just it, you see. My governor has had a blow-up with your uncle about something or other—about those great boxes in the church, I believe; and he has forbidden me to go into the park as I used to. It is a great bore, and that is all I know about it."

"And that is more than I do," returned Campbell. "But anyway I don't see that it concerns you or me."

"Not a bit," said the other. "I say, will you come in here, and shoot a match with a bow and arrow, or play at cricket, or



"The buck had, indeed, now advanced within a few paces, and had halted, but evidently still violently enraged." (See page 27.)

something? You have not been forbidden to come here, you know."

"No; and you have not been forbidden by my uncle to go into the park," said Archie. "I am going to fish off the Herne's Island, and he has given me leave to take in any friends I like. Won't you come too? I shouldn't think your father would object if he knew that."

"Perhaps he mightn't," said Paget, looking wistfully at the fishing-rod; for he was particularly fond of the sport, from which he had been a long time debarred. "He is out now; but I don't think he would make

a row about it. If you will just wait a minute, I will fetch my rod and come with you."

He presently reappeared; and the boys, threading their way among the trees of the park, soon reached the boathouse, and launched the boat on the lake.

"Where are the deer, I wonder?" observed Paget, looking around him as they put out from the shore. "They are generally about this side of the park in the early part of the day."

"They are all down in the furthest corner of the Chase, yonder," said Archie. "I heard them making no end of a row as I came through the shrubbery walk."

"Ah, they get among the shade of the trees, when the sun is as hot as it is to-day," said his companion. "I say, Archie, have you ever been at school?"

"No," said Campbell, "I have always lived at home."

"You don't mean that!" exclaimed Paget, somewhat contemptuously. "Fancy never having been at school! Then you can't play cricket or football, I suppose?"

"Never played at either in my life," replied the other, no way discomposed at the tone which his companion had assumed.

"Can't you play at any games?" inquired Paget.

"I can bowl a hoop, and play draughts and beggar-my-neighbour," was the answer.

Paget gave a short whistle, intimating that he feared his new chum was a muff. But he resolved to inquire further before making up his mind on this point.

"Do you go out with the keepers? I should, I know, if I were you."

"No, I have never been out," said Campbell. "I never fired off a gun, you see; and my uncle thought it wouldn't be safe for me to go out, till I had learned a little about it."

"Well, I suppose you are a pretty good hand at birdnesting, anyhow," said Paget. "There is prime fun of that sort in the Chase, and it was just the season when you first came down here."

"I daresay I should like it," returned Archie; "but I must learn to climb first."

Paget desisted in despair. It would be impossible to make anything of a fellow like this. "You should get your uncle to send you to Nethercourt," he said, a quarter of an hour afterwards, when they were comfortably seated under the pleasant shelter of the fishing temple; "you would pick up a thing or two there."

"What is Nethercourt?"

"It's a school," said Paget, "about fifty or sixty miles from here, and there are some proper big fellows at it, I can tell you. Why, some of them are quite grown up, and can shoot with a rifle, no end; and can play cricket well enough to challenge the county clubs. Dr. Glanville is the headmaster, and he is an awful swell at Latin and Greek, and all that sort of thing; and they are tremendous fellows to fight too. I heard there was a row there last half with some of the townspeople, and the fellows at Nethercourt gave them no end of a thrashing."

"Are you at Nethercourt yourself?" inquired Archie, to all appearance no way dazzled at the recital of these brilliant achievements.

"I am to go there after Christmas," said Paget. "I was to have gone this autumn, but there was no vacancy. The school is so greatly in request, you see. My father took me away from the Grammar School at Lambourne last June. I had got too old for it, he said, and he was disappointed that Dr. Glanville couldn't take me at once."

"I think my uncle means to have a private tutor for me at home," said Archie.

"Private tutor!" repeated Paget, contemptuously. "Fancy that. I should not like a private tutor at all; that would be like a girl with a governess."

"I think you are a little mistaken about that," observed Campbell. I know the Duke of Haverton's son, Lord Mounteney; *he* had a private tutor. The Duke's seat was near Lanworth, where I was staying for a week or two before I came here, and I

used to see Lord Mounteney and his tutor riding out together."

"I dare say," returned the other. "Dukes' sons are often awful muffs, not fit to go to any big school. I should ask my uncle, if I were you, to send me to Nethercourt in the spring. You would soon pick up things there."

"I think it is about time that we go home," said Archie, who, in spite of the calmness of his temper, was growing affronted at the tone assumed by his companion. "The fish won't bite to-day; I don't think we have got quite the right bait. We had better come some other time, when Steve Lawrence can go with us."

The boys accordingly unjointed their rods, and, re-entering the boat, rowed back to the boat-house. Having made all secure there, they resumed their way homeward by the same path which they had pursued a couple of hours before. They were about half-way across the park, walking in silence, for neither of them were inclined to renew the conversation, when suddenly Campbell caught his companion's arm.

"I say," he exclaimed, "do you hear that row? and, look there, what is the matter with that buck?"

He pointed to a group of trees about a hundred yards distant. One of the largest bucks had just issued from it, tossing his horns and bellowing, as though something had excited his fury.

"I say," cried Paget, "this won't do. These fellows are dangerous when they make that sort of row. I remember now. There was a fellow gored two years ago, just about this time of the year."

"We had better run for it, hadn't we?" said Campbell.

"If he saw us he would give chase, and catch us before we could reach the park palings," said his companion. "We had better climb into a tree, and wait there till we can hail one of the keepers. Oh, I forgot though, you can't climb."

"No; I could not climb one of these at all events," said Archie, looking up at the smooth boles above him. "But ook here, you can climb one of them, and I will take my chance of reaching the gate there. If I get home safe, I will send one of the keepers."

"I say, I am not going to stand that," said Paget. "We will share and share alike. We had better slip along under cover of those shrubs; they are a good bit nearer the palings. Perhaps the buck won't see us; and even if he does, I don't think he would catch us, so far off as he is now."

They crept into the thicket accordingly, and moved cautiously along under its cover until they reached the furthest point of shelter. There now intervened between them and the nearest point of safety a stretch of open turf, of about two hundred yards. Here they again paused; it was only too plain that the animal had seen them. He continued to advance, stamping, and tearing up the ground with his horns, evidently bent on mischief.

"We had best make a start at once," said Paget. "Leave our fishing-rods and baskets in the boughs of this bay here, the brutes can't get at them there, and then be off."

"All right," said Campbell. "When you are ready, I am."

"Off, then," said Paget.

The two lads emerged from their cover, and made for the gate at the top of their speed. The buck saw them instantly, and dashed after them; but Paget had been right about the distance. The animal was too far off to catch them. They had accomplished four-fifths of the distance, and he was still fifty yards oft. In another minute they would have been safe, when Paget in his haste trod upon a loose stone, and came headlong to the ground, spraining his ancle so severely that he was unable to regain his legs.

"Hallo! are you hurt?" exclaimed Archie, stopping short, as he noticed his companion's ineffectual attempts to rise.

"Yes," said the other, faintly, "a good deal hurt. I'm afraid I can't move my foot. You had better run for it, or the brute will be down on you, too."

"I am not going to run and leave you

here," exclaimed Archie, indignantly. "Give us your hand, and I will see if I can't lift you up. Try if you can't hop along on one leg to the gate, while I stay behind and face him. I know I have heard that no animal will run at a man as long as he looks him full in the face, and anyhow this fellow hasn't run at me yet."

The buck had, indeed, now advanced within a few paces, and had halted, but was evidently still violently enraged. He stamped and ploughed up the ground with his horns, occasionally giving vent to his peculiar bellow. Paget made an effort to comply with his companion's suggestion, but the pain was too great to allow him to move, and he sank back on the turf with a low groan as helpless as ever.

Archie felt himself to be in a terrible strait. He was afraid to shout aloud for help, lest he should attract the attention of the other leaders of the herd. He did not even venture to turn his head, for fear of releasing the animal from the fascination which alone kept it back. The keepers, he knew, were not likely to return till later in the afternoon, and the chances of anyone else passing that way were very small. And now the hoarse roarings were answered by those of the other bucks, who came slowly trotting up, though still a long way off. The lad gave himself up for lost. He might hold one antagonist at bay by keeping his eye fixed stedfastly on him, but he could not in the same manner check the advance of the whole herd. For a moment it occurred to him, that, though it would be impossible for him to save his friend, he might himself reach the gate in safety; but the sight of Paget's pale features and helpless figure nerved him to stand his ground. The same chivalrous spirit which had prompted his father in the late Indian war to defend a rude earthwork for three hours, with only a few men to help him, against the advancing Sepoys, and so secure the retreat of the women and children, was now glowing in the bosom of his son. Come what might of it, he would not desert Paget. He caught up a long straight stick which happened to be lying close at hand, and striding across his friend's prostrate body presented it like a spear at the advancing enemy. At this moment there came a whistle from the shrubs which skirted the park wall.

"Steady, sir, don't move again," said a low voice, "I am just going to fire."

The crack of a rifle was heard, and the buck, which had at that moment begun its charge, sprang high into the air, and fell dead upon the turf. The rest of the herd, scared at the shot, turned short round, and bounded rapidly away.

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## Chapter II.

### Early School-days.

"A good shot, and just in time," exclaimed a voice, as two men sprang over the gate, and advanced towards the boys. "It is a good job that your nerves are pretty steady, Lawrence. If your bullet had gone an inch or two astray, it would have been all over by this time with one of them, if not with both. Archie, my boy, what induced you and your companion to venture into the deer-park at this season? Didn't you see the gate fastened up? Didn't the keepers tell you that the deer are dangerous just now?"

"I am very sorry, uncle," said Archie, roused by the sound of Sir George's voice. "The keepers are not in fault. I haven't seen Lawrence for a long time, so he could not tell me; and Jasper Martin did call after me this morning—I suppose to warn me not to go into the park, but I didn't stop to listen to him. I thought the gate was fastened up to keep trespassers out."

"Well, any way you have learnt all about it now, and, I suppose, are not likely to forget the lesson in a hurry; no, nor Master Fred here either, for the matter of that. He has come off the worst of the two."

"*He've* been warned any way against coming in here," said old Jasper Martin, who, accompanied by one of the grooms, had just come up, attracted by the sound of the shot. "I told him myself."

"Oh, but it wasn't his fault," broke in Archie, eagerly. "I asked him in, and told him you would allow me to take any friend to fish with me off the Herne's Island. You said I might, you know, uncle, that day when the Pooles came over. Fred wouldn't come in until I told him so. It wasn't his fault, I assure you."

"All right, my lad," said the Baronet, cheerily. "I heard what passed between you and him, when he got his tumble. Luckily for you, I was just passing up the lane, and fell in with Lawrence; when we heard the buck, and saw you run. I overheard Fred tell you to try and save yourself, and leave him to take his chance, like a brave lad as he is; and I heard you say you wouldn't leave him, like another brave lad, as I am glad to think you are—your father's own boy. But we must get you home, Fred," he continued, addressing young Paget, who still lay helpless on the ground. "Are you better?" he added, as Fred opened his eyes, and looked round him in surprise. "Do you think you can walk, or must we carry you?"

"I think I can walk, sir," said Paget, as he scrambled up with the help of Lawrence's hand. "No I can't, though," he added immediately afterwards; "I am afraid I must have put my ancle out."

"I was afraid you had," said Sir George "from the position in which your foot was lying. Well, never mind, we can carry you between us easily enough. Take the gate there off its hinges and lay him on it, and each of us four will take a corner. Archie, run on, and ring the bell of the Vicarage gate."

In this fashion they soon reached Mr. Paget's house, where the patient was consigned to his bed; the good-natured Baronet volunteering to give a full explanation of the accident, and expressing in warm terms his admiration of the boy's behaviour—utterly oblivious, to all appearance, of pews, and altar-cloths, and flowers, and all other elements of parochial strife, whereby the ordinary repose of Lambourne had been sorely disturbed during the last few months. Mr. Paget himself, a somewhat hasty and opinionated man, but who thoroughly understood and appreciated his Squire's character, listened graciously, and returned his warm thanks for his son's rescue. The two parted half an hour afterwards the best friends in the world—the parson having first agreed to dine at the Park, and partake of a haunch of the unlucky animal that had nearly caused so terrible a disaster.

The injury to Fred Paget's ancle proved to be nothing worse than a severe sprain, which the surgeon's treatment, and a month's confinement to the house, set all right again. The parish generally considered the accident to have been a most fortunate occurrence; and it may be doubted whether Mr. Paget himself, when his first anxiety about his son was over, did not view the matter in the same light. It had acted like a sudden storm, dispersing the noxious mists and vapours which had darkened the parochial horizon. Peace was solemnly made over the carcase of the offending buck; and Sir George, who never did things by halves, would not be satisfied without having young Fred Paget continually up at the Great House, as soon as he was declared convalescent. The two boys soon became inseparable companions. Fred Paget, it need not be said, had entirely discarded the idea which he had at first been disposed to entertain—that Archie Campbell was something of a muff. Aided hy his instructions, and those of Steve Lawrence and the head-groom, Archie soon learned how to climb trees and play cricket, how to handle the gun and the rod, and sit his pony in the hunting-field. The two boys had a glorious autumn and winter of it—fishing, shooting, riding, and skating—until Mr. Paget at last was obliged to interfere, and insist upon it that his son should be kept steady at his lessons, until luncheon time at the least. The Baronet acquiesced in this, but suggested that Mr. Paget should take charge of Archie's education also; which, he observed, he could easily enough do, as the age and proficiency of the two boys were very nearly the same.

"I have no objection to do that," answered

the Vicar, "but the arrangement cannot be for very long, as Frederick is to go to school in January next."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Baronet; "I did not know that. I tell you what, Paget, I'll send Archie to the same school that your boy is going to. I had some idea of getting him a tutor at home. But I should like him particularly to keep up his friendship with Fred."

"You are very good," said Mr. Paget; "I should wish that too; but I am afraid there will be some difficulty in getting admission for your nephew next half year at Nethercourt. It is a school very much sought after, and it is necessary to have your son's name down a long time before."

"Nethercourt," repeated Sir George—"where's that? Not Nethercourt, near Dulworth in ——shire, to be sure?"

"That's the place," replied the clergyman; "do you know it?"

"To be sure I do. Why, my old friend and messmate in the 'Galatea,' thirty years ago, Ned Wortley, lives close to it. And I remember now, he *was* talking of Dr. Glanville, the last time he was at the Chase. He's the best-tempered fellow living, is Ned, and will be sure to manage this for me. I'll write to him by to-day's post."

Sir George wrote accordingly; and soon afterwards there came a letter, which justified the Baronet's eulogium of his friend. The Captain had seen Dr. Glanville, who, at his urgent personal request, had consented to receive young Campbell, though he would be obliged to take him temporarily into his own house in order to do so. The Baronet was delighted at the success of his application, and the two boys became more constant companions than ever, passing their mornings in Mr. Paget's study, and their afternoons in the saddle, or on the lake, to their own great contentment—until at last the Christmas holidays came to an end, and they made their *début* together at Nethercourt.

It does not always happen that boys who have been very intimate at home, retain the same exclusive regard for one another when transferred to the more stirring arena of school life. Differences of taste are developed in the new atmosphere, which had not shown themselves before; and more attractive acquaintances are apt to engage the attention of each. This was not found to be the case—not for a long time, at all events—with the two heroes of the present story. There was enough similarity between them to create mutual liking, and enough difference to keep it alive. Both were honest, courageous, and resolute; but Paget was hasty, hot-tempered, and open-hearted; his friend cool, wary, and reserved. Frederick was a general favourite with his schoolfellows; Archie with the masters—as well as with some few of the quieter boys, who followed his lead in all things. Though very nearly equal in ability and knowledge, there was no rivalry between them. They learnt their lessons together, as had been their wont at Lambourne, and stood next to one another in Mr. Phelps' class—Paget being generally first, and Campbell second; though occasionally this order would be reversed. Out of school they were so constantly seen in each other's society, that for a long time they were known by the names of Damon and Pythias, sobriquets of which neither complained. Not long after their arrival at Nethercourt, a circumstance occurred, which cemented still more warmly the friendship between them.

Among the boys belonging to the class in which they were placed, were two or three who had been a twelvemonth in the school at the time of their arrival, and had already begun to be noted among the juniors for pre-eminence in mischief and daring. Their names were Jones, Marshall, and Walters—the two last-named boys being a perpetual source of annoyance to the ushers. Among the various amusements wherein they and their associates were wont to take delight, was the worrying of old Tom Dunning, the Doctor's gardener; who, as he grew in years and infirmities, grew also more crabbed and cantankerous. But he had suffered so many outrages from successive generations of Dr. Glanville's pupils,

that he had ceased to prefer complaints to the masters, chiefly from a conviction of their utter uselessness, and contented himself with growling at his youthful antagonists—to adopt Marshall's simile, like a toothless old terrier at a rat-hunt. One day, a few weeks after the commencement of the half-year, the younger boys chanced to light on a basket of potatoes, which he intended to cut up that afternoon for planting, but had inadvertently left in a corner of the potato-ground when he went to his dinner. With a shout of transport the boys seized on their prey.

"Hurrah!" shouted Walters; "fancy old Tom's having been flat enough to leave these here! Now, then, the next thing will be to make a fire in the corner under the Rifle-shed, and roast them."

"Done with you," shouted Marshall; "we can get a heap of wood from the back yard. There was a whole lot came in yesterday, and it has been stacked so high, that we can reach it easily enough over the wall on the other side."

"That is well thought of," said Jones, "and the wind is away from the house, so that no one will smell the smoke. Come along, let us lose no time, or old Tom will be back. Here, you Huntley, run and get a lot of paper and a box of lucifers, and bring them to the corner of the shed in the Rifle-ground."

Huntley ran off, as pleased and excited as his companions. "You two," continued Jones, "Paget and Lane, can get the wood. If you put one of the garden seats against the wall, and stand on the top, you can reach it without being seen from the house. I suppose we had best not take the whole lot of potatoes, had we? even Tom might make a row about that."

"No," said Marshall; "there would be no good in taking more than we shall want to eat. I suppose if we allow three apiece, that will be enough, won't it?"

"As much as I shall eat, any way," said Walters.

"Or I either," said Jones; "that is, if they are pretty good big ones."

"Very well," said Marshall; "how many are there of us? You, I, Walters, Cartwright, the three that have gone to get the wood and matches, and this new fellow, Campbell—that's eight. Let us pick out two dozen good ones. Old Dunning won't be sure that any have been taken, if we leave the rest."

"You needn't take any for me," said Campbell, quietly; "I [don't wish to have anything to do with this."

"Hallo! what now?" exclaimed Jack Marshall, turning round, and facing the speaker. "Don't you like roasted potatoes, hey?"

"I don't like taking other people's property," said Archie, drily.

"Oh, indeed!" exclaimed Marshall, with a short laugh; "you are a virtuous and innocent young man, ain't you—keep your hands from picking and stealing, and all the rest of it, hey?"

"Certainly," said Archie; "I have not been used to do either."

"Well, then," said Jones, "you had better clear off, I think, and leave the company of the wicked."

Campbell complied without demur. He walked off towards the school.

"But, I say, young un," shouted Jack Marshall after him; "you had best not go and blab about this; or you will find that we can use our hands for other purposes, besides those of picking and stealing."

Campbell took no notice of this threat, unless a look of contemptuous surprise could be so regarded, but continued his walk towards the school-room door.

"A proper stuck-up chap that," remarked Jones, as he dropped the last potato of his selection into his pocket. "Something new that for a fellow who hasn't been at Nethercourt a month."

"He'd be all the better for a little taking down, I expect," said Marshall. "These new fellows are getting terribly cheeky."

"You're about right, Jack," said Walters; "there's that other new chap, who's always about with Campbell, what's his name? Paget—he's not so cocky as his friend, but

he's considerably stuck-up too. He'd be none the worse for a handsome setting down either. Why don't you take them in hand, Jack?"

"I?" said Marshall, with the kind of disdain, which an experienced swordsman might feel for a raw tyro who had never ever handled the foils. "It would be rather too much trouble to do that. They are not worth pitching into."

"Make them pitch into one another," suggested Jones; "that would save all bother, and kill two birds with one stone."

"Not a bad idea, Jones," said Walters; "only it wouldn't fit. They know one another at home, and always swear by each other. You couldn't get them to do it."

"Couldn't we?" said Marshall; "I'll lay you an even bob I make them fight."

"Done," said Walter; "I don't think you'll manage it, and if you do I would willingly pay a bob any day to see a turn-up between them."

"Very well," said Marshall, "you shall see it to-morrow. Only remember, all you fellows, that you must back me up properly, or I mayn't be able to contrive it."

The boys promised their assistance; and as soon as they reached the rifle ground, Marshall began his machinations.

"Well done," he exclaimed, as his eye rested on the pile of faggots, which his emissaries had procured. "How did you manage to get all those, Paget?"

"Easily enough," said Paget; "the great cricket-roller happened to be resting against the wall, and was as good as a ladder."

"Ah, indeed," said Jones, winking at Marshall; "Jem ought to take better care of his master's property, than to leave the roller there. It is downright tempting people to steal his wood!"

"Steal," exclaimed Paget, turning as red as fire; "I didn't suppose the doctor would mind one having the wood, or I wouldn't have taken it. I'll go and put it back again this moment. Steal! I never——"

"Hold hard," said Marshall, "don't be in such a hurry. It wasn't any of us here who called you a thief. Jones was only repeating what another fellow said, but he oughtn't to have done it. Of course no one would submit to be called a thief."

"I should think not, indeed," cried Paget, more angrily than before; "I should just like to hear any one say anything of the kind to me."

"Well, the fellow who did charge you with stealing isn't here," said Jones; "so you need not be angry with us."

"Who was he?" asked Paget; "if he is anywhere about my size I'll give him a proper thrashing, or he shall give me one."

"He *is* very nearly about your size," remarked Marshall. "But you had better say no more about it. You might get licked."

"Get licked!" shouted Paget. "Who cares? Just tell me his name, and I'll challenge him to fight this instant."

"Well, I'm glad to see you're such a plucky fellow, and he certainly deserves a good thrashing. Campbell it was, who said it was stealing, if you must know."

"Campbell! Archie Campbell!" repeated Paget in great dismay. "Why you're hoaxing me. *He* didn't say so, I'm sure."

"Ask the other fellows if he didn't," said Marshall; "Jones, Walters, Jerry, didn't he say it was stealing?"

"He certainly did," said Jones. "I am afraid there is no getting out of it. After what Paget said, you see, he can't back out again."

"Back out again," shouted Fred, who was now in a towering passion; "I'm not the man to back out of anything."

"Bravo! bravo!" said Jones and Marshall together; "I knew when you said you would call Campbell to account, you would stick to it; and either oblige him to eat his words or fight. And here he is, I declare—just in the nick of time. Campbell, Paget has been told that you say taking the doctor's wood is stealing, and therefore whoever takes it is a thief. He wants to know if you did say so."

"I don't know what business it is of yours," answered Campbell; "but I certainly did say I thought it was stealing."

"Then as Paget took it, you mean to say he is a thief?"

"You had better leave Paget and me to manage our own affairs," said Campbell, coolly.

"That is to say, you are afraid to repeat before his face what you said behind his back," said Marshall. "Very well, if I were Paget I would oblige you to fight, or give you a sound thrashing on the spot."

"Would you?" returned Archie, quietly.

"Yes, I would," cried Marshall, who was now getting angry himself at Archie's impenetrable composure. "Come, Paget, you really can't pass over this, can he, Jones?"

"Certainly not," answered Jones; "there isn't a fellow in the school that would put up with such an insult. Every one would send him to Coventry, if he did."

"I shouldn't care much for that," said Paget, who had now recovered his temper, and half suspected that his schoolfellows were inclined to amuse themselves at the expense of him and his friend. "Just look here. Archie Campbell and I have known each other ever so long, and I am quite sure he didn't mean——"

"Bosh! you'd better say you're afraid too," broke in Jones. "The fact, I suspect, is that you two, with all your fine talk, are a couple of cowards! Do you mean to fight, or not?"

"I do at all events," said Campbell, "and I have no doubt Paget does. If he said he meant to do so, I think I can answer for it he will. You are ready to fight to-morrow, are you not?" he pursued, addressing Paget.

"If you wish it, of course I am," returned Paget, in an altered tone.

"I do wish it and mean it too," said Campbell. "What is the place and time when the fights at Nethercourt usually come off?" he asked, turning to Marshall.

"Half-past two in the corner of the Rifle ground," was the answer. "I'll be your second if you like; and you, Jones, shall be Paget's. Do you agree to that, Campbell?"

"All right," said Campbell; "I am much obliged to you. And now, as this is settled, I'll go back into the school room."

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# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter I.

Mr. Ironsides, like every one else, had his friends and foes. The former considered him to be of a gentle and composed disposition as became a well-to-do merchant; the latter condemned him as haughty and exclusive. However, upon the day we meet him he was certainly neither stiff nor cold; while, on the other hand, you could scarcely pronounce him to be quiet or composed. He entered his study jauntily, and even hummed an air as he advanced mechanically to the fireplace. Accidentally raising his eyes, he encountered the gaze of his own reflection in the mirror, and nodded pleasantly to the image of himself with a smile of intense satisfaction on his countenance.

Now, was this, I ask you, the conduct of a stern and haughty personage? So little was Mr. Ironsides aware of what he was doing, that he held the soles of his boots to the grate to warm his feet, although, being in the middle of summer, there was, of course, no fire in the room. When he did realize this feat of absent-mindedness, he fairly laughed outright. Then suddenly becoming serious again, he adjusted his shirt-collar, and thoughtfully caressed his whiskers.

After pursuing this occupation for a little while, he seated himself with his back to his writing-table, and pondered deeply with his eyes fixed on the carpet. Suddenly he

seized a pen—the first that came to hand—an action by no means consistent with the habits of a methodical man of business—and drawing a sheet of note-paper towards him, commenced to write hastily.

He wrote upon the first page, and only a single sentence. This sentence he repeated upon a second sheet, and again on a third, and so on, just as if he had been a school-boy writing out, as an imposition, the lesson he had not learned. But the analogy did not hold good in one point, for so much as the boy advanced in his task, the more he would grumble at its length, while, as Mr. Ironsides proceeded, the greater appeared his enjoyment.

When he had finished about half-a-dozen sheets, he appeared to be smitten by a sudden spirit of restlessness, and dashed out of his study as if he had not seen any of his family for a week, and was anxious to have some news of them. The intelligence he gained was, doubtless, agreeable, for when he returned his features glowed with animation, and he applied himself to work with redoubled ardour. When he fancied he had written the sentence which gave him so much satisfaction, sufficiently often, he folded the notes, and placed them carefully in their envelopes. The last one was scarcely dry, and he blotted it a little. But Mr. Ironsides, instead of being put out by this little accident, laughed softly, and consoled himself by muttering, "Well, that




Incidents of his Walk. (See page 35.)

shall go to Uncle John;" and as a man of happy disposition will always discover a pretext for a joke, he rubbed his hands together joyously at the idea of Uncle John receiving the blotted letter, and that Uncle John would not mind it.

Mr. Ironsides then took from a small drawer a list of people to whom the notes were to be addressed, and, having quickly written the direction on each, rang the bell, suppressing a sigh of satisfaction as he did so.

In reply to this summons, and by a door opposite to that by which Mr. Ironsides entered, appeared an individual of about fifty years of age, of a very dignified and reserved manner. Like Mr. Ironsides, he wore a high shirt-collar, and he trimmed his whiskers in a manner similar to his chief. Like Mr. Ironsides, again, he wore a large watchguard and well-polished shoes, which creaked in time with his measured step; but even apart from these evident imitations of his employer, this man bore a strong resemblance to him, although on this day, while the master had discarded all his usual business-like rigidity of deportment, the man retained his down to the usual freezing-point. He was the principal clerk of the establishment, and owing to the respectful admiration he entertained for his employer, and from living almost entirely in his presence, he had become the "double" of Mr. Ironsides, unwittingly.

"Ah! Mr. Jolly," was his chief's salu-

tation in a cheery tone, "how is the little rogue, eh?"

"Being a little rogue, he is as little rogues are," replied Mr. Jolly, drily, determined not to commit himself.

This opinion, enunciated by the dolorous clerk, was in itself of a sufficiently uncompromising nature to evoke astonishment on that account alone. But this quality, eminently useful in commercial and mercantile pursuits, was the basis of the clerk's character; he was always circumspect under any circumstances—moreover, he was a native of Normandy!

"Are his lungs good?" inquired Mr. Ironsides.

"Excellent," was the reply; "he cries as loudly as a man."

"He really cries loudly as a man," repeated Mr. Ironsides with intense satisfaction to himself. "Ha!"

There was a pause here while Mr. Ironsides appeared to be repeating softly, and for his exclusive pleasure, the clerk's report.

Mr. Jolly, as polite as he was cautious, now considered it his duty to break the awkward silence, and after mature reflection he hazarded the following:—

"He cries so loudly that we can hear him in the office, and——" Here he suddenly bethought himself that he might give utterance to something compromising, so he stopped, and coughed behind his hand. Then his business habits acquired the ascendancy, and he inquired whether Mr. Ironsides had rung the bell.

"Ah, yes," replied the merchant; "but it was not you that I intended to reply to it. Will you have the goodness to send Theodore here?"

Mr. Jolly bowed and departed with his boots creaking, and two minutes afterwards the door was opened by a youth of about fourteen years of age, of pleasant appearance but somewhat shy manner. He had red hair, closely cropped, and a red, freckled face. He was clad in homely but useful clothes.

"Here I am, sir," said he, saluting in military fashion.

"You see that packet of letters?" said Mr. Ironsides.

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you must take them to their addresses carefully."

"Yes, sir."

"You are sure you quite understand me?"

"Oh, Mr. Ironsides!" said the boy in a tone of gentle reproach.

The fact was that Theodore was one in a thousand, and had not his equal in the performance of messages. This was, it is true, but a small merit, but it was at least a merit, and there are many people who do not possess even that. As he was generally considered half silly, and could find no other employment, Mr. Ironsides, who was a charitable man, employed him in engrossing in consequence of his good handwriting, and also in running messages, for he had long legs and was very careful.

Theodore took his cap from its peg. Of this head-gear he was very proud, as it was ornamented with a leathern band, which gave him the appearance of an official messenger, and he at once darted like an arrow across the streets of Chatillon.

Chatillon-sur-Lunette is not a large town by any means. Nevertheless the time occupied even by so good a runner as Theodore to distribute a dozen letters was considerable.

In the first place, the narrow streets described every variety of curve and doubled back upon themselves as often as the Meander of crooked memory. Then as the town is built upon the side of a hill, there are ascents and descents in every direction, without reckoning the staircases or steps which lead from one part of the town to the other. This will be sufficient to explain how it was that Theodore was so long away. But there were other reasons besides.

Theodore looked at punctuality in a light peculiarly his own. If, for instance, Mr. Ironsides had particularly desired him not

to lose a moment, he would not have lost a moment on any account; but Mr. Ironsides had simply told him to deliver the letters, and he took them, but in delivering them he gave himself some latitude and some little enjoyment.

When the cobbler at the corner saw that Theodore had the leathern band on his hat, he reasoned that the boy was out on a message, and as he made it his business to meddle as much as possible with everything, he whistled familiarly and asked Theodore what news there was.

"There is the news that this morning 'we' have got a lovely boy. I have not seen him myself, but master said he was a really fine little fellow. I must go on now, for I am in a hurry." And the laughing lad, shy though he was, with his leathern cap-band ascended to the higher parts of the town, whence you can see the valley of the Lunette, dotted all over with willows and poplars, a plain which from that height resembles an immense lawn, the sides of which are planted with brushwood and vines. You may follow him as he dives into the lower parts, where the streets are abruptly swallowed up by vaults and damp entries. You can see him as he gains the bridge, and on the faubourg, until he once again reaches the Rue du Heaume, and the office of Messrs. Ironsides and Company.

There, Theodore from being messenger, turned scribe, and applied himself to copy some old parchments, of which he did not understand a single word. Whenever he was engrossing these parchments he pondered with delight upon the incidents of his walk: the walk itself in the first place, the dogs that he had teased into semi-madness under the gates, the cats whose slumbers he had disturbed, the balusters he had slidden down, and the street boys he had fought. Quiet and unoffending in his private capacity, Theodore was easy to take offence, and even quarrelsome, when he wore the leather band in his official character of messenger of Ironsides and Co. Then he was sensible of the lightest "chaff," which was, he considered, directed against the house of Ironsides, and not against himself personally. While he was aware of the importance of the letters intrusted to his care, he considered the recipients were equally honoured. They laid them up doubtless among the family archives!

His poor little brain would have been completely turned could he have known the result of the news which he had sown thickly on his way like a train of gunpowder.

The good-hearted, of whom there are still some in the world, notwithstanding all that is said, were very glad to hear of the happy event which had occurred in the Ironsides family, for they had so long wished for an heir. The selfish ones had no more concern in the matter than if a kitten or a squirrel had made its appearance. Business people tossed their heads and said, "There goes a third of the Ironsides girls' fortune." The silly and superstitious fancied that the child having been born on the thirteenth of the month, would meet with an untimely end. The church-attendant, the beadle and bell-ringer speculated beforehand upon the happiness of Mr. Ironsides and his well-known generosity. The principal of the College, a far-seeing man this, entered the infant in his combinations of future scholars, and immediately forwarded his card with his good wishes.

As to those mothers who had marriageable daughters, they were quite disinterested in considering the time when the young man would make his appearance in the fashionable world. Those good people who had lost children of their own wept silently when they read the news which aroused their latent griefs, and fervently hoped that the Ironsides would be more fortunate than they themselves had been.

Mrs. Ironsides, seated by the cradle, considered her son the finest little fellow in the world. His father thoughtfully gave him a finger to hold in one of his chubby little hands, and declared that the child squeezed him so as to hurt him. "The little fellow is as strong as a Turk," he cried, "and I

see already that he will be the head of the business."

The object of all these observations and feelings, as if he had some knowledge in his young brain of the good and evil spoken of him, and of the opposite destinies predicted for him, sometimes grimaced in a manner resembling a smile, and sometimes smiled in a manner bearing a strong resemblance to a grimace. Sometimes, flushed, with clenched fists like an angry boxer, he appeared to struggle with some invisible foe; sometimes placid, with open hands, he appeared to stretch out his arms to a friend. Then, as if he had suddenly resolved not to worry himself with care uselessly, and, like a certain ancient personage, to relegate to a future day all serious matters, he gorged himself with milk like a greedy little kitten, and went to sleep soundly, with a view to collect all his strength to engage in the Battle of Life.



## Chapter II.

Process-servers, as a rule, be they never so industrious, do not get up at four o'clock in the morning merely for the sake of seeing the sun rise. Neither was it simply to enjoy that sight that Mr. Lawrence rose before daybreak.

As this worthy man's room opened to a court as narrow as you please, and as this narrow court was enclosed between lofty smoke-blackened houses, Mr. Lawrence was obliged to shave by feeling, and so cut himself a little on the right cheek—a plump and rounded cheek it was too; so was the left for that matter, for Mr. Lawrence was stout and of rotund build, but, nevertheless, active and nimble. He quickly buttoned over his rounded figure a long skirted coat, which had evidently seen better days, for it began to grow white at the seams. The stout gentleman then took from a corner a stick, stout and thickset as himself, and muttered, "That's all, I think." He paused a moment, as if to assure himself, and leaving his wife and children fast asleep, quitted the house, and stepped out briskly on his way. But, whether sleeping or waking, the Lawrence family, I must tell you, had fully made up their minds to go through life fat and rejoicing.

When Lawrence reached the road leading from Chatillon to Misengette, he paused a moment, and communed with himself. "That way will certainly shorten the distance by a third," he said, "but it is the main road, and very dusty; the other is more pleasant, and I think I'll take *it*." And he took it accordingly. It was a pleasant footpath winding through the meadows away from the mile-posts, and following the devious course of the Lunette. A thin mist rose slowly from the stream,

and melted by degrees, after wavering and rolling in the summer air. The leaves of the old willows rustled in the rising morning breeze, and the tall poplars murmured in reply, like the noise of a distant waterfall. Here and there large masses of clouds threw flying shadows across the landscape: while the distant hills, rising parallel to the valley and the stream, lifted themselves in violet hues against the depth of sky streaked with rosy rays, and green and gold.

Had Mr. Lawrence been a painter, he must have seized his palette and brushes at the sight. Had he been a poet, he would have invoked the Muses to his assistance; but being simply a tipstaff, he contented himself by enjoying the beautiful summer's morning; thinking it was more pleasant to wander across the meadows sparkling with dew, than to be shut up in a dingy office filling up writs. He only regretted that he had not all his family with him to share in his enjoyment. To console himself, he drew a large black earthen pipe from his pocket, and said, cheerfully, "I'll have a pipe, I think," and he lit it.

It was pleasing to see with what delight he puffed out the smoke, and how he amused himself watching the large whiffs which slowly rose and gently floated away ere they were dissipated.

By way of varying his amusements, he



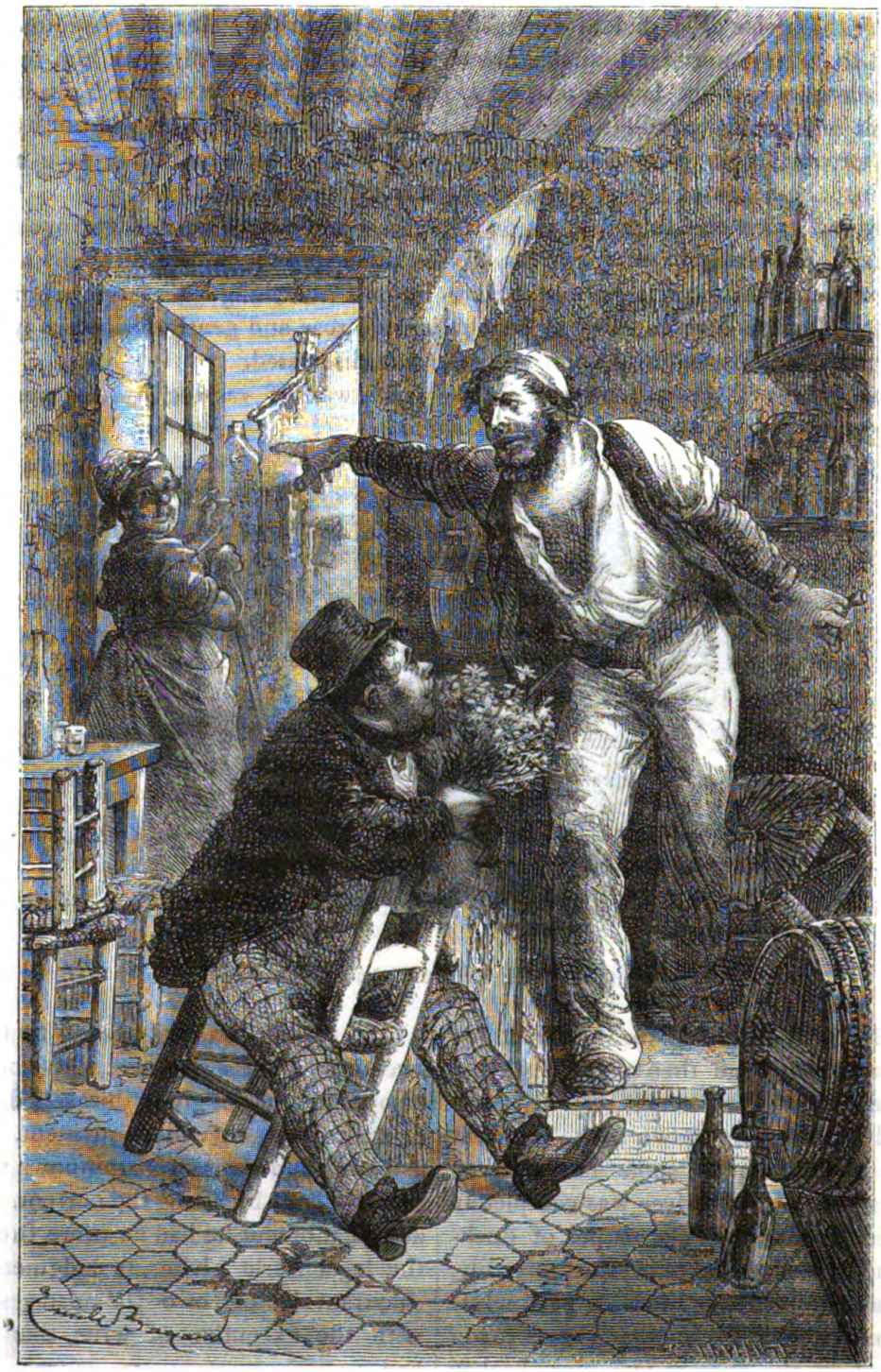
"With what delight he puffed out the smoke."

executed some passes in the air with his cudgel, and now and then made a thrust at some old willow, which creaked and quivered at the blow down to its very last leaves. In some quiet spots he observed that the surface of the river was completely concealed beneath a regular carpet of duck-weed and the large leaves of the water-lily, whose beautiful flowers made a pure white mat upon the stream. In other and narrower places, where the current was more broken and rapid, he noticed in the clear water the long hair-like tendrils of aquatic plants, twisting and swaying to and fro, while the sun threw them in varying golden shadow-patterns upon the white gravel beneath.

The tipstaff was impressed by the quiet sweetness of the prospect, and thoroughly enjoyed it, without giving himself the trouble to analyse or gauge his enjoyment. He felt as happy and gay as the minnows which in pastime kept breasting the current. Indeed, at that moment he had no more thought for the legal world giving its judgments of recalcitrant debtors, or of the tipstaves charged with the execution of writs, than the fish had.

He was suddenly brought back from romance to reality, by the chattering of some gossips who were washing their linen in a bend of the river, which concealed a cluster of splendid bulrushes. As he

passed by, the women affected not to perceive him, and bent their heads over their work so as not to have to accept his greeting nor to refuse it. He was only a tipstaff, and the peasantry believed that when a tipstaff was on their track that it was on his



"There is the door." (See page 39.)

own account, and for his own special gratification. The washerwomen beat their clothes with redoubled energy, and did not again speak until the process-server had passed by.

He was certainly conscious of this, but he did not allow himself to be annoyed by such a trivial circumstance. It was, after all, only one of the drawbacks of his pro-

fession; and what occupation has not got its worries? Reflecting in this philosophical spirit, he lit another pipe and resumed his passes and sword exercise.

As he passed through the little village of Chatillonet, some boys ran away at his approach. Beyond Chatillonet, the plain, more exposed to the overflow of the Lunette, and so much the more fertile, produced a splendid crop of grass, thickly studded with immense daisies, and the tipstaff could not resist gathering a large bouquet for his children.

As he approached the village of Labridun he put his pipe in his pocket, took off his hat, and gave it a good brushing. Then, after stopping for a few moments, like an actor who takes a last look at his part ere going upon the stage, he advanced towards a beer shop, one of the first houses on the outskirts of the town. The sign swinging upon a rusty iron bar gave all passers-by to understand that here M.Carville dispensed food and drink, and of a quality to satisfy the most fastidious.

Carville himself, adorned with a painter's cap, and wearing an eight days' beard, was seated upon the counter sulkily smoking while his wife swept the doorsteps. Seeing Mr. Lawrence, she retired precipitately indoors, and cried out to her husband, "Here he is!" On receipt of this intelligence the man threw his pipe upon the counter, but did not rise.

"Good morning, everybody," said Mr. Lawrence, politely removing his hat; and without choosing to remark upon the coldness of his reception, he walked directly up to the counter, and said to the innkeeper—

"I have got a distraint against you in my pocket."

The other growled, and said that that was not difficult to find out, even without looking.

"Good; well now, what are you going to pay?"

"What am I going to pay?" echoed the innkeeper, resting his elbows upon the counter, and regarding the officer of the law with anything but a friendly glance; "it is all very well to ask me what I am going to pay! Ha, ha, you take it so easily; now what would *you* do in my position?"

"Well, I should offer a chair to my friend Lawrence, who is tired by his walk; for the sun is already getting warm."

The man grumbled something which his visitor took to mean that if he were in want of a chair he could get it for himself. As he had made up his mind not to be offended, he put up with this uncourteous consent, and seating himself straddle-fashion across a chair, plunged his face with every expression of pleasure into the large bunch of daisies he carried in his hand.

"Now let us talk business," he said.

"Talk business, indeed, when you have come to eject me with your affected air of good temper! Say what you have got to say, and don't be long about it, or else——"

"Well, then, the judgment will not be carried into effect to-day."

"Then what brings you here?"

"Listen to me, Carville."

"Listen to you," said the other, rising. "There is the door," and he extended his arm towards it as he spoke; "you can return when you have a right to do so. Till then—you see the door! Do you hear me, or must I make use of the broomstick to send you to the right about?"

The tipstaff calmly remained seated, his nose still buried in his bouquet, completely unmoved by the threats of the innkeeper.

"You had better listen to *me*," he said firmly. "In the first place when you had beaten me, your little matter would in no way be bettered, mark that. And, besides, paterfamilias is pretty tough," he added, striking his chest with his clenched fist.

The man resumed his seat, but pretended to look out of window. His wife more prudently requested the bailiff to proceed, and said that they would see what could be done.

"Is there no one who will assist you?" he asked.

"No one," replied the woman.

"Have you asked your neighbour?" The neighbour in question was a farmer

notorious for his avarice and hardness of heart.

"He!" cried the woman in a tone of the greatest contempt. "Ask assistance from him; as well ask help from a stone! Good gracious, if *that* is your advice———"

"Let us drop the subject then," said the tipstaff quietly. "I have better advice than that to give you. Attend to me closely. Mr. Ironsides, the manufacturer, has had an heir since yesterday."

The man opened his lips to say that it did not matter to him, and then relapsed into a sulky silence.

"Just think," continued Mr. Lawrence, who seemed to be amused by the bad temper of the innkeeper, "just imagine, as I was passing the mayor's house yesterday some one called out, 'Mr. Lawrence, Mr. Lawrence, a word with you if you please.' Do you guess who it was?"

"Phew," whistled Carville, plunging his clenched hands deeply into his pockets, and contemplating the rafters attentively, made, in reply to the tipstaff's inquiry, the *àpropos* remark, "What a lot of flies there are this year!"

"You think so?" said the narrator with good temper; "after all, it is very likely. Well," he continued, as if he had not been interrupted, "It was Mr. Ironsides himself. Yes, 'twas he indeed. 'Will you do me a service?' said he. 'Two if you wish, Mr. Ironsides,' I said; and he laughed, and so did I, and Captain Salmon, who was also present. 'Well, Mr. Lawrence, come in with us and sign the register of baptism as witness; it is a boy, you know.' 'Capital!' said I, and we went in."

Carville yawned demonstratively. His wife, who was steadfastly looking at the tipstaff, and who saw that something was coming, desired her lord and master, in no very courteous terms, to hold his tongue, and not to interrupt.

"'How is business looking?' he asked, when the register was signed and initialed. 'Oh, very well,' said I. All at once an idea occurred to me, and I said, 'Wait a moment, Mr. Ironsides;' and, in short, I told him about your business. 'Good, good,' he repeated, 'what an excellent joke!'"

"Come, that's a little too much," grumbled Carville.

"Now, blockhead," cried his wife, "will you hold your tongue? Mr. Lawrence, pray excuse him."

"'What a capital joke,' he said. 'They



are good people. Well, their creditor is too severe upon them. Good! Now I will give them a creditor who will be more patient. Settle that, Mr. Lawrence. He will be my son John. Yes, he shall be their creditor; redeem this debt for him, and if this creditor trouble them for some time I shall be very much astonished.' 'So

shall I,' said the Captain; and so I said myself."

"'Then that is settled,' said Mr. Ironsides. 'Put it in the name of Mr. John Ironsides of the firm of Ironsides and Company.'

"I don't want to be interrupted," cried Lawrence, seeing Carville about to speak. This happened yesterday morning. All day I was burning to come over here, but was not able to do so. Then I said to myself that by getting up a few hours earlier than usual, and by delaying my breakfast for an hour, I could make time to come and tell you the news."

Carville, thoroughly ashamed of what he had uttered in the heat of his passionate outburst, did not know what to do. At last his face brightened, and taking the right course, he came out of his corner and extended his hand to the tipstaff.

"Mr. Lawrence," he said, "I am, as my wife says, only a blockhead. You are a good and worthy man."

"You had better go at once and thank Mr. Ironsides; it will be only right. Now I must be off. Yes, yes, all right," he added, in reply to the thanks of the husband and wife, "do as I have said, and send that boy of yours to school. As I was coming here I saw him running idle in the meadows."

And he retraced his steps, whistling as he went, quite content with the result of his little expedition, taking it so as a matter of course that he never for a moment looked at it as a meritorious action.



"He made a horrible grimace." (See page 43.)

## Chapter III.

Upon the same day as the incidents just related took place, Margaret and Martha Ironsides, daughters of the manufacturer, aged respectively twelve and eight, were engaged in the study which opened into the garden.

Martha, with sprawling elbows, contrary to all the regulations of caligraphy, with her pretty brown curls straggling over her arms and almost upon her copy-book, was working hard, with extended tongue, at a page of writing. "Heaven favours hard-working children" was the copy, and Martha, line after line, kept repeating that Heaven favoured hard-working children. But having her nose so close to the copy-book, Martha was unable to judge of the perspective, and the words kept getting more crooked every time. At length she raised herself, and sighing deeply, said, "Well, I declare, there are my letters running away from the page again, as Mr. Dionis says. But he will never be satisfied with

me, it is very tiresome, and there is a great blot come quite by itself, on purpose to annoy me. There is my boot off again, now! Was Mr. Dino as strict with you, Margaret, as he is with me? Tell me; or look at me, at any rate. It *is* so worrying to see nothing but your hands as you sit holding your head like that."

Margaret looked at her younger sister with an expression intended to be severe, but how was she to keep her countenance before that graceful little figure, so comic in her disappointment. So Margaret embraced her sister, called her a dear little rogue, exclaimed against her task which would not get itself done, and asked Martha to repeat her question, which she had not quite caught.

"Was Mr. Dinois so severe with you when you were learning to write!"

"Very strict, indeed," replied Margaret.

This was true. Mr. Dinois, the old accountant of the firm, had received the commission, of which he was very proud, to teach the young ladies to write. This distinction, which made him envied by many people had come upon him unsolicited without intrigue or manœuvring. But what writing-master was like Mr. Dinois? Mrs. Ironsides, it seems, went on the true principle that one should write so that the writing could be read, and therefore did not wish to engage a fashionable writing-master who would teach her daughters the English style, very nice and pretty at a distance, but quite illegible. Mr. Dinois was all for the old principles of good French writing. The good man was very fond of his two pupils, but he took good care not to let his liking be seen for fear that they should become familiar with him, for, as we all know, "familiarity breeds contempt." Therefore he scolded them tremendously when they did wrong.

"Don't you think," said Martha, who passed rapidly from one subject to another, "that he has the appearance of a great old bird, with those round spectacles of his?"

"Martha, you know that mamma does not like us to make game of anyone," replied the elder sister, biting her lips to keep herself from smiling.

"That is true," said Martha, blushing. "Gracious me, there goes my boot off again!" (I must tell you that Martha had a decided tendency for transforming her boots into slippers, and her slippers into projectiles, or even little sledges.)

Margaret rose from her seat and fixed the refractory boot firmly upon her sister's little foot, remarking as she did so upon the state of premature dilapidation of these articles of dress.

"I believe," said Martha in a serious and almost solemn tone, "that I am idle to-day because mamma is not able to come down. But then I am very glad to have a little brother to work in the business."

Margaret thought so too, but her dignity as the elder sister prevented her making the same avowal.

"How pretty he is," she said, skilfully avoiding the difficulty.

"Well, yes, very nice," said Martha; "but you will scold me if I tell you something."

"Go on."

"He is very nice as you say, but he is a little yellow."

Margaret laughed. "My dear child," she said, "I can assure you that at his age you were just as yellow."

Martha blushed and pouted when she heard that she had been yellow. But her sister, by way of consolation, told her that all babies were yellow at first, but it quickly passed off; that she herself, Margaret, had been terribly yellow. At the idea that Margaret had also been yellow, every trace of ill-humour disappeared from Martha's charming face.

"In time then he will be a man?" she said.

"Of course."

"And have a beard?"

"No doubt he will have a beard; don't all men have them?"

"What! a long beard like Mr. Ferrier? It will be fun to have a brother with a long beard."

"We must wait some time for that; he

must first grow up to be a boy, and then go to school."

"Oh, but not be like Charles Littlejohn always. Margaret, promise me that my little brother shall not be like Charles Littlejohn. You know what he says of his father and how he speaks to his mother!"

This Charles Littlejohn, who had the misfortune to displease Martha so much, was the son of Mr. Littlejohn, one of the principal solicitors in Chatillon sur Lunette. He was a respectable man, but unbending and disagreeable in his respectability. As he had the misfortune to care only for money, he had married for her fortune the daughter of a foolish old farmer, who believed he was doing a good thing in thus making a lady of his daughter. Mrs. Littlejohn, although an excellent woman at heart, was distinguished by remarkable weakness of mind and judgment, and by an extraordinary tendency to weep copiously on the slightest or no provocation, and without any assignable reason. Life to her was an unpleasant dream. She seemed to imagine that she had committed some unpardonable crime, and trembled at the very sound of her husband's footsteps, for fear this imaginary crime had been discovered, and that punishment had overtaken her. Her wish was to remain in bed altogether, and go to sleep by way of escaping all the difficulties, worries, and cares of life.

When Charles was born he became naturally a new source of trouble to his mother. Mr. Littlejohn, in point of education, was for excessive severity. The young Charles, treated with great harshness by his father, who intended to do right, and with an equally extreme indulgence by his mother, who feared by revealing his misdoings to see him punished, became a thorough scamp; like a crouching hound before his father, a snarling cur to his mother.

Mr. Littlejohn, too much occupied in money-grubbing to go to the reason of things, contented himself with this servile submission, which he thought respect, and continually boasted of the success of his theory of education. When he received Mr. Ironsides' note announcing the birth of the boy, he knit his eyebrows into a deep frown, for it was not in his nature to rejoice at the happiness of other people. When he had read the note he let his eye-glasses fall with a sharp click, and muttered with contemptuous pity, "Another child who will be badly brought up!"

Just as Margaret was about to reply to the last observation of her sister, a shadow crossed the window. There was Charles himself flattening his nose against the glass while endeavouring to see into the study. When he caught sight of the sisters, he, by way of salutation, made a horrible grimace.

"Take no notice of him," said Margaret to her little sister, "or he will remain an hour playing his monkey tricks. We have already lost time enough, and mamma will be very much pained to learn that we have been lazy and idle."

The schoolboy changed his tactics, and began to beat a tattoo on the glass. When he perceived that this was not successful in distracting the girls' attention, he went away from the window, and began to whistle through the keyhole. At length he opened the door.

"Young ladies, your humble servant," he said, bowing with an absurdly exaggerated reverence.

Margaret rose crimson with indignation.

"You have no business here," said she; "you know that. No one is permitted to come in when mamma is not here, except M. Dinois and Mademoiselle."

"Oh, please don't eat me," he cried, affecting the greatest terror. "I just came to bid you good day as I was passing. My mother is upstairs *jabbering!*"

"*Jabbering!*" exclaimed Margaret, in extreme surprise.

Charles explained, with disdainful condescension, the meaning of the term.

"You know what my mother is; once she begins there is no stopping her."

"Oh, Master Charles, how wicked you are!"

"Oh, Master Charles, how wicked you are!" repeated the bad boy, mimicking

Margaret's voice. "How wicked you are to carry sand in your cap, and not to say thank you when you are given a glass of water. By the way, I have seen the *midge*."

"What midge?"

"Ah! I see you don't know French. What does Mademoiselle teach you, then? Everybody knows that the midge is the



He began to walk on his hands. (See page 45.)

little boy, and, between ourselves, this same midge is not handsome."

At this, Martha's indignation broke out, and, ere her sister could impose silence upon her, she cried—

"'Tis *you* who are so ugly!"

Charles made her an ironical bow.

"Many thanks, miss," he said, "that is of no consequence at all; on the contrary. Only you won't often find anything like this," and, by way of demonstrating beyond a doubt that, if his face were not beautiful, he was able to discount this little drawback by more serious qualities, he began to squint horribly, and then to walk on his hands to the infinite terror of the two little girls.

When he had advanced in this manner into the centre of the apartment, he dropped upon his feet again with all the agility of a professed acrobat, and presented to his audience a rough head of hair and a red face.

"Well," he inquired, "what do you say to that, eh?"

"You must not stop here," answered Margaret, with warmth; "you ought not. We cannot force you to go, but I will inform your mother of your conduct."

The only reply vouchsafed by the intruder was a wink, as he thrust his tongue into his cheek.

"Give me your hand, Martha, and let us go and tell mamma why we cannot remain here."

"Don't be so foolish," cried the acrobat, beating a precipitate retreat and shutting the door behind him. They fancied he had actually gone, when he re-opened the door, and putting in his head only, cried in a bantering tone, "No, ladies, I beg you will not insist; it is quite impossible for me to remain a moment longer, a member of the Senate is waiting for me, and has promised me a tobacconist's shop for one of my nephews, who has been killed in Africa. So you see I must not leave him to catch cold waiting for me. I am much obliged, but do not get up, I know my way down. I have been very much pleased indeed with your little family party."

At length he disappeared, and the two pupils recommenced to work with redoubled ardour, as "Mademoiselle" was expected to come soon. In about five minutes the door slowly opened in a solemn manner, and Charles' voice announced, "The Queen of Sheba," with due emphasis. He then retired quietly, like a well-trained servant.

In about a minute Mademoiselle entered, quite unconscious of having been thus announced, and was much astonished at beholding the scared appearance of her pupils.

Suddenly from the end of the garden arose cries of all kinds, the cackling of affrighted hens, the screams of turkeys and guinea-fowl; all the poultry-yard was in revolution. The governess, as if struck by a sudden thought, turned to Margaret and said, "Is Master Charles in the house?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

"He has been in here too?"

"Yes, Mademoiselle."

Mademoiselle puckered up her lips, which was with her a token of displeasure, and declared in a sharp voice that she had guessed as much.

"You can easily see that mamma is not able to come down," said Margaret in explanation. "He will only mind her. Goodness gracious, he will frighten the whole poultry-yard, wake my little brother, and make mamma ill!"

All of a sudden the cries ceased, and a noise of an altercation, followed by a scuffle, was heard from the garden. Theodore, the chivalrous champion for the repose of Mrs. Ironsides, had appeared to engage and conquer Charles in single combat, and finally expelled him ignominiously from the garden. Theodore re-entered the office, settling his coat-collar, very proud of his victory, and wearing a most defiant air, while Charles, completely cowed, retired out of sight, and sulkily waited for his mother's appearance.

Theodore, not having read history, and thus profited by the examples of magnanimous heroes of old and of more modern conquerors, showed his pale face and red hair at the window from time to time, and asked whether Charles had had enough, and whether he did not want some more.

When his mother joined him, Charles

followed her like a beaten hound. But once in the street and out of the reach of the assaults of the terrible Theodore, he shook his fist at the house with a threatening expression. The good old lady was quite scandalized as well as terrified by this unheard-of action, and took upon herself to scold her son roundly. He in revenge then disappeared round certain corners of the streets, to reappear later on after a *detour*, and hinting darkly each time at somebody, who was tired of life, and who to escape certain people was disposed to throw himself into the river.

But in proportion as he drew nearer home the scamp diminished the length of his absences from his mother's side, and by the time he arrived he had all the appearance of a good dutiful boy, who had been walking for hours at his mother's side, and had never departed from it for a single instant.



# UNCLE JOHN'S ADVENTURES IN PRAIRIE-LAND.

BY MRS. SALE BARKER.

## Chapter I.—Perils by Land and Water.

Midsummer holidays, and the boys are at home. My memory goes back to a certain afternoon during those holidays—an afternoon when we are all too hot and lazy to play, or do anything but lie under the great trees, listen to the cawing of the rooks and the lowing of the cattle, and take in all the sights and sounds of happy country life surrounding us. At least I know that was how I felt. I have now lived so long in a city, with the bustle and stir of many feet and many voices sounding in my ears, that when I recall the happy childhood passed so far away from the busy haunts of men, an intense longing fills my heart to visit the old home once more. I long to lie under the same old trees some happy summer time, to listen to the song of birds and hum of insects; to feel the soft, balmy air blowing on my face, and to recall, or try to recall, the exquisite sense of enjoyment that came to me in my early youth from merely existing; from hearing sweet sounds, gazing on a fair landscape, and breathing a pure air.

The party under the trees in K—— Park

consists of three boys, one girl, and a governess. We are not all recumbent; Miss Pilkington is sitting on a camp stool, stiff as a poker, with a book in her hand and a basket of work on her lap. Frank, my brother, is sitting on the grass at her feet, wittling a stick. I am lying a little further off on a shawl spread upon the grass, with my hands under my head, doing nothing; and the two big boys, my cousins, are climbing like young squirrels from branch to branch in the great trees, which cast their shadows over us.

Presently Charlie, who has a nomination to a ship, and is shortly about to enter the Queen's service as a middy, gives a loud Halloo from the branch where he is perched. "Ship ahoy," he shouts, "Hooray! Three cheers for Uncle John; he is bearing down upon us, all sails set, with a steady breeze!"

Turning our eyes in the direction indicated by Charlie's outstretched arm, we perceive a figure approaching us from the direction of the house. This is Uncle John, who is now spending a few weeks with my father and mother before starting afresh on his travels. He has been everywhere—at least we all think so—and has seen everything; yet he is eager to be off again to hunt strange beasts, collect fresh specimens of reptiles, and make new discoveries in the *flora* of different countries. We love Uncle John, and hail his coming with indescribable delight. I jump up from my shawl, and running down the drive, seize him, exclaiming—

"Uncle John, Uncle John, pray come to us, and while we sit under the greenwood tree, tell us some of your adventures."

Uncle John takes his meerschaum out of his mouth, and patting my head gently, suffers himself to be led off in the direction of our settlement. Miss Pilkington rose with a profound curtsey; then reseating herself, commenced a piquant conversation upon the extreme heat of the weather; this, however, was put a stop to by a voice from above—the voice of Harry remonstrating loudly, declaring that Uncle John was wasting his time, and begging of him to begin. Uncle John threw himself upon the grass, took off his cap, laid down his pipe with a sigh, and turning his kindly face and bright blue eyes on Miss Pilkington, demanded what the anecdote should be about. Miss Pilkington simpered, blushed, and proposed that the children should choose; for herself she only ventured to suggest something rather instructive—entertaining she was sure it would be. Then with a little clearing of the throat, she settled herself to listen. I begged there might be something about a pet of some kind, a wild beast tamed, for instance. Charlie called out loudly for a sea adventure; while Harry, showing a very eager face set in a framework of green leaves, exclaimed—

"Anything you like, but let it be exciting, and let's have it soon."

Leaning with his back against a tree, Uncle John began as follows:—

### Uncle John's Story.

I was not a lucky young dog like you, Master Charley, when I was a boy. You have a profession chosen for you which you like: I left school without any profession being suggested to me. I had just as much money as would keep me without one, and was allowed to do as I pleased about it. Like most young people left to themselves, I chose foolishly; that is, chose to do nothing at all.

After a few years, however, spent in idleness, I happened, fortunately for me, to come across a man who might be called a hunter in the true sense of the word; one who, at the time I met him, was a very superior edition of what I am now. I had always been an eager sportsman, and, when I heard him talk of his adventures, I soon made up my mind to follow in his steps; to be off to the Far West—to the Prairies, in search of larger game than I could ever find at home. In hunting the buffalo and other wild animals of America, I should be compelled—so I reasoned with myself—to exert my dormant energy, and develope the powers of endurance without which a man becomes such a poor creature; while my

mind would expand in contemplating the grand scenery of those far distant forests and plains. My friend the hunter gave me many useful hints as to my requirements on starting, such as the stores I ought to lay in, and the ammunition I should want; he supplied me, besides, with some letters of introduction, in case I should require them. Provided, then, with all I needed in my enterprise, and receiving kind wishes, accompanied by not a few tears, from my sisters—your mamma, children, shedding a good many—I started for the great northern Continent of America, the land of wild beauty and adventure.

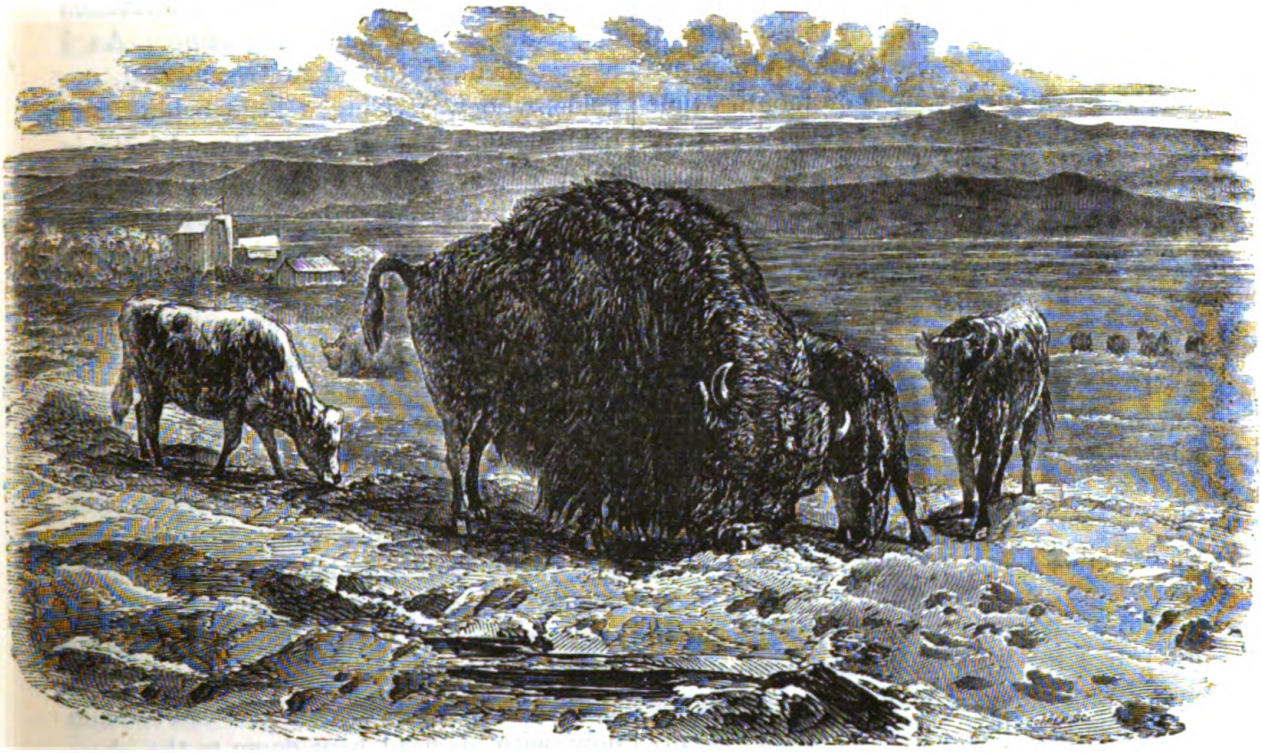
I sailed from Gravesend direct for New Orleans. In those days steamers were not yet used for long voyages, and it took twice as long at least as it does now to reach New Orleans. I well remember the fine bright spring morning when, with a light heart, I bade adieu to Old England for the first time, and took up with a roving life. We had on board about a hundred and twenty persons, passengers and crew; of these only fourteen were cabin passengers like myself. The "Aurora" was a first-class vessel, and our captain an officer of great experience. At first the wind and weather were favourable, and our ship seemed likely to make an easy and rapid passage. How I enjoyed the seafaring life, boys, I can scarcely describe to you. I look back now to that first three weeks spent at sea as about the jolliest time of my existence. The old lazy, do-nothing life was over for me. I was looking forward to adventures, discoveries, and the active life of a hunter in the prairies of the New World; while our gallant vessel rose and fell in the great sweep of the Atlantic waves like some brave horse speeding on its way.

This pleasant state of things, though, did not last for ever. We had just sighted the Bermuda Islands, when a squall arose which proved to be the beginning of continued tempestuous weather, and we were driven southward out of our course. Our poor ship began to suffer terribly: first one mast, then another, had to be cut away; and, one night, during the most fearful storm I ever remember in all my subsequent experience, we lost our rudder. From that moment the ship became a helpless and unmanageable wreck, at the mercy of the waves. After some days of indescribable suffering and anxiety, we found ourselves drifting rapidly towards land, which we afterwards discovered to be the Island of Barbadoes. Our anchors were let go, but the cables broke, and the vessel struck upon a rocky shore.

Now, children, I can scarcely bear, even at this distance of time, to recall the fearful scene that ensued. Our boat—the only one that had not been washed away—was lowered; three sailors sprang into her, but she upset at once, and we saw the poor fellows drowning. Several men, in the madness of despair, jumped into the water to swim ashore; but they might as well have tried to climb the side of a house as the cliff that rose before us, and the unhappy creatures were dashed to pieces on the cruel rock. We could easily have thrown a rope to the summit of the cliff, but how attach it without help from shore? The vessel trembled beneath us like a living thing as the great waves struck her; it was evident that the end was coming and she must break to pieces soon. The captain, in a few words, told us plainly there was no hope, and that she might not hold together many minutes longer. Then I thought of my mother and sister, and the great grief my loss would cause them; but I thought also, I can tell you, boys, of my wasted life, short though it had been, and regretted with a very bitter remorse the opportunities I had thrown away. Young as you are, I don't think it would hurt you to picture to yourselves that fearful hour in my life when it seemed that I was face to face with death. I am not a very good hand at moralizing, but I wish I could make you understand the great trouble that fell upon me when I thought I must leave the world while I had done so little in it, had helped so little, even in the narrow circle where I had lived, to do good to anyone. In looking back upon my life, I saw just

a few years of idle pleasure, and that was all.

While these thoughts were passing through my mind, I happened to glance at a sailor who was close to me, and I was struck by the strange expression of his face: there came upon it a sudden light as of joy, hope, surprise, at once. His eyes were raised, mine followed in the same direction; and then I saw, indistinctly through the spray, standing on the cliff above us, the figure of a man gesticulating wildly. The sailor beside me gave a shout of joy that was heard above all the roaring of the sea, and crying out, "Saved, we are saved!" began to jump about like a madman. The eyes of all took at once the direction in which he pointed, and in a moment the light of hope was upon every face. The Captain himself seized a rope to throw up to the stranger on the cliff; but though the bow of the vessel nearly touched the cliff,



"His head bent down to the short, sweet grass." (See page 50.)

which did not rise more than thirty feet above us, it was not until several unsuccessful efforts had been made, and we had passed some minutes of intense excitement, that the rope was caught at last and made fast above. Then first one sailor, afterwards another, swarmed up it; a second rope was drawn up, and those who were not able to follow the example of the sailors were tied into chairs and drawn up by one rope, while steadied by the other. The ship just held together, as if on purpose, till the last human being had left her, and then we saw her break to pieces as we stood upon the shore. Nearly a hundred lives were saved by that one man upon the cliff. And now comes the strangest part of the story of my shipwreck. We never could discover who our preserver was. He must have gone away immediately after he had fastened the rope, for the first sailor who ascended the cliff did not remember to have seen him there. There was even a difference of opinion among us as to whether he was a black man or a white, so indistinctly had he been seen through the spray and mist. For my own part, I adopted the theory that he was a slave belonging to some plantation on the island, and either because he had strayed from home or was away from his

work at the time, feared to make himself known. We took great pains to find him out, and offered a high reward, but all in vain: and there were many, particularly among the sailors, who inclined to the theory of supernatural interposition, and would not believe that the figure we had seen was a human being at all.

The first people we encountered in the island were some soldiers from a neighbouring military station. We went there, and were treated with the utmost kindness; in the evening we made our way to Bridgetown, the principle place in the island. I remained in Barbadoes for a couple of months, time enough to receive fresh supplies from England, and then started again for New Orleans.

Now, Master Charlie, you have had your story of the sea; so for the future you must be content to follow me through land adventures. I arrived safely at New Orleans, where I stayed a week, and then started up the country for the house of a gentleman to whom my friend the hunter had given me a letter of introduction. I was equipped in a Tweed coat, fastened round the waist with a leathern belt, and buttoned to the throat; Tweed trousers tucked into a pair of heavy leather boots, and a broad-brimmed hat. In my belt I carried a Colt's revolver—then a new invention—and a hunting knife, while a double-barrelled rifle was slung at my shoulder. I was mounted on a strong, black cob, but the guide, who accompanied me, rode upon a mule, and led another which bore my luggage. He was dressed in leather from head to foot, and well armed with a good rifle. After four day's journey, we reached the hospitable roof under which I afterwards spent many happy hours: it was near the western bank of the Missisippi, on the road from New Orleans to St. Louis. The house stood in the middle of many acres of clearing; there were fields of golden wheat and maize, with plantations of snowy cotton and tobacco. In the garden were potatoes, tomatoes, melons of various kinds, with many other vegetables. The orchard was filled with fruit trees, peaches and apples, luscious pears and plums, and vines bearing sweet grapes in abundance were trained upon espaliers. Then there were log-houses standing about the principal building; stable, cow-house, and barn; a smoke house for curing bacon, and a building constructed for drying tobacco.

And now I must tell you of my first meeting with a buffalo; it will just show you what a greenhorn I was at that time. When I was within a mile of this hospitable house, I saw, on the plain which stretched before us, several animals grazing. As I neared them, I turned to Greenwood, my guide, who was riding a little behind, and pointed with exultation to the objects in front of me, for I discovered, standing grazing in the most peaceful way possible, surrounded by two or three domestic calves, a fine bison bull. Shall I tell you what he was like? Fancy a beast about the size of a prize ox, having an enormous head, with great breadth of forehead, a conical hump upon his shoulders, small piercing eyes, small black horns of a crescent shape, a profusion of shaggy hair all over the neck and fore parts of the body, which caused the disproportion of his insignificant hind quarters to be more perceptible, and a little sticking-out tail, with a tuft of hair at its end. Picture such an animal to yourself, and you have my buffalo.* I can see him now, with his head bent down to the short sweet grass upon the plain, and his shaggy mane touching the ground. My rifle was raised, and I was about to take aim, when Greenwood seized me by the shoulder with a grip of iron, and said, in his strange Yankee accent—

"Halt, stranger! Don't let it be rickined agin yer as the fust bull yer let fly into was yer friend's tame bison, caught in a parairy, and brought up from a leetle calf, and domesticated with them nateral tame critters you see before yer."

That I was covered with confusion at my mistake I need not tell you, boys, and I rode on up to the house in silence. At the gate of the enclosure, or garden, stood Mr.

* See Illustration on page 49.

Penrhyn, who had come out when the sound of our horses' hoofs warned him of our approach. He was a good specimen of an American gentleman: a native of New Orleans, he had only left that city on the death of his wife, which occurred some years before my introduction to him. Here, in this lonely retreat, far away from the busy haunts of men, he had shut himself up, devoting his time to hunting and the cultivation of the land which surrounded his house. Not that the master of the Log Hut, as he called his really handsome mansion, neglected the cultivation of his mind. All the last new books that found their way to New Orleans had a place in his library, and he was as well up in what was passing in the world as most inhabitants of cities in the days I am speaking of. Travellers occasionally visited the Log Hut, and went forth upon their journey again bearing with them a keen sense of the hospitality and kindly feeling of their host; and these chance meetings with others of his kind prevented any rust from gathering upon his keen, bright intellect. It was seldom that he met with a mind as well stored as his own; still rude tools will sometimes serve to sharpen valuable weapons; and Mr. Penrhyn treated all his guests with such courtesy and good feeling, that the roughest trappers, who passed that way and halted at his house, took their colouring somewhat from him, and became gentlemanly for the nonce.

As the tall, well-built figure of my host that was to be, advanced towards me, I jumped off my horse, and offered my letter of introduction to him. First, taking my hand, he welcomed me to the Log Hut; and then, opening the letter, glanced over its contents. When we entered the hall, I was startled at the strange objects which surrounded me. The evening light was already fading, and the hideous shapes and skins of wild beasts, indistinctly seen, were enough to strike terror even into such a stout heart as I know you children think mine to be. Fierce heads glared at me from the walls; those of white buffaloes, especially, looking more ghastly and terrible than when living. Grizzly bears, savage panthers, and ravenous wolves, met my view on every side; while here and there were hung up the frontlets of the elk, cimmaron, and grim bison. From the hall we entered a spacious room, furnished with carpets, couches, and ottomans, and having silk curtains hanging at the windows. In fact, you might just fancy, when once you got out of the hall, that you were in a comfortable drawing-room in Europe. A piano and harp were in one corner; pictures hung on the walls, and books were strewed about upon the tables. The Log Hut was built of wood, but so far only did it deserve the name; it had a good staircase, and was two stories high. Indeed, it resembled a handsome, well-ordered English country house. The bed-room into which I was shown matched the drawing-room in comfort, and even elegance. The windows opened on to a balcony which ran round the house; and, stepping out on this, my eyes swept over an extensive and beautiful view. The woods loomed dark in the distance, but a soft grey light was thrown over the landscape, and the air was filled with music; the cooing of doves and the notes of the mocking-bird—sweeter than all others—mingling together.

On descending to the drawing-room, after dressing, I found that I was not the only guest at the Log Hut; a niece of Mr. Penryhn, who had lately married, had come with her husband to enliven the monotony of her uncle's solitary life. We were soon seated in the dining-room, before a dinner which certainly would have borne comparison with many I have seen at first-rate tables in European cities. Venison, and antelope, and such other viands as might be expected at a hunter's table, figured on the board, but luxuries of various kinds were set beside them; and the whole was cooked and served in a way that certainly did credit to the negroes who, for the most part, constituted Mr. Penryhn's domestic establishment. Mrs. Mapleson was a handsome young American lady, young enough not to have lost any of the freshness of early girlhood. She was—ah! now, there you boys

are saying you don't care what she was like. What! you don't want to have descriptions of ladies, but stories of adventures? Very well; perhaps in a few years you may think differently. However, I will only say that she was very good-looking, and so was her husband. As to Mr. Penryhn—well, I liked him better every time I heard him speak.

After dinner, while sipping his claret, he began to talk about his hunting experiences; a subject which he knew well would be most interesting to me.

"I have had many rather narrow escapes," said he, "while hunting; but I think that twice I may be said to have had a squeak for it. Once the adventure was with a bear; not one of your grizzly fellows, that we know are so dangerous, but a black bear; and it was more my fault than the poor beast's after all. I was very young and inexperienced then, I must tell you, at least in the hunting way. Now I dare say you already know that, although our friend old grizzly never climbs a tree, yet it is a constant habit of the black bear to do so, either for shelter, or to procure honey, which he is very partial to. Black bears are almost as much the frequenters of the branches of trees as squirrels are; and not only of the branches, but they often take up their abode in the hollow trunks of trees. A black bear will climb a tree by swarming up, as a boy might do, clasping his great shaggy arms round it, and not by sticking in his claws like cats and cheetars.

"Well; one day, now some years ago, when I was on a hunting expedition with two or three friends, one of my men came into my tent—for we lived in tents, and moved from place to place—came in to tell me that a bear had been seen in a thicket not far off. Taking my rifle in hand, I sallied forth, accompanied only by the man who brought the news; an Irishman, by the way, who rejoiced in the name of Mike Doolan. 'Shure, and a foine black bear he was, and no mistake,' said my friend Mike.

"Out into the thicket we went, but no bear could I see; on and on I forced my way, sometimes crouching, sometimes even creeping, for the underwood grew so thick there. After wandering for a couple of hundred yards in this way, I was startled by a shout from Mike behind me, who called out that the bear was up in one of the trees whose branches were spreading overhead. Turning round and raising myself, after creeping into an open space, I perceived, as the Irishman said, that the bear was up a tree, and quietly helping himself to some honey which the poor bees had stored away in a hive at the very top of it.

"Fearing that my ball might strike an intervening branch if I fired from the spot where I stood, I began climbing the next tree in order to get a better view of my friend. The tree I climbed had no branches very near the ground, so I swarmed up the trunk somewhat in the same fashion as the bear might have done. Mike, meanwhile, held my rifle, and as soon as I arrived at a point where the trunk divided into two large branches, I reached down, and he reached up, in order that the rifle might change hands, In my eagerness to watch the bear, I did not observe that the trunk of the tree I was climbing was hollow, and that the two large branches I had just reached were divided by a great hole. Now comes the ridiculous, and, at the same time, awful part of my story. I had just seized the rifle from the hands of Mike, and swung myself back as I thought in security, preparing to take aim at the bear, when, in some unaccountable, and certainly most unsatisfactory manner I fell backwards—not on to the ground—not into the brushwood which grew so thickly about the taller trees, but down, down, into darkness *inside the tree*.

"I fell doubled up; the rifle slipped from my hand and parted company with me, falling on the outside. As I fell the sides were hard and rugged, and scraped me on my downward course. Not that I fell far, for the place I had fallen from was not above ten feet from the ground. But I alighted on something soft, something alive, something moveable and very strong-smelling. In a word, the wife of the

glutton who was up aloft helping himself to the honey, was comfortably curled up inside the hollow tree, and I had fallen atop of her. Here was a pleasant position for a man to find himself in! The lady bear was not much better off than I was; her reflections must have resembled those of John Gilpin's horse, who—

> "'What thing upon his back had got,
> Did wonder more and more.'

"Neither she nor I could move: we were fellow-sufferers, and equally astonished. As for Mike—I could hear his voice on the outside—he couldn't for the life of him make out what had become of me.

"'Mister Penryhn, sir, Mister Penryhn, and what'll ye hev done wid yourself? Shure, and has the evil spirit run off wid ye entoirely? It's sorro a one of me knows where ye aire. Spake, sir, for the luv of heaven, for how can I make out what's become av ye.'

"Shouting as loud as I could—indeed, I felt the bear tremble under me from terror—I cried out, 'Here, here, Mike; I'm in the tree. Get me out as fast as you can; I've fallen on the top of a bear.'

"I heard Mike say to himself, 'Git him out, he says, and how'll I do that? Shure and it's the quarest job as iver I had to do. And atop of a bear too!' And I could fancy how poor Mike fell to scratching his head at this. Then he shouted as loud as he could, 'And, Mister Penryhn, what'll I be doing to git yer out of this?'

"'Go to the tents as fast as you can, and fetch the others, and bring ropes and axes, anything that anybody can think of,' cried I in reply. 'I shall die here soon if you don't get me out.'

"Off went Mike: I could hear him crashing through the underwood. Up to this time my friend, the lady bear, had displayed the extraordinary patience characteristic of her sex. But now the inconvenience I caused her was more than she could endure without giving tokens of her displeasure. She grunted and growled in a manner quite appalling to listen to—for me at least in my unfortunate position. But she did me a good service in her discomfort; for she began hunching up her back to get rid of me, and by so doing she raised me a little, and made me feel less jammed down than I was before. But as I became able in a measure to move, so did she, and my position grew more alarming. Louder and louder she growled, harder and harder she pushed. In fear and trembling I listened for the coming of Mike and my friends. Mrs. Bruin's impatience increased minute by minute, and I need not say mine kept pace with hers; for certainly I never spent a worse half hour in my life. How it happened that she did not bite me all this time, I cannot imagine. You must remember that from the position I was in, with my heels as high as my head, I was absolutely defenceless; and she might have made a meal off me without my being able to resist at all.

"At last there was a sound of footsteps: they approached nearer and nearer. Tramp, tramp, tramp, sounded the march of my deliverers; and, in another moment, Mike's face looked down upon me from above, and his voice sounded clearly in my ears, as he exclaimed—

"'Heaven be praised! and yer not eaten up alive yet. The gintlemen are below here, and we've got a rope, and axes, and all manner av things. What 'll we do?'

"'Throw me a rope,' I cried, with all the strength I seemed to have left in me; for by this time I was quite exhausted, and suffering dreadfully from my cramped position. They threw it to me, and how I managed to scramble up I don't know to this day; but I did, and here I am to tell the tale.

"But the black part of the story is to come; and I relate it with shame, for I hate ingratitude. Mrs. Bruin and I had been companions in misfortune, and that through no fault of hers. I had invaded her territory; she had not attacked me. She had even shown great forbearance in not using her teeth upon me; and, still more, she had actually helped to hoist me up at last, when, perhaps, I was too exhausted to have raised

myself by the rope alone. And how was she rewarded? Following me up as closely as she could—so closely, indeed, that I felt her claws upon me just as I emerged from the hole—her head appeared above the hollow trunk immediately after mine; and her career was brought suddenly to a close by a bullet from one of the hunter's rifles."

Thus ended Mr. Penryhn's story, and I laughed as much at the time he told it me as you are doing now, boys, I can tell you. He, too, thoroughly enjoyed the fun; and his fine dark eyes sparkled with merriment as he joined in the laugh against himself.

As we were about to rise from the table, he turned to me and said—

"By the way, I think you noticed a tame buffalo feeding with my cattle as you approached the house?"

I turned very red, and looked very foolish, I have no doubt, as I replied in the affirmative. Mr. Penryhn laughed, and went on—

"Ah! I see you guess that your guide, Greenwood, has already told of your anxiety to have a shot at my bison bull. Don't feel ashamed of it," he added, good-naturedly, "for I can tell you that you are not the first who has wanted to have a shot at the poor old fellow. But it was in effecting his capture that I so nearly came to grief a second time; and I may as well tell you the story now, as you seemed to enjoy my adventure with the bear."

We all said how glad we should be to hear it. And Mr. Penryhn——But, hullo! I believe that's the tea-bell for you children. Now we must jump up; and if you are all well-behaved young people, and Miss Pilkington gives consent, I will tell you Mr. Penryhn's second narrow escape to-morrow, and perhaps some of my own adventures in Prairie-land besides.

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# THE LION.

Of the magnificent and noble creatures called lions, several species are reported to exist, although it is thought by many experienced judges that there is really but one species of lion, which is modified into permanent varieties according to the country in which it lives.

The best known of these species or varieties is the South African lion, of whom so many anecdotes have been narrated. This noble animal is found in nearly all parts of Southern Africa, where the foot of civilized man has not stayed its wanderings. Before the tread of the white man the lion shrinks unwillingly, haunting each advanced post for a time, but driven surely and slowly backward as the human intellect gains opportunity for manifesting its supremacy over the lower animals. So entirely does man sweep the wild beasts from his presence, that, even in the Cape colony, a living lion is just as great a rarity as in England, and there are very few of the colonists who have ever beheld a lion except when pent in a cage.

The colour of the lion is a tawny yellow, lighter on the under parts of the body and darker above. The ears are blackish, and the tip of the tail is decorated with a tuft of black hair. This tuft serves to distinguish the lion from any other member of the cat tribe. The male lion, when full grown, is furnished with a thick and shaggy mane of very long hair, which falls from the neck, shoulders, and part of the throat and chin, varying in tint according to the age of the animal, and possibly according to the locality which it inhabits. The lioness possesses no mane, and even in the male lion it is not properly developed until the animal has completed his third year.

When fully grown, the male lion measures some four feet in height at the shoulder, and about eleven feet in total length. These measurements are only applicable to the noble animals which have passed their lives in the free air of their native land, and have attained their majority with limbs unshackled and spirits unbroken.

The lioness is a smaller animal than her mate, and the difference of size appears to be much greater than really is the case, because she is devoid of the thick mane which gives such grandeur and dignity to her spouse. Although smaller in size, she is quite as terrible in combat, and, indeed, the lioness is ofttimes a foe much more to be dreaded than the lion. When she has a little family to look after, Leæna is a truly fearful enemy to those who cross her path, assuming at once the offensive, and charging the intruders with a fierce courage that knows no fear and heeds no repulse.

Of the character of the lion, opinions the most opposite have been promulgated.

Until later days the lion was considered to be the very type of fiery courage and kingly generosity, indomitable in conflict with the strong, but merciful in sparing the weak and defenceless. Latterly, however, writers have passed to the opposite extreme, speaking of the lion as a cowardly, sneaking animal, and have even gone so far as to declare him to be no more formidable than a mastiff. It must be remarked that these opposite ideas have been put forth by men of practical experience, who have been personally acquainted with the king of beasts in his own domains.

Making due allowance for the "personal error," as astronomers would term the difference of idiosyncrasy in the narrators, we may safely conjecture that the truth lies somewhere between the two extremes, and that the lion is not always so fierce an animal as is said to be the case by some, nor always so cowardly as it is said to be by others.

Even the same individual may be at one time ferocious and truculent, attacking a party of armed men, in spite of their fire-rampart, and carrying off one of their number from among them; or at another time it may be timid and cowardly, skulking out of sight if discovered, and flying in terror before the shouts and cries of a few savages.

Hunger seems to be the great cause of a lion's defiance of danger, and it but seldom happens that a lion which has had plenty to eat troubles itself to attack man or beast.

There seems to be a considerable spice of indolence in the lion, which, indeed, is the case in most of the members of the cat tribe. It is capable of very great muscular efforts, and for a time will exert the most wary vigilance; but, as soon as the existing cause is removed, the creature seems overcome with lethargy, and, seeking the cover of its lair, yields itself to repose.

Even when aroused by the calls of hunger, the lion will not take more trouble than is necessary for the attainment of its end, and if it can strike down an antelope or jaguar with a blow of its paw, will be quite satisfied with its success, and will not trouble itself about such difficult game as a buffalo or a giraffe.

It is supposed by those who have had much experience of the leonine character, that the terrible "man-eating" lions owe their propensity for human flesh to the indolence of their character or the infirmity of their frame, and not to their superior activity or courage. Unwilling, or unable, to expend strength and patience in the pursuit of the swift-footed antelope or powerful buffalo, the lion prowls about the villages, thinking to find an easy prey in the man, woman, or child that may happen to stray from the protecting guardianship of the kraal and its dogs. Unarmed, man is weaker of limb, slower of foot, and less vigilant of senses than any of the wild animals, and therefore is a victim that can be slain without much trouble.

It is said that the taste for human flesh is often engendered by the thoughtless conduct of the very people who suffer from the "man-eaters." The Kaffirs are apt to leave their slain exposed in the bush, "a prey to dogs and all kinds of birds."

The lion who passes near the spot where a dead Kaffir lies, is mightily pleased with the opportunity of obtaining a dinner on such charmingly easy terms; and being master of the situation, drives away hyænas, jackals, and vultures, until he has satisfied his lordly appetite. Having satiated himself, he retires to rest, and on awaking, repairs again to the site of his banquet in hope of

making another such meal. He finds nothing but the fragments of bone, for the jackals and vultures have long ago consumed every morsel of flesh, and the hyænas have eaten the greater part of the bones. From that moment the lion becomes a man-eater, and is a scourge to the neighbourhood. It beseemeth the whole armed population to rise and destroy this pest; for as long as the man-eater lives he will pay constant visits to the villages, and night after night, or even day after day, so great is his audacity, will he carry off his victims.

It is worthy of notice, that in all parts of the world where the larger felidæ live, certain individuals seem to isolate themselves from their kind by this propensity, and distinguish themselves for their predilection for human flesh.

As a general rule, the lion is no open foe. He does not come boldly out on the plain and give chase to his prey, for he is by no means swift of foot, and, as has already been mentioned, has no idea of running into danger without adequate cause. He can make tremendous leaps, and with a single blow from his terrible paw can crush any of the smaller animals. So he creeps towards his intended prey, availing himself of every bush and tree as a cover, always taking care to advance against the wind, so that the pungent feline odour should give no alarm, and when he has arrived within the limits of his spring, leaps on the devoted animal and strikes it to the ground.

This mode of action gives a clue to the object of the fear-instilling roar which has made the lion so famous.

As the lion obtains his prey by stealth, and depends for nutrition on the success of his hunting, it seems strange that his voice should be of such a nature as to inspire with terror the heart of every animal which hears its reverberating thunders. Yet it will be seen that the creature could find no aid so useful as that of his voice.

If the lion has been prowling about during the evening hours, and has found no prey, he places his mouth close to the earth, and utters a terrific roar, which rolls along the ground on all sides, and frightens every animal which may chance to be crouching near. Not knowing from what direction the fearful sound has come, they leave their lairs and rush frantically about, distracted with terror and bewildered with the sudden arousing from sleep. In their heedless career, one or two will probably pass within a convenient distance of the lurking foe.

These nocturnal alarms cause great trouble to those who travel into the interior of Africa. When night draws on, it is the custom to call a halt, and to release the draught oxen from their harness. A kind of camp is then made, a blazing fire is kept alight as a defence against the wild beasts, and the oxen are fastened either to the waggons or to the bushes by which the encampment is made.

The lion comes and surveys the mingled mass of oxen, men, and waggons, but fears to approach too closely, for he dreads the blaze of a fire. In vain does he prowl around the encampment, for he can discover no stragglers from the protecting flame, and, moreover, finds that the watchful dogs are on the alert. So he retires to some little distance, and putting his mouth to the ground, pours forth his deepest roar. Struck with frantic terror, the stupid oxen break away from their halters, and quitting their sole protection, gallop madly away only to fall victims to the jaws and talons of the author of the panic.

It often happens that several lions combine in their attacks, and bring their united forces to bear upon the common prey, each taking his appointed part in the matter. One of these joint attacks was witnessed by two English officers engaged in the late Kaffir war, with one of whom I am well acquainted.

A small herd of zebras were quietly feeding in a plain, all unconscious of the stealthy approach of several lions, which were creeping towards them in regular order, under cover of a dense reed thicket. So quietly did the lions make their advance, that their progress was unnoticed even by the zebra-sentinel. The lions crept on,

until they reached the sheltering thicket, when the sentinel took the alarm. It was too late—with a single bound, the leading lion sprang over the reeds, felled one of the zebras, and set the others scampering in all directions so as to fall an easy prey to his companions.

It has happened that such alliances have come to a tragical end for the assailant as well as the victim.

"Early one morning," says Mr. Anderson, in his "Lake Ngami," "one of our herdsmen came running up to us in a great fright, and announced that a lion was devouring a lioness. We thought at first that the man must be mistaken, but his story was perfectly true, and only her skull, the larger bones, and the skin were left. On examining the ground more closely, the fresh remains of a young springbok were also discovered. We therefore conjectured that the lion and lioness, being very hungry, and the antelope not proving a sufficient meal for both, had quarelled; and he, after killing his wife, had coolly eaten her also."

The same writer relates a curious instance of a wounded lion being torn in pieces by a troop of his fellows.

In the attack of large animals, the lion seldom attempts an unaided assault, but joins in the pursuit with several companions. Thus it seems to be that the stately giraffe is slain by the lion, five of which have been seen engaged in the chase of one giraffe, two actually pulling down their prey, while the other three were waiting close at hand. The lions were driven off, and the neck of the giraffe was found to be bitten through by the cruel teeth of the assailants.

When the lion kills an eland, and does not happen to be very ravenously hungry, he feeds daintily on the heart and other viscera, not often touching the remainder of the flesh. In so doing, he rips open the abdomen with his powerful claws, and tearing out his favourite morsels, devours them. Sometimes, after satisfying his hunger, he will leave the eland lying on the ground apparently uninjured, the only visible wound being that which he has made by tearing the animal open.

Owing to the uniform tawny colour of the lion's coat, he is hardly distinguishable from surrounding objects even in broad daylight, and by night he walks secure. Even the practised eyes of an accomplished hunter have been unable to detect the bodies of lions which were lapping water at some twenty yards' distance, betraying their vicinity by the sound, but so blended in form with the landscape, that they afforded no mark for the rifle even at that short distance.

Under such circumstances, their glowing eyes afford the only means by which they can be discovered, and even with such assistance the position of the body cannot be made out. The felidæ tread so silently, that no footfall gives notice of their whereabouts; and aided by the beautiful mechanism of the "whiskers," they appear to be enabled to thread their stealthy way, almost without the aid of eyes.

Each whisker hair is, in fact, an organ endued with an exquisite sense of touch, and in connection with a set of large nerves that convey to the brain the least touch. By means of these delicate feelers, the animals are able to guide themselves through the thickets, and to escape the risk of alarming their intended prey by too rude a contact with the branches.



# MODERN MAGIC.

BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

TWO HEAPS OF CARDS, UNEQUAL IN NUMBER, BEING PLACED UPON THE TABLE, TO PREDICT BEFOREHAND WHICH OF THE TWO THE COMPANY WILL CHOOSE.

There is an old schoolboy trick, which consists in placing on the table two heaps of cards, one consisting of seven indifferent cards, and the other of the four sevens. The performer announces that he will predict beforehand (either verbally or in writing) which of the two heaps the company will choose; and fulfils his undertaking by declaring that they will choose "the seven heap." This description will, of course, suit either heap, being in the one case understood to apply to the number of cards in the heap, in the other case to denote the value of the individual cards.

The trick in this form would not have been worth noticing, and I should not have mentioned it, save as a prelude to a newer and really good method of performing the same feat. You place on the table two heaps of cards, each containing the same number, say six cards, which may be the first that come to hand, the value of the cards being in this case of no consequence, You announce that of the two heaps, one contains an odd and the other an even number. This is, of course, untrue; but it is one of the postulates of a conjuror's performance that he may tell professionally as many fibs as he likes, and that his most solemn asseverations are only to be taken in a Pickwickian sense. You continue, "I do not tell you which heap is odd and which is even, but I will predict to you, as many times as you like, which heap you will choose. Observe, I do not influence your choice in any way. I may tell you that you will this time choose the heap containing the odd number." While delivering this harangue, you take the opportunity of palming in your right hand a single card from the top of the pack, and place the remainder of the cards apart on the table. When the audience have made their choice, you pick up the chosen heap with the right hand, thereby adding the palmed card to that heap, and coming forward, ask some one to verify your prediction. The number is of course found to be odd. You then bring forward the second heap, which is found to be even. Join the two heaps together, and again separate them, palming the top card of the odd heap, replace the two heaps on the table, and this time predict that the audience will choose the heap containing the even number. When they have made their selection, you pick up the non-chosen heap with the hand containing the palmed card, and the chosen heap with the empty hand.

You may with truth assure the audience that you could go on all the evening predicting their choice with equal certainty; but it is best not to repeat the trick too often, as the audience, when they have once seen it, will be very carefully on the watch to detect you, and may possibly ask to see your hands at an awkward moment. You will do better to pass on at once to the next trick, which will enable you to display your powers of divination in a yet more surprising form.

A ROW OF FIFTEEN CARDS BEING PLACED FACE DOWNWARDS ON THE TABLE, TO INDICATE BY TURNING UP ONE OF THEM, HOW MANY OF SUCH CARDS HAVE DURING YOUR ABSENCE BEEN TRANSFERRED FROM ONE END OF THE ROW TO THE OTHER.

This trick is somewhat out of place in this chapter, inasmuch as it involves no sleight-of-hand, but I insert it here as forming an appropriate sequel to that last described. It is thus performed:—You deal from the top of the pack, face downwards on the table, a row of fifteen cards. To all appearance, you are quite indifferent what cards you take, but in reality you have pre-arranged the first ten cards in

the following manner: first, a ten, then a nine, then an eight, and so on down to the ace inclusive. The suits are of no consequence. The eleventh card should be a blank card, if you have one of the same pattern as the pack; if not, a knave will do. This card, in the process which follows, will stand for 0. When the fifteen cards are dealt, their arrangement will therefore be as follows:—

10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0, *, *, *, *.

The four asterisks represeuting any four indifferent cards. This special arrangement is, of course, unknown to the audience. You now offer to leave the room, and invite the audience, during your absence, to remove any number of the cards (not exceeding ten) from the right hand end of the row, and place them, in the same order, at the other end of the row. On your return to the room you have only to turn up the eleventh card, counting from the beginning or left hand end, which will indicate by its points the number of cards removed. A few examples will best illustrate this fact. Thus suppose that two cards only have been removed from the right to the left hand end, the row thus altered will be as follows:—

*, *, 10, 9, 8, 7, 6, 5, 4, 3 [2], 1, 0, *, *.

The eleventh card from the left will be a two, being the number moved. Suppose that seven cards have been removed, the new arrangement will be—

2, 1, 0, *, *, *, *, 10, 9, 8 [7], 6, 5, 4, 3,

and the card in the eleventh place will be a seven. Suppose the audience avail themselves of your permission to the fullest extent, and remove ten cards, the same result follows.

5, 4, 3, 2, 1, 0, *, *, *, * [10], 9, 8, 7, 6.

If no card is moved, the 0 will remain the eleventh card, as it was at first. It is hardly necessary to remark that if you repeat the trick a second time, you must replace the cards moved in their original positions; and you must by no means allow the audience to discover that you count the cards.

You are not necessarily restricted to fifteen cards, but may increase the number up to twenty if you please, making up the complement by increasing the number of the indifferent cards at the right hand of the original row.

The trick may be equally well performed with dominoes, or even with numbered pieces of paper, as with playing cards.

### Several Cards having been freely chosen by the Company, returned and shuffled, and the Pack placed in a person's Pocket, to make such Person draw out one by one the chosen Cards.

This trick is an especial favourite of the celebrated Herrmann, in whose hands it never fails to produce a brilliant effect. The performer hands the pack to one of the company, who is requested to first well shuffle it, and then to invite any four persons to each draw a card. When this is done, the pack is returned to the performer, who then requests the same person to collect the chosen cards face downwards on his open palm. The cards so collected are placed in the middle of the pack, which is at once handed to the person who collected them, with a request that he will shuffle them thoroughly. After he has done so, the pack is placed by the performer in his (the volunteer assistant's) breast pocket. The performer now asks one of the four persons who drew to name his card. He next requests the person assisting him to touch the end of his wand, and then as quickly as possible (that the mystic influence may not have time to evaporate) to put his hand in his pocket and draw out a card, which proves to be the very one just named. A second and third card are named and drawn in the same manner, to the astonishment of all, and not least of the innocent assistant. The fourth and last card, which is, say, the ten of spades, he is requested to look for in the pack, but it proves to be missing, and the performer thereupon offers to show him how to *make* a ten of spades. To do so, he requests him to blow into his pocket, where the missing card is immediately found. But he has, unfortunately, blown too strongly, and has made not only a ten of spades, but a host

of other cards, which the performer pulls out in quantities, not only from his pocket, but from the inside of his waistcoat—finishing by producing a final shower from his nose.

The explanation of this trick, which appears marvellous in execution, is really very simple; and depends for its effect not so much on any extraordinary degree of dexterity, as on the manner and address of the performer. When the four cards are replaced in the middle of the pack, the performer makes the pass to bring them to the top, and palms them. He then hands the pack to be shuffled. When it is returned, he replaces them on the top, and placing the person assisting him on his left hand, and facing the audience, places the pack in the left breast pocket of such person, taking care to place the top of the pack (on which are the chosen cards) outwards. In asking the names of the drawn cards, he puts the question first to the person who *last* replaced his card (and whose card is therefore on the top), and so on. He is particular in impressing upon the person assisting him that he must draw out the card as quickly as possible, thus giving him no time to select a card, but compelling him, so to speak, to take that which is readiest to his hand, which will always be the outermost, or top card. Should he, notwithstanding, by accident or finesse, draw out a card from the middle of the pack, the performer at once says, "Oh, you were not half quick enough. You must pull out the card as quick as thought, or the magic influence will go off. Allow *me!*" then pulling out the outer card himself, he shows that it is the right one. When three cards have been thus produced, he himself plunges his hand into the pocket, and takes out the whole pack, with the exception of the then top card, which is the fourth of the cards drawn; then pretending to recollect himself, he says, "Stay, we had four cards drawn. Will you say what your card was, madam?" We have supposed that it was the ten of spades. He hands the pack to the person assisting him, saying, "Will you find the ten of spades, and return it to the lady?" Being in his pocket, of course it cannot be found in the pack, and on blowing in the pocket it is naturally found there. The performer meanwhile has palmed about a third of the pack, which he introduces into the pocket at the same moment that he places his hand therein to take out the supposed superfluous cards. From this stage to the close the trick is merely a repetition of that already given under the title of the "Shower of Aces" (*see* page 638), to which the reader is referred.

THE CARDS HAVING BEEN FREELY SHUFFLED, AND CUT INTO THREE OR FOUR HEAPS, TO NAME THE TOP CARD OF EACH HEAP.

Note the bottom card of the pack, which we will suppose to be the nine of diamonds. Shuffle the cards, so as to bring this card to the top, and palm it. Then remark, "But perhaps you would rather shuffle for yourselves," and hand the pack to some one of the company for that purpose. When the pack is returned, replace the card on the top, and continue, placing the pack on the table, "You observe that I do not meddle with the cards in any way. Now, will some one be good enough to cut them into two, three, or four parts, when I will at once name the top card of each." To do this you must take especial notice where the upper part of the pack is placed, as you know that the top card of this particular heap is the nine of diamonds. Placing your finger gravely, *not* on this, but on one of the other heaps, you say, appearing to reflect, "This is the nine of diamonds." We will suppose that it is in reality the queen of spades. You take it in your hand without allowing the audience to see it, and, noticing what it is, at once touch the top card of another heap, saying, "And this is the queen of spades." Glancing in like manner at this card, which is, say, the seven of clubs, you touch another card, and say, "This is the seven of clubs." We will suppose that this third card is really the nine of hearts. You conclude, taking up the card you have all along known (the real nine of diamonds), "And this last is the nine of

hearts." Then, throwing all four on the table, show that you have named them correctly.

This trick should be performed with considerable quickness and vivacity, so as not to give the audience much time for thought as you name the cards. It is further necessary that the spectators be well in front of you and clear of the table, so that they cannot see the faces of the cards as you pick them up.

TO ALLOW A PERSON SECRETLY TO THINK OF A CARD, AND, DIVIDING THE PACK INTO THREE HEAPS, TO CAUSE THE CARD THOUGHT OF TO APPEAR IN WHICHEVER HEAP THE COMPANY MAY CHOOSE.

Hand the pack to the company, with a request that they will well shuffle it. When it is returned, cut the pack into three heaps on the table, and invite some one to secretly think of a card. When he has done so, say boldly, "The card you have thought of is in *this* heap," touching one of them—say the middle one. "Will you be kind enough to name it?" The person names, say, the queen of spades. You continue, "Your card, as I have already told you, is in the centre heap. To satisfy you that I do not now place it there by means of any sleight-of-hand on my part, I will, in the first place, show you that it is not in either of the other heaps." Gathering together the two heaps in question, and turning them face upwards, you come forward to the audience, rapidly running over the cards the while in order to ascertain whether the queen of spades is among them. If it is not, the trick has so far succeeded without any trouble on your part, and, after showing that the card is not among those you hold, you bring forward the remaining packet, and show that you were correct in your assertion. You then say, "I do not generally repeat a trick, but on this occasion, as you might possibly imagine that my success was a mere result of accident, I will perform the trick once more, and, if you please, you shall yourselves name beforehand the packet in which the card thought of is to appear." The packet having been chosen, you join the other two in your left hand, and invite some one to think of a card. When he has done so, you come forward, as before, to show that it is not among the cards you hold. Luck may again favour you; but if not, and you see the card chosen among those in your hand, you quickly draw it, by a rapid movement of the second finger of the right hand, behind the rest of the pack, and, continuing your examination, show the company, to all appearance, that the card is not there. Having done this, you again turn the pack over (when the card thought of will be on the top), and, covering the pack for a moment with the right hand, palm that card. Then picking up with the same hand the heap remaining on the table, you place the palmed card on the top, and, transferring the cards to the left hand, you say, "You are welcome to watch me as closely as you please. You will find that I shall cut these cards at the precise card you thought of." To all appearance you merely cut the cards, but really at the same moment make the pass (by lifting away the lower instead of the upper half of the packet). The upper part of the packet, with the card on the top, remains in the left hand. You request some one to look at the top card, which is, of course, found to be the card thought of. Should the card in the first instance prove to be among the *non*-designated cards, you will proceed as last directed; but do not in this case repeat the trick.

TO ALLOW A PERSON TO SECRETLY THINK OF A CARD, AND, BEFORE SUCH CARD IS NAMED, TO SELECT IT FROM THE PACK, AND PLACE IT SINGLY UPON THE TABLE.

This trick is on the same principle, and performed in a great measure by the same means, as that last described. You invite a person to think of a card (without naming it). When he has done so, you offer the pack to another person to shuffle, and finally to a third person to cut. Then, taking the top card of the lower heap, you walk to your table, and, without showing what it is, place it face downwards on the table, retaining the

rest of the pack in your left hand. Then, addressing the person who was requested to think of a card, you say, "The card which I have just placed on the table is the one you thought of. Will you be good enough to name it." We will suppose that the card thought of was the ace of spades. You say, as in the last trick, "Allow me to show you, in the first place, that the ace of spades is no longer in the pack." Coming forward to the audience, and rapidly running over the cards, you catch sight of the ace of spades, and slip it behind the rest. Having shown that it is, apparently, not in the pack, you turn the cards over (when the ace will, of course, be on the top) and palm it. Leaving the pack with the audience, you advance to your table, and, standing behind it, pick up the card on the table with the same hand in which the ace of spades is already palmed. Draw away the card towards the back of the table, and as it reaches the edge drop it on the concealed shelf, and produce the ace of spades as the card just picked up. The trick requires a little practice, but if well executed the illusion is perfect.

The above directions are framed upon the assumption that you are performing with the aid of a proper conjuror's table, which, as already stated, has a hidden shelf at the back for the reception of objects, which the performer may require to pick up or lay down without the knowledge of his audience. The trick may, however, be performed without the use of such a table, but will, in this case, require some little variation.

If you are using an ordinary table, the most effective mode of finishing the trick is as follows: Walk boldly to the table, and pick up with the right hand (in which the card actually thought of is palmed) the card lying on the table, and, without looking at it yourself, hold it towards your audience, remarking, "Here it is, you see, the ace of spades." The card being in truth a totally different one, say the seven of diamonds, the audience naturally imagine that the trick has broken down, and a derisive murmur quickly apprises you of the fact. You thereupon glance at the card, and affect some little surprise and embarrassment on finding that it is a wrong one. However, after a moment's pause, you say, taking the card face downwards between the thumb and second finger of the left hand, "Well, I really don't know how the mistake could have occurred. However, I can easily correct it." Then "change" the card by the fifth method (*see* General Principles), and, after a little byplay to heighten the effect of the transformation, again show the card, which this time proves to be the right one. The audience will readily conclude that your pretended mistake was really a feint, designed to heighten the effect of the trick.

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## PUZZLES.

*Double Acrostics.*

1.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. An Arab. | 8. What my finals are. |
| 2. A number. | 9. Pretty. |
| 3. Mild. | 10. A sovereign. |
| 4. A Persian. | 11. A name. |
| 5. A town. | 12. A sea. |
| 6. A mountain. | 13. A direction. |
| 7. French. | |

My initials and finals read down name the first of a series of wonderful undertakings.

2.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. A town. | 8. A poet. |
| 2. A conspirator. | 9. An inlet. |
| 3. A sculptor. | 10. A general. |
| 4. An artist. | 11. A minister. |
| 5. A mathematician. | 12. An actress. |
| 6. A king. | 13. A tax. |
| 7. A geodesist. | 14. A goddess. |

My initials and finals read down name a celebrated statesman of the present day.

3.

1. A German town.
2. A French river.
3. A Persian town.
4. A Spanish town.
5. A Chinese town.

Initials and finals read down name a Greek sculptor and a Greek astronomer.

4.

1. Several.
2. Young.
3. Above.
4. Besides.
5. A river.

My initials name an Emperor of China and my finals a King of Persia.

5.

1. A beverage.
2. An animal.
3. Destruction.
4. Herbage.
5. Rage.
6. A range of mountains.
7. Insanity.

My initials and finals if rightly read down,
Give a country of Europe and its chief town.

6.

1. Festive.
2. Indolent.
3. A boy's name.
4. Owed.
5. Alone.
6. A weight.
7. A bird.
8. Negative.
9. To bestow.

My primals and finals rightly read down,
Will give three statesmen of renown.

*Charades.*

7.

My first describes a maid both modest and sedate;
Eve second of a fruit which caused our fallen state;
My whole is of a bishop of learning and renown,
Who stands most high in Church and near to the Crown.

8.

Often in my second
Does my first engage;
My whole, he oft is reckon'd
When he thus doth rage.

9.

My first is to see, to look, or behold;
My second a union assists to unfold;
My third is a description of action in space;
My total is a changing from place to place.

*Word Squares.*

10.

To select. Hot places.
Insect homes. A leaf used in medicine.
To attempt.

11.

A festival. To expiate.
To embark. Faculty.
Seen in a park.

12.

An animal. To raise.
Thought. To defy.

13.

To tie. Close.
A notion. To mend.

14.

A boy's name. Seen on the sea-shore.
A goddess. Without motion.
Unpleasant.

15.

Dare. Rose.
To join. A horse.
Leaning towards.

16.

Struck with fear. Extreme points.
To decrease. An inclined table.

17.

To sketch. The name of a town.
A watering-place. To go.

18.

An image. Used for cooking.
To plunge. To grant.

*Decapitations.*

19.

Whole, I am costly; behead me, and I am a part of the head; transpose my whole, and I am to defy; change my second letter and transpose, and I am an animal; change my last letter, and I am a document; change my last letter again, and I am profound; curtail me, and I am a river.

20.

Whole, I am an article for writing on; change my first letter, and I am to skip; curtail me, and I am a headland; transpose, and I am a step; take away my third letter and transpose, and I am an animal; transpose, and I am a plant.

21.

Whole, I am an animal; change my head, I am a morass; change my tail, I am a youth; change my head, I am a plaything; again change my head, I am happiness; change my tail, I am a man's name.

22.

Whole, I am a horse; change my tail, I am a bed; change my head, I am to get; change my tail, I am the name of a giant; change my head, I am a mist; change my tail, I am an enemy.

23.

*Seventeen Hidden Rivers.*

I came yesterday, but could only see Alice Barlow, as Henry had gone out; but we arranged to go again, and left the house quite satisfied and overpowered by her kindness. On our return the wind blew cold, and the spray dashed in our faces as we walked along the cliff, beneath which might be seen the forms of the fishermen hurrying to and fro. Memory brought back to us keen recollections; tokens that rent our hearts to think of; of deeds which had happened long, long ago, which afforded us with ample food for thought as we hurried home.

24.

My 13 2 9 is hot.
My 7 6 8 is a chart.
My 16 6 12 9 is one of the cardinal points,
My 3 10 9 is to decay.
My 5 6 4 is a covering for the head.
My 7 10 4 5 is an insect.
My 1 2 12 16 is part of the face.
My 12 9 14 15 is to move.
And my whole is a word of 16 letters.

*Cryptographs.*

25.

Zb apsic ya b'bg zb apsic ya gphg,
Zsc ephf sc gbdbh azhplny;
Y opqsgn isxb px ebyhj atsi
Sc bdbh sg zsc dsbe;
Rla pg zb ahlknbc fbbusgn ytb
Y capla zbyha ap azb rhyb
Ygk uhplk ap rb yg zpgbca qyg
Bgasi zsc kjsgn kyj.

26.

Cks hkvqtisl heuvlb keus milu xhkeeq
Qeew vl ft cks eysl teei
Cksz qejs ce xss, cks mqfuvlb meibs
Flt ce ksfi cks rsqqeox iefi
Flt hfchk cks rpilvlb xyfiux chfc mqz
Qvws kkfmm mieu cks ckisxklvb mqeei.

27.

Xseirg yjjzesbdl fszcx mgr nejfszb
Xjkleo j'rg ldr xqyyrg xrm
Ejireo xlmgx sz nrmqlo bejfszb
Fmludszb j'rg yo ejir mzc yr.

*Charades.*

28.

My first is an animal, my second is a human being, my third is a vessel, and my whole is an art of riding.

29.

My first is a kind of pottery, my second is a dwelling-place, my third is a human being, and my whole is a storehouse-keeper.

30.

My first is to know, my second is to utter with musical sounds, my third is a weight, and my whole is the name of a town in England.



LILLIE CAMERON.



"More than once these three worthies had been seen fishing together for pike and trout."

# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter IV.

Mrs. Ironsides had been a Miss Salmon. The Salmon family were almost as well known as the Ironsides, but in a different sphere. The Ironsides represented the higher branches of industry. Mr. Ironsides' two brothers had carried on business in Labridun as Ironsides Brothers and Company, Manufacturers. The Salmons represented a smaller property—one might almost say a very small property indeed. The limited means of this family, when divided amongst its members, were so small that each of the Salmons was obliged to work hard to support his family. Mrs. Ironsides' father had been the tax-collector of Chatillon. Her Uncle John, when very young, had enlisted into a lancer regiment, whence he exchanged into the Chasseurs d'Afrique. He had retired with the rank of captain, and now lived at Chatillon. Mrs. Ironsides had also two aunts—old maiden ladies—who dwelt in a small neighbouring town, but nobody ever saw them. They lived together practising the most rigid economy on the smallest of incomes, but managed, nevertheless, to be charitable, and to do good with the means they possessed.

If the Ironsides were proud of their wealth the Salmons were no less proud in their poverty—all most respectable people, but moving in different spheres.

The Ironsides family believed that they had conferred great honour upon the Salmon faction, when they admitted into their ranks the daughter of the tax-collector. The Salmon family, on their part, thought that they had done no less honour to the Ironsides in giving to them the brightest jewel in their possession. There had been at first some little coolness between the families, but when the Ironsides perceived that the new comer did honour to their name, when the Salmons remarked with what deference the other party treated their relative, each made some advances, and the two families soon became great allies without being otherwise united.

When Margaret was born, her uncle, Paul Ironsides, was her godfather. Martha in her turn became the godchild of her uncle, Henry Ironsides. It was now in Mrs. Ironsides' opinion Uncle John's turn. When she first spoke to him upon the subject, Uncle John opened his great eyes, and positively blushed with gratification.

"Really, my dear Louisa," he said, "do

you actually wish me to become godfather? It is very good of you to have thought of such an old bear as I am. If it were possible, I should love you more than ever for the thought. But," he added, with an anxious air, "are you sure that your husband will be pleased!"

"Be pleased! Uncle, what do you mean by that? Now listen; if you make any objection, my husband shall put on a white tie and a black coat, and come formally to request you to act!"

"Oh! no formality, I beg. I believe you, my dear girl. Now should you like me to tell you something," he added in a confidential tone; "well, I have been most anxious to be godfather to your boy, but did not like to say so."

"You had no need to say so; it is a matter of course."

"Not entirely. Many of the Ironsides family are very rich, and possess great influence."

"There is not one amongst them so good or more generous than yourself. There is not one whom I respect or love more than you. Understand that! Now kiss me, for I must go, as I am in a hurry."

Though the Captain felt himself very "cheery" as he sat in his arm-chair, he went out to enjoy his happiness more at large. Once out of the house, it was so natural to visit his old comrade Aubry, so he went to his house. He was the former fencing-master of the regiment to which Uncle John had belonged. He was only a trooper, and perhaps a trifle rough, but he was, nevertheless, a good man for all his want of polish, and Uncle John, who was in no way a "snob," visited him willingly, just as he would stop and chat with Mr. Lawrence; and more than once these three worthies had been seen fishing together for pike and trout on the little eyots in the Lunette.

Captain John, as well as being somewhat vulgar in appearance, was an uneducated man. He differed from all the other Salmons in this respect; but, in common with them all (and he possessed this quality in a high degree) had a very vivid and very nice perception of justice and righteous dealing, as well as the faculty of forgetting himself in order to benefit others. Unselfishness was a characteristic of the Salmon family. This, combined with good qualities, or faults, had produced a series of examples various and marked, but always worth recording.

English people say that it takes three generations to make a "gentleman." I cannot say during how many generations the Salmons had reared, perfected, and refined the virtue of unselfishness to arrive at Mrs. Ironsides. All I can say is, that in her were united all the good qualities of the family; and, to make use of the philosophical phraseology of the Germans, it was the last effort and the ideal of *Salmonism!* To speak more plainly, Mrs. Ironsides was the flower of the tree, while the good Captain was one of the knotted roots. So not only did he love his niece because she was his niece, but because he also felt for her a kind of reverence; for in his eyes she was the pride of the family.

Such as he was, with his good and bad qualities, he went with his heart full of pride and joy to call upon his friend Aubry. Aubry was at that moment giving a fencing-lesson to a thin and short-sighted individual who appeared quite overcome by the weight of his breastplate. His face behind his fencing-mask presented such a lamentable expression, that he might have been taken for the "Man in the Iron Mask."

"He does not fence badly," said Mr. Aubry, "but he does not parry quickly enough."

The pupil was a timid youth, who was anxious to acquire a soldierly appearance, and so delude himself that he had had a military education.

The fencing-master, by way of salute to the Captain as he entered, made a lunge at the timid youth's breast, and he was ignominiously "buttoned" on the spot.

"A hit!" he said, shortly. "Good day, Captain. One, two. I am with you. One, two. How are you? There, that will do for to-day."

The timid one, while he still wore his

fencing-clothes, stood very sheepishly before the two old soldiers. But, when he had re-assumed his well-made walking-dress, he regained a little more confidence; for the two soldiers were from that time nothing more in his eyes than badly-dressed people.

The Captain, who usually occupied himself little in the details of dress, was struck with the shape of his shirt-collar; and an idea was germinated in his brain which bore fruit at a later period.

"Have you ever been a godfather in your life?" asked the Captain, without further preamble.

The fencing-master had been a godfather formerly, and in proof of it there still existed a godchild of his, to whom he annually wrote, and sent good advice, and a twenty-franc piece—as new as possible, as it looked better.

"Money and advice both thrown away! But, after all, he is my godson, although he is a very foolish fellow."

"Since you have been a godfather, you can tell me at once what a godfather who respects himself ought to do on the day of the christening. There is a boy in the case, so tell me everything. I am soon going to be godfather, and, you understand, my friend, that it would not do for me to make a fool of myself."

"But, Captain," replied the fencing-master, "if there be one person who can tell you better than another what to do, it is Mrs. Ironsides."



"He never took his eyes off Mrs. Aubry for a second."

"There is the difficulty," replied the Captain. "I am unfortunately precluded from consulting her."

The old provost rubbed his ear with a puzzled air.

"You see, my Captain, that it is five-and-twenty years ago, and I have undergone so many fencing-matches, and swallowed so much vermouth, that I fear I have forgotten all about it. But come in here, and my wife, who is a knowing one, will tell you, word for word, all that has to be done."

The Captain declared nothing would give him greater pleasure than to confer with Mrs. Aubry upon the subject which preoccupied his thoughts. He was accordingly introduced into a small triangular room, narrow, and full of furniture, and as inconvenient and dark as any one could wish. There he commenced the conversation, and a very important one it was to him. He found, indeed, that Mrs. Aubry was very well informed upon all the usages and customs of christenings in general, and of the duties of godfathers in particular.

The Captain listened attentively and sucked the knob of his stick to keep his attention fixed. He never took his eyes off Mrs. Aubry for a second. As for the

fencing-master, who had not the gift of eloquence, he sat and admired the knowledge and conversational powers of his wife with his great eyes wide open, and his hands spread out upon his knees. He nodded his approval from time to time, of all she said, and the manner in which she said it.

When the Captain had listened attentively without even daring to wink, after he had many times complicated the question by requesting explanations, when he had passed through such tortures as brought perspiration to his forehead, when, thanks to the patience of Mrs. Aubry, he had been led, step by step, out of a kind of labyrinth into which he had worried himself, when he had been convinced that the godfather was called John, a captain on the retired list, that the godmother was named Margaret Ironsides, standing proxy for an old aunt who could not be present, that the child was to take the name of his godfather, that the christening was to take place at the parish church of St. Luke's, on Sunday, the Captain cried out, "Now I know my lesson thoroughly, the rest regards me alone," and he went out very thoughtful and very happy.

Thus it was that out of a triangular room, whose only daylight came through a damp and dark court, arose the first idea of a ceremony which was to throw a halo over Uncle John, to astonish the Ironsides, and to leave an ineffaceable remembrance in the minds of the street boys of the parish.



## Chapter V.

I have no patience with those "stock" godfathers who become sponsors against their will, because they dare not refuse; who purchase gloves and sweetmeats for a christening, in the same matter-of-fact way in which they buy a lamp-glass or half-a-dozen collars. These are the people who vote the whole ceremony a bore, and console themselves with the reflection that it will soon be over. No; give me, on the contrary, such a godfather as Uncle John, who could think of nothing but the christening for at least two months previous to its celebration!

Not only did he endeavour to arrange the entire ceremony itself, but he burthened himself in supervising every petty detail. Acting on a hint from Mrs. Aubry, who found fault with his satin waistcoat as being a trifle sombre for the occasion, as well as too small for the wearer, he ordered a capacious waistcoat of white "duck," giving particular directions to his tailor not to be sparing of the material, feeling this was no time to practise petty economies. The remembrance of that timid youth, suddenly transformed into a man of the world by the mere addition of a shirt-collar, determined Uncle John to add that article also to his toilet on the auspicious occasion. He, therefore,

ordered it at the same time as the waistcoat, and this collar, under his superintendence, displayed all the expanded gracefulness of the leaves of a large tropical plant.

The great day at length arrived. The christening was fixed to take place on a Sunday, at the expressed wish of Uncle John. He walked from his own house to the Rue du Heaume. The white waistcoat struck awe into the breasts of the street boys, while, on the other hand, the collar excited their derision. The more knowing ones guessed that something was afoot. The report arose, no one knew how, and was quickly circulated that a christening was about to be held, and that there was something to be made out of it. So the boys in twos and threes collected round the church doors, and were quickly joined by a miscellaneous collection of beggars and old women.

When Margaret, who stood "proxy," took her place in the carriage by the side of Uncle John, she was astonished to find what a quantity of room he occupied. His coat-pockets seemed to stick out with some hard and stony substance. "Crack!" went the whip, and the horses started at a brisk trot, and finally drew up in the centre of a crowd of curious sightseers, who welcomed the immense shirt-collar with a murmur of derisive admiration.

Completely wrapped up in the importance of the part he was about to play, the godfather paid no attention to anything save to the details of his duty. Margaret, in her turn, descended from the carriage blushing and smiling, and altogether looking so pretty that the crowd audibly commented upon her appearance and good looks.

Uncle John duly renounced on behalf of the little nephew, who now became his godson, the pomps and vanities of the wicked world. He repeated the responses without stumbling and quite distinctly, and he declared, with proud satisfaction, that he gave to the new little Christian the name of JOHN. The new Christian accepted the name without complaint, but he made a loud protest when the water was sprinkled on his face. The godfather was prodigal in his gifts, and therein he followed a diminishing scale, calculated on a wise principle —viz., the verger, the bellringer, the pew opener, the choir boys, and the person who let the chairs.

Scarcely had they come out of church, when Margaret discovered the cause of the extraordinary hardness of Uncle John's pockets. Instead of at once getting into the carriage, he plunged his arm into his coat-pocket, and drew forth a handful of pence, which he held above his head. "Bravo!" cried the crowd. "Look out!" replied the Captain, and he threw the handful of coppers amongst the people. The boys jumped, fought, and pommelled each other, while Uncle John laughed to his heart's content. Diving into the other pocket, he drew out a quantity of sweetmeats of inferior quality. Another rush. "This way, this way," yelled the crowd. Uncle John was delighted with the excitement. Mrs. Aubry had informed him that it was a good sign when a great commotion was made at a christening, so the salvoes of pence and lollipops succeeded each other rapidly, until the contents of both pockets were completely exhausted. By way of variety, Uncle John sometimes made a feint of throwing to the right-hand side, and, when the crowd rushed to the right, he would suddenly change the direction, and bombard a boy on the left-hand who was not attending to the sport. The child cried as he received a lozenge in the eye, but soon laughed when he found that the sweetmeats had fallen to him, and that he had swept most of them up for his share.

Charles Jaquin was also attracted to the spot by the cries of the crowd, and laughed to see eyes blinded and noses flattened by the volleys of bon-bons. He thought what fun it would be to tie a kettle to a dog's tail, and set him loose amid the assembled multitude; but fortunately this was out of his power.

When the Captain had neither a copper nor a sweetmeat left, he resumed his seat

beside Margaret, who at first had been a little alarmed by the cries, but had afterwards entered into the spirit of her uncle's proceedings. As for him, he had all the appearance of a man who had successfully accomplished a most important duty.

The whole ceremony had passed off most wonderfully well; the baby alone had not preserved an entirely irreproachable exterior. Besides the protest he had entered against the cold water, he had put himself in quite a temper when the carriage moved away, and cried when it stopped. From all these facts an assistant nurse drew the conclusion, that Master Johnny would prove a headstrong and wilful boy. In the meantime, until the future should confirm or disprove this prediction, it was found desirable to ensure the tranquillity of the present by putting our hero to sleep.

But this proceeding by no means brought the ceremonies of the day to a close. The chorus of a comic opera declares that a christening is a "feast for relatives and friends;" so it was necessary to have a grand dinner in the Rue du Heaume (for the relatives), and a ball afterwards for the friends!

The dinner party comprised the families of Ironsides and Salmon, and you might have guessed beforehand that, under these circumstances, there would be a disturbance. As usual, the commencement of the dinner passed in comparative silence; but, as the joints were placed on the table, a Salmon ventured the opinion that the baby's nose was "a dear little love of a nose!" Her neighbour, who happened to be an Ironsides, in blue spectacles, regarded her askance, and appeared to look upon this harmless eulogy as an attack upon the rights of the Ironsides' family, and a desperate attempt to appropriate the last-comer to the Salmons. So the Ironsides in spectacles declared that the child was a true Ironsides, and already possessed the family nose. (The Ironsides' nose was celebrated in the district; it was a monument of more majesty than regularity, and of a greater development than was ltogether consistent with elegance; but does not the proverb say that "big nose never spoiled good face!") The Salmon representative, deeply piqued, maintained that the child's nose was so small as to be scarcely worth mentioning.

Now, just see from what mistakes ill-temper and party-spirit may arise. A thin woman, with a prominent nose (an Ironsides, of course) took up the question. She had never seen the child, although she had embraced him, and the touch of her cold nose had made him cry; but she was terribly shortsighted, and conceitedly declined to acknowledge it or to wear spectacles. This woman at once declared warmly that the child was the very image of his father, and that any one must be blind not to see it. Thus, from Salmon to Ironsides, and from Ironsides to Salmon, the dispute raged round the table, and ended in the same manner as all other discussions—each one being confirmed in his own opinion, and thinking it bad taste of the other side not to agree with him. The party began to get a little sulky, but Uncle John came to the rescue, and Mrs. Ironsides smiled upon his efforts. He declared that on both sides the child had reason to be proud, and for his own part, as godfather, he was delighted to see his godson surrounded by relatives so—so—(so "wealthy" whispered an Ironsides) but Uncle John paid no attention to him, and substituted "so honourable."

When they went into the drawing-room, the whist-players, recognizing each other, joined forces, and at a signal disappeared into an inner room for the celebration of their silent mysteries. The younger people formed a circle in the centre of a room in readiness for a dance. The orchestra struck up, and Uncle John, who neither played whist nor danced, found himself chased from place to place by the waltzers, his white waistcoat flitting about like an unhappy ghost to whom rest is denied, or like Orestes pursued by the Furies. He had already executed his fifteenth movement, and did not know to what saint to appeal for assistance, having been driven by little and little behind the piano, where he was most un-

comfortable, and out of reach of all human aid; but however we may quite believe that he had the good sense not to worry himself about it, even had the courage to smile at his tormentors. At this juncture Mrs. Ironsides espied him, and, seeing his distress, came to his assistance.

As every one was eager to make room for



"The boys jumped, fought, and pommelled each other."

her, she was enabled to arrive quickly, and without annoyance, at the entrance of the narrow strait in which Uncle John had suffered shipwreck. She took his arm, thereby causing him to be regarded with much envy; and when they were alone in the small drawing-room, and comfortably seated upon a sofa, she said, placing her

hand upon his arm, "Look at all those people."

The Captain stared with all his eyes through the open doors. "Very pleasant party," he said at last; "all the best people of Chatillon are here."

In fact, the Assistant Commissioner of police was present, wearing his orders on his coat, and his wife, with such an "angelic" toilet, accompanied him. As for the mother of the commissioner's wife, she had excused herself from being present in a company where she could be elbowed by "that individual in a white waistcoat," and the pretty Hermione, her second daughter, kept her company.

There were Salmons and Ironsides without end; there was the flowing beard of the Receiver-general, and the judicial whiskers of the President and his deputy. There was an influential magistrate, and a number of fine women and pretty girls, of well-dressed men who chatted with the ladies with all the ease of good breeding, and young gentlemen who blushed when they asked ladies to dance.

"A very pleasant party," said the Captain, after another inspection.

Mrs. Ironsides smiled; she was amused at Uncle John's mistake in believing it to be good taste to flatter the vanity of the lady of the house.

"You are sure you have seen all the men here?" she said.

"Yes, my dear," he replied.

"Do you know which one of all those present I wish my boy may one day resemble?"

Uncle John scratched his ear, an inelegant action at any time, but with white gloves more objectionable than ever.

"Good gracious!" there are such a number, he said at last, taking another survey as he spoke, to be certain he had overlooked nobody.

Whenever he mentioned a name, Mrs. Ironsides shook her head laughingly, and exhorted him to make a better guess.

"Are you quite sure, my child, that the man of whom you speak is present?"

"Yes, he is here."

"Well, you must help me then, for I can't guess."

"The man of whom I speak is good."

"All men are good. Can you give me no further particulars?"

"You know as well as I do, uncle, that all men are not good. He to whom I refer is so unselfish, that he denies himself and thinks only of others; he is not rich, but he does more good than many people."

"My dear, if Lawrence or Aubry were here, I should think that you were speaking of one of them."

"Those gentlemen not being here, you must think of some one else. My hero is so chivalrous, that he would risk his life in defending a woman or child. Now, then."

"I am as far off as ever."

"The man sincerely believes in all those good things at which it is now considered the fashion to scoff and deride. However, as you can't name him, I will tell you he calls himself John Salmon. You needn't shake your head; my most sincere wish is that my son may grow up like you."

Uncle John made an attempt to contradict this, but he was so moved that the words died upon his tongue.

"Uncle," continued Mrs. Ironsides, "had I been born a man, I should have wished to be like you. Don't contradict me, because it is the truth. You are the godfather of my boy; I pray Heaven that you may be his example." Then, before Uncle John could divine her intention, she seized his hand, and, pressing it affectionately, carried it to her lips. "Now, hush!" she said, "all this is only between ourselves."

"You wish to make me very conceited," said he. "Tell me that I may do something to deserve your good opinion. No matter, you are a noble little woman, and the boy should rather follow your example than the one that you wish. As for me, all I can do will be to teach him to ride and to fence, if I am not too old. I should also like," he added, in a graver tone, "to teach him the lance exercise, which is an excellent

thing to know. Here is a gentleman looking for you. I must be off, and get a little fresh air after all your complimentary speeches. I feel rather light-headed, and, if I remain, I am afraid I shall get dancing among all those people who are jumping about there. So, *au revoir*, my dear child."

For some time afterwards Uncle John paced the meadow beside the river. At length, having succeeded in calming his feelings, he went home to bed, and went to sleep while counting on his fingers the age he should have attained by the time his godson should be able to handle a foil; and he dreamt that he was initiating him into the mysteries of the lance exercise.



"The mysteries of the lance exercise."

## Chapter VI.

Mrs. Ironsides was in the habit, when nursing her "love of a baby," of deliberating with herself upon the best manner of conducting his education.

She had succeeded in bringing up her daughters—not to be regarded as model children (for there is nothing so objectionable as your "model" child), but to be good, obedient, and affectionate girls. Most people were surprised that she had accomplished so much without having studied Rousseau, and without having laid down any plan of education.

Day by day she had developed their characters, without undue forcing or sudden change; combating difficulties in detail immediately they presented themselves, and even surprised that she had not more to contend against.

After the birth of her eldest daughter she seldom went into society, although much sought after by her acquaintance. At first she was railled a little respecting her taste for seclusion, and she was at length considered amongst the best people to be somewhat eccentric.

But when people perceived that she became neither upstart nor pedantic, that she had not entered upon her education system, in order to appear better than others, that she only gave advice to those seeking it, and then only with diffidence, as she neither boasted of her seclusion for the sake of motherly duty, nor criticised others, and that she never permitted her children to mimic people, her friends exonerated her from the suspicion that she wanted to appear better than they, and were not offended by her manifest devotion to her children. In a certain set they voted her rather old-fashioned and odd, but they nevertheless continued to like her as much as ever.

Mr. Ironsides who was, and justly, very proud of his wife, and who was very jealous of her standing in society (and who could blame him on that account?) at first made

some objection. His observations were listened to by his wife with attention, and this deference always put him in good humour at once. It really appeared as if Mrs. Ironsides had made rhetoric her study, for her knowledge of the world was very great. She argued in favour of her position with such tact, that Mr. Ironsides, appealed to as an arbitrator, declared that she was entirely right. He gave way, and by so doing showed his good sense.

Thus the education of the little girls proceeded without much interruption, but there were some points on which objections might be made.

For instance, Margaret, who was twelve years old, could never enter a room without blushing and feeling shy, while other little girls of her age were almost women, so chatty and lively were they, full of pleasant light conversation and playful *badinage*. At heart she was coquettish, like all young girls, but her natural taste for dress not having been much cultivated, she did not so much object to the blouses which she still wore to work or play about the house in. She even felt much more pleased to be allowed to run about in the garden just as she pleased. But, as Miss Golightly remarked to another young girl of twelve, "What a regular sack that blouse is, and just look at those laced-up boots! Do you see? why, they are made of leather as coarse as schoolboys' boots!" And the silly little thing in her elegant dress and thin house boots glanced at herself in the cheval glass, and smoothed the folds of her dress and the bands of her hair as coquettishly as a bird smooths its feathers.

"Even if her parents were not well off," replied her friend, comparing her dress with that of her "chum," to see whether the other was not the more elegant, "it would be a great pity;" and then these little girls, with all the evidences of being regular women of the world, started into a conversation touching upon subjects which would have made poor Margaret open her eyes wide with astonishment.

But fortunately, and thanks to her mother's prudence, Margaret was ignorant of how greatly she was behind girls of her own age. She sported and gambolled with Martha in the most careless and undignified way, and played with her doll as much as she amused herself with fairy tales. She would run about the garden joyously, with rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes, her hair flying about her face, thinking what a pity it was that there was work to be done on such a fine day, but doing it with all her heart, knowing it must be done, and that "mamma would not be happy" if she neglected her tasks.

And Martha, too, was just as backward for her age as Margaret was for hers. To sum up in a word, she was a great baby.

"Can you understand, my dear," said Miss Golightly to her friend on another occasion, "how those children take everything in earnest. Take Mr. Dionis, for instance. Now, I ask you, who is Mr. Dionis? What do *you* take him to be? Well, if you wish to have a regular 'scene,' say to those children (and they are quite as old as they look, after all) just say to them that Mr. Dionis looks hideous in his spectacles, and his old-fashioned dress, and that he walks like a rhinoceros. Margaret will become grave at once; Martha will fidget and grow red, and they will tell you in chorus that 'Mr. Dionis is a very good man, and that mamma wishes us to respect him!' Respect him, indeed! He is only their father's clerk, after all!"

"Yes, and Mademoiselle too!"

"She is stiff, starched, and badly dressed enough, I am sure!"

"And lazy too!"

"But that does not hinder them from believing in Mademoiselle, from quoting her opinions, and from deferring to her."

"They still play with their dolls, I'm certain."

"You are quite right, for I have myself seen them drawing an old doll, without a chignon, in a wheelbarrow. By the by, can you come to the concert this afternoon!"

"I must first obtain dear mamma's permission."

But she found that "dear mamma" had

slept badly in consequence of having been out at a ball the previous evening; where, moreover, her toilet had been completely eclipsed by her best friend. So "dear mamma" was in a bad temper, and under all the circumstances it resulted that she refused the desired permission.

The pretty little girl rejoined her friend, and declared, with a long face, pale with disappointment, and with trembling lips, that "she" ("dear mamma," you understand) was nervous; that she had chosen a wrong moment to ask—that——"

At this juncture "dear papa" came in. He shook hands, English fashion, with his daughter's friend, and kissed his child, who took advantage of the opportunity to obtain from him the permission which her mother had denied. She went out in triumph with her friend under the care of a governess, who was much be-scented and very tightly laced. This lady held the Ironsides in great contempt, and extended the feeling to all people who lacked "style." The two young girls spoke in a loud voice openly of everything and everybody as they walked along. They sneered at Uncle John as he passed, and simultaneously and satirically declared that he was "a man too good to live!"

The governess having admired herself in all the shop-windows as she passed, approached the girls and listened to their con-



"They told him that their little brother was asleep."

versation. To ease her conscience she thought it better to make a semblance of interfering. But she was quickly "shut up" by her pupil, who reminded her that she herself no longer ago than the previous evening, had been quizzing the Captain in her own way with one of her friends. To have the last word the governess replied that that was quite a different thing. To which the girl pertly answered, she hoped it was! Such were the people who entertained for the "little Ironsides" such a contemptuous pity!

Mrs. Ironsides, who was a very sensible and modest woman, knew very well that her daughters were by no means perfect; she did her best to bring them up well, that was all, so at least her conscience was at ease.

But when her boy was born she felt very much perplexed; she had only herself to rely upon. Mr. Ironsides was so much engaged in the manufactory, and was so tired when he returned home in the evening, that he never asked about the children except to romp with them. He entertained no very clear ideas respecting the system of the children's education, and relegated it entirely to his wife. On the other hand, there is a saying in vogue, which many have often attempted to gainsay, that a woman alone can never educate a boy. And while looking round about Mrs. Ironsides saw education so

much neglected, that she became uneasy and full of fears for the future.

At length she determined to consult upon the subject an old Judge, one of her friends, who was usually regarded as a scoffer at most things, although he never indulged his propensities in her presence. He was well read, a deep thinker, and possessed a fund of information upon all important questions.

One afternoon, while the baby was sleeping under the shade of a large chestnut tree in the garden, Mrs. Ironsides was plying her needle, she perceived the Judge approaching.

Margaret and Martha, who were playing with the sand with their wooden shovels and tin buckets just as common little girls might do, ran together to welcome the old family friend, and told him in confidence that their little brother was asleep; they then quietly returned to their game with the sand.

When Mrs. Ironsides had confided her fears and doubts to her visitor, the old man began to laugh. "You are worrying yourself about a very small matter," he said, "and above all things you consult me as an oracle, who know much less about such things than a mother like yourself. But I can tell you something perhaps. I have studied, I believe, most important works on education. Well, I assure you that they who have written the best treatises are those who have brought up their children worst. Excepting certain general rules, which have their origin merely in common sense, every system is wrong for the very reason that it is a system. No two children are alike; how, then, can you deal with them in a precisely similar manner? It may be very convenient, I dare say, but it is not according to natural laws, and so is not practical. To educate a child properly, you must act as you have acted, and are still doing in your daughter's case, you must give both body and mind to it; you must follow, step by step, and act to the best of your ability in every case. This quiet devotion is very repugnant to many people; others have to work for their living, and have not the time to devote to their children. That is the reason they get them off their hands by sending them to school. Now think of the children who are 'turned out' by these schools. How have they been educated? Very badly. I do not wish to undervalue the zeal of their instructors, they do all they can and cannot do more. But I find fault with the parents who separate themselves too soon from their children, and before they are sufficiently well grounded. Every child should be brought up by his mother to a certain age, and every mother ought to be like you. Yes, sir," he added, turning to the baby who had just woke up, and appeared inclined to cry; "yes, sir, you listen, every one should be educated as you will be—yes, you! Have you any objection to that, eh? No! Well then, that's settled!"

Once safe upon his mother's knees the child gazed at her so steadfastly that it seemed as if the mere contemplation of her sweet face was sufficient to make him good, for he immediately became quite quiet.

"Do you know," said the Judge, rattling his watch-chain and seals, "that you have two charming sisters, sir? Do you know that your mamma has educated them? Well, then, she will bring you up in the same manner, and you could not be more fortunate. What do you want now—the top of my stick, is it? Well, there it is. Your mamma has proved herself capable of anything, so you may be quiet, and not open your eyes so widely; and don't sneeze so for no reason!"

"Suppose we pass on, then, to that certain age," said Mrs. Ironsides, laughing; "but, when a boy grows up, he learns Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, and becomes strong and independent, so that his father himself has some little trouble."

"Let us not be in a hurry," said the Judge. "First lead the boy up to the threshold of the classics; but there is plenty of time before us yet, and we can speak of it later. I can assure you now, though, that a boy educated by a clever, kind mother will respect her, if he have a spark

of generosity in him, even more than he will regard his father."

Here Johnny, who had followed the conversation with obvious interest, and who had never once taken his eyes from the Judge's face, gave evidence of being disturbed. He began by making a wry face, followed this up by a few whimpering sounds, and finally ended with a short cry of pain.

"Ah!" said the old Judge, rubbing his hands, "I have given you my little theory of education, and you are giving me a practical lesson. Given, a child who cries, how can we make him quiet?"

"First," replied Mrs. Ironsides, "we must find out the cause of complaint, for he is in pain; this is not the cry of an ill-tempered child. For once, I did not dress him this morning myself. I am afraid he is uncomfortable; perhaps he has been wrapped up too tightly."

With two turns of her hand she had undressed the child, and examined him from head to foot. A pin sticking through the wrappers had irritated his little leg.

"Afterwards," said Mrs. Ironsides, continuing her lecture, "take the cause of the evil between the finger and thumb, and throw it away." (As she spoke the pin mysteriously disappeared.) "Then put the child's things on again;" and, as if by enchantment, the baby was again wrapped up, and once more wore the appearance of a large chrysalis.

As he again began to sob, his mother had recourse to a very powerful argument. With wondrous quickness she smuggled him under her long, loose dress which she wore in her capacity of nurse, and it was soon evident, from the little contented, purring sound, that he was happy!

"Perfect!" cried the Judge, in astonishment. "I am becoming a Mentor who is profiting by every incident to read a lesson to Telemachus; for so soon as you trust your child to the hands of strangers, he will soon be overcome, hit, like Achilles, in the heel. Do not part from him until you are absolutely obliged!"

Soon afterwards, Uncle John came to pay his daily visit to ascertain if his "lancer" had grown since the previous day, and if he would soon be able to ride and wield a lance.

When Mrs. Ironsides confided to him her doubts and fears, he choked with laughter. When she told him the Judge's opinion, he declared him to be a sensible man. At length, when he spoke on his own account, here is word for word what he said:—

"As for you, my dear girl, you are quite capable, if you wished to take the trouble, of educating crocodiles, and bringing them up to be notaries and lawyers."



# SCENES FROM MY SCHOOL LIFE.

BY HENRY FRITH.

## Lillie Cameron.

"Only her love I ask'd for,
Only her love—and yet——"

It is a very true, if a very trite, observation, that little causes produce great events. Thus, if at the age of fifteen I had not been possessed of a piece of chalk, I should never have been sent to Dr. Cameron's as a private pupil. You may, perhaps, say that as I in a manner chalked out my own destiny, I need not complain. I do not complain, although I think I was rather to be pitied; and Lillie—but wait.

My grandmother prophesied that, as an unlucky wight, I (not the chalk) had made my mark in the world, and should come to no good. As it happened, I went through a good deal, but it didn't adhere, and my fortune is not yet made.

But I had best relate the cause of my sudden departure from home to Dr. Cameron's Private Establishment for Young Gentlemen, which combined every educational advantage, with the unlimited motherly care of the doctor's wife. See advertisement.

At this time my family lived in a terrace, at No. 1. In the same terrace, at No. 14, lived an elderly lady named Smith. Mrs. Smith had become decidedly obnoxious to us—that is, to me and my school friends—because she objected to our leaping over the railings which divided her front garden from the next, wherein we played at "prisoner's base." She alleged that in jumping over we spoiled her flower-beds. We admitted the jumping — who could deny it?—but demurred when the injury was attributed to us. She sent for a policeman to watch our movements; we mocked the constable from our own side, whereat he laughed, and Mrs. Smith was wroth. This was the state of things when the lady issued invitations to a dinner party. My family were not personally acquainted with Mrs. Smith, but our cook's sister was "keeping company" with Mrs. Smith's parlourmaid's brother, so the party was known to us so soon as the notes of invitation were issued. Of course, I mentioned the news to my "chums" during our weekly study of the "Use of the Globes;" but what use the globes were to us I never ascertained. I question if the earth ever revolved with half the rapidity it did when our master's back was turned, yet the (mis)use of the globes went on. It was that afternoon decided that we should play Mrs. Smith a trick, and we did it on this wise. After the carriages had set down the guests, and the road became quiet, we brought out my large lump of white chalk, and, unperceived, drew a broad band across the dry, hard road. The night was dark but clear, and the white band could be distinguished at some little distance. Ten o'clock approached, and we strolled along the terrace as usual. At last one of the expected carriages came dashing along. Suddenly the coachman perceived the white line just ahead, and checked his horses. He might have saved himself the trouble; the horses would not pass the chalk line. There they stood and pawed the ground, but cross the white streak they would not. To make it more unpleasant, there was no other way by which No. 14 could be approached, and so in half an hour we had the happiness to perceive all Mrs. Smith's guests walk to their carriages. We heard afterwards that they were very angry with their hostess, and she was simply "mad," as the cook said; but somehow suspicion attached itself to me, and I was questioned. I confessed to supplying the chalk, and also to being a spectator of the result of the chalking. This was, of course, enough. I was told that

my conduct was ungentlemanly (so it was), and that arrangements had been made for my removal to Dr. Cameron's "private" school. At Midsummer I left home for the first time, amid the well-remembered advice of my father, the tears of my mother, and the Cassandra-like prophecies of my dear old Granny.

"Never forget you are a gentleman," said my father; "always have money in your pocket, and never owe, borrow, or lend it to any one."

"Take care of your clothes," was my mother's parting suggestion, "and write when you get there."

"Good-bye, Frank," said my grandmother, "and here's a sovereign for you. Mind you behave yourself, and don't fall in love with the young ladies."

So I left home, these good counsels ringing in my ears, and, after a somewhat tedious railway journey, I found myself at Ruxborough station.

"Be you the new pupil, sir?" said an elderly man, half-butler, half-groom, as I stood gazing about in dire uncertainty as to my future movements.

"Are you from Doctor Cameron's?" I replied, Irish fashion, by another question.

"Yes, 'sir, you be Master Hardy, I suppose, eh?" I confessed to the fact. "Then please, sir, jump you up yonder while I fetch your box."

This feat he accomplished in a few minutes, and then mounting the trap beside me, he took the reins from my unwilling hands, and we started.

"What's your name?" I asked, as a commencement.

"Job," he replied, "and I ought to have his patience as well as his name among you young gents."

"Job," I said, "you're a Briton, I can see; we shall be friends in no time."

My companion shook his head, muttering something about Britons never being slaves; while I involuntarily hummed "Rule Britannia."

In about twenty minutes we entered a narrow lane at the end of which was a gate.

"There's the house," said Job, "and here's the pupils." In a moment we met them.

"Hullo, Job, whom have you there? Mr. Chalker, your most obedient."

I now learnt that the reason of my being sent to the Doctor's had leaked out; but I took no notice of the remark, merely bidding Job to proceed, which he did amid some sarcastic allusions to "Limekilns" and "Mortar."

I was kindly received by the Doctor, and introduced to his daughter Lillie, or Lilian. She was a pretty dark-haired damsel of sixteen, or thereabouts, with soft grey eyes, and a very pleasant smile. I had no sisters, and perhaps for that reason appreciated her society more than boys of my age usually do. After the usual inquiries respecting the journey, I was shown my dormitory, in which I perceived two other beds, and was left to find my companions, if I chose, after I had unpacked and put away my clothes.

I was wandering rather disconsolately about the extensive garden, when I perceived Lillie Cameron approaching.

"Tea is waiting," she said, "will you not come in?" Of course I accompanied her, and as I entered the room I was the "observed of all observers."

"This is Frank Hardy," said Doctor Cameron; "I hope you will do your utmost to make his sojourn with us agreeable."

Mrs. Cameron bowed to me, two of the pupils did likewise; two others looked at the biggest boy, who, without looking at me, replied—

"Certainly, sir, we'll treat him as you wish in all respects," and then he plunged into his tea.

I did not enjoy the meal, and was glad to escape with the rest into the open air. The evening was lovely, and I already felt the influence of the sweet country air and scene.

"Well, Chalker, what do you think of this, eh?" said the big boy I have mentioned, whose name was Fleming; "better than Dubstown, isn't it?"

"Yes," I replied, "but my name isn't Chalker."

"Still if I choose to call you 'Chalker,' you must be called so; you've no choice."

"I shall not answer to such a name," I said; "so I tell you once for all."

"Then," said Fleming, calmly, "we must put you in the river. I'm sorry to do it so soon, Chalker; but we must duck you." So saying, he called the others, and by his directions I was carried to the river close by.

It was neither a very deep nor a very rapid stream, still it was sufficiently formidable to me. I could swim, however, and somehow didn't feel afraid, but I had yet to learn that swimming with and without clothing are two *very* different things.

"Now, Coster, catch his heels; tightly, you muff.'

I here made such a violent demonstration that the "Barrow-knight," as Mr. Coster was usually termed, was nearly precipitated into the water.

"Now Chalker, are you ready?" inquired Fleming.

I made no reply.

"Well, then, here goes. One, two, three, and go," he shouted, and I found myself flying through the air, and, in another second, plash I fell into the river. Quickly rising to the surface I struck out for the opposite bank; now I began to feel the weight of my clothes tell. True, I had denuded myself of my coat and waistcoat in my struggles, but the current was pretty strong, and, worse than all, the mill sluice was open.

"Look out for the mill," shouted the frightened Fleming, who had run along the bank, and now for the first time perceived my danger. "Get across, Hardy, slant over."

These cries fell upon my ears but indistinctly, as the roar of the "lasher" began to make itself heard, and to assert itself cruelly above other sounds. Still I swam on and battled with all my strength against the increasing swiftness of the current. My heart gave one big jump as I looked and perceived that the mill-wheel was revolving, and that the sluice was gradually dragging me beneath its influence. I dared not cry out. The horrible sluice kept sucking me down, but I made one mighty effort, and in my despair, plunged headlong over the "lasher" in front. I was conscious of being beaten on stones, and then I remember nothing until I found myself lying on the grass by the side of the river. A gentleman was supporting me, and to my faint inquiry as to where I was, told me I was safe, and that I was to keep quite quiet until his carriage should arrive to convey me home. As it did not immediately appear, and as I felt sufficiently recovered to walk, I was assisted to the mill, where I was packed between blankets until my clothes were dried. My companions evinced by their sympathy and ready assistance, the remorse which had taken possession of them. It scarcely needed the stern prophecy of the miller as to their being one and all shortly executed for murder, to make them penitently beg my pardon and forgiveness, added to the expressed hope that I would say nothing of the "accident," as they cheerfully termed the affair.

My preserver was Mr. Cunningham, the medical practitioner of the district. He had been fishing below the weir, and as I came headlong down, he loosed his punt-pole and picked me up. To his fortunate love of sport I owe my life, and I expressed my gratitude in a befitting manner as we drove back to Dr. Cameron's house. My appearance in company with the surgeon caused some astonishment, and the subsequent arrival of the other boys gave rise to inquiries which we parried effectually for that evening, and I retired with the others at the usual hour.

Next morning, however, I was obliged to see Mr. Cunningham professionally, as I felt quite unable to rise. Mrs. Cameron was most kind, but my gentle little nurse Lillie quite won my boyish heart. All through the long weeks during which I was constantly visited by my parents, no presence gave me half the pleasure that Lillie's imparted. Carefully, and unselfishly as a sister, she tended me, unwearied by my petulance and restlessness. One evening when I was very ill indeed, I asked her if she should be sorry were I to die? Burst-

ing into tears she replied, "Dear Frank, you make me unhappy when you speak so, pray don't." This decided the matter, and I resolved that should I ever get well I would marry Lillie Cameron. Well, perhaps it *was* "nonsense," but I meant it then and afterwards, as you shall hear.

Long before I had fully recovered I loved Lillie with all the first fervour of boyish affection. Her sweet kind eyes seemed to beam upon me even during the weary waking nights, and morning was indeed worth living for, for it brought her to my side. The convalescent period was the happiest time I can recall even now. The friendship of my school-mates and the kindness I received from the Doctor and his family deserve a word of special remembrance. Mr. Cunningham took me out in his brougham daily, and at length, after an absence of five weeks, I re-entered the class-room.

All were unfeignedly glad at my appearance, and the "Barrow-knight," to my surprise, began to "feel my muscle," as he termed it. "He'll do, Fleming," said he.

"Do," I exclaimed, releasing my attenuated limb; "do for what?"

"Why," replied Fleming, "you see we have been just challenged by Dormer's 'Four' to pull from Howden to Bramebing up stream, and we want you to be No. 2."

"I fear that's impossible," I said; "I've no strength for rowing."

"But it's not for two months yet; Miss Cameron is working us a flag, and wants you to row."

"That's different," I said; "if Lillie wishes it, of course I'll pull."

My glib manner of speaking of "Lillie" excited some surprise, but the Doctor entering, to put me through "my facings" in classics, postponed the discussion. He was apparently satisfied, for in half an hour he dismissed me upstairs, saying he had letters to write, and bade me go to the drawing-room. I hurried up hoping to find Lillie; nor was I disappointed.

"Here's a letter for you," she said as I entered; "you had better read it at once," and she turned away to search for something in the next room. The letter was from my mother, bidding me return as soon as possible to accompany her and my father to Wales, whither they intended to proceed for a few months' change. I communicated the contents to Lillie. "I suppose I had better go," I said.

"Of course," she replied, "are you not bidden? Besides, this is school; with your parents you will be at home."

"Ah! Lillie," I said, "I had much rather remain where you are; you know I love you better than any one else." I confess I was sentimental, but had I not an excuse?

"Frank, now you are talking nonsense; the idea of your speaking to me in that way! Of course, you cannot care for me as you do for your home; besides——"

"Well, Lillie, besides what?"

"It's absurd, Frank. There, I didn't mean to say it; but it is, of course, absurd to talk of loving me now you are well. While you were ill, you know I didn't mind; but now you have recovered your senses, it *is* absurd—isn't it?"

The sweet earnest eyes came so close to mine as she put the question that I forgot my manners, and, drawing her close to me, gently kissed her cheek.

"No, dear, it is not absurd," I replied, "I shall always love you. Why, I am now past sixteen," I added, proudly.

"But I am now seventeen," she said, demurely, "and, Frank, you mustn't kiss me again. You won't try, will you?"

Her innocent pleading face was close to mine, and I muttered, "Never, dear, if you will forgive me."

"I *will* forgive you," said Lillie; "there!" and, pressing her lips upon my forehead, she ran out of the room.

When she appeared at luncheon, I fancied I could detect traces of tears; but she was gentle and winning as ever, and took great interest in the forthcoming race. I took the opportunity of mentioning the letter I had received; but it appeared that the Doctor had already written to my father on the subject, and I was to leave at the end of the week.

The Saturday came all too quickly for me, and at three o'clock the trap was ordered to convey me to the station; but Mr. Cunningham, who had called to see the Doctor, offered to drive me over, and, as the delay would give me the opportunity of bidding good-bye to Lillie, I gladly accepted the offer, and ran out to find her in the garden. I soon descried her dark dress near the hedge bordering the croquet-ground, and hastened in that direction. She was listlessly swinging a piece of honeysuckle as I met her. She blushed slightly as I addressed her.

"I've come to say good-bye, Miss Cameron," I began in a constrained tone; "I am going home."

"Oh, Frank, are you angry with me for what I said the other day? You know I was right."

"Yes," I replied; "but I mustn't call you Lillie any more, of course?"

"Yes, you may," she cried. "We are friends, great friends, are we not? and my best friends always call me by my Christian name. You may then, Frank, you see."

"Dear, dear Lillie," I burst out, "you know how much I like you. Can you like me when I am away—say?"

"Hush! Frank, indeed you mustn't talk like that; there's papa and Mr. Cunningham waiting for you. Good-bye. Here, take this, I plucked it for you."

I half drew back, but as I looked up I met her dear, honest eyes, and hesitated no longer.

"Dearest Lillie, good-bye," I cried, and ran off.

She was down at the gate by a short cut as we drove out, and waved me a farewell. I saw that tears stood in her eyes; I turned, kissed my hand to her, and we parted—I feeling as though I had left home instead of being on my way thither, and that Lillie Cameron was the world to me then.

Yes, my boy readers, long ago as it is since I saw Lillie, I still gladly recall her image as she stood at the gate while the dog-cart drove rapidly away. Remember, I had no sister, and had scarcely ever associated with young ladies. Lillie's tenderness and kindness stirred up all my hitherto latent feelings, and, boy as I was, I loved her dearly and truly, as I do still.

I pass rapidly over the six weeks which intervened between my departure from and my return to Doctor Cameron's. I employed this interval in practising rowing, and, if the old fishermen were to be credited, got on capitally. Of course I was aware that my style must be somewhat modified when I came out on the Ruxborough river, but this daily practice put me in capital trim. I gained strength and flesh daily; I grew rapidly, and, before I returned to school, I began to pay some attention to my personal appearance. Indeed, I got rather particular in the matter of gloves and boots, greatly to the amusement of my father and to the intense gratification of my mother, who said I was now "quite a man." At any rate I was a very different boy when the station fly deposited me at the well-known entrance, and my friends recognized the change.

"How you have grown, and I may, perhaps, be permitted to say, improved," said Lillie, demurely.

"Not *really* changed, Lillie," I whispered as I went upstairs to dress for dinner.

The forthcoming boat-race was the all-absorbing topic that evening. Strange reports were rife concerning Dormer's crew. They were pulling splendidly, and steered to a marvel. Stroke was powerful as an elephant and as enduring as the camel, and a feeling of despair pervaded us, I am afraid, when we retired for the night.

During the following week I had little leisure to think of Lillie, yet she was really never absent from my mind. She seemed to be so wrapped up in my daily work and practice, that it required no effort of thought on my part to recall her every tone and feature. I accepted her as part of creation, as the sun on the river, without stopping to analyze the feeling or thinking it strange. I was quite happy, and worked hard in and out of school; and the improvement in our rowing became every day more marked.

At length the auspicious day arrived, and

we had a whole holiday, of course. Early in the morning we were all astir, and had a little gentle exercise on the bank and a good plunge in the stream before breakfast. We had some few miles to drive to the starting-place, and as the hour appointed for the race was noon punctually, we got off in good time. We were warmly cheered as we drove through Howden, although we learned afterwards that Dormer's were the favourites.

We at once proceeded to the dressing-room courteously provided for us by our opponents, and here a note was brought to me by Mr. Cunningham. It was from Lillie, and ran thus :—

"Mind you win, for I shall be at the post to welcome you all. If you lose this race, I shall die of shame. "LILLIE."

I thanked the surgeon, and then read the note aloud. I wished she had not written "all." I would fain have believed she waited to welcome *me*, but the crew were braced up to winning point, and fortunately the town-clock just then struck twelve.

"With commendable punctuality," as the "Howden Herald" said next day, we embarked, and paddled gently to the starting-place.

The banks on each side were crowded, the inhabitants of all the neighbouring villages and of the county town having turned out to see the event. I remember but little of the preliminary business. I have a vague recollection of a question, "Are you ready?" to which I did not reply. My mouth seemed to close involuntarily, and there was an unsteadiness in my wrists as I grasped my oar. Our coxswain seemed quite collected as he glanced round and whispered something to Fleming, our "stroke." There was a dead silence, which was suddenly broken by the sound of a pistol-shot, and "off" was the cry. Simultaneously the oars dipped, and away Dormer's leaped with the lead. For about twenty strokes I had no idea that I was racing. I *felt* the gaze of the crowd on the banks; I was dimly conscious of a chorus of "Well pulled," or "Go ahead, Dormer;" but to connect it at the moment with myself or friends never entered my head.

But soon I settled down and grew collected. I then began really to pull hard. Fleming, at a nod from our coxswain, quickened the stroke, and we seemed to fly through the water.

"Hurrah for Cameron's!" said some one, and the cry was as distinct then as if the speaker were beside me. I pulled, and clenched my teeth. Fleming eased the stroke again, and still we went on. Now the cheering became tremendous, and I judged the winning-post was in sight. I raised my eyes for a second, and there on horseback, attended by Mr. Cunningham, was Lillie, waving her pocket-handkerchief.

"Pull!" she cried (I never shall forget the tone of her voice), "you are winning!"

I glanced at the coxswain; not a feature moved as he gazed steadily ahead. All of a sudden his eyes lit up, and he smiled. "Go!" said he to Fleming.

That was all. Fleming quickened up the stroke, and sent the boat through the water, trembling. A roar—a cheer—a waving of handkerchiefs, and a vision of Lillie. Then a gun, and Fleming stopped pulling.

"Who has won?" I gasped.

"We!" replied the coxswain (Peters, his name is), "and by half a length. By Jove, it was a near thing."

It was a very near thing for me, for I nearly fainted when I ceased pulling, but on landing speedily recovered.

We had a grand *déjeûner* given by the schools jointly, and we were much congratulated. In the midst of Mr. Dormer's speech, perceiving Lillie alone near the entrance of the tent, I made my way to her, sure of a welcome. I received a kind smile and a warm hand-greeting.

"I am so glad we won," she said. "Are you much fatigued?"

"No, Lillie," I said. "But now tell me, dear, are you still going to be cruel to me?"

"I don't understand," she said, her sweet

grey eyes turned wonderingly on mine, "I have never been willingly cruel to any one."

"Lillie, you know what I mean. I am much older, in truth, than I was two months ago. May I hope that you will try to love me?"

"Frank," she said, very seriously this time, "you must not speak of this again. I shall always be your firm friend, but you must not talk to me of love—it is impossible!"

"Impossible!" I echoed. "Why, Lillie?" An unpleasant chill-feeling came over me as she looked at me, so pityingly, I thought.

"Because, Frank, I am engaged to be married to Mr. Cunningham."

* * * * *

I know I left the tent, and walked all the way home that afternoon. I know I was in the highest spirits all the evening, but oh! so miserable. I remember being excessively cordial to Mr. Cunningham, and in a week I left Dr. Cameron's, and did not return until I received a piece of bridal cake and a silver-edged envelope, with two cards, and on the flap of the envelope the words—LILLIE CAMERON.

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# CHESS

## THE MUZIO GAMBIT

Is the most brilliant and instructive of all the openings. It consists in the sacrifice of a Knight on the first player's fifth move, the attack thus obtained being so strong and enduring that it must lead to speedy victory, unless opposed with the greatest care and exactitude, and even against the very best defence ought to result in a drawn game, in the opinion of many authorities. Salvio is the oldest author who mentions it, in his treatise published in Naples in 1604, as having been first communicated to him by Signor Muzio d'Alessandro. Hence it has been named the Muzio Gambit. Lewis calls it the Muzio-Cascio Gambit, because it was first played by Don Geronimo Cascio against Muzio himself, who then communicated it to Salvio. Jaenisch says: "Le Gambit Muzio prouve qu'aux Echecs les sacrifices sont souvent les coups justes, et que la supériorité de la position ne dépend pas du nombre des pièces qu'on a sur l'échiquier, mais du nombre de celles qui sont en activité. Aussi pour apprendre l'art si difficile de bien attaquer, c'est le début qu'il faut étudier de préférence."

(The Muzio Gambit proves that in Chess a sacrifice is frequently the correct move, and that superiority in position does not depend upon the number of pieces you have on the board, but on the number of those which are in action. Thus, in order to learn the difficult art of attack, this *début* is the one most deserving of study.)

No similar sacrifice can be made so early in the game in any other opening.

In our two preceding chapters on the Salvio and Cochrane Gambits, when Black on his fourth move advances his King's Knight's pawn to King's Knight's fifth, attacking the hostile Knight, White moves his Knight to King's fifth, thereby subjecting himself, as we have shown, to a terrible counter-attack, which it is almost impossible to repel. In the present chapter it will be seen that if White, instead of removing the threatened Knight, boldly leaves him to be taken, by Castling on his fifth move, he can thereby obtain an almost overwhelming attack.

GAME THE FIRST.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. B to Q B 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Castles (best). | |

This move constitutes the Muzio or Muzio-Cascio Gambit. White may also play 5. P to Q 4, 5. Q Kt to B 3, or 5. B

takes P (ch.), for which see Games the Second, Third, and Fourth. Castling, however, is declared to be his best move by most authorities, although the others may all be safely ventured in practical play.

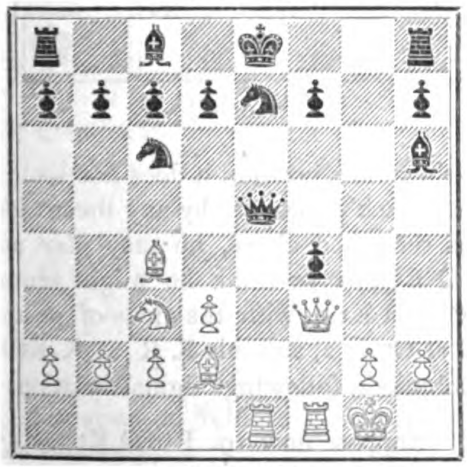
| | |
|---|---|
| | 5. P takes Kt (best) or (A.) (B.) |
| 6. Q takes P (best) or (C.) (D.) | 6. Q to K B 3 (best) or (E.) (F.) (G.) |
| 7. P to K 5. | 7. Q takes P. |
| 8. P to Q 3. | 8. B to K R 3. |
| 9. B to Q 2. | 9. Kt to K 2. |
| 10. Kt to Q B 3. | 10. Q Kt to B 3, or see Variations (I.) (II.) |

Here the authorities differ. Some recommend the move in the text, whilst others prefer 10. P to Q B 3 for the defence. 10. Castles is bad for Black. Each of these moves shall be examined in turn. 10. Q Kt to B 3 is now usually preferred for Black, inasmuch as it gives him a chance of getting up a counter-attack (although it must be admitted that chance is a faint one), whereas P to Q B 3 is purely a defensive move. The move in the text was favoured by Labourdonnais.

11. Q R to K sq.

White has now a splendid position, every piece being in play and ready for action. The following Diagram shows the position:—

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

11. Q to K B 4.

This move was first introduced by Mr. Paulsen in his match with Kolisch. It appears preferable to the old-fashioned move, 11. Q to Q B 4 (ch.), which leads to the following train of play:—

Suppose—

11. Q to Q B 4 (ch.) — 12. K to R sq. / Kt to Q 5

13. Q to K R 3 or (*a*.) / B to Kt 4 — 14. Q to K R 5 / Q to K B 4 (best) or (*b*.

15. Kt to K 4 / P to K R 3 — 16. B to Q B 3 / Kt takes Q B P

17. Kt to K B 6 (ch.) / K to Q sq — 18. Q takes K B P / Kt takes R

19. R takes Kt / Q to Q B 4 — 20. P to Q Kt 4 / Q to Q 3

21. Kt to K 4 / Q to K Kt 3 — 22. Kt takes B

and wins, because Black must take Kt with Queen, and White will then play Q B to K B 6, attacking the Queen.

(*a*.)

Sub-variation on White's thirteenth move:

13. Q R takes Kt (ch.) / K takes R

If 13. Q takes R — 14. Q to K R 5 / Kt to K 3

15. Q takes B / Q to Kt 4 — 16. Q takes Q / Kt takes Q

17. Kt to Q Kt 5 / K to Q sq. — 18. B to Q B 3, etc.

14. Kt to Q 5 (ch.) / K to Q sq. — 15. Q to K R 5 / Q to K B sq.

16. Q to K R 4 (ch.) / P to K B 3 — 17. B takes P / B takes B

18. R takes B / Kt to Q B 3 — 19. R takes B P / Q to K sq.

20. R to K B 8 (dis. ch.) / Kt to K 2 — 21. Q mates.

This latter fine variation we owe to Mr. Staunton; the German "Handbuch" makes White play Q B takes P on his 16th move, which only leads to a drawn game.

(*b*.)

Sub-variation on Black's fourteenth move:

14. — / Kt to K 3 — 15. Kt to K 4 / Q to K B 4 — 16. B takes Kt. —

followed by 17. Kt takes K B, and White wins.

Checking, therefore, with Queen at B 4 on his eleventh move, must be considered unsatisfactory for Black. We will now return to the main variation, and examine the consequences of his playing 11. Q to K B 4. Let our readers refer to the Diagram.

12. R to K 4 (best).

12. Kt to Q 5 at this point can also be played, but is not so strong as the move in the text. For the result of White playing 12. Kt to Q 5, see Illustrative Game between Messrs. Kolisch and Paulsen at the end of this chapter.

12. Kt to K 4.

(If 12. P to Q 3 — 13. B takes P / B takes B
14. R takes B / Q to Q B 4 (ch.) — 15. K to R sq. / Kt to K 4
16. Q to K R 5 / K Kt to K Kt 3 — 17. R takes B P / Kt takes R
18. B takes Kt (ch.) / K to Q sq. — 19. Kt to Q 5 / Kt to K 2 — 20. Q to K R 4

and White has the better game.

13. Q to K 2. 13. Kt takes B.

(If 13. P to B 6 — 14. B takes B / P takes Q
15. R takes Q / Kt takes R — 16. R takes Kt (ch.), etc.)

Again, if—

13. P to Q 3 — 14. B takes B P / B takes B
15. R takes B / Q to K Kt 4 — 16. P to K R 4 / Q to K Kt 2

and Black's game is considered inferior.

14. P takes Kt. 14. K to Q sq.

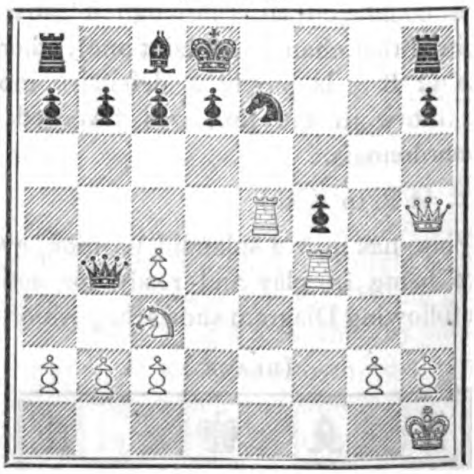
This move is made to tempt White to take Kt with R, when, if the proffered bait was accepted, Black would win off-hand by 15. Q to Q B 4 (ch.), followed by 16. Q takes R, etc.

15. B takes P. 15. B takes B.
16. K R takes B. 16. Q to Q B 4 (ch.)
17. K to R sq. 17. P to K B 4.
18. R to K 5. 18. Q to Q Kt 5.

(If 18. Q to Q 3 — 19. Kt to Q Kt 5 / Q to K B 3
20. Kt takes Q B P, etc.)

19. Q to K R 5 with the better game, according to some authorities: but to us it appears that Black has a good deal of resource, for, suppose he play now 19. P to Q B 3. White will have yet some work to do to win. Of course 19. P to Q 3 is out of the question, on account of White's rejoinder 20. R to Q Kt 5 winning the Queen; and if 19 R to K B sq., White may capture the K R P. In any case there can be no doubt as to the superiority of the defence introduced by Mr. Paulsen—viz., 11. Q to K B 4 in lieu of 11. Q to Q B 4 (ch.), because the latter mode of play loses the game for Black in nearly every variation, whereas the former move will, in our opinion, enable him in most instances to secure a draw. We append a Diagram showing the position after White's 19th move, which we commend to the attention of our readers.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

In the above position it does not seem to us that Black's game is by any means lost, for, as remarked above, he may play now P to Q B 3, or we think he might venture 19. P to Q Kt 3, with the view of posting his B at Q Kt 2, and his K R at K Kt sq. We submit the following original variation:—

Suppose now 19. P to Q Kt 3.
20. R to Q Kt 5. 20. Q to Q 3.
21. Q to K R 4. 21. B to Q Kt 2.
22. Kt to Q 5. 22. P to Q B 3.
23. Kt takes Kt. 23. Q takes Kt.

| | |
|---|---|
| 24. Q R (from Q Kt 5) takes K B P | 24. Q takes Q (ch.) |
| 25. R takes Q. | 25. K to Q B 2. |
| 26. R to K B 7. | 26. Q R to K B sq. |

and Black ought to win.

(A.)

Variation on Black's fifth move.

5. Q to K 2.

This is not so good as taking the Knight at once.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. P to Q 4. | 6. P takes Kt. |
| 7. Kt to Q B 3. | 7. P to Q 3 (best). |

(If 7. P takes P 8. R takes P, etc.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 8. Kt to Q 5. | 8. Q to Q 2. |
| 9. Q takes P. | 9. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 10. Q takes P. | 10. B to K Kt 2. |
| 11. Kt takes P (ch.) | 11. Q takes Kt. |
| 12. B takes P (ch.) | 12. K to B sq. |
| 13. B to Q Kt 3 (dis. ch.) | 13. Kt to K B 3. |
| 14. Q to K R 4. | 14. K to K sq. |
| 15. B to K Kt 5. | 15. R to K B sq. |
| 16. B takes Kt. | 16. B takes B. |
| 17. R takes B. | 17. R takes R. |
| 18. Q takes R. | 18. Q to K 2. |
| 19. Q to K R 8 (ch.) | 19. K to Q 2. |

20. P to K 5, and White has three pawns for the Knight, with a very strong position.

(B.)

Another variation on Black's fifth move.

5. P to Q 4.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. B takes P. | 6. P to Q B 3. |
| 7. B to Q Kt 3. | 7. P takes Kt. |
| 8. Q takes P. | 8. B to K R 3. |
| 9. P to Q 4. | 9. Q takes P (ch.) |
| 10. K to R sq. | 10. Kt to K B 3. |
| 11. Q B takes P. | 11. B to K Kt 5. |
| 12. Q to K Kt 3. | 12. Kt takes K P. |

13. R to K sq., and White has the better game.

(C.)

Variation on White's sixth move.

6. P to Q 4.

This is a weak move, and ought to give Black the superiority.

6. P to Q 4.

| | |
|---|---|
| 7. B takes Q P. | 7. B to K Kt 5. |
| 8. R to B 2. | 8. P to Q B 3. |
| 9. B to Q Kt 3. | 9. B to K Kt 2. |
| 10. P to Q B 3. | 10. B to K R 3. |
| 11. Q Kt to Q 2. | 11. Kt to K 2. |

maintaining the extra piece with a good position.

(D.)

Another Variation on White's sixth move.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. R takes P. | 6. B to K R 3. |
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. P to Q 4. |
| 8. B takes Q P. | 8. Kt to K B 3. |
| 9. Q B takes P. | 9. B takes B. |
| 10. R takes B. | 10. Kt takes B, etc. |

(E.)

Variation on Black's sixth move.

6. Q to K 2.

This defence was approved by Salvio. The German "Handbuch" thinks it should lead to a drawn game.

7. Q takes P.

This move was first introduced into modern Chess by Herr Hirschfeld. White gets a bad game by 7. P to Q 4, as follows:—

(If 7. P to Q 4 / Kt to Q B 3 8. Q takes P (best.) / B takes K R 3

9. B takes P (ch.) / K to Q sq. 10. Q to K B 2 / R takes B

11. R takes B / Kt to K B 3 12. B to Q 5 / R to K B sq. and Black has unquestionably the better game.)

7. Kt to Q B 3

(If 7. Q to B 4 (ch.) 8. P to Q 4 / Q takes P (ch.)

9. B to K 3 / Q takes B 10. Q to K 5 (ch.) etc.)

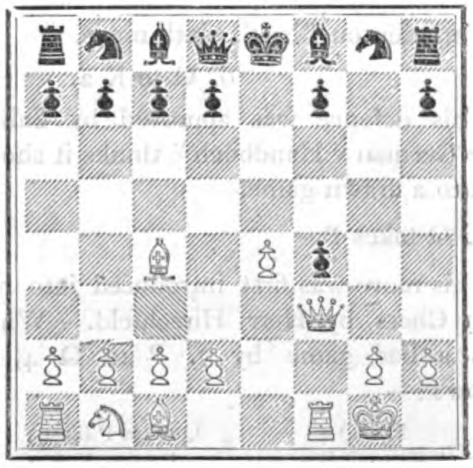
| | |
|---|---|
| 8. B takes P (ch.) | 8. K to Q sq. |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3. | 9. Q to K 4. |
| 10. Q takes Q. | 10. Kt takes Q. |
| 11. P to Q 4. | 11. Kt takes B. |

12. R takes Kt, and White has a good game.

For the preceding Variation (E.), and the two following Variations (F.) and (G.), the subjoined Diagram, showing the position after White's sixth move, will be found

useful for reference, Black having to play. The student must bear in mind, that although 6. $\overline{\text{Q to K B 3}}$ is generally considered to be Black's best play, the three other moves, the analysis of which we give under (E.) (F.) (G.), are all more or less tenable modes of defence. We would recommend their adoption for the reason that very few players know anything of the variations which spring from them, most amateurs being content to study only the attack arising from Black playing $\overline{\text{Q to K B 3}}$ on his sixth move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

(F.)

Another variation on Black's sixth move.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 6. P to Q 3. |
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. B to K R 3. |
| 8. Q B takes P. | 8. B takes B. |
| 9. Q takes B. | 9. Q to K 2. |
| 10. B takes P (ch.) | 10. K to Q sq. |

11. P to K 5, and most authorities consider White has the advantage, although the "Handbuch" thinks Black should draw.

(G.)

Another variation on Black's sixth move

| | |
|---|---|
| | 6. B to K R 3. |
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. Q to K B 3 (best.) |

Instead of this move, Mr. Staunton, in his, "Handbook," makes Black play 7. $\overline{\text{Q Kt to B 3}}$ which is very inferior, as White gets a winning position in half a dozen moves. Should Black, however, play 7. $\overline{\text{P to Q 3,}}$ or 7. $\overline{\text{Q to K 2}}$' White's rejoinder should be 8. Q B takes P, in either case with the better game.

| | |
|---|---|
| 8. P to K 5. | 8. Q to K B 4. |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3. | 9. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 10. Kt to K 2. | 10. K Kt to K 2. |
| 11. B to Q 3. | 11. Q to K 3. |
| 12. P to Q B 3. | 12. Kt to K Kt 3. |
| 13. Q to K R 5. | 13. B to K Kt 2. |
| 14. B takes P. | 14. Castles. |

And although Black's position is cramped, he keeps his extra piece, and with care may obtain at least a drawn game.

---

VARIATION (I.)

Beginning at Black's tenth move.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 10. P to Q B 3. |
| 11. Q R to K sq. | 11. Q to Q B 4 (ch.) |
| 12. K to R sq. | |

Mr. Staunton suggests 12. R to B 2 as a stronger move here for the attack; but, as far as we are aware, the move in question has not yet been subjected to any searching test.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 12. P to Q 4. |
| 13. Q to K R 5. | 13. Q to Q 3. |
| 14. K B takes P. | 14. P takes B. |

Black can also equalise matters by Castling, but 14. $\overline{\text{Q to K Kt 3}}$ would be bad for him on account of White's reply,

15. $\overline{\text{R takes Kt (ch.)}}$

| | |
|---|---|
| 15. Kt takes P. | 15. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 16. B to Q B 3. | 16. B to Q 2 (best.) |
| 17. B takes R. | 17. Castles. |
| 18. Kt takes Kt (ch). | 18. Kt takes Kt. |
| 19. Q takes P. | 19. R takes B. |

20. R takes Kt, and the game is declared to be even.

### Variation (II.)

Beginning at Black's tenth move.

10. Castles.

The German authorities consider that Black can obtain an even game by this move. The authors of "La Strategie" condemn it.

| | |
|---|---|
| 11. Q R to K sq. | 11. Q to Q B 4 (ch.) |
| 12. K to R sq. | 12. P to Q B 3. |

(If 12. Kt to Q B 3 — 13. Q B takes P / B to K Kt 2

14. B to K 3 / Kt to Q 5 — 15. B takes K B P (ch.) / K to R sq.

16. Q B takes Kt / K B takes B — 17. Q to K 4 / Kt to Q B 3

18. K R to K B 5 / Kt to K 4 — 19. Q R to K B sq. / P to Q 4.

20. Q to K R 4 / Kt takes K B — 21. K R takes Q P: for this novelty we are indebted to Mr. Staunton. It certainly appears better than the move given in the "Handbuch, viz., 21. R takes Kt, which merely leads to an even game.

21. Q takes R (best.)

22. Kt takes Q / B to K Kt 2 — 23. Kt to K B 6 / P to K R 3

24. Q to K 4 / Kt to K Kt 4 — 25. Q to K Kt 6 / R takes Kt

26. R takes R / B takes R — 27. Q takes B (ch.),

followed by P to K R 4, and White ought to win. We have extracted the above interesting variation from the "Praxis."

Our space will not permit us to give all the variations springing from White's 21st move in the above sub-variation. They will be found *in extenso* in Staunton's "Praxis," pp. 308-9.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 13. Kt to K 4. | 13. Q to K B 4. |
| 14. B to Q B 3. | 14. B to K Kt 2. |
| 15. Kt to Q 6. | 15. Q to K Kt 4. |
| 16. R takes Kt. | 16. B takes B. |
| 17. R takes B P. | 17. R takes R. |

18. Kt takes R, and White has the better game.

### Game the Second.

The Donop, or Ghulam Kassim attack.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. B to Q B 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. P to Q 4. | |

This move constitutes the Donop attack, so named from its having been communicated by Colonel Donop of Brussels, to Koch, a German author. It is not so strong a move as 5. Castles.

5. P takes Kt.

Lewis gives 5. P to Q 4 for Black, with the following continuation, 6. B takes Q P / P to Q B 3

7. B to Q Kt 3 / P takes Kt, etc., which comes pretty much to the same as if the Kt was taken at once.

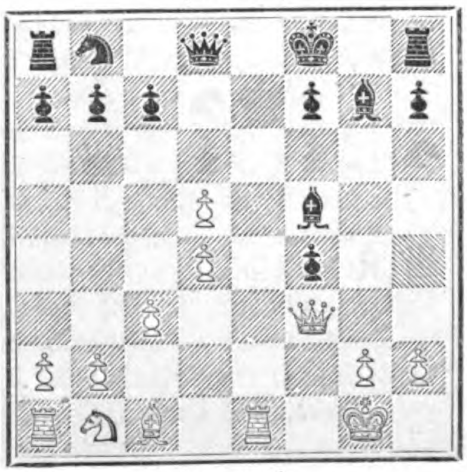
| | |
|---|---|
| 6. Q takes P. | 6. P to Q 4. |
| 7. B takes Q P. | 7. Kt to K B 3. |
| 8. Castles. | 8. Kt takes B. |
| 9. P takes Kt. | 9. B to K Kt 2. |
| 10. R to K sq. (ch.) | 10. K to B sq. |
| 11. P to Q B 3, or (A.) | 11. Q B to K B 4, |

and Black has the advantage.

### Diagram

Showing the position after Black's eleventh move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

### Game the Third.

MacDonnell's Attack.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. B to Q B 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3. | |

This move was first introduced by the late Mr. MacDonnell, the celebrated opponent of Labourdonnais. It is much inferior to 5. Castles.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 5. P takes Kt. |
| 6. Q takes P. | 6. P to Q 4. |

Black may also play without danger 6. P to Q 3, as recommended by Von der Lasa; but any other move is bad for him.

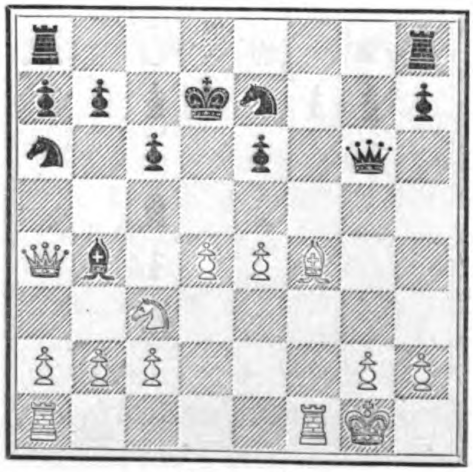
| | |
|---|---|
| 7. B takes P. | 7. P to Q B 3. |
| 8. B to Q Kt 3. | 8. B to K 3. |
| 9. B takes B. | 9. P takes B. |
| 10. Q to R 5 (ch.) | 10. K to Q 2. |
| 11. P to Q 4. | 11. Q to B 3. |
| 12. Castles. | 12. Q to Kt 3. |
| 13. Q to Q R 5. | 13. Kt to Q R 3. |
| 14. B takes P. | 14. B to Q Kt 5. |
| 15. Q to Q R 4. | 15. Kt to K 2. |

And Black has the better game.

#### Diagram

Showing the closing position.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

### Game the Fourth.

Lolli's Attack.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. B to Q B 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. B takes P (ch.) | |

This sacrifice is not advisable.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 5. K takes B. |
| 6. Kt to K 5 (ch.) | 6. K to K sq. (best.) |

(If 6. $\frac{\text{K to K 3}}{}$ 7. $\frac{\text{Q takes Kt P (ch.)}}{\text{K takes Kt}}$

8. $\frac{\text{Q to K B 5 (ch.)}}{\text{K to Q 3}}$ 9. $\frac{\text{P to Q 4}}{\text{B to Kt 2}}$

10. $\frac{\text{B takes P (ch.)}}{\text{K to K 2}}$ 11. $\frac{\text{B to Kt 5 (ch.)}}{\text{B to B 3}}$

12. $\frac{\text{Castles}}{\text{Q to B sq.}}$ 13. $\frac{\text{Q to K 5 (ch.)}}{}$ and wins.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 7. Q takes P. | 7. Kt to K B 3 (best.) |

Ponziani advises 7. Q to K B 3 for Black here, but that move although ingenious, ought to give White the advantage according to the authorities, *e.g.* :—

7. $\frac{}{\text{Q to K B 3}}$ 8. $\frac{\text{Q to R 5 (ch.)}}{\text{K to K 2}}$

9. $\frac{\text{Kt to B 7}}{\text{Q takes Kt}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{Q to K 5 (ch.)}}{\text{Q to K 3}}$

11. $\frac{\text{Q takes R}}{\text{Kt to K B 3}}$ { We would prefer ourselves 11. $\frac{}{\text{Q takes K P (ch.)}}$ for Black followed by 12. $\frac{}{\text{P to K B 6}}$ } securing a draw.

12. $\frac{\text{Castles}}{\text{P to Q 3}}$ 13. $\frac{\text{Q Kt to B 3}}{\text{P to Q B 3}}$

14. $\frac{\text{R takes K B P}}{\text{Q Kt to Q 2}}$ 15. $\frac{\text{P to Q 4}}{\text{Q to K B 2}}$

16. $\frac{\text{P to K 5}}{\text{P takes P}}$ 17. $\frac{\text{P takes P}}{\text{Q Kt takes P}}$

18. $\frac{\text{P to Q Kt 3}}{\text{Q Kt to K Kt 3}}$ 19. $\frac{\text{B to R 3 (ch.)}}{\text{K to K sq.}}$

20. $\frac{\text{R takes K Kt}}{\text{Kt takes Q}}$ 21. $\frac{\text{R takes Q}}{\text{Kt takes R}}$

22. $\frac{\text{R to K sq. (ch.)}}{}$ with the advantage.

It has, however, apparently escaped the notice of all the eminent authorities who have treated on this opening, that Black on his eleventh move in the above variation can

easily force a drawn game, if instead of idly attempting to win the adverse Queen he simply play 11. Q takes K P (ch.) thus :

Suppose :

11. Q takes K P (ch.) — 12. K to B sq. / P to K B 6, etc.

or, if 12. K to Q sq. / Q takes K Kt P

13. R to K sq. (ch.) / K to Q sq. — 14. Q to K 5 / Q to B 6 (ch.) etc.

To resume the original game.

| | |
|---|---|
| 8. Q takes K B P. | 8. P to Q 3. |
| 9. Kt to Q B 4. | 9. Q Kt to B 3. |
| 10. Castles. | 10. B to K Kt 2. |
| 11. P to Q 3. | 11. B to K 3. |
| 12. Q to K Kt 3. | 12. Q to K 2. |

And Black should win.

---

The subjoined carefully-selected games well illustrate the Muzio Gambit :—

### Game XI.

Between Messrs. Kolisch and Paulsen.

| WHITE. (Herr Kolisch.) | BLACK. (Herr Paulsen.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. B to Q B 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Castles. | 5. P takes Kt. |
| 6. Q takes P. | 6. Q to K B 3. |
| 7. P to K 5. | 7. Q takes K P. |
| 8. P to Q 3. | 8. B to K R 3. |
| 9. B to Q 2. | 9. Kt to K 2. |
| 10. Q Kt to B 3. | 10. Q Kt to B 3. |
| 11. Q R to K sq. | 11. Q to K B 4. |
| 12. Kt to Q 5. | 12. K to Q sq. |
| 13. B to Q B 3. | 13. R to K Kt sq. |
| 14. B to K B 6. | 14. B to K Kt 4. |
| This is Black's best move. | |
| 15. R takes Kt. | 15. B takes B. |
| 16. R to K 4. | 16. B to K Kt 4. |
| 17. P to K Kt 4. | 17. Q to K Kt 3. |
| 18. P to K R 4. | 18. B takes P. |
| 19. Q takes P. | 19. P to Q 3. |
| 20. Q takes K B P. | 20. Q takes Q. |
| 21. R takes Q. | 21. Kt to K 4. |
| 22. R takes K R P. | 22. Kt takes B. |
| 23. Q R takes Kt. | 23. P to Q B 3. |
| 24. Kt to Q B 7. | 24. R to Q Kt sq. |
| 25. Q R to K B 4. | 25. B to K 2. |
| 26. Q R to K B 7. | 26. K takes Kt. |
| 27. Q R takes B (ch.) | 27. K to Kt 3. |
| 28. K R to K Kt 7. | 28. R takes R. |
| 29. R takes R. | 29. B to K 3. |
| 30. R to K Kt 6. | 30. B takes Q R P. |
| 31. R takes P. | 31. R to K Kt sq. |
| 32. K to B 2. | 32. R takes P, and wins. |

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### Game XII.

Played at the London Chess Club, April 13th, 1859, between Messrs. Morphy and Jones, the former playing blindfold, and conducting seven other games at the same time against seven other different opponents.

| WHITE. (Mr. Morphy.) | BLACK. (Mr. Jones.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. B to Q B 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. P to Q 4. | 5. Q to K 2. |
| 6. Castles. | 6. P takes Kt. |
| 7. Kt to Q B 3. | 7. P to Q B 3. |
| 8. Q takes P. | 8. B to K Kt 2. |
| 9. Q B takes P. | 9. B takes P (ch.) |
| 10. K to R sq. | 10. B to K Kt 2. |
| 11. P to K 5. | 11. B to K R 3. |
| 12. Kt to K 4. | 12. P to Q 4. |
| 13. P takes P in passing. | 13. Q to K B sq. |
| 14. Q R to K sq. | 14. B to K 3. |
| 15. B takes B. | 15. P takes B. |
| 16. Q to K R 5 (ch.) | 16. K to Q 2. |
| 17. Kt to Q B 5 (ch.) | 17. K to Q B sq. |
| 18. B takes B. | 18. Kt to K B 3. |
| 19. Q to K 5. | 19. Q Kt to Q 2. |
| 20. Kt takes Kt. | 20. Q takes B. |
| 21. R takes Kt. | 21. Q to K R 5. |
| 22. Kt to Q B 5, and Black resigns. | |

# THE LOST RIFLE; OR, SCHOOLBOY FACTION.

## A SECOND TALE OF NETHERCOURT.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

### CHAPTER III.—THE BEGINNING OF MISCHIEF.

"I WISH these fellows would come," exclaimed Walters, as he and Jerry Lane, and half-a-dozen more boys of the same age, loitered about the door of the Rifle-Shed about half-past two o'clock on the following day. "If the fight should be a long one, it is as likely as not that the Chief may come back before it is over; and if so, he would be safe to put a stop to it. He certainly wouldn't have allowed it if he had been here."

"Aye, Jack managed that well," observed Snow. "I suppose he remembered that there was going to be that leaping match in the cricket-ground between Dodd and Hemming this afternoon, and that all the school —all the first class, at any rate—would be safe to go down and see it, and timed his measures accordingly. Not a bad hand at a dodge is Jack."

"I don't doubt it," said Walters; "but why doesn't he come now?"

"I suppose he is waiting to make sure that every one is out of the way," said Snow. "Mind you, if any fellow gave Glover a hint of it, he'd come straight back from the field, and put a stopper on it."

"I don't think that that is what keeps them," remarked Lane. "I wouldn't advise you fellows to make sure that there will be any fight after all."

"No fight!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices. "Why not, Jerry?"

"I think those two fellows want to make it up; and it will need all Jack's poking and Ned Jones's too, before they will be got to fight it out."

"What makes you fancy that?" asked Walters. "Why, they haven't had any opportunity of making it up, even if they wished to do it. Besides all the school would cry shame upon them. I am pretty sure they haven't spoken to one another all the morning. Jack has been keeping a watch over Campbell, like a cat over a mouse. Certainly he is determined that Campbell shan't escape. I must say that for him."

"Yes, and Ned has not left Paget either," said Snow. "He was with him all yesterday evening, and I don't think he has lost sight of him for a minute to-day. It is amusing to watch them."

"I know all that," said Lane. "I make no doubt that Paget and Campbell have not spoken to one another to-day, but they did last night after they went up to bed."

"How do you know that, Jerry?" inquired Walters.

"I know it because I saw it with my own eyes," said Lane. "Look here. Paget sleeps, you know, in Elder's room, and there are only two beds in it. Well, Elder is in the first class, and therefore doesn't go to bed at the same time as Paget. I suppose Jack and Ned had forgotten that, and thought that all was safe when they went up to bed. But, as soon as they got upstairs, Campbell went into Paget's room, and there he stayed until just before Roe came to take the lights away. I know he did, because I met him coming out of Elder's room just before nine o'clock."

"You don't mean that!" exclaimed Walters. "That does look rather fishy, certainly. But I don't think they can get out of it after what has passed. And here they are coming at last, Jack with Campbell, and Ned with Paget. All right, isn't it, Jack," he said aside to Marshall, as they reached the Rifle-Shed.

"I suppose it is," returned Marshall,

dubiously; "but I can't make those two fellows out. They don't want to fight one another, that's certain, and wouldn't if they were left to themselves. Yet they don't seem to want pluck either. I think they mean to play booty—just exchange half-a-dozen blows, taking care not to hurt one another, and then shake hands."

"You and Ned must take care not to allow that," said Walters.

"Trust me for that," said Marshall. "Now, then," he resumed, turning to the two champions, who were by this time stripped for action, "are you fellows ready?"

"Quite ready," replied both the combatants."

"Shake hands, then, and fall to."

The boys complied, so far as the first part of this command was concerned, They advanced into the centre of the ring, and shook hands; but, having done this, instead of beginning the battle, each walked back to the spot where his second was standing. The boys stared in great surprise at this proceeding.

"What are you up to now?" cried Jones.

"You don't mean to shirk off fighting, I suppose?" said Marshall.

"Not in the least," returned Campbell, coolly. "I told you I meant to fight, and I do; but I intend to fight with an enemy of my own choosing, and not with one of yours. Take that;" and, as he spoke, he dealt Marshall a blow in the face with so much force and address, as to cause him forthwith to prostrate his length ingloriously in the dust.

"And if you want to know what *I* am up to, perhaps this will inform you," added Paget, bestowing a similar compliment upon Jones, and with a like result.

There was a cry of astonishment, not unmingled with amusement. The two seconds sprang up boiling with fury, and would at once have fallen upon their assailants if Walters had not interfered.

"You two must fight these fellows," he said, "and I expect they will catch it pretty sharp. Campbell has never seen you fight, Jack, or he wouldn't have tried that on. I wouldn't be in his shoes for something! Come, the sooner we begin the better. Whom do you choose for your second, Campbell?"

"Paget, and then I will be his in his fight with Jones," said Archie.

The boys burst out into a laugh.

"I don't expect you will be in a condition to be anybody's second, young fellow, when Jack has done with you," said Walters, sarcastically. "But no more chaff now; go to work at once."

The combatants accordingly advanced into the ring, and faced one another. Jones and Paget, it should be remarked, were nearly of a size, though Jones was somewhat the more strongly built of the two; but there was much greater disparity between Archie and his antagonist. Marshall was a good deal taller and heavier, and he was considered to be the best fighter in the junior part of the school. The boys fully expected that he would avenge the insult he had received by bestowing some severe punishment on his rash assailant; but the first round did not promise any very speedy fulfilment of this notion. Campbell put himself into an attitude which showed at once that he was a practised boxer. He parried Marshall's blows with an ease and coolness which excited his opponent's wrath to a greater pitch every minute. Presently, taking advantage of an unguarded movement, he bestowed a heavy left-handed hit on his adversary's face, thereby ornamenting his visage with another black eye to match the one he had already received, as well as levelling him a second time with the ground.

Marshall rose sullenly, and returned to his seat. He did not want for pluck, and was resolved to pay out his enemy for the disgrace and damage he had inflicted on him. He tried to fight more warily in the ensuing rounds, but his eyes were so swollen that he could but imperfectly distinguish Campbell's movements; and the coolness and science of the latter would probably have been too

much for him even without this drawback. Archie pursued the same game as before, skilfully turning aside the blows aimed at him, and ever and anon requiting them on the nose, the mouth, and the eyes of his opponent; until the latter's face became one mass of bruises, and it was plainly impossible for him to continue the fight.

As soon as this was announced to Campbell, he quietly resumed his clothes, and went to back up his friend Paget in the battle which ensued with Jones.

"Why, Archie, I had no idea you could fight in that manner," said Fred, as Campbell helped him to take off his coat and waistcoat. "Where did you learn all that?"

"It is one of the few things I *did* learn, Fred, before I came to the Chase," answered Campbell, smiling. "One of the corporals in my father's regiment had been a prize-fighter, and he taught me to box. I wish he had taught you too, for this fellow, Jones, would be none the worse for a handsome licking either."

"I'll do my best towards it, Archie, anyhow," said Paget, smiling, as he stepped out to encounter his enemy.

The second fight proved a very different affair from the first. The two boys were nearly equal in strength, skill, and resolution, and the spectators were in doubt from the first which would prove the victor. It lasted for nearly an hour, by the end of which time both had been seriously mauled, but the pluck of neither was abated. There is no saying what might have been the issue, or how long the fight might have lasted, if the head boys had not returned from their leaping match, Edward Glover among the first. The news soon reached his ears that a fight was going on in the Rifle-ground, and he repaired straightway to the spot. Desiring the boys to stop, he inquired the cause and history of the quarrel.

"Ah," he said, when he had elicited the truth from the reluctant evidence of the by-standers, "I thought as much. You fellows have been playing off tricks on the new-comers. I should be apt to give you something to teach you not to do it again, only I think you have got it already. Now, you two fellows, Jones and Paget, shake hands, and be friends again. Paget only fought, I suppose, to show that he didn't want for pluck, and that has been quite sufficiently proved. As for you, Marshall, there is no need for me to interfere with you at all. You have got it hot and sharp, and it will do you a deal of good, I expect."

Whether Glover's expectations were fulfilled in this respect or not, might be considered as doubtful, but it certainly did Paget and Campbell good. They not only escaped all further badgering to which new boys were liable, but they became quite heroes in the eyes of their younger schoolfellows. Archie's feat of arms was a favourite topic in the school for a long time afterwards; while Jones, who was not a bad fellow at the bottom, struck up quite a friendship with his late antagonist, which lasted until he took his departure from Nethercourt three years afterwards. As they rose in the school, they rose in the estimation of their schoolfellows. In the third year of their stay, they were placed in the school eleven, and were almost equally successful at fives and football, altogether eclipsing Jack Marshall, hard as he strove for pre-eminence. In the Rifle-ground alone they were his inferiors. Jack, who had had the advantage of good training at home, and possessed nerves of iron, contrived to carry away the prize-belt from both our heroes, and to keep the lead he had obtained against all competitors. Jack had long ago made up any quarrel he might have had with Paget—indeed he courted his companionship, as did also Walters and Lane. But none of the three had ever fully forgiven Archie Campbell; Marshall, in particular, cherished a bitter and growing dislike to him. He was too wise again to provoke an open quarrel; but he tried, in a secret and underhand manner, to bring him into disfavour with his schoolfellows.

To some extent he succeeded. Campbell was not, as has been already intimated, generally popular with his schoolfellows; but there were some, nevertheless, who regarded him with special liking. Huntley

and Cartwright, in particular, had attached themselves to him ever since the day of the memorable fight with Marshall. They, too, would fain have separated him from Paget if they could; for the latter was, for many reasons, not acceptable to them, the chief among these being his growing intimacy with Marshall and Walters. But all the attempts to separate the friends proved ineffectual. Campbell was often seen in companionship with Huntley and his set, and Paget with the leaders of the opposite faction; but this did not in any way interrupt the warm personal attachment between the boys themselves. In school and out of school they were frequent companions. They still learnt their lessons together; were always, if they could contrive it, on the same side at cricket and football; while during the holidays theywere, if possible, still more constantly in each other's society. It was not until they had both reached the first class, and were entering on their seventeenth year, that any real estrangement rose between them.

But in the summer of their sixth year at Nethercourt, the office of Chief again became unexpectedly vacant. It had been held by Edward Glover for a year and a half, and then by Winterfield for two years; and after the latter by a lad named Moore for nearly two years more. Moore's successor had been long determined by popular favour. It was generally understood that a boy named Stephens, a general favourite with high and low, would be selected for the post. But this boy was unexpectedly withdrawn from the school, towards the end of the summer half-year, and another successor to the Chiefship had to be found at a very short notice. The six senior boys in the ensuing half-year would be Paget, Irving, Walters, Campbell, Marshall, and Smithson; nor was there anyone lower in the school who had any claim to fill the vacant office. Of the six above named, Smithson had no following in the school, and his election was out of the question. Walters and Marshall, on the contrary, had many adherents; but it was notorious that the masters would not sanction the election of either. Dick Irving, the second boy in the school, was popular enough with both boys and masters; but it was quite well known that nothing would induce him to undertake the trouble of the Chiefship. There were none left, therefore, but the two heroes of the present tale. Either of these was well fitted to be Chief, nor would the school generally have been greatly dissatisfied with either. The main difficulty lay in choosing between them. At first they both positively refused to be nominated in opposition to one another; each suggesting that the other would make an excellent Chief, and that he himself had no wish for the office. It was not until Moore himself remonstrated with them on the subject, that their objections could be overcome.

"You see," said Moore, "if you don't agree to stand, the only consequence will be that the boys will make no election; and the Doctor, instead of the school, will have to choose between you two. And the fellows won't be nearly as well satisfied with a Chief of his choosing, as they would be with a Chief of their own. Better let your names be put up, and abide by the vote of the majority. You needn't canvass, you know, or trouble yourselves in any way about it."

The two friends saw the wisdom of this advice, and withdrew their objections. At the formal meeting which took place the next day, Paget was nominated by Marshall and seconded by Walters; while Campbell had for his proposers Huntley and Cartwright. The leaders of the rival factions straightway commenced a canvass of all their schoolfellows, who were not already known to be warm partisans of the one candidate or the other. It was soon discovered that the contest was likely to be a close one, and the supporters of both sides became keenly interested in the struggle, and anxious to secure it by any means in their power, whether these might be strictly fair or not. Old stories, whether favourable or unfavourable to the candidates, were raked up. All manner of reports were circulated, and carried immediately to the principals by

their partisans, with a request that they might be allowed authority to contradict them. At first this was positively refused; but as the days went on, both parties, but particularly Paget, began to be irritated at the scandals in circulation. At last Paget went to his friend on the subject. "I am sorry to trouble you, Archie," he said, "but really I think you ought to put a stopper on Huntley's tongue. He has been saying things about me in your name, which no fellow could be expected to put up with."

"Well, Fred," returned Campbell, "I am very sorry for it, and wish with all my heart that this contest had never arisen. But I am afraid no good would come, but rather the contrary, from either of us interfering. Best not notice anything that has been said. The election will be coming on in a few days; and when that's over, everything will soon be forgotten."

"I quite agree with you about that," said Paget, "so far as mere attacks upon our characters are concerned. They are welcome to say of me that I am passionate and overbearing, just as I daresay you wouldn't mind their saying that you were mean and sneaking. But when it comes to a total misstatement of facts—"

"Mean and sneaking!" repeated Campbell, the hot blood rising in his cheek; "has anyone dared to say that of me?"

"Oh, never mind," said Paget, "that is all bosh, you know, a mere matter of opinion. But when they spread a story that I was sent away from the school which I was at before I came here—when they say that I was expelled from it, for nearly killing a fellow in a fit of passion—that's a different matter. If Moore was still here, I have no doubt he would take it up. But unluckily he went away yesterday; and I don't believe there is anybody who could bring Huntley to book but yourself."

"Well, I will do so if you insist upon it, Fred," said Campbell, his cheek still flushed with anger; "but I candidly tell you, if I do, I shall insist upon knowing who has charged me with being underhand and sneaking. I must say I think that a much worse charge than what has been brought against you; and I think you ought to make Marshall or Walters, or whichever of your friends it may be that has ventured to make it, retract and beg pardon for it."

"I don't see how I could do that," said Paget. "A fellow only says that he *thinks* so. He doesn't tell any story, you see, which might be proved true or false. It is only his opinion. Of course I don't agree with it, but still you can't disprove it."

"I think he is bound to allege something in proof of it," said Campbell, "before he is allowed to express it. No, Fred, I can't agree with you about this. I tell you what I will do if you like it, though. I will withdraw my name, and you can withdraw yours too, and let the Doctor choose whom he likes for Chief. That, I suppose, would put a stop to this bother."

The conversation was here interrupted by a summons for Campbell to go to the Head Master's study; and Paget went off to communicate to his principal supporters the proposal which had just been made him.

"Not a bad dodge that," remarked Marshall. "He knows, Fred, that you are dead sure of this, if it goes to a vote: and Huntley, and Cartwright, and the rest have been circulating this story, in the hope that they may frighten one, or perhaps two, of your supporters into standing aloof. There are but twenty-four who could vote; that is, leaving out you and Campbell. Utterton is to go home to-morrow, and the election is not till the day after. Now we have twelve votes sure; and there are two who may vote for Campbell, but have not positively promised him. The twelve are a majority, and enough is as good as a feast. Campbell knows that if you go to the poll, you must win; whereas if it is left to the masters, he has as good a chance as you."

"Or rather Roe would take care that his pet, Campbell, got it," observed Walters. "He has as good as told one or two fellows that they ought to vote for Campbell. I never knew the ushers interfere in the election before."

"Are you sure of that?" exclaimed Paget, indignantly. "I would not stand that if I was certain of it."

"Well, I know what Burns and Richardson told me," said Walters. "Roe remarked to them what a famous Chief Campbell would make, and that he was sure the Doctor would be pleased with his election. What's more, they are both going to vote for him; they told me this themselves. I am pretty clear that Huntley's story was put about in the hope of provoking you to throw up—that being now their only chance of winning the day."

"If that's their dodge," said Paget, "they will find themselves disappointed. I shall make no answer to Campbell's proposal at all."

Accordingly for the next two days he kept carefully out of his friend's way, for the first time during the whole of his stay at Nethercourt; and the canvass on both sides went on more keenly and unscrupulously than ever.

"It is a good job that this matter is going to be settled to-day," observed Irving on the morning of the election. "When it is over, there will be some chance of the fellows being decently civil to one another again. That will be pleasant, if only by way of a change."

It had been agreed that the ballot should be taken immediately after dinner, Mr. Roe, as usual, acting as scrutineer. He took his place at his desk with the ballot-box before him. The boys clustered in a group near the fireplace. Campbell, to whom the whole proceeding was evidently unwelcome, keeping in the background. One by one they advanced to the desk, where their names were taken down by the usher. Then a marble was handed to each, which he put into the right-hand compartment of the box, if he voted for Paget, and into the left if he voted for Campbell. To prevent all possibility of mistake, the compartments had been labelled with the candidates' names. Marshall and Walters looked on with much satisfaction. They had taken the trouble to assure themselves just before dinner of the intentions of their schoolfellows; and although they found that the two doubtful votes had now been secured by Huntley, they nevertheless received twelve distinct assurances of support, rendering their victory certain. It caused them, therefore, equal surprise and dismay, when at the close of the poll the usher declared the numbers to be equal, each candidate having received twelve votes.

"There must be some mistake, sir," said Walters; "twelve on each side would account for twenty-four votes only; and there are twenty-five in the first and second classes. There would have been twenty-six to vote, only Utterton has gone home."

"Only twenty-four boys have voted," said Mr. Roe. "The names and numbers exactly correspond—ten first-class boys, and fourteen second-class."

"*Ten* first-class, sir? The first-class contains eleven."

"I did not vote," said Archie, standing up. "I did not suppose I ought to vote."

"Ought not to vote for Paget, eh, though he voted for you!" said Marshall with a sneer.

"I do not know that he did so," observed Campbell.

"But I do," retorted the other. "If he had not done so, you would only have had eleven votes."

"Did you not know that it was usual for each candidate to vote for his opponent?" asked Mr. Roe.

"No, sir," said Campbell. "Of course if I had known it, I should have voted for Paget. I hope you will take my vote now."

"That's against the rules," interposed Huntley. "No votes can be taken after the numbers have been declared."

"Besides which, no one knows that Paget did vote for Campbell," remarked Cartwright; "Walters may *think* so, but that's no proof."

"Ask Paget himself," suggested Irving.

"You can't ask any fellow how he voted," said Lightfoot.

"Certainly not," said Mr. Roe. "This may be unfortunate, but it cannot be helped,

I must report to Dr. Glanville that Paget and Campbell are equal on the poll; and according to the usual practice, he will make his choice between them."

The above transaction embittered still further the angry feelings of the partisans on both sides. Paget's friends, or the Picts, as they had been facetiously named in the course of the contest, were indignant at the manœuvre (as they chose to consider it) by which their champion had been deprived of the victory to which he was clearly entitled. They were still further irritated on the following day, when Dr. Glanville announced that the choice of the new Chief having devolved upon him, he had given the preference to Campbell. There was a general feeling in the school that Paget had been hardly used; while his more hot partisans did not scruple to declare that he had been regularly tricked out of the Chiefship.

"I wonder you are not ashamed to take it," exclaimed Walters, angrily, as soon as the Doctor had left the room. "Anyhow, I hope you will remember, Campbell, that it was Paget's own vote that gave it you. You owe it to his generosity."

"And your own shabbiness," interposed Marshall.

"It is easy to say that," broke in Cartwright, with flashing eyes; "but where is the proof of it?"

"Proof of what?" repeated Marshall; "proof that Paget voted for Campbell, or that Campbell did not vote for Paget?"

"The first, of course," returned Cartwright. "You may say just what you like. But no one knows how he voted."

"Yes, some one does," exclaimed Paget, who had stood by listening with a lowering brow to what was passing; "some one does know how I voted—that some one is myself. I beg to say distinctly in the hearing of all the school that I voted for Campbell. I have never sought to be elected, and was quite willing that Archie should be Chief. But I must say I think I have not been treated rightly. It was quite plain that the majority of votes was for me, that I was really the choice of the boys. And I believe that if the mistake had been the other way, and it had been I who had forgotten to vote for Campbell—the matter would never have been referred to the Doctor at all."

"Hear, hear," said Marshall; "the ushers have no right to interfere with the election, as Roe has been doing this time. I make no doubt he has been earwigging the Doctor about it."

"And he is not the only one who has been earwigging the Doctor," said Walters; "it is bad enough, I grant you, for the ushers to try that on, but still worse for one of the candidates to do it."

"One of the candidates," exclaimed Paget, starting. "Why what do you mean, Tom?"

"I mean to say one of the candidates has been to the Doctor early this morning about this matter. Let Campbell deny it if he can."

All eyes were turned upon the newly-elected Chief, who only said, "I don't deny it. I don't know why I should."

"But you will tell us what you said to the Doctor about this matter, I suppose?" said Paget, coldly.

"I don't know why I should," replied Campbell, with the same constraint; "I should not mind telling you, Fred, if you asked it as a favour. But otherwise——"

"I desire no favour," said Paget, "only justice. If I cannot get that, I would rather have nothing."

He turned away shortly as he spoke, followed by Walters, Marshall, and his other adherents. Archie looked sadly after him, and checked the cry of "Hurrah for the Scots," which was raised by his elated followers, as they witnessed the discomfiture of the enemy. But he made no attempt to stop, or call him back, and presently he too moved away, arm-in-arm with Huntley and Cartwright. He was too proud to tell his friend, that he had been to Dr. Glanville that morning only for the purpose of asking him to make Paget Chief; and that nothing but the Head Master's express and earnest wish, so urged as to amount almost to a command, had induced him to accept the office.

There was no open breach between the two boys during the remainder of the half-year. It chanced that Paget's holidays were passed chiefly at the seaside that year. He was at Lambourne only for a few days, during which time he and Archie did not meet; but when the next half-year began, it soon became evident that the incidents of the election had not been forgotten. Paget and Campbell were rarely seen together, and when they did meet, there was mutual constraint and embarrassment. The mischief was heightened by the unwise zeal of the partisans on both sides. Irving's prediction, uttered only a few days after the school met, that the half-year would not pass off without a regular row, seemed every day more likely to be accomplished.

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## Chapter IV.

### Dissensions.

"Here's the Chief at last," cried Huntley, as Campbell made his appearance on the Rifle-ground to join the party as described in the first chapter. What has kept you all this time?"

"Only this week's themes," returned Campbell. "The Doctor wasn't able to look over mine yesterday. But we had better make up for lost time. I don't quite remember what the sides were to be. Marshall, Paget, and Walters, against Irving, Cartwright, and myself—was that it? We shouldn't have much chance, I am afraid."

"No," said Walters, "that's not it. Jack is not here. He and Snow have gone to mark out the course for the steeplechase on Saturday. It is Fred, myself, and Dick Irving, against you, Huntley, and Cartwright. That ought to be a pretty even match, don't you think so?"

"I don't mean to object, I am sure," said Campbell. "But did you say Marshall was gone to mark out the course for the steeplechase? I thought that had been settled long ago."

"No, it wasn't, if you remember," said Lane. "It was arranged at first that the course was to run through Worsford Wood, by Cambourne Mill, under Rookesden Hill, and home by Pattenham Meadow; but some objection was raised to the last part of the line."

"I don't know what you mean by an objection being raised, Lane," said Campbell, austerely. "I said, I remember quite well, that Pattenham Meadow was out of school bounds, and therefore that could not be the line."

"There is no doubt that you said that," returned Lane, "but I and others thought that you were mistaken. I have been at Nethercourt as long as you have, and Walters and Marshall have been here longer; and we all of us agree that the meadow is not out of bounds."

"Do you ever remember any of the paper-hunts or steeplechases either being run across the meadow?" inquired Campbell.

"Yes, I do," interposed Walters. "In my third half, when Glover was Chief, I remember a famous run across Pattenham Meadow."

"I remember that too," said Campbell; "but the line taken wasn't the one marked out, and Glover made a row about it afterwards."

"Yes," said Paget, "so he did; but that was only because there had been heavy rain for a long time, and the ditches in the meadow were quite full, so that several of the juniors got soaked through."

"Glover said the fellows were not to go that way again," remarked Huntley; "that I recollect quite well."

"Yes, for the reason that Fred has given," said Walters; "but Glover only forbade it until the floods had gone down. Glover was not the kind of fellow to attempt to interfere with the bounds. Indeed he would have had no right to interfere with them."

"Do you mean that the Chief has no right to interfere about the bounds?" asked Cartwright.

"He has a right to prevent fellows going out of bounds, I suppose," returned Walters, "though most Chiefs have thought it better

to leave that alone, unless it was done to any great extent. But the Chief hasn't the smallest right to settle what the bounds are—no more than the lowest junior in the school has. I shouldn't value the opinion of the Chief on that subject the snap of a finger."

"There was no need for you to say that," observed Campbell, coldly. "I am not aware that any Chief has ever attempted to alter the bounds. Most certainly I never have. But in any disputed case it is his business to decide the matter, subject of course to an appeal to the masters. In the present instance, I decide that Pattenham Meadow is out of bounds, and the steeplechase cannot cross it. Of course, you can ask the Doctor, or one of the ushers about it."

"Much obliged," said Walters, with a sneer. "Extremely condescending of you to say that."

"Come," interposed Irving, "let us have done with this; there is really nothing to make a fuss about. It is easy enough to ask Mr. Phelps, or the Doctor himself, whether the meadow is out of bounds or not. I will ask Phelps myself the first opportunity we have. Meanwhile, let us begin our match."

No one raised any objection, and the contest accordingly commenced.

Under ordinary circumstances, the victory would probably have lain with Paget's party. The latter was very nearly a match for Campbell, notwithstanding the famous rifle, whereof mention has been already made. Walters was certainly the fourth best shot in the school, and Irving the fifth, Cartwright and Huntley being generally several marks behind; but to-day everything seemed to go wrong with Paget. He had taken great pains with the verses which the Head Master had just looked over, and had expected to receive high marks for them. To his surprise, not unmingled with indignation, he had been less commended than usual, and Campbell had received a higher mark. Six months before he would have considered this a small matter; but ever since the preference shown by the Head Master to his rival in the contest for the Chiefship, Paget had fancied himself unfairly dealt with; and the feeling was constantly being heightened by occurrences like the present. This loss of equanimity produced its usual effect. He shot badly, and got more and more provoked at his ill success. His score was not only a long way behind that of the Chief, but was below those of Walters and Irving, only just tying with that of Cartwright. The first match was decided in favour of his opponents, and he refused, a little pettishly, to shoot another.

"I can't think what is the matter with me to-day, or with my rifle," he said. "I never shot so badly in my life. Archie has beaten me this time."

"Beaten you! yes, I should just think he had," assented Huntley. "He has beaten you by nearly two to one. The 'Scots,' as you call them, Lane, have it this time pretty hollow."

Paget made no remark, but the flush in his cheek showed that he felt the taunt. Lane answered for him.

"The Scots don't often do that, and you should remember that the prowest of the Picts is not here. Put off the match till the next half-holiday, and the result will be different, I expect."

"Suppose we put it off till Wednesday?" suggested Walters.

"Very well," said the Chief, "I have no objection. To say the truth, I am rather glad to go in now, as I have some letters to write."

He moved off accordingly; the others followed more leisurely.

"I say, wait a bit!" suddenly exclaimed Walters. "Did I propose to shoot this match next Wednesday, this day week, Cartwright?"

"Yes," said the boy addressed; "but it is all right, you know. The next half-holiday, Saturday, is the day of the steeplechase, therefore we can't have the return match before Wednesday."

"We can't have it on Wednesday either," said Walters. "Wednesday is the first day of the races. I had forgotten that."

"The races!" repeated Huntley. "What have we got to do with them?"

"I don't know what *you* may have got to do with them," said Walters; "but I mean to go and see them, and so do several others. They will be jolly fun, I expect."

"But the fellows won't be allowed to go," urged Huntley.

"Not allowed! Why not?" exclaimed Marshall, who had just rejoined them.

"Such a thing has never been allowed," said Cartwright.

"No, because the races have always taken place during the holidays, or on a school-day," returned the other. "This year they are unusually late, and the days are not Thursday and Friday, as usual, but Wednesday and Thursday."

"I don't think the Chief will allow it," said Huntley.

"The Chief!—Chief again!" exclaimed Walters, angrily. "He be hanged! I am not going to be interfered with by him, or any one else in this matter."

"It is no earthly business of his," said Marshall. "Rookesden Down, where the racecourse is, is within bounds; and there has never been any order that the fellows are not to be allowed to go there. Did you ever hear of any such order, Fred?" he added, turning to Paget.

"No," said Paget. "But I think you are mistaken about Campbell," he added, addressing Huntley; "I shouldn't think he was inclined to interfere in the matter."

"And I am sure *you* are mistaken," returned Huntley; "I know he thinks the fellows ought not to go."

"Who cares what he thinks?" cried Marshall; "he had better take his place at one of the usher's desks, or go into partnership with the Doctor at once."

"I remember a good many Chiefs," said Walters. "Some meddled more, and some less, with the fellows' fun; but I never knew anything like this before. Campbell wants to be every one's master, and more."

"A regular beggar on horseback," suggested Marshall.

"Come. I'm not going to stand this!" exclaimed Huntley; "if Paget here, who calls himself Campbell's friend, chooses to hear him spoken of in this way, anyhow I shan't allow it!"

"*You* won't, hey," sneered Marshall. "What will you do?"

"I shall just take myself off, and leave you and Paget to say things against the Chief behind his back, which you daren't say to his face. Come along, Cartwright, we shall have time for a game of chess before tea." He walked off, followed by Lightfoot and Cartwright.

"A good riddance," remarked Walters, as he watched their retreating figures. "Come, Fred, let's have a match among ourselves. You and I against Jack and Dick Irving would be pretty nearly an even thing, I expect."

Paget assented, though not very willingly. He was sensible that his feelings towards Archie Campbell had been undergoing a gradual change for a long time past; and saw a similar change in his quondam friend. He honestly believed that the latter was chiefly in fault—that his new office had turned his head, and made him assume a tone of superiority, which no one could be expected to put up with. It had always been usual, for instance, for the Chiefs to talk over any questions which might arise in the school, with the other head boys, and particularly with such of them as had been their intimate friends. But Campbell had never spoken to him about anything of the kind since his appointment to the Chiefship; though he had good reason to believe that he often consulted with Huntley and Cartwright. Once or twice he had insinuated—so at least Paget believed—that he knew Fred's opinion would be different from his own, but that he meant to pay no heed to the circumstance. Of course if that were so, he could not go to Campbell and offer his advice, which was not wanted, or express an opinion, which would be treated as of no value. Nevertheless, Paget was a boy who could not easily forget old times. It was very unwelcome to him to hear Archie spoken of by Marshall and Walters in such terms

as they had just used. If it had not been for Huntley's instant interference, and the bitter words he had addressed to Fred himself, he would have remonstrated with his friends. As it was, Huntley's remarks only roused his indignation, and he allowed Jack Marshall's sneers to pass without notice. He accepted Walter's challenge, and soon forgot everything in the interest of the match.

Meanwhile a group of juniors were amusing themselves at the further end of the play-ground with a game, which was very popular at Nethercourt, though not common at other schools. Each of the players chose some trade. One was a bricklayer, another a carpenter, another a plasterer, and the like. They all stood in a circle, each with his handkerchief tied in a knot, while one of them, who was chosen a foreman, and who stood on a box in the middle of the ring, gave his orders respecting the house which they were supposed to be building. If he desired the walls to be raised, the bricklayer straightway answered "Ready, sir, ready." If he desired the doors to be hung, or the roof to be covered in, the carpenter, or the slater, gave the same reply. If any of the tradesmen did not immediately respond, when anything in his line was required, the whole body straightway fell upon him with their knotted handkerchiefs, until he had mounted to the top of the box, which had been vacated by the previous foreman, the moment the proper party had failed to respond. On the present occasion, Benson, the wag of the lower school, had volunteered in the first instance to be foreman. He had insidiously advised his favourite butt, Tom Hall, to choose the business of an upholsterer—a trade embracing a great variety of details, which did not at first sight very obviously belong to it. Poor Tom, whose extraordinary good humour was proof against repeated whackings, found himself continually occupying the post of honour, which he found great difficulty in transferring to anyone else; and every time that he ascended to his "bad eminence" a louder shout of delight broke from his companions.

"Now, my men," began Benson, "Master thinks the house is not going on as fast as it should be. He says the grates must be put in."

"Ready, sir, ready," broke in Jackson, who was the ironmonger of the party.

"Very glad to hear it, Mr. Jackson. You are a good workman. As soon as the grates are done, Master wishes the walls to be plastered."

"Ready, sir, ready," shouted the plasterer.

"Very glad to hear it, Mr. Porter, you are a good workman. As soon as the walls are dry, they must be made ready for colouring."

"Ready, sir, ready," said the painter and glazier.

"Very glad to hear it, Mr. Dobbs, you are a good workman. As soon as the walls are papered, Master wishes to have the pictures hung."

There was no response. "Somebody is a bad workman," exclaimed the foreman; "who is the upholsterer?"

"Hall, Hall," shouted a chorus of voices.

"If you please, Mr. Foreman," said Hall, "it is a picture-dealer's business to hang the pictures, not an upholsterer's."

"That depends upon whether a picture-dealer is employed or not," said Benson. "Is there a picture-dealer here? No; then the upholsterer must be knouted."

The unfortunate Hall was accordingly set upon by the whole of his companions, with their knotted handkerchiefs, and driven hither and thither, until he succeeded in mounting the box, which Benson had vacated. It was a long time before he could catch any of his companions tripping to take his place, and when he had done so, he soon found himself in the same predicament as before; everything, as it seemed, which could not clearly be assigned to any other tradesman, being put off on the unlucky upholsterer. Invincibly good-natured as Tom was, he was beginning to get so sore under his repeated castigations, as to insist on retiring from the game, or at least being allowed to choose some less inconvenient occupation, when he was happily relieved by the sudden appearance of Mrs. Welch, the

hawker's wife, with her husband's basket. A rush was instantly made to obtain the first choice of the fruit, for which Old Miles's garden was famous. Benson, Hall, and Philips being the three biggest of the party, succeeded in laying in a store of plums, pears, and tartlets, enough to satisfy even their requirements, and retired to the seat under the great willow, at the furthest end of the Elm walk, partly in order to be free from the observation of the ushers, who might have objected to the inordinate amount of the eatables, and partly to avoid the importunity of their schoolfellows, who had been obliged to content themselves with their companions' leavings.

Nothing was said for some time, the three boys being too deeply absorbed by their employment to pay heed to any other matter. At last, when, in Homeric language, they had "put out the desire of eating and drinking," they recurred to other objects of interest.

"I wonder what makes Mother Miles come instead of her husband?" observed Philips, taking a large semicircular bite out of his last cheesecake."

"She does come sometimes instead of Miles," said Hall.

"Only when something is the matter," said Benson.

"There's nothing the matter with old Miles now, is there?" asked Hall.

"Well, there is, if you must know," returned Benson, looking very grave, but with a sly wink to Philips behind Hall's back; "but I advise you to ask no more about it."

"Why not?" asked Hall, whose curiosity was excited.

"Where is the good of frightening people, especially you, Hall, who are always upset by anything about—by anything supernatural."

"Supernatural!" repeated Hall, with a very scared face, "I am sure I'm not afraid of anything of the kind."

"Supernatural!" echoed Philips, apparently much alarmed. "You don't really mean that Miles——?"

"Yes, I do," said Benson. "I am sorry to say there is no doubt he has seen it. He is a brave fellow, but it was too much for him."

"Well, but if he saw it any of us may see it too!" exclaimed Philips, in a tone of alarm. "I couldn't bear that, I declare!"

"It only appears at night," said Benson, "or rather late in the evening; and if we are careful not to venture out——"

"I wish you would tell us what you are talking about," broke in Hall, anxiously. "I know there's a story in the school about a ghost that Dunning once saw, but I thought no one believed it."

"Of course no one allows that he believes such things," said Benson. "Where's the good of doing so? But if you really want to know the truth, and are not afraid——"

"Not the least," interposed Hall, the perspiration standing thick on his forehead as he spoke.

"Well, then, the fact is that there is no doubt that the ghost is sometimes both seen and heard at the end of the playground."

"Near here?" asked poor Tom, looking nervously round him.

"Yes, about twenty yards from here; but you needn't be afraid, he is never seen or heard by day. The story is, that the former owner of Nethercourt—before it was a school, you know—named Larkins, was a dreadfully wicked old fellow, and cut his throat at last. They buried him at the meeting of four cross-roads, and enclosed the body with a brick vault to prevent his walking; but that, it seems, has had no effect. Groans are heard from his grave, and sometimes he is seen himself. Poor old Miles——"

"Whereabouts is his grave?" asked Philips.

"What! don't you know the brick vault near the playground gate?" asked Benson, in surprise. "I thought every one knew that the road has been turned since his burial, so that the grave is now a few yards inside the playground wall."

"I know the place," said Hall, "but never was told what it was. Is Miles very bad?"

"I fear he is," said Benson; "but we can go and ask Mother Miles about him. It would be only kind, and we shall be in time if we make haste."

They hurried up accordingly, catching the old woman just as she was on the point of opening the gate.

"I say, mother," began Benson, "how's Miles? Is he any better?"

"Thank you, sir, I think he be a bit easier to-day."

"Does he shake and tremble?" pursued her interrogator.

"Well, he do shake from head to foot, Mr. Benson, even now. It quite grieve a body to see him, that it do."

"Good-bye, Mrs. Miles," said Benson, "we oughtn't to keep you from him. I hope he'll soon be better, and won't be so venturesome again."

"That's what I tell he, Mr. Benson. He didn't ought to run such risks. Good-bye, young gentlemen, and thank you kindly."

"I say, Phil," said Philips, catching his companion by the arm as soon as they were out of Hall's hearing, "do you know what is really the matter with Miles?"

"A touch of ague, I believe, caught by staying out too late on his rounds. But, I say, isn't it fun to see Tom in such an awful funk of ghosts, and pretending all the time not to mind them a bit? It's a great pity we can't make him hear old Larkin's groan, and show him his ghost in a white sheet—isn't it?"

"We couldn't manage that," said Philips, "and I don't know that I should like very much to try it on, even if we could."

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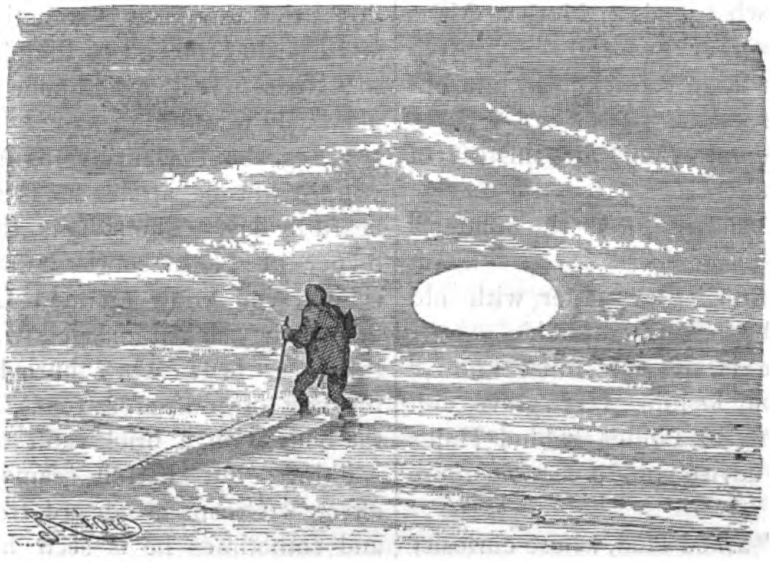


# THE FIELD OF ICE.

## BY JULES VERNE.

### Chapter IV.—The Last Charge of Powder.

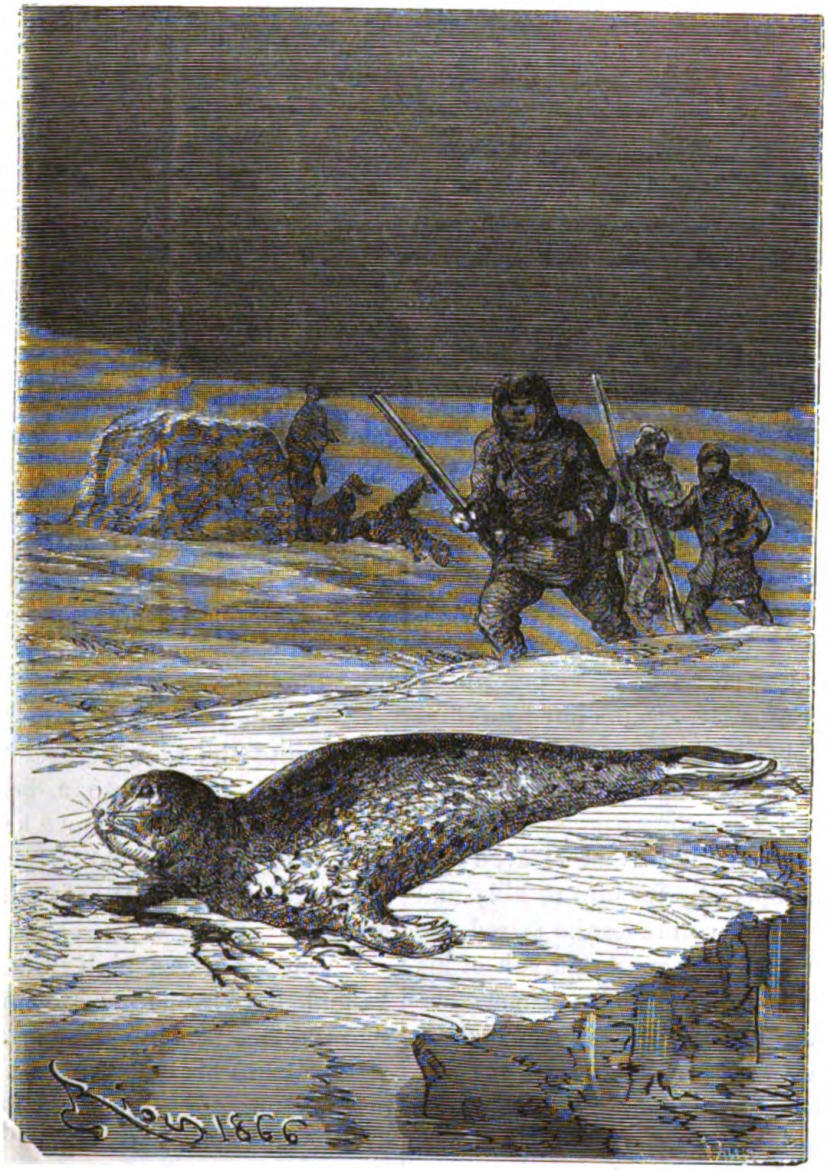
Johnson was obliged to take the dogs inside the hut, for they would have been soon frozen outside in such dry weather. Had it been snowing they would have been safe enough, for the snow served as a covering, and kept in the natural heat of the animals.

The old sailor, who made a first-rate dog-driver, tried his beasts with the oily flesh of the seal; and found, to his joyful surprise,

that they ate it greedily. The Doctor said he was not astonished at this, as in North America the horses were chiefly fed on fish; and he thought that what would satisfy an herbivorous horse might surely content an omnivorous dog.

The whole party were soon buried in deep sleep, for they were fairly overcome with fatigue. Johnson awoke his companions early next morning, and the march was resumed in haste. Their lives depended now on their speed, for provisions would only hold out three days longer.

The sky was magnificent; the atmosphere



extremely clear, and the temperature very low. The sun rose in the form of a long ellipse, owing to refraction, which made his horizontal diameter appear three the length of his vertical.

The Doctor, gun in hand, wandered away from the others, braving the solitude and the cold in the hope of discovering game. He had only sufficient powder left to load three times, and he had just three balls. That was little enough should he encounter a bear, for it often takes ten or twelve shots to have any effect on these enormous animals.

But the brave Doctor would have been satisfied with humbler game. A few hares or foxes would be a welcome addition to their scanty food; but all that day, if even he chanced to see one, either he was too far away, or he was deceived by refraction, and took a wrong aim. He came back to his companions at night with crestfallen looks, having wasted one ball and one charge of powder.

Next day the route appeared more difficult, and the weary men could hardly drag themselves along. The dogs had devoured even the entrails of the seal, and began to gnaw their traces.

A few foxes passed in the distance, and the Doctor lost another ball in attempting to shoot them.

They were forced to come to a halt early in the evening, though the road was illumined by a splendid Aurora Borealis; for they could not put one foot before the other.

Their last meal, on the Sunday evening, was a very sad one—if no providential help came, their doom was sealed.

Johnson set a few traps before going to sleep, though he had no baits to put inside them. He was very disappointed to find them all empty in the morning, and was returning gloomily to the hut, when he perceived a bear of huge dimensions. The old sailor took it into his head that Heaven had sent this beast specially for him to kill; and without waking his comrades, he seized the Doctor's gun, and was soon in pursuit of his prey. On reaching the right distance, he took aim; but, just as his finger touched the trigger, he felt his arm tremble. His thick gloves hampered him, and, flinging them hastily off, he took up the gun with a firmer grasp. But what a cry of agony escaped him! The skin of his fingers stuck to the gun as if it had been red-hot, and he was forced to let it drop. The sudden fall made it go off, and the last ball was discharged in the air.

The Doctor ran out at the noise of the report, and understood all at a glance. He saw the animal walking quietly off, and poor Johnson forgetting his sufferings in his despair.

"I am a regular milksop!" he exclaimed, "a cry-baby, that can't stand the least pain! And at my age, too!"



"Come, Johnson; go in at once, or you will be frost-bitten. Look at your hands—they are white already! Come, come this minute."

"I am not worth troubling about, Mr. Clawbonny," said the old boatswain. "Never mind me!"

"But you must come in, you obstinate fellow. Come, now, I tell you; it will be too late presently."

At last he succeeded in dragging the poor fellow into the tent, where he made him plunge his hands into a bowl of water, which the heat of the stove kept in a liquid state, though still cold. Johnson's hands had hardly touched it before it froze immediately.

"You see it was high time you came in; I should have been forced to amputate soon," said the Doctor.

Thanks to his endeavours, all danger was over in about an hour, but he was advised to keep his hands at a good distance from the stove for some time still.

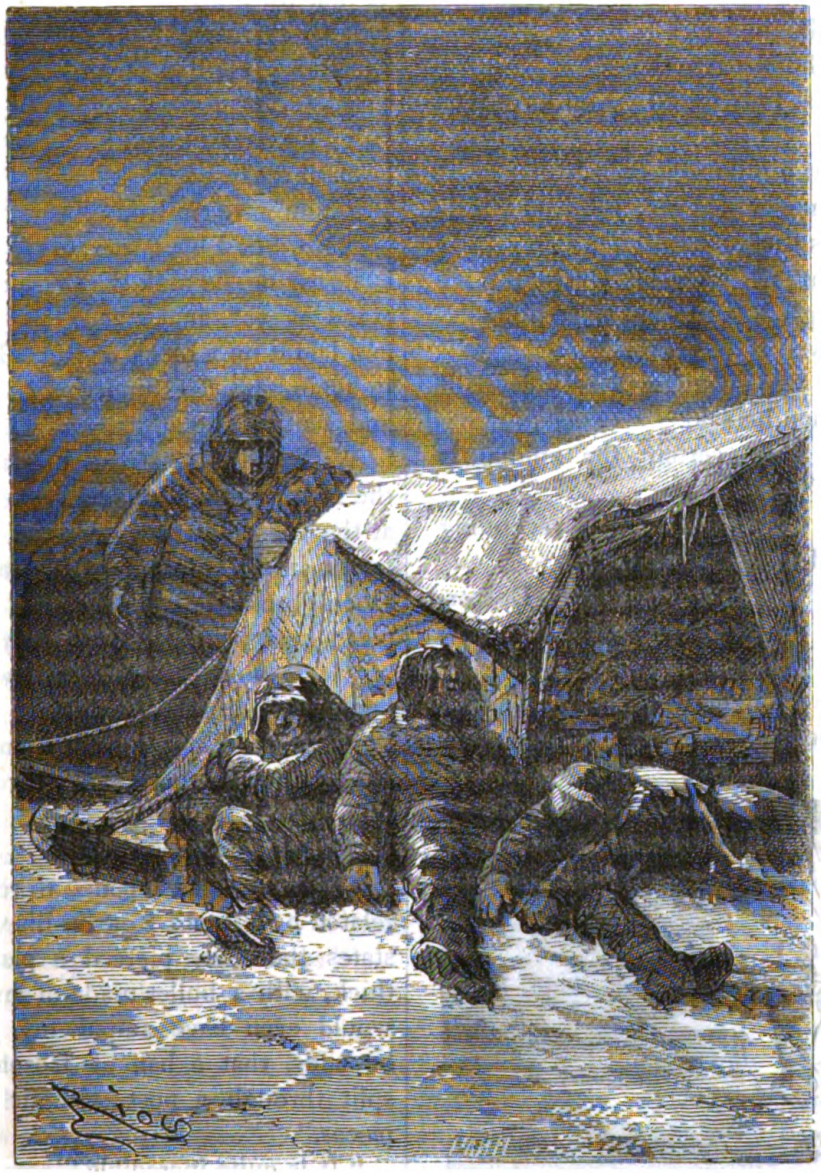
That morning they had no breakfast. Pemmican and salt beef were both done. Not a crumb of biscuit remained. They were obliged to content themselves with half a cup of hot coffee, and start off again.

They scarcely went three miles before they were compelled to give up for the day. They had no supper but coffee, and the dogs

were so ravenous that they were almost devouring each other.

Johnson fancied he could see the bear following them in the distance, but he made no remark to his companions. Sleep forsook the unfortunate men, and their eyes grew wild and haggard.

Tuesday morning came, and it was thirty-four hours since they had tasted a morsel of food. Yet these brave, stout-hearted men continued their march, sustained by their superhuman energy of purpose. They pushed the sledge themselves, for the dogs could no longer draw it.



At the end of two hours, they sank exhausted. Hatteras urged them to make a fresh attempt, but his entreaties and supplications were powerless; they could not do impossibilities.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "I won't die of cold if I must of hunger"

He set to work to hew out a hut in an iceberg, aided by Johnson, and really they looked like men digging their own tomb.

It was hard labour, but at length the task was accomplished. The little house was ready, and the miserable men took up their abode in it.

In the evening, while the others lay motionless, a sort of hallucination came over Johnson, and he began raving about bears.

The Doctor roused himself from his torpor, and asked the old man what he meant, and what bear he was talking about.

"The bear that is following us," replied Johnson.

"A bear following us?"

"Yes, for the last two days!"

"For the last two days! You have seen him?"

"Yes, about a mile to leeward."

"And you never told me, Johnson!"

"What was the good!"

"True enough," said the Doctor; "we have not a single ball to send after him!"

"No, not even a bit of iron!"

The Doctor was silent for a minute, as if thinking. Then he said—

"Are you quite certain the animal is following us?"

"Yes, Mr. Clawbonny, he is reckoning on a good feed of human flesh!"

"Johnson!" exclaimed the Doctor, grieved at the despairing mood of his companion.

"He is sure enough of his meal!" continued the poor fellow, whose brain began



to give way. "He must be hungry, and I don't see why we should keep him waiting."

"Johnson, calm yourself!"

"No, Mr. Clawbonny, since we must die, why prolong the sufferings of the poor beast? He is famished like ourselves. There are no seals for him to eat, and Heaven sends him men! So much the better for him, that's all!"

Johnson was fast going mad. He wanted to get up and leave the hut, and the Doctor had great difficulty in preventing him. That he succeeded at all, was not through strength, but by saying in a tone of the most absolute conviction, "Johnson, I shall kill that bear to-morrow!"

"To-morrow!" said Johnson, as if waking up from some bad dream.

"Yes, to-morrow."

"You have no ball!"

"I'll make one."

"You have no lead!"

"No, but I have mercury."

So saying, he took the thermometer, which stood at 50° above zero, and went outside and laid it on a block of ice. Then he came in again, and "To-morrow! Go to sleep, and wait till the sun rises."

With the first streak of dawn next day, the Doctor and Johnson rushed out to look at the thermometer. All the mercury had frozen into a compact cylindrical mass. The Doctor broke the tube and took it out. Here was a hard piece of metal ready for use.

"It is wonderful, Mr. Clawbonny; you ought to be a proud man."

"Not at all, my friend, I am only gifted with a good memory, and I have read a great deal.

"How did that help you?"

"Why, I just happened to recollect a fact related by Captain Ross in his voyages. He states that they pierced a plank, an inch thick, with a bullet made of mercury. Oil would even have suited my purpose, for, he adds, that a ball of frozen almond oil split through a post without breaking in pieces."

"It is quite incredible!"

"But it is a fact, Johnson. Well, come now, this bit of metal may save our lives. We'll leave it exposed to the air a little while, and go and have a look for the bear."

Just then Hatteras made his appearance, and the Doctor told him his project, and showed him the mercury.

The Captain grasped his hand silently, and the three hunters went off in quest of their game.

The weather was very clear, and Hatteras, who was a little ahead of the others, speedily discovered the bear about three hundred yards' distant, sitting on his hind quarters



sniffing the air, evidently scenting the intruders on his domains.

"There he is?" he exclaimed.

"Hush!" cried the Doctor.

But the enormous quadruped, even when he perceived his antagonists, never stirred, and displayed neither fear nor anger. It would not be easy to get near him, however, and Hatteras said—

"Friends, this is no idle sport, our very existence is at stake; we must act prudently.

"Yes," replied the Doetor, "for we have but the one shot to depend upon. We must not miss, for if once the beast took to his heels we have lost all chance of him. He would outstrip a hare in fleetness!"

"We must go right up to him," said Johnson, "that is the only way. It is risking one's life, of course; but what does that matter? Let me risk mine."

"No, I wish to take the risk on myself," said the Doctor.

"I am the one to go," said Hatteras, quietly.

"But, Captain, is your life not more necessary for the safety of all than a stupid old man's like mine?"

"No, Johnson, let me go. I'll not risk myself unnecessarily. Besides, I may possibly need your assistance."

"Hatteras," asked the Doctor, "do you mean to walk right up to the bear?"

"If I were certain of getting a shot at him, I would do that if it cost me my head; but he might scamper off at my approach. No, Bruin is a cunning fellow, and we must try and be a match for him."

"What plan have you got in your head?"

"To get within ten paces of him without letting him suspect it."

"And how will you manage that?"

"Well, my scheme is simple enough, though rather dangerous. You kept the skin of the seal you killed, didn't you?"

"It is on the sledge."

"All right! Let us get back to the hut, and leave Johnson here to watch."

Away they went, while the old boatswain slipped behind a hummock, which completely hid him from the bear, who continued still in the same place and in the same position.

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## Chapter V.

### The Seal and the Bear.

"You know, Doctor," said Hatteras, as they returned to the hut, "the polar bears subsist almost entirely on seals. They'll lie in wait for them beside the crevasses for whole days, ready to strangle them the moment their heads appear above the surface. It is not likely, then, that a bear will be frightened of a seal."

"I think I see what you are after, but it is dangerous."

"Yes, but there is more chance of success than in trying any other plan, so I mean to risk it. I am going to dress myself in the seal's skin, and creep along the ice. Come, don't let us lose time. Load the gun, and give it me."

The Doctor could not say anything, for he would have done the same himself, so he followed Hatteras silently to the sledge, taking with him a couple of hatchets for his own and Johnson's use.

Hatteras soon made his *toilette*, and

slipped into the skin, which was big enough to cover him almost entirely.

"Now, then, give me the gun," he said, "and you be off to Johnson. I must try and steal a march on my adversary."

"Courage, Hatteras!" said the Doctor, handing him the weapon, which he had carefully loaded meanwhile.

"Never fear! but be sure you don't show yourselves till I fire."

The Doctor soon joined the old boatswain behind the hummock, and told him what they had been doing. The bear was still there, but moving restlessly about, as if he felt the approach of danger.

In a quarter of an hour or so the seal



made his appearance on the ice. He had gone a good way round, so as to come on the bear by surprise, and every movement was so perfect an imitation of a seal, that even the Doctor would have been deceived if he had not known it was Hatteras.

"It is capital!" said Johnson, in a low voice.

The bear had instantly caught sight of the supposed seal, for he gathered himself up, preparing to make a spring as the animal came nearer, apparently seeking to return to his native element, and unaware of the enemy's proximity. Bruin went to work with extreme prudence, though his eyes glared with greedy desire to clutch the

coveted prey, for he had probably been fasting a month, if not two. He allowed his victim to get within ten paces of him, and then sprang forward with a tremendous bound, but stopped short, stupefied and frightened, within three steps of Hatteras, who started up that moment, and, throwing off his disguise, knelt on one knee, and aimed straight at the bear's heart. He fired, and the huge monster rolled back on the ice.

"Forward! Forward!" shouted the Doctor, hurrying towards Hatteras, for the bear had reared on his hind legs, and was striking the air with one paw and tearing up the snow to stanch his wound with the other.

Hatteras never moved, but waited, knife in hand. He had aimed well, and fired with a sure and steady arm. Before either of his companions came up he had plunged the knife in the animal's throat, and made an end of him, for he fell down at once to rise no more.

"Hurrah! Bravo!" shouted Johnson and the Doctor, but Hatteras was as cool and unexcited as possible, and stood with folded arms gazing at his prostrate foe.

"It is my turn now," said Johnson.

"It is a good thing the bear is killed, but if we leave him out here much longer, he will get as hard as a stone, and we shall be able to do nothing with him."

He began forthwith to strip the skin off, and a fine business it was, for the enormous quadruped was almost as large as an ox. It measured nearly nine feet long, and four round, and the great tusks in his jaws were three inches long.

On cutting the carcase open, Johnson found nothing but water in the stomach. The beast had evidently had no food for a long time, yet it was very fat, and weighed fifteen hundred pounds. The hunters were so famished that they had hardly patience to carry home the flesh to be cooked, and it needed all the Doctor's persuasion to prevent them eating it raw.

On entering the hut, each man with a load on his back, Clawbonny was struck with the coldness that pervaded the atmosphere. On going up to the stove he found the fire black out. The exciting business of the morning had made Johnson neglect his accustomed duty of replenishing the stove.

The Doctor tried to blow the embers into a flame, but finding he could not even get a red spark, he went out to the sledge to fetch tinder, and get the steel from Johnson.

The old sailor put his hand in his pocket, but was surprised to find the steel missing. He felt in the other pockets, but it was not there. Then he went into the hut again, and shook the blanket he had slept in all night, but his search was still unsuccessful.

He went back to his companions and said—

"Are you sure, Doctor, you haven't the steel?"

"Quite, Johnson."

"And you haven't it either, Captain?"

"Not I!" replied Hatteras.

"It has always been in your keeping," said the Doctor.

"Well, I have not got it now!" exclaimed Johnson, turning pale.

"Not got the steel!" repeated the Doctor, shuddering involuntarily at the bare idea of its loss, for it was all the means they had of procuring a fire.

"Look again, Johnson," he said.

The boatswain hurried to the only remaining place he could think of, the hummock where he had stood to watch the bear. But the missing treasure was nowhere to be found, and the old sailor returned in despair.

Hatteras looked at him, but no word of reproach escaped his lips. He only said—

"This is a serious business, Doctor."

"It is, indeed!" said Clawbonny.

"We have not even an instrument, some glass that we might take the lens out of, and use like a burning glass."

"No, and it is a great pity, for the sun's rays are quite strong enough just now to light our tinder."

"Well," said Hatteras, "we must just appease our hunger with the raw meat, and set off again as soon as we can, to try to discover the ship."

"Yes!" replied Clawbonny, speaking to himself, absorbed in his own reflections. "Yes, that might do at a pinch! Why not? We might try."

"What are you dreaming about?" asked Hatteras.

"An idea has just occurred to me."

"An idea come into your head, Doctor," exclaimed Johnson; "then we are saved!"

"Will it succeed? That's the question."

"What's your project?" said Hatteras.

"We want a lens; well, let us make one."

"How?" asked Johnson.

"With a piece of ice."

"What? Do you think that would do?"

"Why not? All that is needed is to collect the sun's rays into one common focus, and ice will serve that purpose as well as the finest crystal."

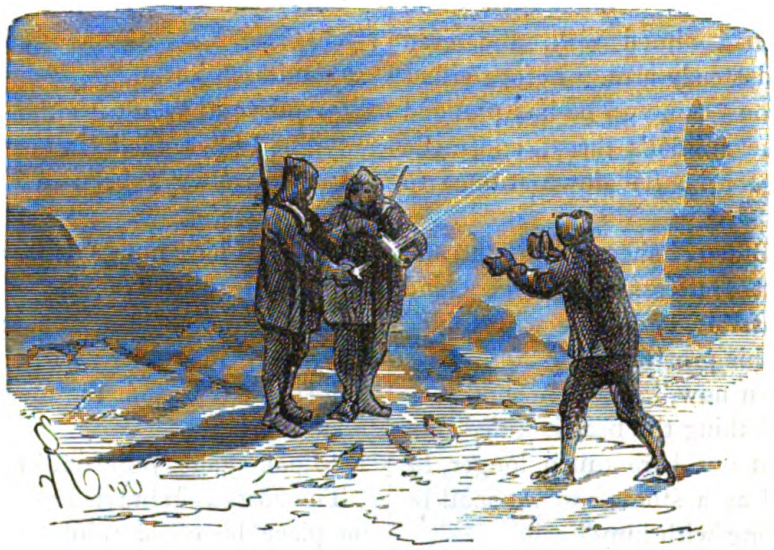
"Is it possible?" said Johnson.

"Yes, only I should like fresh water ice, it is harder and more transparent than the other."

"There it is to your hand, if I am not much mistaken," said Johnson, pointing to a hummock close by. "I fancy that is fresh water, from the dark look of it, and the green tinge."

"You are right. Bring your hatchet, Johnson."

A good-sized piece was soon cut off, about



a foot in diameter, and the Doctor set to work. He began by chopping it into rough shape with the hatchet; then he operated upon it more carefully with his knife, making as smooth a surface as possible, and finished the polishing process with his fingers, rubbing away until he had obtained as transparent a lens as if it had been made of magnificent crystal.

The sun was shining brilliantly enough for the Doctor's experiment. The tinder was fetched, and held beneath the lens so as to catch the rays in full power. In a few seconds it took fire, to Johnson's rapturous delight.

He danced about like an idiot, almost beside himself with joy, and shouted, "Hurrah! hurrah!" while Clawbonny hurried back into the hut and rekindled the fire. The stove was soon roaring, and it was not many minutes before the savoury odour of broiled bear-steaks roused Bell from his torpor.

What a feast this meal was to the poor starving men may be imagined. The Doctor, however, counselled moderation in eating, and set the example himself.

"This is a glad day for us," he said, "and we have no fear of wanting food all the rest of our journey. Still we must not forget we have further to go yet, and I think the sooner we start the better."

"We cannot be far off now," said Altamont, who could almost articulate perfectly again; "we must be within forty-eight hours' march of the *Porpoise*."

"I hope we'll find something there to make a fire with," said the Doctor, smiling. "My lens does well enough at present; but it needs the sun, and there are plenty of days when he does not make his appearance here, within less than four degrees of the pole."

"Less than four degrees!" repeated Altamont, with a sigh; "yes, my ship went further than any other has ever ventured."

"It is time we started," said Hatteras, abruptly.

"Yes," replied the Doctor, glancing uneasily at the two captains.

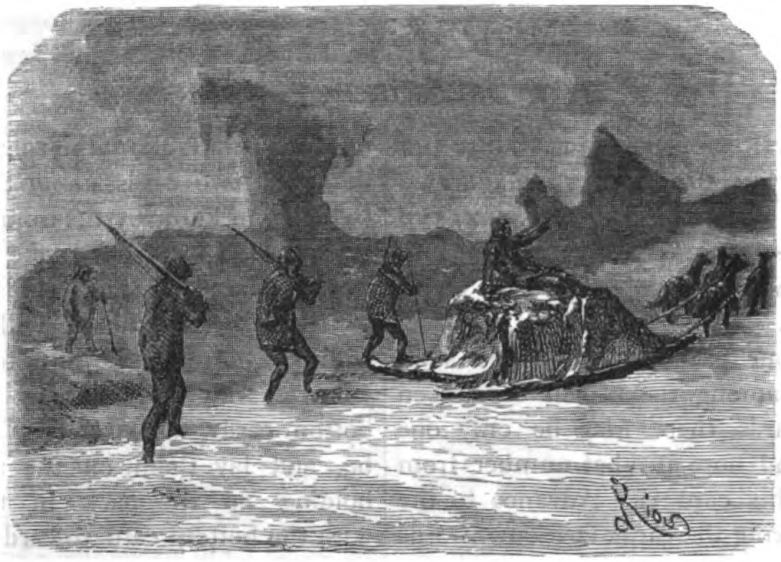
The dogs were speedily harnessed to the sledge, and the march resumed.

As they went along, the Doctor tried to get out of Altamont the real motive that had brought him so far north. But the American made only evasive replies, and Clawbonny whispered in old Johnson's ear—

"Two men we've got that need looking after."

"You are right," said Johnson.

"Hatteras never says a word to this American, and I must say the man has not shown himself very grateful. I am here, fortunately."



"Mr. Clawbonny," said Johnson, "now this Yankee has come back to life again, I must confess I don't much like the expression of his face."

"I am much mistaken if he does not suspect the projects of Hatteras."

"Do you think his own were similar?"

"Who knows? These Americans, Johnson, are bold, daring fellows. It is likely enough an American would try to do as much as an Englishman."

"Then you think that Altamont——"

"I think nothing about it, but his ship is certainly on the road to the North Pole."

"But didn't Altamont say that he had been caught among the ice, and dragged there irresistibly?"

"He said so, but I fancied there was a peculiar smile on his lips while he spoke."

"Hang it! It would be a bad job, Mr. Clawbonny, if any feeling of rivalry came between two men of their stamp."

"Heaven forefend! for it might involve the most serious consequences, Johnson."

"I hope Altamont will remember he owes his life to us."

"But do we not owe ours to him now? I grant, without us, he would not be alive at this moment; but without him and his ship, what would become of us?"

"Well, Mr. Clawbonny, you are here

to keep things straight anyhow, and that is a blessing."

"I hope I may manage it, Johnson."

The journey proceeded without any fresh incident, but on the Saturday morning the travellers found themselves in a region of quite an altered character. Instead of the wide, smooth plain of ice that had hitherto stretched before them, overturned icebergs and broken hummocks covered the horizon; while the frequent blocks of fresh-water ice showed that some coast was near.

Next day, after a hearty breakfast off the bear's paws, the little party continued their route; but the road became toilsome and fatiguing. Altamont lay watching the horizon with feverish anxiety—an anxiety shared by all his companions, for, according to the last reckoning made by Hatteras, they were now exactly in latitude 83° 35″ and longitude 120° 15″, and the question of life or death would be decided before the day was over.

At last, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Altamont started up with a shout that arrested the whole party, and pointing to a white mass that no eye but his could have distinguished from the surrounding icebergs, exclaimed in a loud, ringing voice, "The *Porpoise!*"

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# MODERN MAGIC.

## BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

A CARD HAVING BEEN SECRETLY THOUGHT OF BY ONE OF THE AUDIENCE, TO PLACE TWO INDIFFERENT CARDS UPON THE TABLE, AND TO CHANGE SUCH ONE OF THEM AS THE AUDIENCE MAY SELECT INTO THE CARD THOUGHT OF.

Arrange your pack beforehand in such manner that among the fifteen or sixteen undermost cards there may be only one court card, and note at what number from the bottom this card is. Advance to the company, offering the cards face downwards in the ordinary way, and requesting some person to draw a card. Then, as if upon a second thought, say, before he has time to draw, "Or, if you prefer it, you need not even touch the cards, but merely think of one as I spread them before you." So saying, you spread the cards one by one with their faces to the company, beginning at the bottom. The single court card being conspicuous among so many plain cards, and there being nothing apparently to create a suspicion of design about the arrangement, it is ten to one that the person will note that particular card, which we will suppose to be the knave of hearts. When you have run over twelve or fourteen cards in this way, ask, still moving on the cards, "Have you thought of a card?" On receiving an answer in the affirmative, you retire to your table, at the same time making the pass two cards *below* the court card (which you know by the number at which it stands), and forthwith make a false shuffle, leaving the last three cards undisturbed, so that the court card will remain third from the bottom. Turning to the audience, you remark, "I will now take the two bottom cards, whatever they may happen to be, and lay them on the table." Then, holding up the pack in the left hand, with the bottom card towards the audience, you ask the person who thought of a card, "That is not your card, sir? nor that?" each time lowering the cards in order to draw away with the moistened finger of the right hand, and place face downwards on the table, the card you have just shown. The second time, however, you do not really draw the card you have shown, but "slide back" that card (*see* General Principles), and take the one next to it—viz., the knave of hearts. You then, standing behind your table and facing the audience, again repeat the question, "You are quite sure, sir, that neither of these two cards that I have just placed on the table is your card? Which of them would you like me to transform into your card, the right or the left?" Whichever the answer is, it may be taken in two ways, and you interpret it accordingly as m best

suit your purpose. Thus, if you have placed the knave of hearts on your own right, and the choice falls on the right-hand card, you interpret it to mean the one on *your own* right hand. If, on the contrary, the person chooses the card on the left, you interpret him to mean the card on *his* left, and therefore on *your* right; so that in either case you make the choice fall on the knave of hearts. Taking up the other card, and holding it, without apparent design, so that the audience can see what it is, you return it to the pack. Then say boldly, "This card upon the table is the card you thought of. Will you be good enough to name it?" If he names the knave of hearts, you have nothing to do but to turn up, or request some other person to turn up, the card on the table, and show that it is the right one.

It is, however, quite possible that the person, by accident or design, may have thought, not of the knave of hearts, but of some other card, say the nine of diamonds. Even in this case you need not be at a loss, although the card on the table is a wrong one. When the card is named, you say, "The nine of diamonds. Quite right. Let me show you, in the first place, that it is not here in the pack." Advancing to the audience, and at the same time running over the cards, as in the last trick, you draw the nine of diamonds behind the other cards, and show that, apparently, it is not in the pack. On turning the pack over it will be at the top. Take the pack in the left hand, and, returning to your table, pick up (with the right hand) the knave of hearts, and, without looking at it yourself, say, "Here it is, you see, the nine of diamonds." Then, with a careless gesture, and making a half turn to the right or left to cover the movement, "change" the card by the third method (*see* General Principles), taking care not to show the card after the change. The audience will, of course, exclaim that the card you have just shown them is not the nine of diamonds. You affect great surprise, and ask, "Indeed, what card was it, then?" They reply, "The knave of hearts." "The knave of hearts; surely not!" you exclaim, again showing the card in your hand, which is now found to be the nine of diamonds. "Indeed," you continue, "you could not possibly have seen the knave of hearts, for that gentleman in the front row has had it in his pocket all the evening." The knave of hearts was, of course, left after the change on the top of the pack. As you advance to the audience you palm it, and are thereby enabled to find it without difficulty in the pocket of a spectator, or in any other place which you choose to designate.

It will be observed that the mode here indicated of changing a wrong card into a right one differs from that described in the last trick. Either method will be equally available, but it will be well to practise both, as it is a great desideratum to be able to vary the *denouement* of a trick.

The course of action above directed in the event of an unexpected card being thought of, may be made available as a means of escape from a break-down in many other cases. Thus, for instance, if you are using a *biseauté* pack, and a chosen card has been replaced without the pack having been previously reversed, or if you have from any other cause accidentally lost the means of discovering a card drawn, you may still bring the trick to an effective termination, as follows:—Give the pack to some one to shuffle, and then, drawing a card hap-hazard, and placing it face downwards on the table. announce boldly that the card drawn is now upon the table. Ask the person to name his card, show apparently that it is not in the pack, and finish the trick in one or other of the modes above described.

### A Card having been drawn and returned, and the Pack shuffled, to divide the Pack into several heaps on the Table, and to cause the drawn Card to appear in such heap as the Company may choose.

Invite a person to draw a card. When it is returned, make the pass to bring it to the top. Make a false shuffle, and leave it still at the top. If any of the audience requests

to be allowed to shuffle, palm the card, and hand him the pack. When it is returned, again place the card on the top.

Taking the cards in the right hand, face downwards, drop them in packets of four or five cards each, on the table, noting particularly where you place the last packet, on the top of which is the chosen card. Ask the audience in which of the heaps they would like the chosen card to appear, and when they have designated the heap, pick up all the other packets and place them in the left hand, placing the packet on which is the chosen card at the top. Divide the chosen packet into two, and bid the audience again choose between these, placing the cards of the non-chosen packet below the pack in the left hand. If the packet still remaining will admit of it, divide it into two again, but endeavour so to arrange matters that the packet ultimately chosen shall consist of two cards only, concealing however from the audience the precise number of cards in the packet. When you have reached this stage of the trick, palm the drawn card, which we will suppose to have been the ace of diamonds, and picking up with the same hand the chosen packet, secretly place that card on the top. Place the three cards face downwards side by side, the ace of diamonds in the middle, and ask the audience which of the three they desire to become the card originally drawn. If they name the middle card, the trick is already done, and after asking the person to name his card, and showing that neither of the two outside ones is the card in question, you turn up the ace of diamonds.

If the choice falls on either of the outside cards, gather together all three cards, without showing them (the ace still being in the middle) and ask some one to blow on them. Then deal them out again in apparently the same order as before, but really draw the second in place of the first and place that card in the place of the card indicated. Then turn up the two other cards, as above directed, and finally turn up the ace of diamonds, and show that it is the card originally chosen.

### To change a drawn Card into the Portraits of several of the Company in succession.

For the purpose of this trick you require a forcing pack of similar pattern to the ordinary pack you have in use, but consisting throughout of a single card, say the seven of clubs. You must also have half a dozen or more plain cards backed with the same pattern, on which you must either draw or paste small caricature portraits after the manner of Twelfth Night Characters; which should be of such a kind as to excite laughter without causing offence. You arrange your pack beforehand as follows:—On the top place a fancy portrait, say of a young lady; then a seven of clubs, then a fancy portrait of a gentleman, then a seven of clubs; another fancy portrait of a lady, another seven of clubs, and so on; so that the first eight or ten cards of the pack shall consist of alternate portraits and sevens of clubs, and the rest of the pack of sevens of clubs only.

Secretly exchange the prepared pack for that which you have been using. Invite a young lady to draw, taking care to offer that part of the pack which consists of sevens of clubs only, so that the card she draws will, of necessity, be a seven of clubs. You then say when she has looked at the card, "Will you now be kind enough to return that card to the pack, when I will paint your portrait on it." You open the cards.bookwise, and towards the lower half of the pack, for her to return the card, and when she has done so, request her to breathe on it. As she does so, "you slip" (*see* "General Principles") the top card of the pack on to that which she has just replaced, and on examining that card (which she takes to be the one she has just seen) she is surprised to find that it is no longer a seven of clubs, but a more or less flattering likeness of herself. You continue, after the portrait has been handed round and replaced, "I would willingly give you this portrait to take home, but, unfortunately, being only a magical portrait the likeness fades very quickly. Will you oblige me by breathing on it once more, when you will find that the likeness will vanish, and

the card will again be as it was at first." On her doing so, you again slip the top card (which is now a seven of clubs), on to the portrait, and on again examining, the lady is compelled to admit that the card is again the card she drew. You then offer to change the same card to a gentleman's likeness, and proceed as before, each time after taking a likeness, changing it back again to the card originally drawn, which adds greatly to the effect of the trick.

You may, if you please, use allegorical instead of caricature portraits; *e.g.*, for a young lady, a rosebud; for a conceited young man, a poppy or dandelion, or a donkey's head. It is hardly necessary to observe that nothing short of very close intimacy would excuse the use of any portrait of a disparaging or satirical nature.

A CARD HAVING BEEN DRAWN AND RETURNED, AND THE PACK SHUFFLED, TO PLACE ON THE TABLE SIX ROWS OF SIX CARDS EACH, AND TO DISCOVER THE CHOSEN CARD BY A THROW OF THE DICE.

The effect of this surprising trick is as follows:—You invite a person to draw a card, allowing him the utmost freedom of selection. You allow the drawer to replace his card in any part of the pack he pleases, and you thoroughly shuffle the cards, finally inviting him to "cut." Then dealing out six rows of six cards each, face downwards on the table, you offer the drawer a dice-box and a pair of dice, and after he has thrown any number of times to satisfy himself that the dice are fair and unprepared, you invite him to throw each singly, the first to ascertain the row in which his card is, and the second to discover at what number it stands in the row. He throws say "six" first, and "three" afterwards, and on examination the card he drew proves to be the third card of the sixth row.

The whole mystery consists in the use of a forcing pack, all the cards of which are alike, and which must not consist of a less number than thirty-six cards. The dice are perfectly fair, but as each card of each row is the same, it is of course a matter of perfect indifference what numbers are thrown. It is advisable to gather up all the other cards, and to request the person to name his card, before allowing the one designated by the dice to be turned up. This will draw the attention of the company to the card on the table, and will give you ample opportunity to re-exchange the cards you have used for an ordinary pack (from which, by the way, the card answering to the forced card should have been withdrawn). This pack you may carelessly leave on the table, so that in the unlikely event of suspicion attaching to the cards, it will be at once negatived by an examination of the pack.

The trick may be varied by using a tee-totum, numbered from one to six, instead of the dice; or you may, if you prefer it, make the trick an illustration of second sight, by pretending to mesmerise some person in the company, and ordering him to write down beforehand, while under the supposed mesmeric influence, the row and number at which the drawn card shall be found. The mode of conducting the trick will be in either case the same.

# UNCLE JOHN'S ADVENTURES IN PRAIRIE-LAND.

BY MRS. SALE BARKER.

## Chapter II.—Two Narrow Escapes.

The next day my brother and I were so good at our lessons, and the big boys so exemplary in their conduct altogether (for not only did they play no particularly mischievous pranks that morning, but, for a wonder, did not even invade Miss Pilkington's domain—the schoolroom—during our lesson time) that it was with general good humoura nd smiling faces, Miss Pilkington's included, that the party of the day before took their places under the great trees in K—— Park. Nor had we to wait long for Uncle John; the soul of punctuality was he, even when his appointment related to such a trivial matter as telling stories to boys and girls. Not that we thought it a matter of small importance, I can tell you; and no sooner did he appear among us than we all got round him, and all our tongues began to wag at him at once, begging him to begin. Miss Pilkington made her curtsey, and, taking out her work, seated herself on the camp-stool and prepared to listen, just as she had done on the former occasion, while the rest of the audience—that is to say, the three boys and I, the one girl, the youngest of the party, (ah, what a long time ago it is!)—settled ourselves, either perched up in the branches of the great tree, or underneath it, sitting or lying, as the case might be, much as we did the day before. Uncle John himself was soon seated on the grass in the midst of us, and ready to begin.

And now, my young readers, as I shall have to continue Uncle John's narrative through four or five more chapters, which will represent so many different days on which he sat under that tree and related his adventures; and as, besides, his audience was always the same, I shall beg you, in future, as you begin each chapter, to imagine for yourselves the audience and the scene, as I have already described them. So I shall be able to dispense with any further reference to them, and Uncle John will tell you the story of his adventures without interruption to the end. He began as follows:—

Uncle John's Story—*continued.*

I left off, my children, yesterday afternoon, just as I had finished my friend Penryhn's description of his adventure with a bear, which made you all laugh so much, and I promised to give you to-day his account of the way in which he captured and tamed the great bison bull, which I was so nearly taking a shot at, thinking it a wild one. You remember that Mr. Penryhn and I, with his niece and her husband, were sitting after dinner at his beautiful villa, which he chose to call the Log Hut, when he was telling us these stories, and you shall hear his own words as nearly as I can recollect them.

"About ten years ago," he began, "I made an excursion from New Orleans to the prairies, in order to hunt the buffalo. I had two friends with me, rather foolhardy young men, as I was myself at that time, who were willing to travel a long way and go through much danger, merely for the sake of killing bison."

Here Mr. Penryhn laughed as he looked across the table at me. Then he continued:—"Now, my dear sir, you must know that there are not many hunters of buffalo for mere pleasure; you risk your life in many ways when encountering these animals. A dismounted huntsman has little or no chance of escape, and a wounded bull will make a terrible fight of it even when pursued on horse-back. The buffalo *is* hunted constantly, but seldom for mere sport. With the Indians buffalo-hunting is a necessity: the great prairie tribes not only subsist almost entirely npon the flesh of that animal, but make their blankets, their clothing, even their tents, from its hair and skin; and the fact that the Sioux, the Paw-

nees, the Blackfeet, the Arapehoes, and others, hunt the buffalo incessantly, is all the more reason why we should leave it alone. The Indians have an idea that the number of buffaloes is diminishing, and are naturally jealous of any intrusion on their hunting grounds. So that not only do we risk our lives from the buffaloes themselves in the sport, but we risk the loss of our scalps into the bargain. However it will never do for me to talk in this way to you, my young friend, for I know well you are bent upon your sport; only I wish to show you that buffalo-hunting is rather a dangerous amusement.

"To go on with my story. I and my companions, having made up our minds to the expedition, set about our preparations. We inspected our pack-saddles, had our lassoes greased and stretched, and invested in a suitable number of mules and horses, all of which we had carefully shod. Then our guns were put in order and our hunting kit was well looked to, so that we might start in proper style for our journey to the grand prairies. I will not spin out the story by describing to you the journey; suffice it to say that we arrived at our destination, and pitched our tents all in due time and form. We had joined company on the way with a trader, who was escorted by a large band of men to protect him from the attacks of the Pawnee and Comanche Indians, who infested the trail we had passed through. We did not, however, meet with any of these gentlemen, and when we pitched our tents upon the prairie, we bade adieu to our friend, the trader, who was proceeding to New Mexico.

"How well I remember that first evening on the prairie. My companions had retired to the tents to rest after our long day's journey, and I stood alone outside contemplating the beautiful scene before me. We were surrounded by a vast plain, covered with smooth silken blades of grass of a beautiful emerald green; the horizon that encircled us formed a line as unbroken as that of the ocean: all was peaceful and quiet, scarcely a breath of air stirred, and the sun was sinking in the west. You must not suppose that we three hunters were alone; we had plenty of followers with us, and several smaller tents were pitched in a circle round our principal one. Beyond these the animals were picketed, and outside all were placed the waggons. Our encampment, consisting thus of circle within circle, seen on the vast expanse of the smooth prairie, seemed like the circling ripple caused by a stone thrown into water on the calm surface of a sleeping lake.

"I had some troubles at that time weighing on my mind, such as most men would count among life's trials; but I remember now as if it were but yesterday, that as I stood there looking out for the first time upon the prairie, so boundless, so still, so wondrous in its calm beauty, my troubles seemed easy to bear; they lost their importance in my own eyes. And so it is always; let us but contemplate the prairie, the ocean, the starry sky, anything that reminds us of the immensity and grandeur of the creation, and we find our own little hopes and fears, our trials and troubles, and the narrow sphere in which they exist, all sink into insignificance by the comparison.

"As I stood there leaning against one of the waggons, smoking quietly, and indulging in this dreamy sentimental mood, I observed that in the far distance to the westward a mist was rising, which completely hid the horizon. I fancied at first that I was getting sleepy. I rubbed my eyes, and looked again, but, no! certainly, there was a mist. Could a storm be coming up, thought I; are these clouds rolling on so low down that earth and sky are mixed together? I waited a few minutes watching the advancing mist, which seemed to envelop everything it approached, and gradually through the clouds I discovered the dark hirsute forms of a large herd of buffaloes; the cloud itself being composed of dust and the steam from the animals' bodies. These creatures were moving from west to east; not making directly for us, but crossing in front of the encampment. The beautiful grass was torn up, and the

ground cut into by their hoofs, as they galloped on. The land was black with the creatures as they moved across the prairie, and their tramp shook the earth even where I stood.

"With a loud shout I rushed into our tent to arouse my companions, and in a few minutes, tired and jaded as we were, we had got outside our horses, jaded and tired as ourselves, and were off in pursuit of the buffaloes. What a change had come over me in one moment!" and Mr. Penryhn laughed as he said this; "all thoughts about the grandeur and immensity of the universe vanished as though they had never been; the instinct of the hunter was roused; (at least I suppose," he added, "man is a hunting animal by instinct); every energy of mind and body was bent upon the work before me. The universe itself seemed all in a moment to contain for me nothing beyond myself, my horse, my rifle, and the herd of buffaloes I was pursuing.

"My horse, to whom I had given the name of Washington, was a fine grey with black points; he was half an Arab, strong, very fast, and possessed of immense power of endurance. Quickly as we had mounted, the herd of buffaloes was already far ahead of us. My two companions pushed their horses to the utmost at once, knowing that in the first dash lay their only chance of coming up with the herd, as their horses were too tired to last. Once within firing distance they pulled up for a moment, each singled out an animal and fired. There was no indication at the time that their shots had taken effect; on sped the flying herd faster and faster, and my companions, unable to continue the pace, and seeing the distance between themselves and the buffaloes increasing, discharged their pieces again and again at random, while they still urged their tired horses to a gallop. Washington had hitherto been taking it easy, but now we began to make up for lost time: my blood was rising as our pace increased; and Washington was as much excited as his master. He was very superior in breeding to the other horses, and showed his mettle as he warmed to his work. I was soon far ahead of my friends; indeed, as I neared the herd, I found that without being conscious of it I had been galloping down a gradual incline, so as to lose sight of my companions. The prairie could not, therefore, have been as level as I supposed, and glancing back, I found that the ground rose behind me now sufficiently to hide me from my companions' view and them from mine.

"On, on, I sped; the grass so lately smooth and green was all torn up; the ground was literally ploughed up by the hoofs of these animals in their fierce flight. On they galloped, thundering madly along. Meanwhile I was nearing them every minute. then I discovered that my friends' shots had taken effect upon two of the huge beasts, who were lagging behind, and who, after going in an unsteady tottering fashion for some distance, dropped down almost together, just as I reached them. And it is common with buffaloes to keep up in this way for some time after they are mortally wounded. But these two were not the only ones that lagged behind. There was a very wiry-looking cow who did the same. She was not wounded, and it was not for herself, poor thing, that she thus dropped off from the herd. She had her calf trotting by her side, who, although he had hitherto bravely kept up with his elders, was now beginning to find the pace tell upon him. I determined to shoot the cow, untouched by her maternal tenderness, and, if possible, make the calf a prisoner. Accordingly, I guided Washington right between them and the rest of the buffaloes, thus separating her and her young one from the herd. Seeing me gain upon them the poor beast's cunning came to her aid.

"In the grass prairie, although you may look around and observe nothing but the smooth turf stretching out far away on every side of you, yet, here and there little clumps of stunted trees rise up surrounded with undergrowth of thick rich fern and grass. We were now nearing one of these small clumps. It was quite large enough for a

buffalo to lie concealed within it, for the ground sank down suddenly just at the spot, and so helped to afford a shelter. I rather fancied the cow would make for this place of concealment; but, no! to my surprise she only increased her pace, and shot past it. Washington was now as much excited as his master, and stretched out bravely, doing his very best, and going as hard as he could pelt. I rushed past the clump, still urging him on by word and spur, when all in a moment I lost sight of the calf. While I turned in my saddle to see if he had hidden himself in the bushes (which, indeed, was just what he had done), the cow suddenly threw herself upon the ground, and Washington, who had got full speed on, rushing violently against the prostrate animal, flung me over his head, and turned a complete somersault after me. In fact, I completely fell into the trap laid for me by the cunning old beast; and while her calf sought concealment and shelter, she toppled me and my horse over just as if we had been playthings.

"Bruised and crushed by my fall, I lay for a second, stunned and motionless. Not so Washington; he had, seemingly, been but little damaged, for, as I opened my eyes, I saw him scouring across the plain back to our encampment as fast, or faster, than he had come from it, leaving me to my fate. The cow had now risen to her legs again, and was standing watching me. It so happened that a minute before I fell, I had unslung my rifle and taken it in my hand, preparing to fire, and, somehow, in my tumble, I had still kept hold of it, so that on recovering my senses I found it unbroken and ready in my hand. Raising my body slightly, I fired, and wounded, though I did not kill her.

"I know now, though I did not then know, that no animal requires so much killing as a buffalo. Unless shot through the lungs or spine, they invariably escape; and even when wounded thus, or even shot through the heart, they will frequently run a long way before they fall to the ground. A friend of mine once shot a buffalo bull right through the very centre of the heart, almost cutting the heart in two, and yet the poor beast ran more than half a mile before it fell dead.

"It seemed at first as if my shot had been less effective than it afterwards proved to be, for, in reply to it, the buffalo gave a loud bellow and made a rush at me. It was useless to think of running for it: with difficulty I struggled to my feet, and, seizing my rifle by the barrel, dealt her a tremendous blow upon her forehead with the stock. For a second she seemed staggered, but for a second only; and she soon came on again. I then managed to clutch the shaggy hair which grew between her horns, and held on like grim death. We had a desperate struggle; and even in that moment of danger and excitement, I remember observing, with a ray of hope, that the blood was gushing from her side where my bullet had hit her. At last she wrenched herself away from me, and I fell exhausted and stunned, with my right arm sprained—dislocated, I thought at the time—and hanging useless by my side. As she shook me from her, she backed a few paces, then rushed again upon me: this time with head bent down almost to the ground; and in an instant I felt myself hurled into the air.

"This effort was the last, luckily for me, of which the buffalo cow was capable, and as it was, it nearly cost me my life. When I came to myself the formidable beast was lying close to me upon the ground in the agonies of death, and the young one was standing by her side bellowing forth his grief. As for me, lying there in a pool of blood—my own and the buffalo's mingled—and perfectly unable to move, I was just making up my mind that my last hour had come, and that I should not long survive the buffalo, when I heard the welcome sound of horses' hoofs galloping over the prairie. These were my companions who had come to my succour. Alarmed at the sight of my riderless horse passing them on his way back to the camp, they had reloaded their rifles, and made the best of their way to the spot where I was lying in such evil plight. As

they mounted the crest of the hill they had even seen the last part of my conflict with the buffalo. Raising me from the ground they gave me brandy—a flask of which a hunter ought always to have in his pocket; and while one rode back for a waggon to carry me to the tents, the other remained with me; and while we waited, easily captured the little buffalo. He threw a lasso over its head, and I am afraid nearly strangled it: at all events, what with grief, or fright, or partial strangling, the poor little beast was completely cowed; and when the waggon arrived for me, he was tied to the back of it, and partly dragged, partly driven, to the camp. We took him about with us from place to place during the whole time of our hunting expedition; and afterwards when I took him home with me, he had become perfectly tame—at least quite as tame as an ordinary domestic bull ever is.

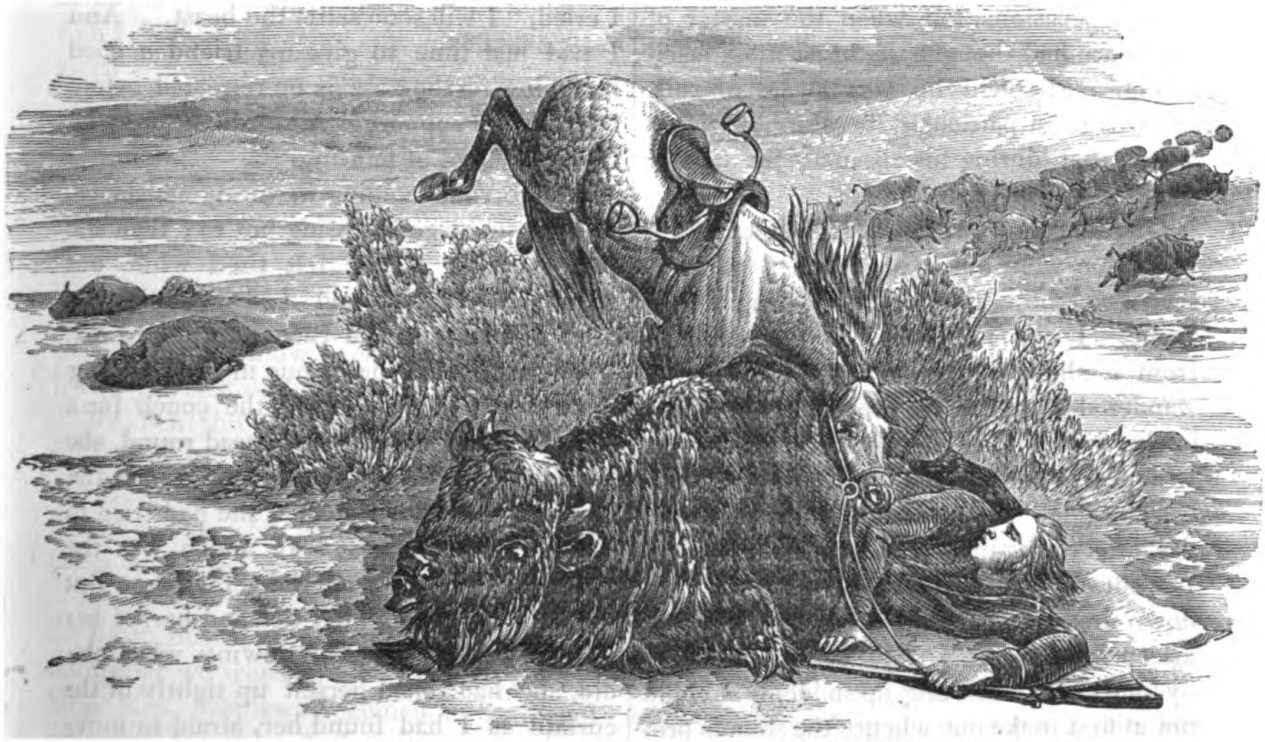
"I reckon this was about the narrowest escape of death I have ever had; for if the cow had had the least power left in her after she tossed me, she would undoubtedly have trampled me to death. As it was, some time passed before I could mount a horse again, and I lost a good deal of the fun my companions enjoyed during their expedition. So you see, now," concluded Mr. Penryhn, "how I became possessed of the splendid bison bull which you were so anxious to have a shot at."

As Mr. Penryhn related this story, his enthusiasm for the chase seemed to warm with the recollection of his adventures and perils, till he gradually became quite excited, and he evidently enjoyed fighting his battles—or rather hunting his hunts—o'er again. Many a story of the same kind did he tell me during the next few days, and at last, in spite of his warning to me about the danger attending such expeditions, he actually himself proposed that he and I should go together to the prairies to hunt. I need not tell you how delighted I was, and how exactly his proposal corresponded with my own plans and wishes. Still we tarried for some time at the Log Hut before starting on our expedition: there was plenty of small game to be got at within the near neighbourhood of my friend's house; many were the expeditions after wild pig; many the wild pigeon hunts, in which we joined. The weather was lovely, the scenery magnificent, and the woods were gorgeous inrich tints and luxuriant foliage. Mr. and Mrs. Mapleson both joined in our sport, she was as good a shot with her rifle as most of us, and we four formed as cheerful a party as you would wish to see. What jolly picnics we used to have! what a merry time it was altogether that I spent there!

And, now I think of it, I will tell you an anecdote about a cougar, for the incident happened while I was still staying at the Log Hut, before we started for the prairies. All men have some peculiar pet hobby or crotchet; at least, all the men with whom I ever made acquaintance have had one, more or less evident; and Mr. Penryhn, pleasant fellow in every way as he was, did not form an exception to the rule. His crotchet consisted in a pet theory that all beasts, no matter how fierce and brutal their natures might appear when wild, were capable, if caught in their early youth and kindly treated, of being tamed and rendered perfectly docile. Now, I need not tell you, children, that plenty of experiments have been tried on this subject, and the effect of them has been to establish, as a general rule, that the brutes which are by nature carnivorous, especially the larger ones, cannot really be tamed. If you try to bring them up without their natural food, they never reach maturity; and let them once taste blood, however gentle they may have been before, they become fierce and dangerous, and all the good effects of previous education are thrown away.

Now, Mr. Penryhn would not give in to these views, but was continually making experiments in the taming line, thinking to support his own theory. With the buffalo he succeeded thoroughly, as we know; but he had another wild creature about the place, tamed as he thought, but he greatly erred in thinking so. This creature was a cougar, and, in case you don't know what a cougar is, I will explain. Well, then, it is the

long-tailed wild-cat of America; all the other wild-cats are a sort of lynx, with short blunt tails, something like the wild-cat so common in India; but the cougar has a very long tail, though not a tapering one. The Anglo-Americans sometimes call this animal a panther; in Mexico they give it the grand name of lion; and in other places it is called the puma. It has no stripes or spots, and is very regular in its colour, which is a tawny red all over the body, only fading a little about the face and chest. Long and hollow in the back, with short stout legs, it is by no means handsome or graceful in appearance; it measures, when full-grown, about six feet from the snout to the tip of the tail, and the tail may be about a third of that. This animal can run up a tree like a cat, and, unlike the black bear, uses its claws in climbing; you can hear them scratching along the bark as it climbs. Although not very large, it will attack any



"Flung me over his head, and turned a complete somersault after me." (See page 121.)

sort of deer, and even buffaloes. Dropping from a tree upon a shoulders of its victim, the savage brute will tear a hole in the neck, and while carried in its deadly ride by the terrified animal, will drink its blood all the time, until, at length, the gallop ceases by the poor beast thus bestridden sinking exhausted upon the ground.

From this description you may suppose what a savage beast the cougar naturally is, yet Mr. Penryhn chose to try his taming experiments upon one of these creatures. I forgot how or whether he destroyed the parent, but, at all events, he captured the baby cougar while yet a helpless infant and scarcely able to see, on one of his hunting expeditions. Putting the little beast inside his coat, he carried it home with him, and brought it up by hand. It was fed by him out of a bottle at first; gradually my friend gave it meal, Indian corn, and such things; then, after a time, when he was alone and dull, he would have the creature into the dining-room, running about and begging like a cat or dog. Time passed, and the cougar made the most of it; it became a fine large beast, thriving bravely upon my friend's good feeding, and, when I arrived at

the Log Hut, it was full-grown, and certainly a most formidable creature to look at. Penryhn talked of him to me as a most inoffensive animal. I must tell you, though, he did not always roam at large when the master was away, but was shut up in an outhouse built expressly for him; only when Mr. Penryhn was at home the cougar had pretty well the run of the house. Now, little Mrs. Mapleson, courageous as she was in most respects, had the greatest possible horror of this animal; I sometimes saw her shrink and tremble as it came near her, and this on occasions, too, when the master of the house had thought the beast most fascinating. Mr. Penryhn was aware of this, and was most particular, therefore, in giving orders that, during his absence, the cougar should be properly secured.

One morning, our host and Mr. and Mrs. Mapleson went out to shoot small game in the wood near the house, leaving me at home. I was not well; I was suffering from a slight attack of aguish fever. I wandered about the house rather disconsolately during the morning, rolled up in wrappers, but still shivering and very uncomfortable. Towards the middle of the day, after trying in vain to eat some luncheon, I went up to my own room, and, lying down dressed and wrapped up as I was, fell asleep. After some time I was awakened by loud cries. Starting up suddenly, I could not at first make out whence the sounds proceeded; the cries had mingled themselves with my dreams, and formed a part of them, so that I scarcely knew if I still slept or not. Listening attentively, I soon ascertained that some one must be screaming in the room beneath me; so, hastily rising, I rushed downstairs, and, on entering the morning-room, which was just below my own, I at once discovered the cause of the disturbance. The cries proceeded from little Mrs. Mapleson, who stood rolled up in one of the window-curtains at the further end of the room, and was shrieking for assistance; while at a short distance from her crouched the cougar, with, I must say, a very wicked look in his eye. The poor little lady was evidently frightened half out of her wits, though what particular protection she expected to find in the curtain I could not understand; but there she stood with it twisted round her, and only her face visible, like a child playing at Bo-peep. It so happened that outside the morning-room door was a stand for umbrellas, sticks, or whips, and, on passing it as I entered the room, I had hastily snatched up a thick stick, with a vague idea that I might need a weapon of some kind.

"Don't be frightened, Mrs. Mapleson," I cried, "I will soon settle the beast." And I had just time to give my friend a good hard blow on the nose as he retreated, before I ran to the support of Mrs. Mapleson, who was in the act of fainting.

The servants coming in to my assistance, we soon managed to bring her to; then she told me that as she felt tired while out shooting, her husband had brought her back to rest, and had then returned to Mr. Penryhn, leaving her alone in the morning room; that after lying on the couch for a little time, on turning her head round, she had discovered that the cougar was in the room; and terrified at this, she had tried to escape by the nearest way, which was the window opening on to the verandah. But the creature sprang after her and barred her passage; then scarcely knowing what she did, she had rolled herself up tightly in the curtain as I had found her, afraid to move lest the cougar should spring upon her, which he seemed every instant about to do. So she had stood there screaming for assistance, and was really almost frightened to death.

I quieted and soothed her as much as I could, and her husband and Mr. Penryhn very soon coming in, I left her in their hands. Kind and good-natured as Mr. Penryhn was, on this occasion he did not show as much sympathy with his poor little frightened niece as we might have expected. He maintained that there was no danger to be feared from his pet, and expressed an opinion to me—though he did not say so to Mrs. Mapleson or her husband—that "Georgie" was ridiculously nervous about

the cougar, and that there really had been no danger at all, I differed from him, and told him how savage the beast looked; but he scarcely seemed to like my saying so. It had been remarked that the cougar himself had not been seen since he created all this disturbance; and as we took a stroll just before dinner in the garden, coming upon some of the negro servants, Mr. Penryhn called out to one old grey-headed fellow—

"Hullo! Uncle Joe, have you come across Peter?" this was the name he had given his favourite. "He gave Mrs. Mapleson a fright just now, and Mr. Scott has given *him* one, and a rap across the nose into the bargain. He has gone off and hidden himself, I suppose, in a fit of the sulks."

"Cho! Massa, dis nigger habn't had a sight ob de varmint, and berry pleased I am to tell it. Berry wicked beast dat cougar; frightened us all in our time; he be killing somebody one ob dese fine days, and den Massa find out how wicked he is. Wagh, Uncle Joe sick ob him."

Mr. Penryhn turned away somewhat disconcerted, and I could not help laughing at the difference between his view of the cougar's character and conduct, and that taken by the old negro.

My friend made further inquiries after the beast, but we could hear nothing of him. At dinner we were all pretty cheerful; even little Mrs. Mapleson seemed to have got over her fright, and the cougar was forgotten. My friends had spent the day pleasantly, and had brought home a good bag; their sport had been, I remember, wild-pigeon shooting, and they had killed an immense number. A flight of these passenger pigeons had passed within a few miles of the Log Hut, and the shooting party had sallied forth to wage war against them. These birds go from one part of the country to another in almost countless numbers; they establish themselves for years sometimes in one breeding district, which may extend over thirty miles of country in length and breadth; and thousands, even millions, of them take a flight of several hundreds of miles in search of food, returning in twenty-four hours. This is nothing of a journey for such travellers as these, who can fly at the rate of a mile a minute. This bird is smaller than the tame kind, and is slate-coloured, with changing hues of green, gold, purple, and crimson, about the neck; the eye is very bright, of a beautiful orange colour, with a circle of red round it. Poor, pretty birds; everyone—negroes included—lived upon pigeon hot and pigeon cold for the next week or two!

When the time came for retiring to bed, Peter, the truant, had not re-appeared, and, with the exception of his master, I think everyone hoped he never would re-appear. My host and the Maplesons retired to rest rather early, tired out with their pigeon-shooting. I also went to my room; but having rested during the day, to humour my attack of fever, which had now quite passed away, I felt perfectly fresh and lively. The windows of my room opened upon a balcony, which formed the roof of the verandah in front of the morning room. It was a lovely moonlight night, so, putting on a thicker coat, for the air was chilly, I lighted a cigar, and, taking a chair out on the balcony, I settled myself comfortably to enjoy my weed. I extinguished my candle within the room, for the moon gave light enough for anything; besides, the light inside would attract flying insects, of which there is no dearth in those parts. There was a solemn stillness in the air; only occasionally, far away in the distance, I could hear the whine of the prairie wolf. There I had sat for a long time, rapt in thought, when I was startled by hearing a sound near me; a strange whisper it seemed, followed by a kind of sniff or prolonged hiss. What could it be? What direction did it come from? I listened attentively, but all was again silent. I rose up, and leaning over the balcony, looked down beneath, expecting to see some one or something standing in the moonlight; but no, all was still as death.

Throwing away what remained of my cigar, I watched the little burning speck growing fainter and smaller as it was

gradually extinguished in the dewy grass. Presently I heard the sound again, and, seemingly, quite close to me. This time it resembled a deep drawn sigh, and seemed almost breathed into my ear. I turned round quickly but could see nothing, and I remember a strange creepy feeling came over me; for, though I have not much faith in the supernatural, still, the strange sounds certainly partook of the unearthly. Then I turned from the balcony back again into my room in order to light a candle and shut out if I could the weird sounds and their utterer; but, as I stepped inside the bed-room the sigh was repeated, and followed quickly, this time, by another sound which I recognized at once. This was a guttural utterance, sounding thus—"Co-oa." It was repeated twice, and then I surmised who my midnight visitor might be. The cougar must have climbed up the post of the verandah when he ran from me in the morning, and the beast had taken refuge from me in my own room.

Here was an unpleasant predicament, I may say for us both; for I think the cougar objected to my company as much as I did to his. At any rate I was determined that we should not share the same sleeping-apartment, and I searched about for the match-box preparatory to turning my friend out. Just like my luck; nowhere could I find the thing. While I searched, the cougar gave another prolonged hissing sigh, and in despair of finding the matches, I tried to discover the whereabouts of my enemy by the light of the moon. Turning first to one part of the room and then the other, I looked about, but nowhere could I see him. At last, on a repetition of the sigh, I went to my bed, and, looking under, sure enough I discovered the creature. Crouching down in the dark, his eyes shone like two balls of fire, and I must say I didn't like the look of him. As I stooped facing him, I saw the gleam, too, of his savage teeth as he grinned at me.

Thinking it better to conciliate him, and get rid of him on amicable terms if possible, I began, in a gentle voice, to call "Peter, Peter, poor Peter!" and to make the noise with my lips which I had heard Mr. Penryhn make when he called his nasty favourite to him. Not a bit of it! Peter wouldn't have it on any terms; the more amiable I appeared, the more savage grew he, and I only wished Penryhn could have seen the brute at that time. Getting tired of using blandishments that certainly were not appreciated, I thought I would get a stick, and, by dint of poking at the animal, so dislodge him. One thing was quite clear—I was not going to sleep *on* the bed with Peter *under* it; and as I turned to reach the stick, Master Peter, to my great relief, slunk out from under the bed. Trembling inwardly (for I felt really very much at the savage brute's mercy), but smiling outwardly, I again said, "Poor Peter," and made fresh overtures of friendship, even proceeding towards the window, inviting him, with polite gesture, to take his departure. I reckoned without my host, for the beast gave a loud hiss, and sprang upon me. I was facing him, and he knocked me back against the wall; fortunately I did not fall upon the ground. I was in the brute's clutches; there was no escape, no time to cry out for assistance, no time for anything but to fight the fight out; it was a death struggle, and no mistake. The cougar clasped my shoulders with his sharp claws, and his teeth were at my throat. My pistols were somewhere in the room, but I could not get at them, and it was simply my natural brute strength and cunning against the cougar's strength and cunning. In that moment an unuttered but sincere prayer went up to Heaven, if ever one did. My arms were free, and you know, children, that I am pretty muscular and strong in the arms now; but I was much more so then, for I practised all sorts of gymnastics in those days. I clasped the cougar round the body with a strength and fury as great as his own. I knew the struggle could not last, the brute's teeth were at my throat; but I pressed my elbows against his sides, whilst my hands were clasped behind his shoulders with all my might and main. I shall never forget

the horror of those few seconds; I heard the beast's ribs snap as I pressed my elbows harder and harder against them, and then his hold relaxed, the blood gushed out of his mouth, and he fell. I know I had just time to take up a pistol, and finish him with a shot, before I fell down myself also insensible. That is about all I do remember, for the sound of the shot roused everybody in the house, and they came rushing up to find the cougar dead, and me looking as if I were so too, both bathed in blood.

Although I don't remember more of that night's work, I *do* remember Mr. Penryhn coming into my room the next morning. Very kind and sympathetic he was, but still so wedded to his old idea of the docility of his pet, that he said—

"One should always be so careful of hurting the feelings of an animal; you see Peter remembered the blow on his nose, and, besides, he had lost his dinner through your driving him away in the morning. It was but retaliation after all."

## PUZZLES.

*Double Acrostics.*

1.

1. A fabulous bird.
2. Sufficient.
3. A female name.
4. A German town.
5. A boy's name.
6. A tube.
7. A relation.

Initials read upwards and finals downwards name two English poets.

2.

1. An idea.
2. A measure.
3. In part.
4. A rainbow.
5. I.
6. A fruit.

Initials and finals read downwards name a military and naval hero.

3.

1. A toy.
2. A cardinal point.
3. A female name curtailed.
4. Complete.
5. A mechanical power.

Initials read downwards and final upwards name two English poets.

4.

1. A female name.
2. An English river.
3. Nought.
4. A fruit.
5. A musical instrument.
6. A musical term.

Initials and finals name a well-known painter and sculptor, both foreign.

5.

1. An ancient city.
2. A female name curtailed.
3. A female name.
4. A title.
5. A hot wind.
6. A constellation.
7. A French town.

Initials and finals read down name an English poet and one of his works.

6.

1. French town.
2. Eastern country.
3. What all should be.
4. Woman's name.
5. To be present.
6. Bay in South Australia.
7. A canal.

Initials and finals read down name two famous leaders in the Crusades.

7.

1. A slap.
2. A foreign town.
3. A German name.
4. A fluid.
5. A native.
6. A sign.
7. A measure.
8. A noise.
9. A battle.
10. A town.
11. A name.

My initials and finals will give the names of a scene of many daring adventures.

*Word Squares.*

8.

A bird. Before.
A liquor. Never.

9.

A tribe. An English river.
Living. An English river.

*Proverbs Transposed.*

10.

1. In Peter Crusoe at B the vintner.
2. Bess, the Satyr, has toast meats at T.
3. Dine in the house with Bob W. Harris and T. H. T.
4. Wild Peter's lunar set.
5. I sent u spirit. Eva R. Burton.
6. Did M. Frith, R.N., sow the barley.

*Charades.*

11.

Whole, I am true; behead me, a deed; rob me of one letter, I am a preposition; behead me again, and I am a beverage.

12.

My first is always true, my second is a vowel, my third is the negative, my fourth is to beg curtailed, and my whole is a town.

*Well-known Proverbs.*

13.

1 7 9 6 3 6 1 7 9 6 3 2 4 5 8.

14.

8 4 1 7 3 9 2 2 5 6 7 1 1 1 3 6
15 18 1 8 4.

15.

5 11 7 3 8 11 13 3 15 6 1 13 9 9 4 10
19 17 2 15 9 7 18 15.

16.

3 8 7 5 2 1 4 5 3 8 6 5 1 4 5.

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# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

*On pages 62—64.*

1. Anglo-American Atlantic Cable.
2. Lord Northbrook, Viceroy of India.
3. Myron. Meton. 4. Vonti. Sapor.
5. Belgium. Brussels.
6. Gladstone. Ayrton. Lowe.
7. Primate. 8. Patriot.
9. Locomotion.
10. Chose. Hives. Ovens. Senna. Essay.
11. Feast. Enter. Atone. Sense. Trees.
12. Bird. Idea. Rear. Dare.
13. Bind. Idea. Near. Darn.
14. Edwin. Diana. Waves. Inert. Nasty.
15. Durst. Unite. Risen. Steed. Tends.
16. Awed. Wane. Ends. Desk.
17. Draw. Ryde. Aden. Wend.
18. Idol. Dive. Oven. Lend.
19. Dear. Ear. Dare. Deer. Deed. Deep. Dee.
20. Paper. Caper. Cape. Pace. Ape. Pea.
21. Dog. Bog. Boy. Toy. Joy. Job.
22. Cob. Cot. Got. Gog. Fog. Foe.
23. Cam. Don. Wash. Wear. Ouse. Dove. Po. Old. Ray. Neath. Frome. Usk. Stoke. Trent. Dee. Witham. Forth.
24. Northamptonshire.

25.

He toils at e'en, he toils at morn,
His work is never through;
A coming life of weary toil
Is ever in his view;
But on he trudges, keeping aye
A stout heart to the brae,
And proud to be an honest man
Until his dying day.

26.

The children, coming home from school,
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge
And to hear the bellows roar,
And to catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from the threshing floor.

27.

Silver moonlight winds are blowing
Softly o'er the summer sea;
Lovely stars, in beauty glowing,
Watching o'er my love and me.

28. Horsemanship. 29. Warehouseman.
30. Kensington.





"The child underwent all the worries of a levée." See page 130.

# ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter VII.

Such was the style of people amongst whom little Johnny Ironsides was destined to be brought up. His infantile days displayed nothing worth recording. He was no more a model baby than his sisters had been model children.

A model baby is, as I take it, one who cuts even his double teeth without "dribbling," and without terrifying people by his cries. He is one who takes particular care not to catch cold in the head, and who makes his arrangements so as to avoid scarlatina, who is acquainted with whooping-cough only by report, and laughs measles to scorn; convulsions he regards as wicked as well as inconvenient to a baby possessing any self-respect. A model baby knows his surroundings thoroughly, and never puts himself into a passion under the pretext that the milk has arrived too soon or too late. He never behaves in a convulsive manner, calculated to make him black in the face, as he considers that it is very bad taste to be out of temper, and very unbecoming to be black in the face. You may add to these traits that the model baby does not wake his mother about fifteen times every night on the most flimsy pretexts, and here you have him. Now as Master Johnny did indulge in all the above symptoms you may safely conclude that "Master Johnny" was by no means a model baby.

But, notwithstanding all this, he was admired, and caressed, and told he was the finest child in the world, besides being made the object of a thousand other flatteries, which, had he been old enough to comprehend, would inevitably have spoiled him for life. This kind of idolatry of a whole family finding expression round one little child, made Mrs. Ironsides a little anxious, and she made up her mind to look after him from that time.

What a commotion there was in the household when the first tooth appeared! For some days previously the child had felt a strange pain in his little jaw, and, wondering at the meaning of it, became quite abstracted. As the pain increased his abstraction gave way to complaint, and his complaints to misanthropy. Doubtless he fancied that the pain would be lasting, and appeared to believe that a plot had been formed against him by everybody. Thus, during this terrible time, he was quite unapproachable.

Theodore having executed for his amusement one of his wild dances, the child gazed at him with such a coldly severe look, as much as to say, "Is it the time to jump

about before people, when they are suffering from nervous depression?"

Mrs. Littlejohn called him a fine little fellow, and expected a smile in return; the fine fellow's reply was a horrible grimace.

Even his sisters did not find favour in his eyes any more than did Uncle John, which is saying a great deal, for the child preferred his sisters and his Uncle John to everybody else except his mother. Once held in her arms, he regarded her with confidence and became quiet, as if quite convinced that she, at least, was in no way concerned in the conspiracy against him.

Upon one of these inauspicious days he received a visit from one of his aunts on the paternal side, who was celebrated for her aquiline nose, her determined character, and her extraordinary taste for musk. Scarcely had she been presented to Johnny when that droll youth quickly extended his arm and attempted to grasp her aquiline nose. He evidently wished to have it; whether he had a decided objection to the aquiline form of nose, or whether he disliked his aunt's firmness of character: whether the smell of musk agitated his nerves, or whether he had got the idea into his head that his Aunt Ironsides had organized the conspiracy, I cannot say. At any rate, when he perceived that he was not able to grasp his aunt's nose he threw his arms and legs about, screamed like a peacock, and put himself into a regular passion.

All night he dreamt of this adventure and was not to be comforted; it was only in the morning that he recovered his calmness. Then mamma, passing her finger along his gums, felt a little sharp point—it was the first tooth.

Mr. Ironsides was so very proud of possessing a son who had cut a tooth that he spread the intelligence diligently among all the family. And as the first tooth in a baby's jaw was an extraordinary thing, all his friends came to verify the news, and to assure themselves that the tooth was really there by passing their fingers along his gums. On that occasion the child underwent all the worries of a levée. He deeply regretted that he possessed a tooth already so celebrated, and that he had not two to bite those intruding fingers.

This event coincided with another of no less importance. Mr. Ironsides was "decorated" for his services in connection with manufactures. This news caused quite as great commotion in the town as the other, but I am not sure whether it made so much impression upon Mrs. Ironsides.

Without being conscious of it, or wishing to do so, she relegated everything in her thoughts to the one object. Many years afterwards, Mr. Ironsides, when he had become bald-headed and ambitious, thought of changing his ribbon of the Legion of Honour for a star, and was speaking at dinner of his different titles. He hesitated respecting the date of his first decoration; but his wife, without a moment's thought, told him that it occurred in the same year in which Johnny was born, and in the month that he cut his first tooth.

She established quite a chronology of these events passing in Chatillon, where only family matters marked little Johnny's young days.

Martha was confirmed in the year he had the whooping-cough. The new villas were built between that date and the time he cut his tooth—during the same period, Hireux, the milliner, retired from business with an immense fortune, and Charles Littlejohn took his B.A. degree at the University.

So time rolled on, and John had cut a quantity of teeth. He began to practise the art of walking, and he appeared to find it somewhat difficult to master. He started with injudicious rapidity, his fists tightly clenched, and at the slightest check he tumbled. If no one took any notice of him he got up without complaining, but if he fancied himself observed, he cried in a most doleful manner, and lay there until he was taken up and petted. Mrs. Ironsides, without appearing to do so, took notice of all this, and profited by her observations to remedy the little imperfections of his character by degrees.

While Johnny was learning the art of

walking he studied the art of speech. He at first practised a variety of inarticulate cries which served him for every purpose, but did not satisfy his auditors to the same extent. As he imagined he had expressed himself as clearly as possible, he was naturally annoyed at not being understood, and gave vent to his anger in a series of howls. The first word he uttered was "*mamma*," notwithstanding Mrs. Ironsides' efforts to induce him to say *papa*. But the child sometimes displayed an obstinate disposition. On the day he pronounced the word "Mamma," he entered amongst that class of men whom



"'Oh!' cried Johnny, 'she has got pins in her hands!'" See page 132.

Homer styles "mortals with articulate voices," and the whole family was in ecstasies. He would not be dumb then! Oh, no, he will not be dumb, on the contrary, the fear was that he would render other people deaf! After words came sentences, then he "picked up" sentences, then certain set phrases, and, most amusing of all, the childish reflections, and quaint remarks in which his parents discovered the germs of great intellect, even of genius.

One day when Johnny had been very clever, he was allowed to be present at Martha's writing lesson (Margaret was doing an exercise for the governess). Baby was quiet, grave indeed. He had already learnt that it was against rules to make a noise in the study. He gazed with intense interest at the reflections from Mr. Dinois's spectacles, and when he had had enough of that amusement he entertained himself with the looks and efforts of his sister Martha. She had not yet lost the habit of putting out her tongue while she was writing, and had a happy knack of throwing back her hair from her forehead.

At the termination of each line she never failed to look up and smile. Johnny waited for this in silence, and he was obliged to make a great effort, both morally and physically, to restrain his desire to beat his hands upon the table, in answer to Martha's quiet smile.

A favourite kitten also was accustomed to wander about the room on these occasions, acquainting herself with all the mysteries of quiet corners, and meditating upon her discoveries with precocious gravity; then, as if suddenly seized with the notion that she was sufficiently learned for her age, she would scamper about like a young monkey, and to balance this friskiness, suddenly subside into rubbing herself against the chairs.

Johnny followed her motions with the greatest interest. At length unable to restrain himself longer, he whispered something to his mother. Mrs. Ironsides smiled, and getting up, took the kitten from the ground and placed it in the child's arms. Johnny was at first content to hold it merely, and look at it; but soon he was seized by a sudden accession of tenderness, and kissed the kitten on the forehead. "Pussy" in reply winked her bright eyes and purred softly. Martha and Margaret paused in their tasks, and Mr. Dinois himself looked smilingly on.

All at once the kitten not feeling very comfortable, and being afraid of falling, attempted to pull itself up.

"Oh!" cried Johnny, letting her fall, "she has got pins in her hands!"

The expression was so quaint that Mrs. Ironsides laughed. But Margaret and Martha uttered expressions of admiration. As for Mr. Dinois, he declared that although he had heard many good things in his life, this was the best of all.

Mrs. Ironsides, who never spoiled people's amusement, made no observation, but she remarked that little Johnny, who was at first rather confused at having given rise to so much laughter, at length seemed to understand that he had said a funny thing, and laughed as loudly as anyone.

Mr. Dinois repeated the joke in the office, to the great amusement of Theodore, who immediately wrote it down upon his blotting pad, so that it should not be forgotten. Mr. Ironsides had already been made acquainted with it when he came home to dinner, and scarcely spoke of anything else, until his wife changed the conversation.

Johnny knew very well that little boys should not speak at the dinner-table, so he said not a word, but he sat up in his chair with quite a thoughtful expression. All at once he appeared to decide upon his line of conduct, for, pointing with his finger he cried, "The water bottle!" (everybody turned towards him); "it has got pins in its hands!" and he burst into a loud laugh. Nobody even smiled.

Nothing is so trying as to have your joke fall flat, and nothing is so humiliating to a precocious child. Consequently, his countenance fell, and soon his lips trembled, for he perceived that he had been very foolish. He therefore began to cry. The child will

be completely spoiled, thought Mrs. Ironsides, and will become precocious and disagreeable.

At this juncture Uncle John happened to drop in. He had already been made acquainted with his godson's joke, and scarcely was he seated than without noticing the child's subdued appearance, he asked how the cat's hands and the pins were getting on. Like a rude little godson, Johnny turned his back upon his uncle, and shrugged his shoulders with an unmistakeable expression. Uncle John, surprised, would have repeated his question, had not Mrs. Ironsides interfered, and asked for some news of Mr. Aubry. Once set going upon this topic, the Captain was provided with a never-ending source of conversation. His eulogy of Aubry naturally led to his eulogizing Laurence, so the incident was forgotten.

This occasion Mrs. Ironsides let slip without pointing a moral to the assembled company; but this was not her way. She uttered no word calculated to hurt any one's feelings, but she managed to insinuate to each individually, at a favourable opportunity, that it was a very dangerous thing to praise and to repeat what children said. Thus so little did she appear to be giving advice to them, that one and all were in turn persuaded that they themselves had conceived the notion, and accordingly gave themselves great credit for having discovered it!



## Chapter VIII.

The consequence of the foregoing incidents was, that Johnny, who had failed to make himself celebrated by his power of repartee, was relegated by maternal prudence to complete obscurity; but Nature was so generous that she did not like altogether to deprive the town of its share of infant "prodigies." For one celebrity she extinguished she put forward four or five others, who shone with great brilliancy. There were three of them merely in the Ironsides' *clique*, without taking into consideration those who moved in less elevated circles of Châtillon society.

First, there was the young son of the new magistrate, Michael Tretan. His jokes, a little revised and corrected by his father and mother, were in everybody's mouth.

Then there was Peter Balliol, the nephew and the adopted son of a rich merchant, who was celebrated for his quotations culled from La Fontaine, and other good writers. His uncle, indignantly, used to say that it was all folly; but he, nevertheless, permitted his wife to cultivate the boy's memory, and to take every opportunity of "showing off" his acquirements.

Lastly, there was young Golightly, whose father, an old picture-dealer, had built at a great cost, the mansion known as "Go-

lightly's Folly," at the entrance of the town. Mr. Golightly was still on intimate terms with numbers of artists, who came down in crowds to enjoy his magnificent hospitality. The boy had nothing to do but to listen, in order to make himself acquainted with many curious terms and with all the slang of the studios. This he would reproduce with a self-possession far above his years.

Johnny Ironsides would certainly have made a fourth in this collection, if his mother had not opposed his bent of mind, and he would have brought his family greatly into notice in consequence. But, as poets say, "Fate had decreed otherwise!"

It is true that Michael Tretan became eventually a fop "of the first water," without any redeeming qualities, for his wit dried up when he reached the age of fifteen. At twenty he was a good-looking little fellow, with an irreproachable parting down the centre of the head, which, alas! contained nothing else. He possessed a flow of small-talk, which was frequently broken by a melancholy silence, during which he sucked the handle of his stick, seeking for a happy thought, which, however, never came.

Peter Balliol grew to be such a prig that he became insupportable at sixteen, and every one avoided him. At a ball, by some unaccountable fatality, the young ladies had invariably just promised the waltz he wanted to some one else; if he fell back upon a polka, it was with the same result. On these occasions he would console himself with a quotation, while the ladies laughed at him behind their fans. Those youths who followed with malicious enjoyment his frequent discomfiture, received him afterwards with ironical compliments upon his success.

As to young Golightly, when his "chaff" had lost the piquancy it possessed when he was a child, it became flat and out of place. Besides, the stock of his "studio" anecdotes was not sufficiently stored in his mind, and he soon came to the end of his collection. Nevertheless, there were amongst his friends and acquaintance at college certain beardless youths who admired and imitated him, but this did not prevent his being considered in the world as a young man of imperfect education and unformed manners. What future was open to these young gentlemen, I wonder!

Without looking into the future, Mrs. Ironsides, with her usual good sense, concluded that an "infant prodigy" is an object of luxury, expensive in the present, and disquieting as to its future; so she had wisely nipped Johnny's ambition in the bud. There was always the care and danger of exercising the opposite function of repression, but fortunately he came out as well as the others.

When Johnny had passed the age of jackets, and was inducted into his first pair of trousers, he became a little proud. In his delight at his transformation he gave people to understand, by some expressions he let fall, that he had begun to look down upon his sisters a little since he had become a man.

His mother neither read him a lecture nor pointed out to him that pride was apt to lead people into terrible scrapes. But she gently unfolded to his perception that ladies and little girls have their attributes equally with men. On the other hand, instead of taking advantage of the occasion to crush the budding pride, she decided it to be more prudent to reduce it to its proper level, and to separate from it its elements of self-esteem and personal dignity. She really wished to look upon Johnny as a man, on condition that he would conduct himself as such; as a man of eight years old, of course!

Master Johnny was now much bent upon deserving the title of a man, mingled with certain scruples of a most amusing character, with confidences that gave his mother much thought, of escapades which astonished and alarmed her, and which on his return affected her deeply.

"Can a man eat sweetmeats?" asked Johnny.

"Yes, if he be not greedy and devour the sweetmeats so as to require a dose afterwards."

"Is it proper for a man to play at doll's house with his Cousin Lucy?"

"Yes, provided that it be during play hours, and, above all things, it should be understood that he should not throw Lucy's doll upon the roof of the dove-cote, which makes Lucy cry and renders her unhappy. So that the man we speak of is then obliged to take the gardener's ladder, which he is forbidden to touch, and get up to the top of the dove-cote at the risk of breaking his neck or his legs, and cause his mother great anxiety."

"Should a man allow Balliol to say that his sister Martha sings out of tune, and is it not his duty to 'punch his head,' for having made such an impertinent remark?"

"A man need never trouble himself about the opinion of a silly boy, except on a point touching his honour."

"Is it a very bad fault in a man to have told Michael Tretan that Mr. Dinois in his spectacles looks like an old parrot; and that Mademoiselle, when she comes into the study and holds up the ends of her shawl, resembles a restless hen, who, with extended wings, chases her young chickens before her?"

"It was not a very great fault to have thought this, but it was wrong to have communicated such ideas to a giddy boy who



"When Johnny was inducted into his first pair of trousers, he became a little proud."

would very likely repeat them, and turn respectable and good people into ridicule. Should they ever learn that Johnny had said such a thing about them it would give them pain, and lead them to imagine that he was not a well-disposed boy. A generous-hearted man looks at the good and not upon the bad side of human nature. He will remember, for instance, that Mr. Dinois is an old man, and has served his father and his father's children well. He will recollect that Mademoiselle is pleasant and well-informed; that she has superintended the education of Margaret and Martha, who are under great obligations to her. He should not forget that she took a great deal of trouble, and was very patient while endeavouring to prevent a certain little man from being altogether an *ignoramus!*" Johnny upon this declared that the little man in question was he himself, and that he knew quite well that his mother was right in all she said.

"Is it wrong for a man to feel jealous of Michael Tretan?" asked Johnny on another occasion.

"It is always wrong to be jealous; but what gave rise to this feeling of jealousy?"

"Oh! at first," replied the little man, "it was because Lucy pretended that she liked him better than me, because he wore prettier waistcoats and ties. Besides this,

he has had his photograph taken, and gets printed cards of invitation, and he has got a pony! We are quite as well off as his father, and why haven't I got photographs and a pony too?"

Mrs. Ironsides had long anticipated some such question, but she was, nevertheless, not a little puzzled to reply. It would have been very easy to say at once that the Deputy and his wife brought up their son in a very injudicious manner, by which he acquired tastes and habits unsuited to his age; but, from a feeling of justice and good nature, she did not like to hold up her neighbour as an example. So she replied that "parents brought up their children as they deemed best; each one had his own views. So far as she and his father were concerned, they considered that it was better that their dear son should not think of things calculated to militate against his studies;" and Johnny possessed sufficient good sense, and was fond enough of his parents to believe that they were doing their best to make him happy, both in the present and in his future life.

Mrs. Tretan, the wife of the Deputy Mayor, had a party every Friday, besides the four grand official receptions; and as she had a son whom she wished to amuse at any price, she gave little parties every Thursday. The invitations were issued in the boy's name, upon those cards which had so disturbed Johnny's peace of mind. A large number of children of both sexes assembled every Thursday, but their amusements very soon ceased to be of a childish character. The little girls, with surprising facility, caught up the manners and expressions of grown-up people, and one of them, older than the rest, had actually learnt the art of swooning gracefully. The boys, more innocent and slower to seize upon such things, were, nevertheless, quickly hurried in the same direction.

Mrs. Tretan always declared, with many reiterated assurances, that these little meetings were entirely without ceremony; but this did not prevent those who came on the first occasion in walking boots, from appearing in dancing shoes upon subsequent occasions.

They had already, in this infantile world, begun to discuss the cut of a waistcoat or the style of a necktie. Their expressions were "in keeping." They did not say simply, I like so and so, or I dislike it, but they "*adored*" or they "*detested*" everything.

Mrs. Ironsides, notwithstanding the most pressing invitations, had declined them for the whole of the first year; but when Johnny had turned eight years of age, and she had no reasonable excuse, she resigned herself to her fate. Johnny had imbibed from his Thursday's friends some little coldness and sarcasm, and had begun to "*detest*" and to "*adore*" things just as they professed to do.

Regularly every Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, Johnny adored Mr. Dinois and Mademoiselle; with equal regularity he detested them both every Wednesday and Friday. When the pupil likes the tutor, it only proves that the master is content with his pupil; and when the latter dislikes his instructor, it is a hundred chances to one that the tutor has been obliged to find fault with his charge. Without possessing any keen enjoyment of work, Johnny conscientiously and, to please his mother, successfully overcame his disposition to be idle on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Saturdays. Upon those days he managed to execute such "splendid flourishes," that Mr. Dinois, in the joy of his heart, thought that some day he could teach him to execute in a single flourish a flower, a bird, or that triumph of the caligraphic art, "the lion of Florence, and the mother attempting to regain her child!" Mademoiselle was less enthusiastic, but she expressed herself satisfied, and hoped that Johnny would soon pass from the "History of the Eastern Empire" to that of Greece!

But, on the Wednesday previous to the party, Johnny was already in spirits at the coming feast. What games should they play? Should they dance as they had danced upon the former occasion? What kind of tie would Michael Tretan wear? What anecdotes would he relate? Would

he take his friends to see the pony, and would he ask Lucy to ride it, or give it sugar to make it amiable?

On Friday the recollection of his party kept his head in a whirl. Balliol had straps on his trousers. Golightly was curled and smoked cigarettes. Lucy was cross. Why was she cross? Michael Tretan had had a new watch-chain! Then Mr. Dinois would remark that a penful of ink was only a penful, and that up-strokes were up-strokes; that it was useless—even dangerous—to take so much ink every time, and make such tremendous blots upon the copy; nor was it absolutely necessary that the student should spend so much time watching the flies, and about a quarter of an hour between each word.

Mademoiselle remarked with astonishment, and afterwards with indignation, that Johnny did not care about the East. That he made Semiramis a man, Nebuchadnezzar a woman, and called the Tower of Babel the Tower of Babylon. That he yawned frightfully, sometimes behind his hand; but, sometimes without taking the trouble to hide it.

When Mr. Dinois wiped his spectacles three times successively, (a sign of a storm brewing), and when Mademoiselle said in a severe tone, "I think I had better go," Johnny suddenly woke up to the state of things, and to the extent of his misdoings. Sometimes he was so carried away by these day-dreams that he had neither the wish nor the ability to defend himself. On such days Mrs. Ironsides would shake her head sadly. On other occasions, with the acuteness of a lazy pupil who knew his teacher's weak points, and knew how to profit by them, Johnny would make enquiries about Mr. Dinois's collection of tulips, and lead him on to tell him in detail the ravages the insects had made, and the war of extermination carried on against them by Mr. Dinois. Or, perhaps, he induced Mademoiselle to speak of her family, which included a brother (a college tutor), and four sisters besides herself—two of whom were governesses, and two gave music lessons.

One Thursday morning Mr. Ironsides heard of the death of a distant relative whom Johnny had never seen. It was decided that, for propriety's sake, John should not go to the party that evening. His mother was shocked when she saw the expression of his face. He said nothing, however.

About two o'clock Balliol came to fetch him as usual, accompanied by a servant. Johnny told him in a lugubrious tone why he was unable to go to the party.

"What does it matter?" said Balliol, "you didn't know him. Come along!"

"Papa has said I may not go, and I shall not," replied Johnny in the tone of a martyr. And, carried away by his ill temper, he let fall this wicked remark—"As if he couldn't have died just as well some other day." Mrs. Ironsides heard this, which confirmed the suspicions she had harboured; but still she hesitated to draw a conclusion. Since Johnny had gone into Society he had degenerated a good deal. The remark he had then made was at once selfish and cruel. Johnny selfish! Where could he have contracted this fault, which had never been hitherto known in the family.

Mrs. Ironsides only took Uncle John into her confidence in this matter. It was very true that Uncle John was lacking in some respects; but as an example upon all points of honour and delicacy he was unsurpassed. He possessed an educated mind and an upright heart, with the simplicity of a child. His advice was worth its weight in gold, as his niece knew from experience; and he knew more about certain questions than all your "patent" high-class teachers.

"Ho, ho!" said he, as he stroked his moustache, "that is good (for good, read bad here). If he must do wrong I should have preferred another species of wrong-doing for my lancer. Fortunately, you are with him, my dear (it never occurred to him to say *We* are here). I will assist you to bring the lad to reason. If Johnny continue in this state he will become what we call in the army 'a spoiled boy,'—that is to say, a plague. That will be a nice thing, won't it? I have known many of these youths sent to

us when their families did not know what to do with them. Some did become good soldiers, but very few. Those fine gentlemen who made so much of themselves and took their ease, generally ended by taking particular care of their wretched bodies. They were very grand on parade, but when blows came to be exchanged they soon got out of the way. It was all very well for others, but they took great care of their own mother's sons; and you may be sure that they returned unscathed. Since 'my little Lancer' likes to hear all the tales of the regiments, you shall tell me when I can relate to him the story of Lieutenant Teragne."



## Chapter IX.

The little germ of selfishness which Mrs. Ironsides had discovered in her son's mind had become a plant visible to others, and already was beginning to put forth its unhealthy little leaves. One must confess that the little world of tea-parties offered a very favourable soil for this species of vegetation.

Master Johnny was beginning to like to take things easily. He did not willingly put himself out for other people, finding it much more satisfactory that they should give way to him. The failure of any little party of pleasure put him into a bad humour, and he always considered at those times that some one was determined to spite him. A visit prolonged later than he anticipated, which prevented his going out, made him angry. He darted at the unconscious visitor black looks of hatred, and he possessed a wonderful facility for discovering such a person's demerits, and for giving him opprobrious names.

Mrs. Ironsides was conscious of all this, and she felt it all deeply, as she kept asking herself what means were best calculated to reclaim her son.

With many people the remedy would have been equally simple and inefficacious. They would have sent for the delinquent and then and there have informed him that he was a selfish creature, which would only have irritated him and rendered him more intractable than ever. They next would be annoyed at his ill-temper, while he denies the accusation. They then accuse him of duplicity and falsehood, which is not calculated to calm or improve one's bad temper, which cannot judge clearly. Then these people would take higher ground, and threaten, at the next exhibition of selfishness, to put the child on dry bread, and to deprive him of his watch, which would not tend to smooth matters.

Then they suddenly remember they have got an engagement, or have to pay a visit or do something important, and, exacting a promise from the child "not to do it any more," they tenderly embrace him. The child, left to himself, being naturally vola-

tile, forgets all that has been said and what he had promised; and let temptation then come in his way, what is there to guard against it?

He knows to a nicety how long the lecture will last, and the precise moment when he will be embraced and made to promise once again. In every case he finds he has got the advantage, and is ready to take the consequences. I do not say that he will not experience some scruples and some remorse; but the scruples and remorse of a child are not in themselves sufficiently powerful to overcome an agreeable and deeply-rooted habit.

In truth I cannot say exactly what means Mrs. Ironsides employed, nor the time she chose for acting, but by little and little she showed Johnny that our fancies and demands can worry and displease others, He took some time to arrive at this conclusion, but he did arrive at it. Socrates, who was a pretty good judge, never employed any other method with his disputants.

One Thursday morning, two or three months after his disappointment respecting the tea-party, Johnny all at once discovered that other people were not made on purpose to wait upon him. As it is always interesting to be informed of the steps by which important discoveries are arrived at, I ought to state that when the little man came to



"He was seated doubled up in a large arm-chair.

this conclusion he had his legs in the air. Whether comfortable or not, this was the position which he had chosen in which to read *Don Quixote*. He was seated doubled up in a large arm-chair, one arm serving him as a rest for his back, while his legs were hanging over the other; the book was resting upon his legs as on a reading-desk. The window was open, and the sunlight cut the reflection of the open sash in sharp patterns on the carpet. It was very pleasant; the birds sang in the hedges, and from the end of the garden rose the cries of the various fowls.

The youthful reader found *Don Quixote* slightly absurd; but at the same time he could not help liking, and admiring him for his touching good nature, and his bravery in every emergency. By an association of ideas, for which he could not account, he always pictured to himself Uncle John, while reading *Don Quixote*. Suddenly he discovered that he had dropped his handkerchief.

He shuddered at the idea of taking all the trouble which would be necessary to pick it up. He first extended his arm, but every attempt he made (and he got very red in the face over it), his outstretched hand did not reach within two inches of the handkerchief. He then began to consider, with a kind of childish despair, what he should do. Firstly, he must rest the book somewhere—and there was no piece of furniture to receive it

if he laid it down, so that was out of the question. Secondly, he might get up from his comfortable chair—nothing annoyed him so much as to have to disturb his legs. "What a muff I am," he cried, brightening up suddenly. He was just about to call to his sister Martha, whom he heard in the next room, when a thought made him pause. "If I call Martha," he reasoned, "she will certainly come, for she is a good little girl, but perhaps it will be more inconvenient for her, than it will be for me to get up." He did not call Martha, therefore, but he did not move either. He wrestled lazily with the spirit of idleness, as people do who lie in bed after they have been called, and who wait for some heavenly inspiration to make them get up. So he lay, lazily gazing at the trees, and listening to the gentle rustling of the wind through the leaves, till his eyes again encountered his handkerchief, when he closed *Don Quixote* with a bang.

"Houp," he cried; and he jumped up, very proud of the little victory he had gained over himself. He then went and leaned out of the window and gazed into the garden. His memory then began to travel back through a crowd of little circumstances which he had never given a thought to since their occurrence—how he had taxed people's patience and goodness, how little good-nature he had shown to them, or, much worse, how cross and ill-tempered he had often been at the least disappointment. As in a flash of lightning one sees distinctly a vast extent of country, and every object around, so it seemed to Johnny that his memory had been lit up by such a flash. He recalled his slightest thoughts and lightest words. Amongst the rest the wicked sentence he had addressed to Balliol that afternoon when he was prevented from going to the tea-party after the death of his elderly relative. He asked himself whether *Don Quixote,* when he was young, would have been put out about a party at the Deputy's house. Certainly not! And Uncle John, or Martha? No! neither of them. Then a great desire to embrace Martha took possession of him. *Don Quixote* and Uncle John were not present, so he could only make the apology to her.

He advanced quickly on tip-toe and peeped in at the door. Martha was stooping over a water-colour drawing, and so intent upon her work that she did not hear him approach. She was now a pretty girl of sixteen, and a good girl as ever. The only changes that had taken place in her were that she no longer made slippers of her boots, and her pretty brown curls no longer floated carelessly over her shoulders. She still possessed the same sweetness of disposition, with even greater gracefulness of manner. Martha was Johnny's favourite. Margaret, who was four years older, and of a more classical style of beauty (the Ironsides style of beauty, when they concerned themselves about good looks at all), inspired him with a feeling of respect, which, however, did not prevent him loving her very much.

When Johnny got close to his sister he raised himself on tip-toe, and gave her a sounding kiss on the neck. Martha uttered a little startled scream, which changed to a joyous peal of laughter, when she perceived Johnny close to her.

"What are you doing, my best of Marthas?" asked he, bending over his sister's drawing.

"Making a sketch of the house as a *souvenir* for Margaret, when——"

Johnny's face clouded.

"I don't like Mr. Nay," he said, sharply.

Mr. Nay was a young engineer already celebrated, who had formed an attachment to Margaret, and had asked her parents' permission to make her Mrs. Nay. Mr. Ironsides did not exactly "say him Nay," merely observing upon his want of means. Mrs. Ironsides put an end to this objection, by asking her husband if he had ever regretted marrying a penniless wife! Mr. Ironsides made the usual reply of people driven into a corner, viz., that "that was a different thing."

"It is exactly the same thing," Mrs. Ironsides had replied, laughing; "Margaret has fortune sufficient for both. Besides, Mr.

Nay will be rich one of these days, richer perhaps than his wife. He possesses an enterprising spirit, and he has already made some useful discoveries. Margaret is twenty, there is plenty of time to think of their settling," and Mrs. Ironsides, looking about her, was unable to find anyone to whom she would rather confide her daughter's happiness.

The consequence was that old Mrs. Nay had in all formality made an offer on behalf of her son, and the marriage was arranged to take place in the winter.

That is the reason why Margaret was painting, and why Johnny did not like Mr. Nay.

"Why do you not like Mr. Nay, dear?" asked Martha, as she stroked her brother's hair.

"Because," replied Johnny, "he is going to take Margaret away, and they will live far away from us."

"But, dear, we must not always consider ourselves; and if Margaret be happy, we should also be glad in her happiness, even if it cost us many regrets. Do you not think that mamma and papa and I myself do not love Margaret as well as you?"

Johnny blushed deeply. Martha, without knowing it, had given him a similar lesson to that he had learnt from *Don Quixote*

"You are quite right," he said, "it is time I schooled myself to like Mr. Nay. Do you mind my seeing you sketch, it amuses me! I promise that I will not disturb you." And all the time he was watching her painting, he was turning many things over in his little brain. His ideas followed one another in a picturesque medley.

"How pretty Martha is, with her beautiful eyelashes, and her hair done in such a pretty, simple style! She is ever so much nicer than Balliol's sister, with her corkscrew ringlets, frisettes, and rice-powder! What would mamma say if she knew that I was so selfish? There is Martha now, who, half-closing her eyes to criticise her drawing, has all the appearance of laughing; and what pretty dimples there are upon her cheeks! She is much nicer than Golightly's sister, with her great bunch of hair on her head. I should like to punish myself for being so selfish, and I think I could tell mamma everything if I only knew where to begin! For one can change. Mr. Littlejohn is very much altered, so Uncle John says, at least. Why, here is Martha making green with blue and yellow. Suppose I were to stay away from the party this afternoon? I could say I have got a headache. Yes, but that will be telling an untruth. And then to-day we are to play croquet for the first time, and Golightly said it was great fun. How nicely Martha sketches, and how like the house it is! I should very much like to know if Golightly has something to worry him as I have."

Here Johnny heaved a deep sigh, and Martha looked up from her drawing with a surprised expression.

"There is something the matter, dear," she said.

"No; nothing," he replied.

"If there be, do tell me what it is."

"I assure you there is nothing the matter."

"Tell me at once, or I shall tell mamma that you are ill."

Johnny, thus driven from his last defences, took his determination immediately.

"Well, Martha, promise me, then, that you will tell no one till I have the courage to tell dear mamma myself."

Martha began to feel anxious.

"Well," said Johnny, in such a low tone that Martha was obliged to bend her head to listen, so that her cheek touched her brother's, "I know I am selfish!"

"Selfish!"

"Yes, selfish! I only think of myself. Don't say I am not, now, because I know I am; but don't be alarmed, I hope to improve." As he spoke he pressed his little hands tightly together. "Will you help me, dear? Say you will, my dear little sister. Listen. You must make a sign to me whenever you see that I am wanting in consideration, or that I am getting sulky at being contradicted. Lay traps for me, in

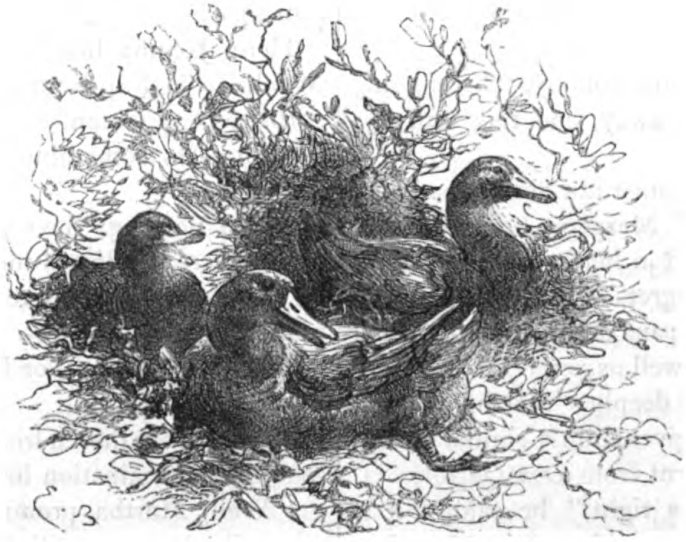
order to get me accustomed to being on my guard, as Mademoiselle does when she questions me about grammar and Bible history. I will love you dearly, there, if you will only say 'Yes!'"

Martha, half crying, half laughing, said "Yes."

"You see, dearest, that I don't wish to resemble Charles Littlejohn who gives his parents so much uneasiness, nor to be like Lieutenant Teragne, who was cashiered in Uncle John's Regiment."

As Martha was entirely unacquainted with the history of Lieutenant Teragne, Johnny was obliged to relate it to her. "He was a young man of good family, who joined the 'Chasseurs d'Afrique' while Uncle John was in the regiment. On one occasion the regiment was placed in great danger. An order had to be carried, and whoever carried it would have to risk his life. An officer volunteered, but somebody overheard Lieutenant Teragne say that the other must be a fool to go to certain death. As for himself, he intended keeping his skin whole, seeing he was heir to a rental of £2000 a year.

"You can imagine the glances that were turned towards him when this was understood. The senior officer was delegated to inform him that after what he had said but one of two courses was open to him: either



to get himself slain in the first encounter, or to leave the regiment at once. He chose to quit the corps, and they learnt some years afterwards that he had been killed by a fall from his horse while riding in the Baden Races."

Having related this anecdote, our hero went out to search for some adventure which would put his newly-formed resolutions to the test. But, as a rule, these proofs do not come for the asking: they arrive unexpectedly and unsought. When passing the office, Johnny perceived Theodore behind the glass, mending a pen. During the years which had passed Time had clothed the youth's cheeks and chin with a fluffy fringe of uncertain hue, and of a shaggy appearance. He made a gesture of recognition as Johnny passed. With all the good-will in the world, he could not interpret that as a "trial." There was no opening for him either in the court-yard, or the stable, or coachhouse. "Well," said he to himself, philosophically, "this must wait till another time;" and he proceeded calmly to see whether the sweet-peas which he had lately sown were coming up.

Three ducks which had escaped from the yard were sleeping, with their heads under their wings, in the very spot in which he had sown the sweet-peas. These gentlemen evidently entertained the idea that it

was quite impossible for sweet-peas to spring up without being first sat upon by Labrador ducks.

The ground had been scratched up, and turned about in all directions. Some peas lay piteously on the surface of the mould, with pale and shrivelled roots, or with a seed of sickly green turned upwards in a most deplorable manner.

Johnny indignantly snatched up a handful of sand and gravel; but, as he was about to hurl it at the intruders, he let it fall gently to the ground, as if the ducks were three lions, and he were afraid to rouse them.

"I saw that I was about to put myself in a passion, and throw the sand and pebbles at them," said he, in a triumphant tone, when relating this adventure to Martha.

She congratulated him warmly upon his self-control, and he went joyfully to the party at the Deputy's house. He found that croquet was an extremely interesting amusement.

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# THE LOST RIFLE; OR, SCHOOL BOY FACTION.

## A SECOND TALE OF NETHERCOURT.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

### Chapter V.—The Steeplechase.

Saturday proved, by good fortune, to be a perfect autumnal day; warm and bright, but with no excessive heat. The boys met in Pattenham meadow, at a quarter past two in the afternoon, in high spirits. The Picts, in particular, were more than usually elated. Paget and Irving had applied to Mr. Phelps to solve the doubt as to the school bounds; and the usher had answered, without hesitation, that the greater part of Pattenham meadow was in bounds. There was a portion of it, he said, which, at certain times of the year, was reputed to be dangerous, from the depth of the ditches, and the steepness of their sides. A serious accident had occurred there some years ago, in which a boy narrowly escaped drowning; and the Doctor had then desired that the boys should not go into the part which lay east of the Rothe any more. But it was on the western side of the brook that Marshall had marked out the line for the steeplechase; and to that there could be no objection. The Picts regarded this decision as a great triumph over the new Chief; and in this view the Scots generally seemed to coincide, as they were unusually sulky all the morning. Campbell, himself, calmly announced to the boys that the question of the bounds having been referred to Mr. Phelps, he had decided that the western side of Pattenham meadow was within bounds. No objection, therefore, would be raised to the steeplechase taking place as proposed.

"I think you might say a little more than that, when you are about it, Campbell," remarked Marshall. "Perhaps another time you will be good enough to make sure of your facts, before you attempt to interfere with the fellows' amusements."

"Of course that would be better," said Campbell, quietly, "but I did not know that you would wish me to go to the masters, in any matter of doubt, before speaking to you. I will, however, do so in future." So saying, he walked off, arm-in-arm with Huntley, to make his preparations for the steeplechase, which was to be run immediately after dinner.

"He doesn't like it," remarked Walters. "For all his grand looks, I guess he's afraid of that last leap, just where the brook makes a bend, about a hundred yards from the winning-post. He knows you have the

better of him at the wide leap, Fred, and that's why the Scots have tried to make out that the meadow is out of bounds."

"I hardly think that," said Paget. "At all events, I don't believe Archie would sanction anything of that sort. You fellows mustn't reckon on my winning to-day. Those high leaps, and particularly that one at Frankcom's piece, will be more than I shall manage. And, after all, what does it matter who wins?"

"All right," said Walters, "provided a fellow isn't determined to win by any means, fair or foul."

"Gammon about that," said Irving, "we all want to win, I expect, and there are no grounds, that I can see, for imputing unfairness to anyone." The conversation was here broken off, as was generally the case when Irving interfered; and, about two hours afterwards, as the reader has already heard, the whole school was assembled near the starting-post.

The course had been skilfully chosen. The first leap consisted of a quickset hedge, which had been recently shorn, and which it required a good leaper to surmount. Two hundred yards afterwards there was a rather broad ditch, with steep sides. After that there were several comparatively easy fences, then the stiffest leap of the whole course—a high paling, over which it was very difficult to climb. After that there were more ditches and some high fences; and, lastly, the brook, with a long stretch of turf on either side of it. It was thought that only one or two of the best leapers in the school would be able to surmount this last trial. Six had entered for the race, three Picts, two Scots, and a neutral—Campbell, Paget, Walters, Cartwright, Jerry Lane, and Irving. Marshall and Huntley had been chosen umpires, and Snow was the referee, in case of any dispute. A good many of the boys, though they had not entered for the race, had stripped themselves to accompany and witness it, so far as they were able.

Precisely at half-past two a good start was effected, and the six champions started off at full speed, followed for the first quarter of a mile, by a good number of the supporters of both sides. All six contrived to surmount the first leap. At the second, two of them, Cartwright and Lane, met with mishap; the former slipping back up to his knees in the ditch, the latter falling in over head and ears. Cartwright emerged almost immediately, and tried to continue the contest, but gave in before the next leap. As for poor Jerry Lane, he had to be helped out in woful plight, one mass of mud from head to foot, and he forthwith made his way to the winning-post to witness the issue, before returning to Nethercourt.

A close race ensued between the remaining four. Paget led, closely followed by Walters; Campbell and Irving were a few yards behind, running neck and neck, intending evidently, to make a waiting race of it. But before this point of the course had been attained, nearly all those who had started as spectators had been thrown out.

Benson and Philips, strong, active lads for their age, had held on as far as the edge of Worsford Wood. But here they were obliged to succumb. "I don't know how you feel, Sam," said Benson, "but I'm regularly blown. That pound across the ploughed field has pretty well taken it out of me."

"It's bellows to mend with me, too," said Philips, "I should like to have gone on, though; I'd wager a hundred you don't name the winner."

"We shall be in time to see the finish, perhaps," said Benson, "if we cut straight across the wood; and along by Ensham Lane into Pattenham meadow."

"Are you sure you know the short cut," said Philips.

"I have never been that way to the meadow," returned Benson; "but I don't see how one could mistake it. The meadow lies just on the east side of the wood; and the path there runs as nearly due east as may be, and it can't be a quarter of a mile off."

The two boys set off accordingly; but Benson's assurance that they could not miss their way, was presently found to be more

than doubtful. The path soon divided into two, both of which appeared equally likely to be the right one. They took the one to the left; but after following it for five minutes, they found they were evidently bearing too much to the north, and endeavoured to recover their ground by following a bye path in the opposite direction. By and by they became involved in a labyrinth of cross ways, and there remained no doubt that they had missed the right track.

"We needn't trouble ourselves any more about it, Phil," said Philips; "there's no chance of our reaching the meadow in time to see the finish. We may as well take it easy now."

"With all my heart," said Benson, seating himself as he spoke on the root of a tree. "I have no objection to sit down and cool myself. It's precious hot for the time of year, and that run was pretty sharp while it lasted. Have you any idea as to what part of the wood we are in?"

"No," said Philips; "I thought just now that we must be somewhere near the edge of it. I fancied I heard the voices of the fellows calling to one another."

"I hear them now," said Benson, "not twenty yards off. At least, I hear some one. They must be on the other side of the clump of evergreens there."

"They are coming this way, I think," said his companion. "No, it isn't any of our fellows," he added a minute afterwards, as some figures emerged from a turning about twenty yards off. "Why, it's a lot of gipsies, I declare. Mother Miles was saying yesterday, that some gipsies had come into the neighbourhood."

"Come to be at the races next week, I dare say," said Benson, "and meanwhile on the look-out for anything they can pick up—beg, borrow, or steal."

"They won't get much out of me, anyhow," said Philips. "Hallo, master, what are you up to now?" he continued, addressing a dark-haired, olive-complexioned man, apparently about forty years of age, who was leading the donkey-cart, in which his children and household effects were contained.

"Good morning, gentlemen," said the man addressed; "can you tell us the way to Dulworth. We have come from Hensbury this morning, and I think we must have taken a wrong turn."

"That's just what we have done, too," said Benson. "Dulworth can't be very far off, and lies somewhere just to the west of us. We shall be going that way ourselves in a few minutes, if you can wait for us."

"Would you like your fortunes told, young gentlemen," said a woman of the party; "I can tell you all sorts of things that will bring you good luck, if you will only let me look at your hands."

"Thank you, mother," said Benson, "but there are two objections to that. First place, my hands would be empty if you did look at them!—as empty as my pockets, in fact, and nothing can well be emptier than they are. Second place, my luck is very good as it is, and I think it is best not to meddle with it."

"Third place," added Philips, "I don't see how you could know any better than we do, whether our luck is going to be good or bad."

"The more foolish you for thinking so," said a deep voice, which appeared to come from the tree immediately above their heads. The boys started in evident alarm, and stared up into the fork of the tree, expecting to see some one seated among the branches.

"You are looking in the wrong place," said the same voice, issuing this time to all appearance from under the root, on which they were sitting.

"If the gentlemen want to know their fortune, they had better ask it of me," said the voice from above.

"Or, better still, of me," added that from below.

"I say, I don't like this," said Benson; "if you have any dealings with Old Nick, master, I'd rather you didn't bring him here. I say, Sam, I vote we cut for it. I don't fancy staying here."

"Nonsense," said Philips, "I have heard this sort of thing before. This fellow is a ventriloquist, and a first-chop one too. He

could make the donkey speak if he chose;" and in immediate verification of his words, a voice was heard from the mouth of the animal, advising them to ascertain their fortunes as speedily as possible, as they would be sure to hear of good luck."

"That's wonderful," said Benson; "I never heard anything like that before. I say, I wish we had Tom Hall here. What fun it would be to see his face!"

"I don't think this kind of thing would frighten old Tom," said Philips. "It's only ghosts that he funks so. If he thought the voice came from Old Larkins, that would be another matter."

"Aye, or from Old Larkins's grave," said Benson.

"I dare say," said Philips; "by the by, Phil, what do you suppose that old bit of brickwork really is?"

"The top of an old waste well, or drain, or something of the kind," said Benson. "It's a pity we can't bring this fellow here, to stand on the other side of the wall, and make his voice seem to come out of the bricks."

"Perhaps he would, if we paid him," suggested Philips.

"Let's run after him and try," said Benson; "they're only just round the corner. I can see the fellow's white smock-frock among the trees now."

"We could catch him no doubt, but do you think it would be quite safe? I've heard of fellows being frightened out of their wits by that kind of thing."

"Some sort of fellows, I dare say," replied Benson, "but not Tom's sort. He hasn't any wits to be frightened out of; and would be all right again, as soon as the trick was explained to him. My only doubt is whether we shall be able to persuade the fellow to come. But we may as well try, at all events."

They ran after the party accordingly, which halted as soon as they heard their steps.

"I say, master," said Benson, as they came up, "do you think you could come down to our place, and show off that trick of making your voice come from wherever you like?"

"P'raps I might," returned the man, somewhat gruffly, "if I was paid to do it. But I think I heard you say, young master, as you hadn't no money."

"No more I have, in my pockets here. But I have got enough at home to pay you for this job—that is, if you ask anything in reason."

"I never asks anything unreasonable," said the man; "but I should like to know exactly, what it is you wants me to do."

"Well, we want you to come down to the place where we live, Nethercourt House—that is, Dr. Glanville's school, you know. We want you to come and play off a trick on one of our school-fellows. He believes that there is some one buried, in a place which is only an old vault, or well, or something of the kind. You must make three groans seem to come out of it. You can do that easy enough, you know."

"I dare say, master. But suppose I am caught by your schoolmaster, or the police. They might have me up before the beaks for it."

"Oh, the masters are never out of the house at that time of night, and no one ever saw the police there either. There's a corner, where the Rifle-Shed comes against the wall—where you could be completely hidden in the shadow. If you stood upon the top of a high bench that is there, your head would just come over the wall. You can get into the Rifle-Ground quite easily. There is nothing but a hedge and a gate between that and the road."

"Well, I dare say I could come," said the man, after some consideration, "if you makes it worth my while. What will you give for it?"

"I'll give you half-a-crown," said Benson.

"I think the job is worth more than that," returned the gipsy, "but I won't hold out about that. When do you want me to come?"

"You must be there about a quarter past eight, and wait till the clock strikes half-past, and begin groaning the moment you

near the half-hour strike. You had better' also, come down at seven the evening before, and then I'll show you all the places."

"And when will you give me the money, master?"

"I'll give you a shilling on the evening before the job, and the other eighteenpence the next evening, when the job's over."

"Well, that's fair. And, now, what's to be the day? I couldn't come before the 19th—Wednesday that is."

"The 19th. That will do very well."

"All right, I will promise to be down at your playground-gate by the time you says—on the Tuesday at seven. I suppose there won't be no difficulty in finding the place, will there?"

"Not a bit," said Benson. "Everybody in Dulworth knows Dr. Glanville's house. And now we must be off, or we shall be missed. Good-bye for the present. By the by, what's your name? I don't think I have heard it."

"My name is Morden—Benjamin Morden," said the man, "and you may hear of me at the 'Dog and Duck,' in Milk Street, at Dulworth, any time between this and Tuesday, if you have got ever a message to send."

The boys hurried off, and, after one or two more false turns, succeeded in reaching Pattenham Meadow. They were afraid that their absence would be noticed, and inquiries made about it; but they had no sooner come on the ground, than they perceived that there was no fear of attention being attracted to them. An angry quarrel was evidently going on. The Picts were gathered together in one crowd, and the Scots in another,—the flushed faces of their leaders showing how great was their excitement. In the centre of one group, Campbell was leaning against a gatepost; while his partisans, Huntley and Cartwright, were talking loudly and eagerly. Their irritation was not greater than that of Walters and Marshall, who interrupted and contradicted their schoolfellows every minute. Lane also was there; his muddy figure, which at other times would have provoked the ridicule of his schoolfellows, unnoticed in the general agitation. Paget, though he spoke but little, seemed fully to share the indignation of his partisans.

"The race is no race at all!" exclaimed Walters. "I don't believe such a thing was ever done before by any one."

"This was done by me as umpire," said Huntley. "I had a right to do it. I had the consent of the referee."

"You never said anything to the other umpire. You knew he wouldn't have agreed to it," said Walters.

"It wouldn't have signified if he hadn't," returned Huntley. "If the umpires differ, the referee settles the question."

"Yes," said Lane; "but the referee is not to be called in, unless by *both* umpires. It is not to be done in this hole-and-corner fashion. No one but Campbell knew that the leap had been altered.

"Hold hard there," said Irving, "I heard Huntley say so before the start, and so did Cartwright, though I don't fancy the others did."

"The others didn't happen to be listening," said Huntley, "or they would have heard too."

"Didn't happen to be listening," repeated Walters, scornfully; "that is, you spoke at a time, when you knew we couldn't hear you."

"I don't care," said Huntley, doggedly. "The leap was too hard to make the race a fair one, and I told Marshall so at the time. He would persist, and put up the stakes without my consent. I had a right to appeal to the referee to settle the point between us. He gave his decision in my favour, and then I altered the posts. I said publicly before the start that the alteration had been made; and if any one didn't hear it, that was his fault, not mine. What's more, I don't believe Paget would have won, even if the leap hadn't been altered."

"You don't, don't you?" said Marshall interposing. "Then all I can say is, you, either didn't see the finish, or your judgment isn't worth much. Paget had been

thrown out at the high leaps, and Campbell had got a lead of about twenty yards; but Fred was picking him up every step of the way after the iron hurdles, and wasn't above a yard or two behind him when they came to the brook. Campbell was so done that he could hardly get over the leap as it was. If the poles had been left where they were originally fixed, where the brook is a full three foot wider, your pet would have gone over head and ears into it, while Paget would have cleared it without difficulty. And why, also, I should like to know, didn't you ask the opinion of the referee about that high leap over the palings at Franckom's Piece? I objected to that as being too high, just as you objected to the brook as being too wide."

"I didn't ask Snow about that," said Huntley, "because I thought the leap all fair. It was your business to do that, if you weren't satisfied."

"So I should have done," said Marshall, "if I had had any idea that you meant to play such a trick; and if I had, Fred again would certainly have won. He lost a good thirty yards at that leap. It was, in fact, there that Campbell passed him."

"It's no good going on nagging in this way," said Dick Irving, "you had better do one thing or the other — either have the race again, with both the leaps you complain of altered, or both retained; or, if you won't do that, drop the subject altogether."

"That's reasonable, I think," said Paget. "I am quite willing to run the race again, either leaping the high leap, as fixed by Huntley, and the broad leap, as fixed by Jack, or altering both."

"Very good," said Walters; "what do you say, Campbell?"

"I would rather not run the race again," said Campbell. "It doesn't signify who wins, no doubt; but, in my opinion, by having it again, we should imply that Huntley and Snow have not acted fairly, which would be very unjust to them. Moreover, it seems to me, that we have nothing now but quarrelling in the school; and anything of this kind is made the occasion of more ill-will among the fellows, than there was before. While this lasts, therefore, the fewer races we have the better. Come, Harry, William, we had better go back to Nethercourt. It is no use staying here."

He walked off accompanied by Huntley and Cartwright. A minute or two afterwards Irving, Lightfoot, and Snow followed them. The indignation of those left behind was loudly expressed.

"It's regular cheating and nothing else," said Jerry Lane. "I really believe now that Huntley only pretended Pattenham Meadow was out of bounds, because he didn't want to have the brook leap at all."

"Yes," said Marshall, "and he objected to the ditch in Worsford Meadow. He wanted nothing but high leaps. I believe the Scots would lay down the whole course for their friend Campbell, just in the way that they thought would be most favourable to him."

"You oughtn't to say that," said Paget; "I think that Huntley has not acted fairly. But I can't believe that Archie—that Campbell would lend himself to anything of the kind."

"Well, you may think so, Fred," said Walters; "and it is very generous of you to think so. But my opinion is that Campbell is mean and underhand; that he has used, and will use, his position as Chief to benefit his own friends, and spite those whom he doesn't like; and what has happened to-day confirms my opinion. I, for one, shall pay very little heed to his wishes as Chief."

"Hear, hear," said Marshall and Lane; "and if anyone chooses to go and tell Campbell that I have said so," added the latter, "he is quite welcome."

"Hush," said Walters, "better not say that till after next Wednesday, at all events, or he will be trying some dodge to prevent our going to the races. I am half afraid of his trying it on as it is."

"He durstn't go to the masters about it," said Lane. "All the school would send him to Coventry as a sneak."

"No, he is too clever for that," said

Walters; "he won't go openly to them, but he will manage it in some roundabout way. I don't say he *will* do it, mind you. But I shouldn't be a bit surprised if he did."

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## Chapter VI.

### The Racecourse.

The next three days passed without any renewal of hostilities between the Picts and their adversaries. Wednesday, the race day, came—a tolerably fine morning, and Walters and his companions met after early school to arrange their plans.

"We had better start immediately after dinner," said Walters. "Grace is generally said about ten minutes before two. If we get away immediately, and go as hard as we can across the Worsford meadows, it won't take above a quarter of an hour to reach the course."

"It won't be so much," said Paget; "it takes about five minutes, you know, to get to the cricket-ground; and from the cricket-ground to the Grand Stand is not above half a mile, I could do it in four minutes any day."

"Yes, if you could get across Bolton's Dyke," said Walters; "but that is too full now to be jumped without a pole. We must go a good half mile round by the road, and then there are some fences to get over. But even supposing we take a quarter of an hour in reaching the course, we shall be in time to see lots of fun. The first heat isn't advertised to be run till two o'clock, and they are sure to be a little behind the time; and the races come regularly every half-hour after that till five. I have a card here that Jem Hedges got me. We will have a lottery of sixpence or a shilling a head, if you like."

"All right," said Marshall; "I'll put in, and I have no doubt plenty of other fellows will do so too. There's four of us, and Snow, and Smithson, and Richardson, and Burns, and a good many more of the second class. We'll write the names of the horses on slips of paper, and take them round among the fellows; and there can be a settlement as soon as we bring the news home."

"I think we had better not do that," said Lane. "The thing might, as likely as not, reach Campbell's ears, and he would try to put it down."

"I wish you wouldn't be continually saying those things about Campbell," said Paget; "perhaps he does take upon himself as Chief more than we like, but I am pretty sure he would not meddle with the fellows' amusements to the extent which you fancy. Don't stop the lottery on that account."

"I hope you may be right, Fred," said Walters; "as I said once before, it is very generous of you to think so. But you may depend upon it, that he and the other Scots are always up to some dodge now. I wonder, I must say, that we haven't been forbidden to go to the race-ground to-day. I know that Campbell has been with Phelps this morning. It is ten to one that he has been about that."

"Yes, I saw him coming out of Phelps's study," said Marshall. "I agree with you, Tom. If Phelps hasn't forbidden us to go to Rookesden Down, it is only because he doesn't take Campbell's view of the matter. I am more than half afraid of their being up to some dodge now."

"Well, I must say I think you are hard upon Campbell," said Paget. "But it is no use arguing the point; and you had better get up this lottery, if you mean to do it, at once. There will not be too much time before dinner."

The lottery was soon arranged, and the shares willingly enough taken by the boys. It was near the beginning of the half-year; and the juniors had not yet had time to rid themselves of the money which they had brought with them from home. The playground was soon filled with groups, eagerly discussing the chances of success of their horses, in the various races. It was agreed that such of the first class as meant to be present on the racecourse—for it should be observed that Rookesden Down was only within the first-class bounds, not those permitted to the whole school—it was agreed

that the first-class boys should remain until the last race had been run, and then bring home the news of the result. Campbell and the other chiefs of the Scots took no part in the proceedings; but their disapproval of them was sufficiently evident to all.

Dinner was no sooner over, and grace said, than the boys caught up their hats, and were on the point of hurrying out into the playground, when the voice of Mr. Phelps was heard, calling on them to stop.

"Boys," he said, "I have something to tell you. You remember, I dare say, that earlier in the half-year, we agreed it would be nearly an even match at cricket between the first-class eleven on one side, and the masters, the servants, and one or two of the Pattenham players on the other. Well, I have spoken to Sykes, and young Spence, and Hawley. They have agreed to come up this afternoon; and they, Mr. Roe, Mr. Otway, Mr. Harris, and myself, the school servant, and three of the second class, will make up an eleven which will be very nearly equal to that of the first class. The time at which the Pattenham men were to be on the cricket-ground was arranged to be two o'clock, so we had better lose no time."

This unexpected announcement was received in silence. The leaders of the Picts stared at one another in evident perplexity and vexation. At last Marshall spoke.

"If you please, sir, I seldom play cricket, and I would rather not take part in this match."

"I would rather not do so either," said Lane, "someone had better take my place."

"There is no one who can do so," said Mr. Phelps. "There are only eleven boys in the first class. Unless all play, the side cannot be made up."

"But are we to be obliged to play, whether we like it or not?" asked Marshall, sulkily. "I don't much fancy being obliged to watch out for an hour or two, and then going in and getting perhaps two balls."

"I think the boys generally would rather the match was played some other day, sir," said Walters.

"Indeed," said Mr. Phelps. "Well, I can't agree to that. The Pattenham players have been asked, and it was by your wish that they were asked; and there are no reasonable grounds for putting them off, that I can see. But perhaps we can do without Marshall and Lane. Two of the second class can take their places; say Burn and Richardson. Then Marshall and Lane may be the scorers."

"I would rather have nothing to do with the match at all," said Marshall, sullenly.

"Perhaps so, Marshall," said Mr. Phelps, shortly. "But you will come up to the cricket-ground, in any case, with the others, and not leave it till the match is over; you will be good enough to understand that. Now go and get ready, boys, or we shall keep Sykes and the others waiting."

The boys obeyed—the Picts evidently in a very sulky humour, the Scots rather pleased than otherwise; so, at least, their rivals fancied.

"I told you so," said Walters, as, accompanied by Paget, Marshall, and Lane, he sauntered slowly along the path on his way to the cricket-ground. "This is Campbell's doing. He has been to Phelps, and put him up to this way of preventing our going to the races. It's just like him. He was determined to spoil our fun, and he knew that the fellows would send him to Coventry, if he openly went and told the masters. Therefore he does it in this underhand way; which answers his purpose just as well, but which can't be brought up against him."

"Well, you did say so, certainly," said Lane, "and I suppose it must be so; but I wouldn't have believed it, unless it had been proved against him."

"It hasn't been *proved* now," said Paget, "though I cannot deny that it looks suspicious."

"If you have any doubt on the subject you had better ask Campbell," said Lane.

"Much good it would be asking him," said Marshall. "You may remember he would not tell Fred what he went to the

Doctor about, on the morning of the election to the Chiefship, unless Fred here chose to ask it as a favour. I suppose, Fred, you are not inclined to ask a favour of him any more now, than you were then?"

"No," said Paget, shortly, "I am not; and I must say that what has happened to-day is enough to make any one angry. I have a great mind to say flatly I won't play in this match, and go off straight to the race-ground. It is in the first-class bounds, and we have never been forbidden to go there."

"I don't think that line of country would answer," said Walters. "Phelps would be pretty sure to forbid us positively to go. No; but I will tell you what would do. Let us go in first, and get out as soon as we can, and tell the other fellows to stick in as long as possible. Irving and Snow, if they choose to block Roe's and Phelps's bowling, most likely won't be got out for an hour at least; and Campbell and Cartwright, who don't suspect the dodge, will probably stay in a long time too. We can slip out, as soon as our innings is over, at the back of the marquee, along the double-hedge lane, where we can't be seen from the cricket-ground. We shall be on the course in a jiffey. We shall have time, at all events, to buy what we want, and see a race or two, and get back before the innings is over."

"Even if we didn't," said Marshall, "I shouldn't much care. Phelps might stop us from going to the course if he knew we intended it; but as it's in bounds, and we haven't been told not to go, he couldn't punish us for having been there."

"No," said Paget; "and, what is more, I shouldn't care if he did. I consider this is downright tyranny; and I, for one, am not going to submit to it. I don't suppose we shall have time for much fun on the ground, but I am quite ready to go, nevertheless. I don't choose to be prevented."

The plan was arranged accordingly. The first class won the toss, and sent in Marshall and Lane first. Paget and Walters succeeding to the vacancies which were soon made at the wickets. Neither Jack nor Jerry were good players, and the speedy fall of their wickets caused but little surprise; but Paget and Walters were hardly more successful, the former being run out when he had only scored two runs, and the latter hitting his own wicket in the second over. Snow and Campbell, however, who followed, proved more troublesome customers. It was half an hour before they were parted, and when Irving at length took Snow's place a still longer interval followed, during which the score was slowly raised to a considerable number. Huntley and Cartwright also played steadily. In fine, it was nearly two hours before the innings came to an end. Mr. Phelps and his companions, coming hot and tired into the marquee, found Paget and the others lounging on the benches, apparently just roused up from a long sleep.

As the reader, however, will conjecture, the interval between their appearing at the wicket and the end of their innings had not been passed in any such fashion. The moment they re-entered the marquee, pads, cricket-jackets, and spiked shoes had been thrown aside, and the boys' usual dress resumed. Creeping through the back of the tent, under cover of the dense hawthorns which skirted the lane on either side, they set out for Rookesden Down, and, before ten minutes were passed, they were on the edge of the racecourse. One of the races was just over, and there would not be another for half an hour, so the boys held a council as to how they should employ the intermediate time. It was generally agreed that they should first purchase the various articles of which they stood in need. Lane wanted a purse; Paget a large clasp-knife; Jack Marshall a box of cigars, which he was wont to smoke surreptitiously in a secluded corner of the Rifle-Ground; while Walters had undertaken to purchase various articles of "tuck" for several of his schoolfellows, as well as for himself. But the question was, what was to be done next? Paget suggested a visit to the wild-beast show, together with a ride on the back of the great elephant; Jerry Lane was anxious to

make the acquaintance of the five-legged horse, and the young lady without legs or arms who played the piano with her shoulders; Walters was disposed to patronise the merry-go-round worked by steam, and to ride upon the back of a tiger or a griffin; while Jack Marshall advocated the attractions of Aunt Sally and thimblerig. After some debate, it was agreed that each of these should be taken in turn, provided that time allowed of it. They proceeded accordingly to the booths in which the articles they required were sold, and effected their purchases in time to witness the race for the Dulworth Plate. During the half-hour which intervened between that and the great race of the day, the Stewards' Cup, they visited the wild-beast show, and took a turn at Aunt Sally; on which occasion Marshall's unusual skill attracted the admiration of the bystanders.

The bell announcing the start for the next race broke off their sport, and they hurried down to the Grand Stand to obtain as good a view as possible. It proved to be the most exciting contest of the day; the two leading horses passing the stand so close together, that no one could guess which would be the winner. In the tremendous rush which followed to ascertain the result, the boys were separated. Paget was knocked down, and forced under the wheels of a barouche, from which, fortunately for him, the horses had been taken out. He could only regain his legs by creeping along under a row of carriages, until he emerged on the side furthest from the course. Released from his awkward position, he began to look about for his companions, but all trace of them had disappeared, nor could he tell in what direction they had gone. There was no use in looking for them. No doubt they would make their way home with all speed, and he had better do the same, for it was now going on for an hour and a half since they had left the cricket-ground. But the point of the course in which he now found himself, was not the same by which he and his companions had approached it. The shortest way home for him lay across the fields, and over Farmer Bolton's Dyke. The latter was, no doubt, too broad to be leaped; but Paget now remembered that a rough bridge was generally laid across it, at that time of the year, to allow sheep to pass. He set off across the fields accordingly, and presently reached the bank of the dyke; but, alas! there was no bridge, only some hurdles and poles, evidently the component parts of one which had been taken down. The ditch, however, might be leaped by the help of a pole, and a young fir, about twelve feet long, which was lying near, would be available for the purpose, if the short boughs near its top were cleared away, so as to enable him to grasp it. He pulled out his new knife, and soon cut away the twigs; then, clasping the pole with both hands, he rose high in the air, and landed safely on the further side. In a few minutes more he had regained the lane, and crept back into the marquee. He found Smithson and Cartwright still at the wickets, but none of his three companions had as yet made their appearance. He again put on his cricket dress, and went out in front of the tent. Campbell was seated on a bench between Huntley and Lightfoot; all three looked—so at least he fancied—very coldly and strangely at him as he came up.

"How is the game going on?" asked Paget, speaking as unconcernedly as he was able.

"Very well for our side," answered Huntley, "which was more than anyone expected at first."

"Yes," said Lightfoot; "Archie has redeemed the day—Archie, that is, and Dick between them. Archie got thirty-four runs, and Irving twenty-six. But where have you been all this time, Paget? You weren't in the marquee just now, when I looked in."

"Irving twenty-six, do you say?" said Paget, taking no notice of the latter part of Lightfoot's speech; "and how many did Snow get?"

"Snow was in a long time," said Campbell; "but he didn't get many runs. I don't quite know how many. But you can

ask Snow himself. I suppose he is somewhere about."

"He has gone off the ground for a few minutes," said Huntley, "up to the house for a new shoe-string. He will be back directly, I have no doubt. But, Paget, you didn't answer Lightfoot's question. Didn't you hear him ask where you had been?"

"Perhaps I did," said Paget, coldly. "But I do not know what business that was of his."

"Nor do I," retorted Lightfoot. "It was not I who wanted to know, it was Campbell."

"Indeed," said Paget, in the same tone as before.

There was an awkward silence, which was broken by the sound of voices inside the marquee, among which Paget recognized that of Walters. He re-entered, and was glad to find the whole party reassembled. They were sitting in a corner, and resuming their cricket things.

"I say, what became of you?" said Paget, in a carefully subdued tone; "I was hustled down under the carriages, and could not get clear again for a long time. I looked about after you, but one might as well have searched for a needle in a hay loft."

"Walters and I were wedged up against the Judge's chair," said Lane, "and couldn't get out of the crowd for a good twenty minutes at the least. Fellows came shoving up one after another, to know who had won. At last we did get clear, and made straight for the lane. I don't know anything of what became of Jack Marshall here. He came tumbling up, five minutes after us."

"I was jammed up just in the same way," said Marshall, with some confusion in his manner; "jammed up, and couldn't get away for ever so long."

"Why, you must have come to grief in the hustle, Jack," observed Paget. "Somebody has given you a lick on the nose. It is all bloody."

"Is it?" said Marshall, starting. "To be sure, I remember now a great hulking fellow in a smock frock gave me a dig in the face with his elbow. No doubt that did it. I must put it right, or Phelps will be asking about it."

He took out his pocket-handkerchief, and standing before the looking-glass, which hung against the pole of the tent, soon removed all traces of the damage.

"Paget,—Fred," said Campbell, as the boys straggled homeward an hour and a half afterwards; "I want to say a word to you, if you will listen."

"I can have no objection to hear what you want to say," said Paget.

"Well then, I don't like the way in which we have been going on lately. We have always been friends, as long as we have known one another; and I don't know that I have done anything to break off our friendship."

"Nor do I know that I have done anything," returned Paget.

"Why do you treat me so then? You couldn't have really believed that I meant anything unfair at the steeplechase on Saturday; yet everyone noticed you looked as if you did."

"Everyone?" interjected Paget.

"Everyone who spoke to me on the subject," said Campbell, "and the same remark is constantly made in my hearing. To-day when Lightfoot mentioned that I had chanced to inquire where you were—anyone who saw your face would have supposed that there was some great offence in my asking the question. I even heard you drop some hint, that Phelps had been put up by me to fixing the cricket match for this afternoon, in order to prevent you and some others from going to the races. You could have no grounds for fancying anything of the kind, and I can't feel that you are treating me as a friend."

"Well, Archie," said Paget, "I am sure I don't want to quarrel. I remember old times, and all that, as warmly as you do. But things somehow are different. To say the truth, I think it is those fellows you have taken up with lately—Huntley, and Cartwright, and the rest of that lot—they do the mischief. There's that steeplechase. I never thought *you* had done anything unfair, and if you supposed otherwise, it was

your own fancy. But I *do* think Huntley acted very unfairly, and I wondered you did not interfere. To-day again, Lightfoot made use of your name, as though you would have a right to call me to account, and you said nothing to check his impertinence. I think those fellows are very insolent and mischief-making."

"I don't like to hear you talk in that way, Frederick," said Campbell. "Complain of me as you like, but I will not hear my friends attacked. And I should like to know about that other matter. I should like to know, who suggested to you that I advised Mr. Phelps to appoint the cricket match for to-day. Why, Phelps told me he had settled it with Sykes a fortnight ago. I suppose neither Harry, nor William, nor Lightfoot put that into your head, did they?"

"No," said Paget, somewhat reluctantly. "It was either Jack, or Tom Walters, I believe. But you have no right to say I believed it, or said anything which implied that I did. They think you very arbitrary and meddling, no doubt, and sometimes say so. But I am not answerable for what they say; and, I must add, that I think if you were a little more conciliatory to them, matters would go better."

"Conciliatory!" repeated Campbell; "it is not very easy to be conciliatory to fellows who are always doing everything in their power to annoy you. I am almost as sorry to see you getting so intimate with them, as I am at the coolness that has sprung up between us. That Marshall, in particular, is mean and false, and Walters——"

"We had better stop this," said Paget; "if you don't like to have your friends abused, no more do I."

"I am sorry I spoke at all," said Campbell; "we had better let the subject drop."

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# A TALE OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

## BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW (LATE) I.N.

## (A TRUE STORY.)

### CHAPTER II.—THE HIDDEN TREASURE.

IN the last chapter* I had brought the "gentle reader" to that part of my narrative when the negro, who had been placed by the slave-monger in charge of the slaves seized with smallpox beyond all hope of recovery, commenced to impart a secret which he said was of the utmost importance, and which would remunerate us for the trouble to which we had been subjected in undertaking a long voyage from a distant land, to free a section of his suffering countrymen, and at the same time inflict a heavy punishment on the traffickers in human flesh.

This African, the interpreter, and myself sat down on one side of the rock; there was no shade anywhere, as the sun was directly overhead, so we erected a temporary sort of covering by spreading an old cotton sheet, full of holes, on the points of four of the sailors' bayonets, fixed to the muzzle of the muskets, and then prepared to listen to his disclosures. Addressing the interpreter in a half-intelligible language, picked up during his intercourse with his captors, he commenced as follows:—

"About eight months ago they brought, among other sick persons, a boy of about twelve years of age, who seemed at the time of his admission on the point of death, but after hovering for a fortnight on the verge of the grave, was gradually recovering from the smallpox, when, poor child, while in this state of convalescence he was attacked with a low fever, brought on, doubtless, by the fetid and foul atmosphere engendered

* See page 14.

by a want of ventilation in this horrid den, and sank from exhaustion. During the short time that he was recovering from the effects of the smallpox, we used to find much comfort in mutually relating our sufferings, and for a short week I was even happy in having found a companion whom I could trust, and who rewarded me for my attention during illness by his warm gratitude, and an affecting confidence, only found in young children. One day, when all reserve between us was at an end, we were sitting just where we are now assembled. The sun had gone down, and a delicious breeze was fanning our cheeks, and bringing a flush of life into the wan face of the tender child, which, pock-marked and disfigured though it was, bore a gentle and touching expression of suffering and resignation, when he asked me to help him with my strong hand, as he would like to walk a little, for said he, 'I feel so much better.' Leaning upon my arm, he, with tottering steps and the feeble gait of an infant learning to walk, managed to crawl up and down for a few minutes. It was on this exact spot, and I fancy I can recall his slight, delicate figure, and picture the thin wasted hand resting on my arm."

The reminiscence seemed to fill the heart of the narrator with deep sadness, and for a minute he remained absorbed with the scene his mind had conjured up, until aroused by an exclamation of the interpreter.

"Well," resumed he, "the boy was silent for a short time, and then looking up into my face, said, 'There was one thing I wished to tell you, but which I could not mention before the other poor men in the cave, for fear of getting either of us into trouble with our masters yonder;' and with a shudder and a glance of his large black eyes, he pointed towards a place situated about four miles from this spot, and from whence he had been brought when taken ill.

"'Let me hear it,' I said.

"'Of course there is no chance of its ever getting to the ears of Yakoob,' said he, naming his master, the chief of the tribe, who was a monster capable of any cruelty, and to whom mercy was a sealed book.

"'How can he know it,' I replied, with a smile at his alarm, 'unless the winds of heaven are in league with him.'

"'Everything is against us poor captives,' rejoined the lad, in a solemn tone. Even the great God has averted his face from us, and stays not the hand of our foes from persecuting our bodies; why then should not the elements themselves be arrayed against us?'

"This expression of hopeless despair from one so young took me completely by surprise. I was silent; for what rejoinder could I make, while the thousand bitter memories of the past, with the recent fearful end of my brother, welled up with overwhelming force, and like a pent up stream flooded my heart with renewed anguish.

"When he had sufficiently recovered his composure, he said, 'As I told you I was carried from my home in the far away hills of the interior, where I had passed a happy childhood, and where my father was a man of consideration and mark, and after a terrible journey to the coast,—a journey during which I was driven beyond my strength, like a sheep to the shambles, and brutally flogged with a whip when, fainting with fatigue, I could hardly drag one foot before the other—I was handed over to a man who treated me with a good deal of kindness. I used to play with his children, whose servant I was, and at least was well fed, clothed, and seldom chastised. After staying there about six months, the chief of the large town from whence I was brought to you, went down to the coast to confer, I believe, with the captain of a slaver, about a cargo of wretched Africans he had had consigned to him, and while on his way back from the ship chanced to come to the hut of my master, where he saw me playing with the children. Oh, that dreadful day! Unhappy wretch that I was! he offered to buy me, to fill the post of pipe-bearer, for he remarked I had acquired the language so quickly, and seemed an intelligent lad. My master, a poor man, was afraid to offend one of the chiefs of his tribe, but he had no choice, and therefore reluctantly took the

gold, and I with tears bade him and my little companions farewell.

"'Well, I was taken to his house, and became his body servant: filled and cleaned his pipe, made his coffee, and attended on him when he went abroad. For doing my duty faithfully I got not even kind words, but only cuffs and blows, and looked back with real regret to my comparatively happy days on the beach. At length an event occurred which fully occupied my thoughts at the time, and kept me in a fever of fear lest my knowledge of it should be discovered, and which I will now impart to you.

"'One night, when asleep in the principal room in my master's house,—it was past midnight, and being rather feverish I slept lightly,—I was awakened by hearing a slight noise near my head. Dreadfully alarmed as I was, my fear bound me as in a spell, and prevented me from stirring; but I cautiously opened my eyes to discover the cause of being thus disturbed in my slumbers. What was my surprise to see three men entering the room with my master, who had retired to rest before me, and who must have left the apartment with extreme caution, as I did not see him go out. With careful steps, and in silence, they advanced towards a large box on my side. One of them carried a lantern, which was turned from me, and another I recognized as the master of a slaver, whom I had seen often whilst living on the sea-coast, and who had frequent dealings with my old master. When they reached the box, I saw them deposit four large objects on it. There was no such thing as a table in the place, for, as you know, Arabs and the savage tribes on the African coast eat their meals on the floor, and eschew such luxuries as tables and chairs. I lay quite still, imagining all kinds of terrors, among other things that they were going to murder me. Presently they commenced a whispered conversation, but I could not gather a word of it, for it was carried on in such low tones. With attentive ears I listened, when suddenly my master turned round to where I was lying, and gazed at me in a manner that almost froze the blood in my veins. I closed my eyes, and never moved a muscle, when my faculties, rendered unnaturally acute, made me aware that he was coming towards my couch. Slowly and stealthily he crept, like a cat about to spring on a poor mouse, and my heart seemed to leap into my mouth. Soon I felt him leaning over me, and although my eyes were closed, his were vividly present, as imagination pictured him scanning every feature and piercing my very soul with that fierce eagle glance I knew so well. Enough presence of mind was left me not to feign sleep by holding my breath, and I strove to breathe calmly, although I felt that my pulse beat like wild fire, and that my cheek was pale as death. For a full two minutes he gazed at me long and closely, and when at length, satisfied with the scrutiny, he raised himself up, I could have screamed with the long pent-up emotions of terror and unspeakable dread.

"'The ordeal had been too much for my overwrought frame, and I believe I fainted, for I can only remember a sensation as if life was ebbing from my heart, and then all sense deserted me, and a heavy darkness came over my eyes. I could not have been long in the swoon, however, for when I again surveyed the room I found all three of the mysterious strangers still present with my master; but they were kneeling down in that part of the chamber where had previously stood the box. This large piece of furniture had, however, been removed to the further side, and I found that one of the men was busily employed, spade in hand, digging a hole in the ground. What were they about to do? they must be going to put me to death and then bury me in this grave! Oh, horrors, what a dreadful fate; and this was why my master stole towards me just now so suspiciously.

"'You must make allowance,' said the boy, 'for my alarm, for I am but a child, and at twelve years of age one's nerves are not very strong; besides, I had suffered so much ill-treatment, and knew so well the cruelty of my master, that my cowed spirit conjured up these fancies, and painted

them in all the vivid colours of stern reality.

"'The digger worked without the slightest noise, and the others sat or knelt by him, talking in whispers, but not so cautiously as before. My feigning sleep had successfully imposed on them. Soon he stopped, and then, turning round to the others, received one of the objects which I previously mentioned they had brought in with them. It seemed very weighty, and, on my scrutinizing it as carefully as I could from where I lay, I made it out to be a closely sewn up bag of leather or skin. What could be inside it? I very nearly paid dearly for my curiosity, for at that moment, as my master handed the bag to the person standing over the pit, he turned round quickly and looked at me with his searching gaze. This movement almost petrified me,but I did not stir in the slightest degree, merely closing my eyelids. Satisfied, seemingly, he went on with his work and handed in succession all four of the bags. Now, at least, I knew they were not digging my grave, and that thought reassured me.

"'Feeling relieved, my mind reverted to the bags. What could they contain? Soon these articles were deposited in the deep hole, which was then filled up again with the earth. The box was removed to its original place, and all was smooth and as it was before that, to me, eventful night, When everything was finished, the lantern was removed by one of the number, and all prepared to leave the place. As they passed me I heard some further conversation, but could not make out the purpose of it, until a single word pronounced by one of the gang in a rather energetic manner, and in a louder tone than the remainder of the sentence he was enunciating, drew my attention. As he spoke thus incautiously, my master, who was the leader of the party, raised his hand in a way to command silence, and hissed out "hush!"; all of them at the same time turned round towards me, and, for the third time, I was the object of their concentrated gaze. The word I heard had been distinctly uttered, and was past recall; there could be no mistake about it. It was DOLLARS. Now it was all clear as daylight to me. These heavy bags, so carefully sewn up, contained, then, "almighty dollars," as the Yankees irreverently say. All mystery was at an end, and I pondered over the vast horde of treasure, for I had never before seen so much money at one time.

"'I did not sleep the remainder of the night with thinking over this secret, and the way in which I had become an involuntary witness to it. My master shortly returned and went to his bed, where he soon fell asleep, as testified by his deep breathing.

"'This,' said the poor boy, 'is my story, and you may be able to make some use of the secret when I am gone. Now let us return inside the cave, for the exertion of talking has tired me, and the night is cold.'

"'When you are gone?' replied I. 'What do you mean? Gone where?'

"We were walking towards the mouth of the cavern, but the boy stopped his faltering steps, and, turning towards me, looked me full in the face, and, raising his hand to the heavens above, bright with ten thousand stars, he said, 'Up there, where there are no hard masters, no more tears, and no grave.'

"I can't tell you how earnest and solemn was his manner, and how touching the tones of his childish voice, as he said this. It unmanned me quite. I pressed his hand and led him back to this den. We entered together, and in two days from that date he was a corpse. Over his wasted body I gave way to an agony of long, pent-up tears, and wept as I thought of his untimely end.

"But too true was his prediction that he would not live, and I was left again desolate with the dead and the dying. Why was that little gleam of sunshine thrown on my path? Alas! only to shade with gloom the hours I have passed since he left me. I prayed for death, which would have been more welcome could I have been laid in the same tomb with my little friend, 'where

the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest.'"

This the African said with bitterness in every accent; he hung down his head, and seemed engrossed with the sad memories conjured by his story. I strove to cheer him, and said, "It is a melancholy retrospect, but better times are dawning on you, I hope. You shall come with me on board the *Zanzibar*, which sails for Aden in a few days. And now about this treasure; do you know where it is concealed? You have not seen the hut? How can you, therefore, point out the spot?"

"But I know all about it," he rejoined; "not only which is the identical hut, but also what part of the chamber it is buried in, for the boy, before he died, pointed out to me, on a diagram he drew on the sand, the situation of the house—it is the chief's, and the largest in the village—and also the exact place in the large room where it was buried."

"How far is this village?"

"About four miles, for I have heard that the small hamlet, from whence are brought my daily supplies, is about half-way to it."

"Come, then, let us lose no time; the sun is past the meridian, and we have a long march before us to this town and back again to the old *Zanzibar*. If this hidden treasure is still below ground, we shall have it."

"Now, men," said I, turning to the sailors, "fall in, and let us get under weigh. Sharp is the word!"

Up they jumped with alacrity, and leaving the hospital nurse just pressed into the service, with strict injunctions to look after his charges, we set off at a quick march, the Jacks carrying their arms at the trail. The sun was beating on our heads with a force only to be felt in the tropics when traversing the desert, and the heat, aggravated by the intense glare of the sea of sand spreading around us on every side, seemed to pierce to the very brain, and caused it to reel beneath the fierce concentration of the solar rays. The sailors' heads were protected by the thick plaited straw hats, with the traditional broad ribbon having the ship's name in printed gold letters, always associated by landsmen, owing to the inimitable acting of the late lamented T. P. Cooke, with the conventional stage "Jack Tar." We (the officers) had our topees, or hats made of pith, with strong framework inside, and fitted with an air-chamber; which description of helmet I have seen of use not only in defending one's sconce from a *coup de soleil*, but from the full force of a *coup de tulwar* (as the Indian swords are called), which might otherwise have been a *coup de grace*.

On we trudged at a quick pace, and marching near the small wretched hamlet, which, consisting as it did of some half-dozen huts, could hardly be dignified by the appellation of village, whence the daily supplies for the dying slaves were drawn, we pushed on to the town forming the head-quarters of the tribe, who managed to thrive on the proceeds of slave-dealing, which formed the staple of their traffic. At length we drew near this place, and could see from afar that our approach was creating an unusual sensation, as indicated by the mustering of men, women, and children to wonder at this invasion of the cursed Feringhee. It was not surprising, for the slave guide informed us that never before were white men seen on this part of the coast, although their ships could be descried from the shore when hugging the coast. As we neared the encampment, the fighting men of the tribe drew together, and, assuming a sort of military order, seemed as if they intended a regular resistance. Both my guides said they would fight; that the Sheikh, whose name was Yakoob, was a bold warrior, and that he meant mischief.

"If that's to be it," said I, "we must be prepared." So, halting my men, I directed them to load with ball-cartridge, and, fixing bayonets, we started again for the village. This we found to be of considerable size and importance (that is, for an African town), and, as matters looked, it was very probable that we should have a tough job in securing the loot, if the slave boy's story

was indeed true, and the Sheikh's tent turned out to be a veritable Tom Tiddler's ground, where one could pick up any amount of hard dollars.

When we entered the outskirts, the chief, of whom I had heard so much, advanced towards me, with a retinue of half-a-dozen able-bodied and well-armed men, and asked, in a loud, defiant tone, what I wanted in his domains. This, then, was the famous Yakoob, and I gazed at him with some curiosity. I bade the interpreter to reply, that I had come for the purpose of searching for slaves and other contraband goods, but not naming specifically the article after which we had undertaken so fatiguing a march.

"Oh! that's all," said he, with an insolent laugh, and in a tone intended to convey contempt. "I will let you look everywhere, all through the town," with a lordly sweep of his arm; "and," added he, "I will even allow you to search my house, where never before has a white man dared to set his foot."

This kind permission was just as it should be, as we were going to take, what schoolboys call, *French leave*. Now, it occurred to me that this was a favourable opportunity for the display of cunning, not to say Machiavellian diplomacy, so I advanced my force into the centre of the town, and again halted. I then called the Sheikh and all his warriors together, and made them a short harangue through the interpreter, to the effect that we had come from my ship, a British man-of-war lying off the coast, for the purpose of releasing any slaves; that I had seen the condition of the poor wretches who were dying of small-pox in the cave, and who were too ill to be moved; and that I had come to their town also to search for slaves or other ill-gotten and contraband goods, and that the Sheikh had just given me permission to hunt all over the village—in every hut, his own included; and had agreed to allow me to carry off any such *spolia opima*. Here I appealed to the chief, asking him whether it was not so. He answered in the affirmative, with a sneer and a repetition of the contemptuous laugh. Having said so much, I changed my tone, and warned them all, both great and small, that I was not to be trifled with, that the muskets of my men were loaded with ball, and that, having got the Sheikh's permission, unsolicited, to institute a strict search, I intended to take advantage of the offer, and should fire upon any person attempting to interfere in its prosecution.

The people around, on hearing that the sailors' firearms were all loaded, shrunk back, with a curious admixture in the expression of their countenances of alarm and curiosity; but Yakoob, filled with an ill-grounded confidence that we knew nothing of his hidden treasure, stood unmoved, and maintained the same look of *sangfroid* and insolence. He did not long remain in ignorance, however, as to our having acquired this knowledge; but, in respect of the agency by means of which we ferreted out his secret, to this day the worthy ruffian, if still above ground, must remain in that state of ignorance, which, according to the proverb, is supposed to be "blissful" when folly and wisdom are synonymous terms.

There was no difficulty in finding the chief's house; besides, he did us the honour of ushering us to its portals with mock ceremony. I followed him quickly into the interior, with two petty officers and two seamen, leaving all hands outside to guard against an attack; and on gaining the large apartment, which had been most minutely described by the dying slave boy to his attendant, and by him again to me, Yakoob asked me,—with a triumphant wave of the hand over the space, which, almost denuded as it was of furniture, afforded no hiding-place for any human being,—if I was satisfied, and whether he had not told me the truth. I looked round the room, and there, sure enough, was the large box of which I had heard so much, exactly in the spot described, thus pointing to the truth of the strange story.

"Open that box," I said to the Sheikh.

"Certainly," he answered, with sarcastic urbanity, and, quite delighted at the opportunity of making me look foolish, officiously

turned the rusted and ancient key, and raised the heavy lid.

It was a ponderous chest, made of teak, and looked as if some time during the last century it had been wrecked from some unfortunate Indiaman. I looked for a moment into the box, and pondered while some such idea floated through my brain; the clang, as the chief let the lid fall, brought my thoughts back to the present. I looked up at him. There he stood, with his head thrown back, and the right arm raised and grasping the head of his spear, while the butt rested on the floor, and with the left arm a-kimbo, in an attitude in which not only the whole pose of the figure, but every member, even every muscle, seemed bursting with triumph and overbearing bravado.

"Are you satisfied? What more can I do to oblige you? I am quite at your service."

This was spoken with ineffable superciliousness.

"One thing more only," said I. "Have you such a thing as a spade, or any implement for digging up the earth?"

"Spade? Digging up the earth?" rejoined the chief, with an expression of ill-concealed uneasiness. "What for? I have no spade. Come, let us leave the house, and you are at liberty now to search every house in the camp."

"Stay," said I, and, turning to the two petty officers, "Morris and Reilly, move that box."

I can never forget the change which, quick as thought, spread over the features and whole person of the crest-fallen Sheikh. He divined in an instant that his secret was known, and there could be no finer study for the limner, who, mindful of the poet's dictum, the "noblest study of mankind is man," applies the apophthegm to his choice of subject in the beautiful art he follows, than to depict the look of lofty disdain and proud superiority which, up to this present, mantled his cheek and curled his lip, and to note how instantaneously it give place to the anxious gloom of the eye, the quivering, half-nervous, half-savage tremour of the mouth, and, as far as could be perceptible in a black skin, the sudden blanching of the face. Not less marked was the effect my mandate worked on his whole form; that air of nonchalance, as exhibited in the head thrown back and the theatrical attitude, was exchanged for a positon of the body in which the former member was eagerly bent onward, and the entire frame appeared instinct with the intense anxiety of suspense. Let those laugh who win; it was my turn to play what they call in India the "Bahadoor."

"Draw your bayonets," said I to the petty officers, "and dig up the ground there. You will find lots of loot stowed away."

There could be no mistaking what I was saying, and although I spoke in English, the Sheikh understood my meaning, for as the man-o'-war's men advanced towards him, he uttered a scream of baffled rage, and with a sudden dash past them, sprung out of the doorway like lightning, and also cleared the guard at the entrance. I saw there would be a row, and turned to follow him, leaving the two men busy at finding the treasure.

On gaining the open space in front of the house, I called out to my fellows to "make ready," and in an instant the sailors, who had broken their ranks, reformed as before, with their muskets capped, and at the *ready*.

The redoubtable Sheikh was rushing about in a frantic state, shouting and encouraging his men to attack and drive us away from before his hut, and out of the village. There seemed every prospect of a collision, for the warriors came running from all parts of the encampment, armed with spears, swords, and clubs, and rallied round their furious chieftain. This individual having cast off the cloak of indifference assumed to annoy us, when he considered his property safe, now appeared in his true colours. Maddened at the impending loss of his treasure stored to purchase unhappy slaves for the purpose of reselling them at an enormous profit, he frantically conjured his countrymen to exterminate the small band of white men, who, far from

all chance of relief, were quite at their mercy. These savages did not see matters in exactly the same light, and were not so eager to try conclusions with us. There was evidently a powerful opposition in the camp unwilling to accede to the demands of the Sheikh, and which led by a young chief of commanding mien and stalwart proportions, declined to undertake the dangerous task of "knocking us into a cocked hat," as our cousins over the water would express it. To this party I determined to appeal, so advancing with the interpreter a little to the right, where stood the malcontents, I signified my wish through him to parley with their leader. He met me half way with an air of frankness, and I pointed out to him that the Sheikh wished to make tools of the warriors of the tribe to carry out his own interested ends, that he was, and also all of them assembled were, bound by his word of honour solemnly passed to me to grant us unconditional leave to search for slaves or any other concealed goods, and to carry off the same; that I had found gold hidden in the ground under his tent, and that by virtue of his oath, I intended to bear it off, in spite of any opposition, and that I cast all responsibility as to loss of life that might ensue by the fire of my men, on his (Yakoob's) shoulders. The young chief in answer, expressed his determination to wash his hands of the whole affair, and that neither he nor any of his party would draw the sword, or cast the spear to satisfy the cupidity of any man; and he swore by the beard of Mahomet, that he would not oppose us if we chose to carry off the money, of the existence of which he had been kept in complete ignorance.

I subsequently understood that all profits accruing from the funds employed in slave-mongering were the property of the Commonwealth, and that a portion of the secreted dollars had been abstracted from the treasury by the Sheikh, in company with the skipper of the slaver; the remaining part being the ill-gotten gains of these partners in crime. There was without doubt a split in the camp, and so as union is strength, this disunion among a body of men who, owing to their great numerical superiority, might have offered a serious resistance, was decidedly encouraging. Still there were about a hundred of the tribe who stood by the chief, and seemed half inclined, to judge from their threatening gestures, to attack us; but, nevertheless, not a hand was raised, and the menacing position taken up by my small band of twenty-eight resolute men daunted them. I returned to the hut just in time to see the fourth bag lifted from out the earth. There they all lay in a row, the dollars neatly sewn up in close-fitting bags. There were not altogether less than two thousand five hundred silver dollars of the value of four shillings and twopence a piece. This was not a bad haul, and I placed them in charge of the petty officers, with injunctions to stick to them through thick and thin. We then shovelled the earth hastily back, and pushing the box into its place, walked to the entrance of the hut.

The mob of Africans were pressing close upon the phalanx of Jack Tars, and the latter were about to blaze into them, when I warned the horde of savages off with the alternative of a taste of gunpowder. They fell back sullenly, but left a broad path sufficient for our retreat. Our mission was accomplished, and I ordered the sailors to fall in as before, with shouldered arms, and, keeping a bold front to the enemy, we prepared to march. I took off my hat to the infuriated Sheikh, and away we started for the sea coast.

They followed us with menacing cries and curses deep and dire; but "hard words break no bones," and they did not dare to molest us. Well, we got clear of the camp without firing a shot, and, after a tedious and fatiguing march, reached the beach, where we found three boats of the *Zanzibar* with their three-pounder guns in them, and the first lieutenant in charge, all very anxious for our safety. We were taken on board the old ship, and right glad we were to tread her planks again. I related the whole affair to the captain, and he congratulated me on my successful raid. How can I describe the blank dismay of the whilom communicative

skipper of the slave ship when he found his money was all appropriated by the *Feringhee*. If we had not secured the 130 slaves we had most certainly ruined his slave venture. The *Zanzibar* returned with the old slaver, which was condemned by the Admiralty Court, and the fifteen rescued slaves, as well as the quondam attendant on the sick.

I may here mention that our captain handed the money (as we thought at the time very foolishly) over to Government, and we never saw aught more of it. Whoever benefited by that hard day's march and all the trouble we took, it is certain that neither the boat's crews who took part in the expedition, nor the ship's company of the *Zanzibar* ever "saw the colour" of one single dollar. This, unfortunately, is too often the sort of encouragement given by a paternal Government to its too-confiding children.

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# THE FIELD OF ICE.

## BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER VI.—THE "PORPOISE."

IT was the 24th of March, and Palm Sunday, a bright, joyous day in many a town and village of the Old World; but in this desolate region what mournful silence prevailed! No willow branches here with their silvery blossoms—not even a single withered leaf to be seen—not a blade of grass!

Yet this was a glad day to the travellers, for it promised them speedy deliverance from the death that had seemed so inevitable.

They hastened onward, the dogs put forth renewed energy, and Duk barked his loudest, till, before long, they arrived at the ship.

The *Porpoise* was completely buried under the snow. All her masts and rigging had been destroyed in the shipwreck, and she was lying on a bed of rocks so entirely on her side that her hull was uppermost.

They had to knock away fifteen feet of ice before they could even catch a glimpse of her, and it was not without great difficulty that they managed to get on board, and made the welcome discovery that the provision stores had not been visited by any four-footed marauders. It was quite evident, however, that the ship was not habitable.

"Never mind!" said Hatteras, "we must build a snow-house, and make ourselves comfortable on land."

"Yes, but we need not hurry over it," said the Doctor. "Let us do it well while we're about it, and for a time we can make shift on board; for we must build a good, substantial house, that will protect us from the bears as well as from the cold. I'll undertake to be the architect, and you shall see what a first-rate job I'll make of it."

"I don't doubt your talents, Mr. Clawbonny," replied Johnson; "but, mean time, let us see about taking up our abode here, and making an inventory of the stores we find. There does not seem a boat visible of any description, and I fear these timbers are in too bad a condition to build a new ship out of them."

"I don't know that," returned Clawbonny, "time and thought do wonders; but our first business is to build a house, and not a ship; one thing at a time, I propose."

"And quite right too," said Hatteras; "so we'll go ashore again."

They returned to the sledge, to communicate the result of their investigations to Bell and Altamont, and about four in the afternoon the five men installed themselves as well as they could on the wreck. Bell had managed to make a tolerably level floor with planks and spars; the stiffened cushions and hammocks were placed round the stove to

thaw, and were soon fit for use. Altamont, with the Doctor's assistance, got on board without much trouble, and a sigh of satisfaction escaped him as if he felt himself once more at home—a sigh which to Johnson's ear boded no good.

The rest of the day was given to repose, and they wound up with a good supper off the remains of the bear, backed by a plentiful supply of biscuit and hot tea.

It was late next morning before Hatteras and his companions woke, for their minds



were not burdened now with any solicitudes about the morrow, and they might sleep as long as they pleased. The poor fellows felt like colonists safely arrived at their destination, who had forgotten all the sufferings of the voyage, and thought only of the new life that lay before them.

"Well, it is something at all events," said the Doctor, rousing himself and stretching his arms, "for a fellow not to need to ask where he is going to find his next bed and breakfast."

"Let us see what there is on board before we say much," said Johnson.

The *Porpoise* had been thoroughly equipped and provisioned for a long voyage, and, on

making an inventory of what stores remained, they found 6150 lbs. of flour, fat, and raisins; 2000 lbs. of salt beef and pork; 1500 lbs. of pemmican; 700 lbs. of sugar and the same of chocolate; a chest and a half of tea, weighing 96 lbs.; 500 lbs. of rice; several barrels of preserved fruits and vegetables; a quantity of lime-juice, with all sorts of medicines, and 300 gallons of rum and brandy. There was also a large supply of gunpowder, ball, and shot, and coal and wood in abundance.

Altogether, there was enough to last those five men for more than two years, and all fear of death from starvation or cold was at an end.

"Well, Hatteras, we're sure of enough to live on now," said the Doctor, "and there is nothing to hinder us reaching the Pole."

"The Pole!" echoed Hatteras.

"Yes, why not? Can't we push our way overland in the summer months?"

"We might overland; but how could we cross water?"

"Perhaps we may be able to build a boat out of some of the ship's planks."

"Out of an American ship!" exclaimed the Captain, contemptuously.

Clawbonny was prudent enough to make no reply, and presently changed the conversation by saying—

"Well, now we have seen what we have to depend upon, we must begin our house and store-rooms. We have materials enough at hand; and, Bell, I hope you are going to distinguish yourself," he added.

"I am ready, Mr. Clawbonny," replied Bell; "and, as for material, there is enough for a town here with houses and streets."

"We don't require that; we'll content ourselves with imitating the Hudson's Bay Company. They entrench themselves in fortresses against the Indians and wild beasts. That's all we need—a house one side and stores the other, with a wall and two bastions. I must try to make a plan."

"Ah! Doctor, if you undertake it," said Johnson, "I am sure you'll make a good thing of it."

"Well, the first part of the business is to go and choose the ground. Will you come with us, Hatteras?"

"I'll trust all that to you, Doctor," replied the Captain. "I'm going to look along the coast."

Altamont was too feeble yet to take part in any work, so he remained on the ship, while the others commenced to explore the unknown continent.

On examining the coast, they found that the *Porpoise* was in a sort of bay bristling with dangerous rocks, and that to the west, far as the eye could reach, the sea extended, entirely frozen now, though if Belcher and Penny were to be believed, open during the summer months. Towards the north, a promontory stretched out into the sea, and about three miles away was an island of moderate size. The roadstead thus formed would have afforded safe anchorage to ships, but for the difficulty of entering it. A considerable distance inland there was a solitary mountain, about 3000 feet high, by the Doctor's reckoning; and half-way up the steep rocky cliffs that rose from the shore, they noticed a circular plateau, open on three sides to the bay, and sheltered on the fourth by a precipitous wall, 120 feet high.

This seemed to the Doctor the very place for this house, from its naturally fortified situation. By cutting steps in the ice, they managed to climb up and examine it more closely.

They were soon convinced they could not have a better foundation, and resolved to commence operations forthwith, by removing the hard snow more than ten feet deep, which covered the ground, as both dwelling and storehouses must have a solid foundation.

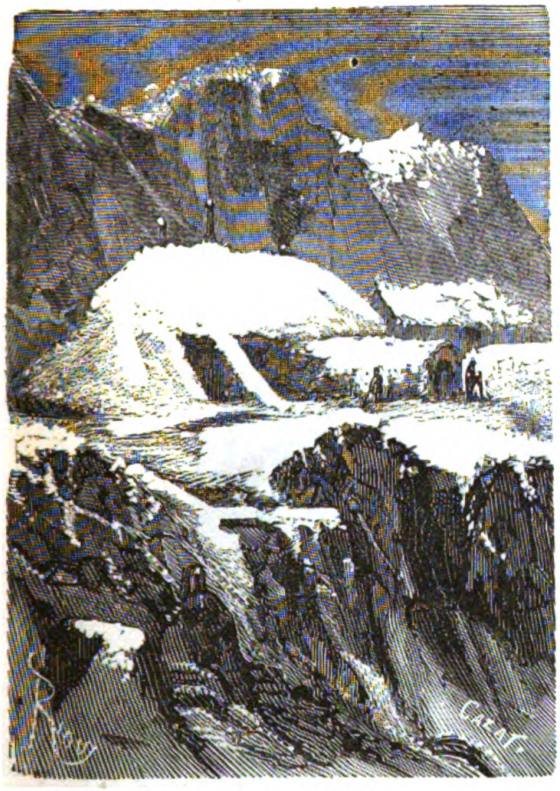
This preparatory work occupied the whole of Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday. At last they came to hard granite close in grain, and containing garnets and felspar crystals, which flew out with every stroke of the pickaxe.

The dimensions and plan of the snow-house were then settled by the Doctor. It was to be divided into three rooms, as all they needed was a bed-room, sitting-room and kitchen. The sitting-room was to be

in the middle, the kitchen to the left, and the bed-room to the right.

For five days they toiled unremittingly. There was plenty of material, and the walls required to be thick enough to resist summer thaws. Already the house began to present an imposing appearance. There were four windows in front, made of splendid sheets of ice, in Esquimaux fashion, through which the light came softly in as if through frosted glass.

Outside there was a long covered passage between the two windows of the sitting-



room. This was the entrance hall, and it was shut in by a strong door taken from the cabin of the *Porpoise*. The Doctor was highly delighted with his performance when all was finished, for though it would have been difficult to say to what style of architecture it belonged, it was strong, and that was the chief thing.

The next business was to move in all the furniture of the *Porpoise*. The beds were brought first and laid down round the large stove in the sleeping room; then came chairs, tables, arm-chairs, cupboards, and benches for the sitting-room, and finally the ship furnaces and cooking utensils for the kitchen. Sails spread on the ground did duty for carpets, and also served for inner doors.



The walls of the house were over five feet thick, and the windows resembled port-holes for cannon. Every part was as solid as possible, and what more was wanted? Yet if the Doctor could have had his way, he would have made all manner of ornamental additions, in humble imitation of the Ice Palace built in St. Petersburgh in January, 1740, of which he had read an account. He amused his companions after work in

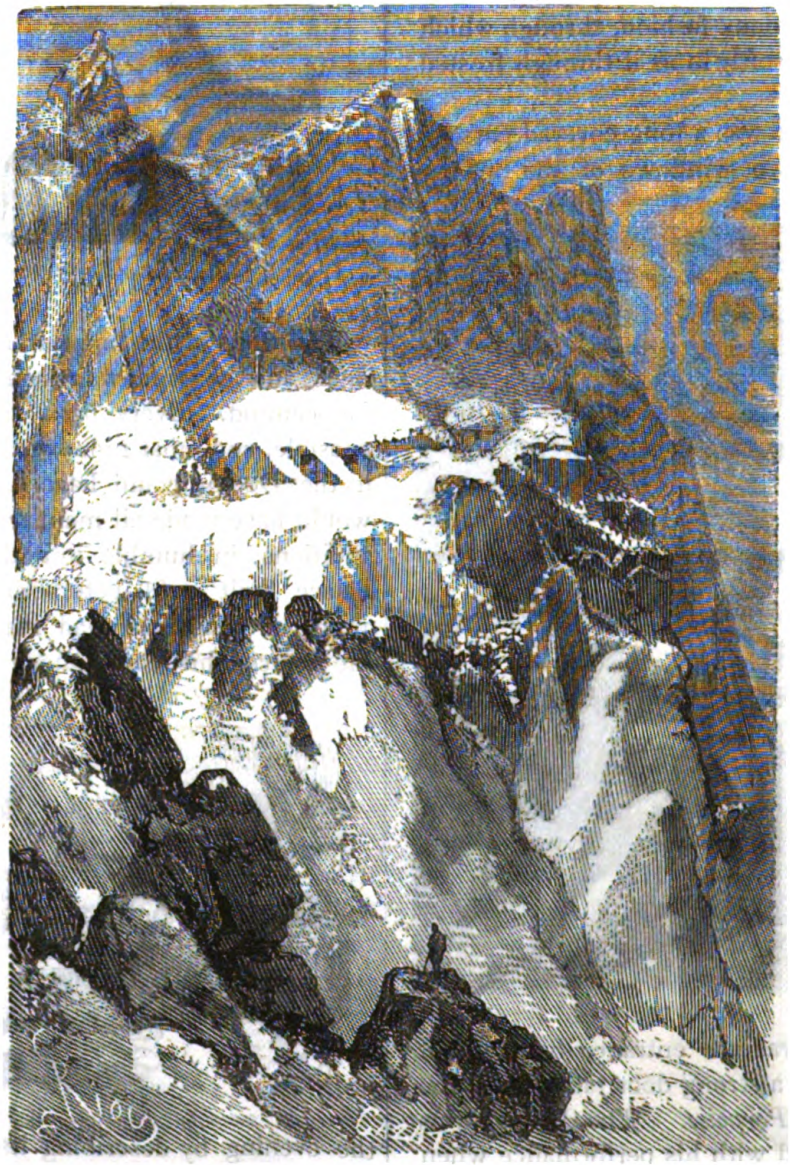


the evening by describing its grandeur, the cannons in front, and statues of exquisite beauty, and the wonderful elephant that spouted water out of his trunk by day and flaming naphtha by night—all cut out of ice. He also depicted the interior, with tables, and toilette tables, mirrors, candelabra, tapers, beds, mattrasses, pillows, curtains, time-pieces, chairs, playing-cards, wardrobes, completely fitted up—in fact, everything in

the way of furniture that could be mentioned, and the whole entirely composed of ice.

It was on Easter Sunday, the 31st of March, when the travellers installed themselves in their new abode, and after holding divine service in the sitting-room, they devoted the remainder of the day to rest.

Next morning they set about building the storehouses and powder magazine. This took a whole week longer, including the time spent in unloading the vessel, which



was a task of considerable difficulty, as the temperature was so low, that they could not work for many hours at a time. At length on the 8th of April, provisions, fuel, and ammunition were all safe on *terra firma* and deposited in their respective places. A sort of kennel was constructed a little distance from the house for the Greenland dogs, which the Doctor dignified by the name of "Dog Palace." Duk shared his master's quarters.

All that now remained to be done was to put a parapet right round the plateau by way of fortification. By the 15th this was also completed, and the snow-house might bid defiance to a whole tribe of Esquimaux,

or any other hostile invaders, if indeed any human beings whatever were to be found on this unknown continent, for Hatteras, who had minutely examined the bay and the surrounding coast, had not been able to discover the least vestiges of the huts that are generally met with on shores frequented by Greenland tribes. The shipwrecked sailors of the *Porpoise* and *Forward* seemed to be the first whose feet had ever trod this lone region.

## Chapter VII.

### An Important Discussion.

While all these preparations for winter were going on, Altamont was fast regaining strength. His vigorous constitution triumphed, and he was even able to lend a helping hand in the unlading of the ship. He was a true type of the American, a shrewd, intelligent man, full of energy and resolution; enterprising, bold, and ready for anything. He was a native of New York,



he informed his companions, and had been a sailor from his boyhood.

The *Porpoise* had been equipped and sent out by a company of wealthy merchants belonging to the States, at the head of which was the famous Grinnell.

There were many points of resemblance between Altamont and Hatteras, but no affinities. Indeed, any similarity that there was between them, tended rather to create discord than to make the men friends. With a greater show of frankness, he was in reality far more deep and crafty than Hatteras. He was more free and easy, but not so true-hearted, and somehow his apparent openness did not inspire such confidence as the Englishman's gloomy reserve.

The Doctor was in constant dread of a collision between the rival captains, and yet one must command inevitably, and which should it be? Hatteras had the men, but Altamont had the ship, and it was hard to say whose was the better right.

It required all the Doctor's tact to keep things smooth, for the simplest conversation threatened to lead to strife.

At last, in spite of all his endeavours, an outbreak occurred on the occasion of a grand banquet by way of "house-warming," when the new habitation was completed.

This banquet was Dr. Clawbonny's idea. He was head cook, and distinguished himself by the concoction of a wonderful pudding, which would positively have done no dishonour to the *cuisine* of the Lord Chancellor of England.

Bell most opportunely chanced to shoot a white hare and several ptarmigans, which made an agreeable variety from the pemmican and salt meat.

Clawbonny was master of the ceremonies, and brought in his pudding, adorning himself with the insignia of his office, a big apron, and a knife dangling at his belt.

As Altamont did not conform to the teetotal *régime* of his English companions, gin and brandy were set on the table after dinner, and the others, by the Doctor's orders, joined him in a glass for once, that the festive occasion might be duly honoured. When the different toasts were being drunk, one was given to the United States, to which Hatteras made no response.

This important business over, the Doctor introduced an interesting subject of conversation by saying—

"My friends, it is not enough to have

come thus far in spite of so many difficulties; we have something more yet to do. I propose that we should bestow a name on this continent, where we have found friendly shelter and rest, and not only on the continent, but on the several bays, peaks, and promontories that we meet with. This has been invariably done by navigators, and is a most necessary proceeding."

"Quite right," said Johnson; "when once a place is named, it takes away the feeling of being castaways on an unknown shore."

"Yes," added Bell, "and we might be



going on some expedition and obliged to separate, or go out hunting, and it would make it much easier to find one another if each locality had a definite name."

"Very well, then," said the Doctor; "since we are all agreed, let us go steadily to work."

Hatteras had taken no part in the conversation as yet, but seeing all eyes fixed on him, he rose at last, and said—

"If no one objects, I think the most suitable name we can give our house is that of its skilful architect, the best man among us. Let us call it 'Doctor's House.'"

"Just the thing!" said Bell.

"First rate!" exclaimed Johnson, "'Doctor's House!'"

"We cannot do better," chimed in Altamont. "Hurrah for Doctor Clawbonny."

Three hearty cheers were given, in which Duk joined lustily, barking his loudest.

"It is agreed, then," said Hatteras, "that this house is to be called 'Doctor's House.'"

The Doctor, almost overcome by his feelings, modestly protested against the honour; but he was obliged to yield to the wishes of his friends, and the new habitation was formally named "Doctor's House."

"Now, then," said the Doctor, "let us go on to name the most important of our discoveries."

"There is that immense sea which surrounds us, unfurrowed as yet by a single ship."

"A single ship!" repeated Altamont. "I think you have forgotten the *Porpoise*, and yet she certainly did not get here overland."

"Well, it would not be difficult to believe she had," replied Hatteras, "to see on what she lies at present."

"True enough, Hatteras," said Altamont, in a piqued tone; "but, after all, is not that better than being blown to atoms like the *Forward?*"

Hatteras was about to make some sharp retort, but Clawbonny interposed.

"It is not a question of ships, my friends," he said, "but of a fresh sea."

"It is no new sea," returned Altamont; "it is in every Polar chart, and has a name already. It is called the Arctic Ocean, and I think it would be very inconvenient to alter its designation. Should we find out by and by, that, instead of being an ocean it is only a strait or gulf, it will be time enough to alter it then."

"So be it?" said Hatteras.

"Very well, that is an understood thing, then," said the Doctor, almost regretting that he had started a discussion so pregnant with national rivalries.

"Let us proceed with the continent where we find ourselves at present," resumed Hatteras. "I am not aware that any name

whatever has been affixed to it, even in the most recent charts."

He looked at Altamont as he spoke, who met his gaze steadily, and said—

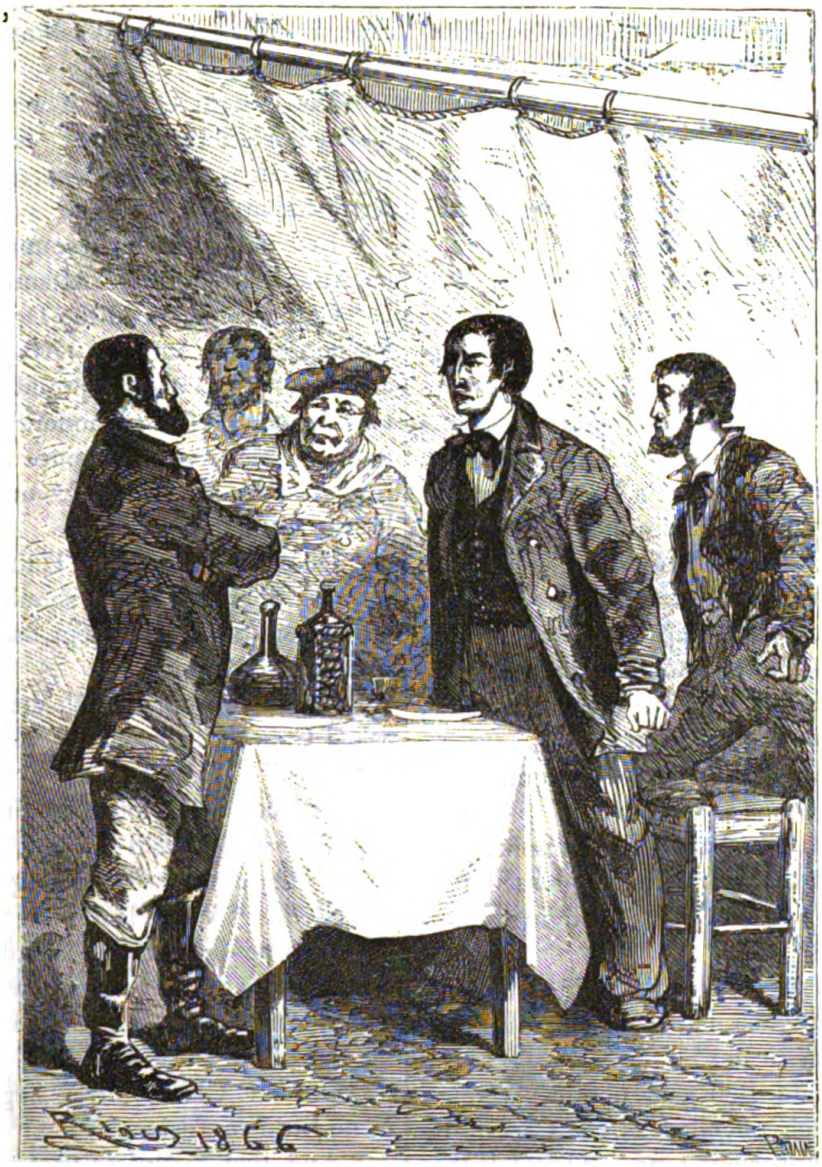
"Possibly you may be mistaken again, Hatteras."

"Mistaken! What! This unknown continent, this virgin soil——"

"Has already a name," replied Altamont, coolly.

Hatteras was silent, but his lip quivered.

"And what name has it, then?" asked



the Doctor, rather astonished at Altamont's affirmation.

"My dear Clawbonny," replied the American, "it is the custom, not to say the right, of every navigator to christen the soil on which he is the first to set foot. It appears to me, therefore, that it is my privilege and duty on this occasion to exercise my prerogative and——"

"But, sir," interrupted Johnson, rather nettled at his *sang froid*——

"It would be a difficult matter to prove that the *Porpoise* did not come here, even supposing she reached this coast by land," continued Altamont, without noticing Johnson's protest. "The fact is indisputable," he added, looking at Hatteras.

"I dispute the claim," said the English-

man, restraining himself by a powerful effort. To name a country, you must discover it, I suppose, and that you certainly did not do. Besides, but for us, where would you have been, sir, at this moment, pray? Lying twenty feet deep under the snow."

"And without me, sir," retorted Altamont, hotly, "without me and my ship, where would you all be at this moment? Dead, from cold and hunger."

"Come, come, friends," said the Doctor, "don't get to words; all that can be easily settled. Listen to me."

"Mr. Hatteras," said Altamont, "is welcome to name whatever territories he may discover, should he succeed in discovering any; but this continent belongs to me. I should not even consent to its having two names like Grinnell's Land, which is also called Prince Albert's Land, because it was discovered almost simultaneously by an Englishman and an American. This is quite another matter; my right of priority is incontestable. No ship before mine ever touched this shore; no foot before mine ever trod this soil. I have given it a name, and that name it shall keep."

"And what is that name?" inquired the Doctor.

"New America," replied Altamont.

Hatteras trembled with suppressed passion, but by a violent effort restrained himself.

"Can you prove to me," said Altamont, "that an Englishman has set foot here before an American?"

Johnson and Bell said nothing, though quite as much offended as the Captain by Altamont's imperious tone. They felt that reply was impossible.

For a few minutes there was an awkward silence, which the Doctor broke by saying—

"My friends, the highest human law is justice. It includes all others. Let us be just, then, and don't let any bad feeling get in among us. The priority of Altamont seems to me indisputable. We will take our revenge by and by, and England will get her full share in our future discoveries. Let the name New America stand for the continent itself, but I suppose Altamont has not yet disposed of all the bays, and capes, and headlands it contains, and I imagine there will be nothing to prevent us calling this bay Victoria Bay?"

"Nothing whatever, provided that yonder cape is called Cape Washington," replied Altamont.

"You might choose a name, sir," exclaimed Hatteras, almost beside himself with passion, "that is less offensive to an Englishman."

"But not one which sounds so sweet to an American," retorted Altamont, proudly.

"Come, come," said the Doctor, "no discussion on that subject. An American has a perfect right to be proud of his great countryman! Let us honour genius wherever it is met with, and since Altamont has made his choice, let us take our turn next; let the Captain——"

"Doctor!" interrupted Hatteras, "I have no wish that my name should figure anywhere on this continent, seeing that it belongs to America."

"Is this your unalterable determination?" asked Clawbonny.

"It is."

The Doctor did not insist further.

"Very well, we'll have it to ourselves then," he continued, turning to Johnson and Bell. "We'll leave our traces behind us. I propose that the island we see out there, about three miles away from the shore, should be called Isle Johnson, in honour of our boatswain."

"Oh, Mr. Clawbonny," began Johnson, in no little confusion.

"And that mountain that we discovered in the west we will call Bell Mount, if our carpenter is willing."

"It is doing me too much honour," replied Bell.

"It is simple justice," returned the Doctor.

"Nothing could be better," said Altamont.

"Now then, all we have to do is to christen our fort," said the Doctor, "about that there will be no discussion, I hope, for it is neither

to our gracious sovereign Queen Victoria, nor to Washington, that we owe our safety and shelter here, but to God, who brought about our meeting, and by so doing saved us all. Let our little fort be called Fort Providence."

"Your remarks are just," said Altamont; "no name could be more suitable."

"Fort Providence," added Johnson, "sounds well too. In our future excursions, then, we shall go by Cape Washington to Victoria Bay, and from thence to Fort Providence, where we shall find food and rest at Doctor's House!"

"The business is settled then so far," resumed the Doctor. "As our discoveries multiply we shall have other names to give; but I trust, friends, we shall have no disputes about them, for placed as we are, we need all the help and love we can give each other. Let us be strong by being united. Who knows what dangers yet we may have to brave, and what sufferings to endure before we see our native land once more. Let us be one in heart though five in number, and let us lay aside all feelings of rivalry. Such feelings are bad enough at all times, but among us they would be doubly wrong. You understand me, Altamont, and you, Hatteras?"

Neither of the captains replied, but the Doctor took no notice of their silence, and went on to speak of other things. Sundry expeditions were planned to forage for fresh food. It would soon be spring, and hares and partridges, foxes and bears would reappear. So it was determined that part of every day should be spent in hunting and exploring this unknown continent of New America.

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# UNCLE JOHN'S ADVENTURES IN PRAIRIE-LAND.

BY MRS. SALE BARKER.

## Chapter III.—On the Prairie.

A week or two only elapsed after my adventure with the cougar before we made our journey to St. Louis, which was to be our starting-point for the prairies, and where we intended to complete the preparations for our expedition. Mr. Penryhn had been anxious to put it off until the following spring, for the autumn was already far advanced; but my ardour for the chase, which had brought me all the way from England to America, was not to be calmed down in this way, even though my new friend proposed that I should pass the interval, or as much of it as I pleased, at his house.

"When you have lived as long as I have," said Mr. Penryhn, "you'll have learnt to take it easier, I reckon. I have found out a long time past, that 'Fair and easy go far in a day,' is the best of proverbs."

However, he was very good-natured about it. I had no great difficulty in gaining my point; and when once we had made up our minds we lost no time, but set to work at once to hasten our departure.

Mr. and Mrs. Mapleson left the Log Hut a couple of days before we did. They were returning to New Orleans, and Mr. Penryhn seemed really grieved to part, even for a time, from his niece. After they were gone, I turned to him, and said some few words expressive of my liking for the young couple; above all, of my admiration for Mrs. Mapleson. He sighed as he answered me.

"I love her dearly," he said, "dearly for her own sake—dearly and fondly for the sake of her mother, my only sister. I have not told you the shocking story of my sister Hope's death, because it gives me so much pain to think or talk of it; but as you know and like Georgie so much, I think

I shall try to tell you about her mother. Sweet, lovely, and loveable as Georgie is, her mother was far more so. Georgie and her belongings are everything to me now, wifeless, childless as I am; but she never can be entirely what her mother was to me. While my sister and I were still young, our father and mother both died; there were no other children: we were left alone; and, as I was some years the elder of the two, I loved, and petted, and looked after my poor little Hope almost like a father. Then, when she grew up, she married my greatest friend; so that her marriage seemed to draw us nearer together, if possible, instead of separating us, and for some time I shared the same house with her and her husband. A year after her marriage came little Georgie to make our lives happier and merrier, and for some years the little lady reigned over us alone. Four or five years later, however, came another gleam of sunshine into the house, and then——But, my dear fellow, I cannot go on now, it makes me feel so miserable to recall that time." Then, after a pause, "And so wicked, too, if to feel revengeful is wicked."

As he spoke the last words his voice became thick, and he turned his head away. Although my curiosity was very much excited, I did not, of course, press him to continue. We were both silent for a few minutes, and then talked of other things; but in the evening, as we sat out in the verandah, he returned to the subject of his own accord; he seemed to be restless until he had unburdened his heart to me of its great sorrow. I cannot give you the sad story in his own words, poor fellow! for he told it in detached portions, separated by pauses while he struggled to suppress his emotion; and it was interrupted, besides, by many an exclamation of grief and horror. But I will tell you the story as I gathered it from all he said; and I warn you, children, that, if I often make you laugh, I am very likely now to make you cry.

Mr. Penryhn's brother-in-law, Mr. St. Lawrence, had been a prairie merchant, or what is usually called a Santa Fé trader. These merchants carry on a trade between the United States and Mexico by an overland route. They usually make the journey several together, thus forming a considerable caravan, which, in many respects, resembles the caravans in Eastern countries; only, instead of the bales of goods being packed on camels' backs, they are stowed away in waggons drawn by mules. The merchants and their followers travel on horseback; they encamp at night, and the journey extends over many weeks. They cross prairies, desert plains, forests, mountains, and, just as the Eastern caravans have the Bedouins of the desert to fear, they have always to be on their guard against the attacks of Indians. Their merchandise consists of silks, calicoes, weapons of different kinds, jewellery, and all sorts of miscellaneous articles; they start either from the town of Independance or from St. Louis on the Missouri, and their goal is the city of Santa Fé, in New Mexico. The spread of railways in North America will, no doubt, soon make great changes in commerce; but up to the present time a considerable trade, and a very lucrative one, too, is thus carried on; and the occupation of a Santa Fé trader finds much favour in the sight of the young and adventurous spirits of the more Southern States.

After his marriage, Mr. St. Lawrence did not entirely give up his old pursuit. He had already made a considerable fortune, but the force of habit was strong upon him; and he still made an occasional journey to Northern Mexico, though at long intervals. On one of these occasions after their marriage, his wife accompanied him. They met with some adventures on their way, but only of a kind to afford them topics of conversation when living quietly afterwards in their home of New Orleans. There they often talked together of the dangers, or rather the inconveniences, they had encountered, as well as of the strange sights and magnificent scenery they had beheld in each other's company.

When they had been married about six years, and the baby boy was some eight or

ten months old, Mr. St. Lawrence arranged to make another of these expeditions; and, much to his annoyance and distress, his wife insisted upon accompanying him. He objected to her going, chiefly because some of the Indian tribes upon their route had lately assumed a hostile attitude; they had made raids upon some of the small outlying Mexican settlements, and the Mexicans in turn had destroyed some Indian villages. Mr. Penryhn, who was just married at that time, begged his sister to come with her children and stay with him during her husband's absence; but he tried in vain to persuade her. Little Georgie alone, who was some five years old, remained with her uncle and her new aunt, while Mrs. St. Lawrence took the baby with her on the journey. She was very firm, or very obstinate, and declared that if there was danger—which she didn't seem to believe in—that was so much the more reason why her husband should not go without her. In fact, she must have been a most devoted wife; that is to say, in my opinion, rather a troublesome one. Ah, I see you smile, Lucy; I know you're thinking to yourself—"But then you are only an old bachelor."

Well; now I am coming to the sad part of my story. Several months passed by, and Penryhn heard nothing of the travellers; he ought to have had letters from them announcing their arrival in Mexico long ago, and the time had even arrived when they might have returned. He had begun to feel a dread that some great misfortune had happened to them, though his foreboding took no definite shape, when one evening, as he was sitting at supper with his wife, and telling her of his anxiety—little Georgie having already gone to bed—he heard a shuffling of feet in the ante-room, and an old negro servant of the St. Lawrences' entered unannounced where they were sitting. This man had formed one of the caravan party, and the miserable plight he was in, besides the expression of his face, told at once that he was the messenger of evil tidings. But nothing that Mr. Penryhn's fear or imagination had suggested could equal in horror the actual facts, as he learnt them from the incoherent account of the old negro.

It appeared that from the time the caravan started all went well until the greater part of the journey was accomplished. Then, one evening as they halted, the dusky forms of two or three mounted Indians were observed hovering in the distance, and apparently watching the caravan. This circumstance, without raising serious alarm, made them more careful in taking the usual precautions at night. The waggons were placed round the encampment, forming a kind of rampart, and sentinels were stationed beyond these to keep guard and watch. But the Indians did not appear again, and after a few days, as the caravan approached Santa Fé, every one felt secure, and the usual watch at night must have been but negligently observed. The old negro related how they had arrived within twenty-four hours' journey of that city, when he was awakened in the night by the sound of shots and loud cries. Starting up, he found the encampment crowded with Indian horsemen; who had attacked it by surprise, had easily broken through the barrier of waggons, and were now spearing the wretched travellers, who were too unprepared to make any successful resistance. He had himself been sleeping in a waggon on the side of the encampment opposite to that on which the attack was made; he frankly confessed that, when he saw how things were going on, he ran away; and found a hiding-place among some rocks and bushes at a distance of some quarter of a mile.

By sunrise the Indians had disappeared; they dared not linger so near the Mexican settlements; and the negro described to Mr. and Mrs. Penryhn the horrible spectacle that met his view when he ventured forth from his hiding-place, and returned to the camp. The dead bodies of those who had belonged to the caravan, and also of three or four Indians, lay there in pools of blood, among overthrown tents, and in the midst of articles of merchandise, silks, cottons, and other things, which the Indians had scattered about while selecting what

was most precious or most portable. Among all who were lying there in that scene of havoc and slaughter, he did not find one living; and from the number of bodies, he concluded that the Indians had taken away no prisoners; unless it might be perhaps the little child, whom he could nowhere discover among the killed. Mr. and Mrs. St. Lawrence were lying near together, just at the entrance to their tent, but the child was not with them.

You all know, children, that the Red Indians of America have the custom of scalping those whom they kill in war. I gathered from what Mr. Penryhn said that the old negro must have told him of this horrible operation having been performed upon the bodies of those who had belonged to that ill-fated caravan. Mr. Penryhn rather hinted at it than distinctly said it; but I saw his pale face grow whiter with disgust and horror as the thought recurred to his mind that those he loved had been subjected after death to this dreadful barbarity.

It appeared that the old man had dug a rude grave for his master and mistress, and covered them over with earth before he left the spot; hoping thus to save them from the attacks of the hungry prairie wolf and the buzzard vulture. Then he mounted a mule, which by a lucky chance the Indians had not taken away with them, and in two days reached Santa Fé. There he went at once, half dead, with fatigue and fright, to tell his tale to the governor; and afterwards taking service with a trader on the return journey to St. Louis, he had made the best of his way to New Orleans to give an account of the terrible fate which had befallen the caravan.

When my poor friend concluded his account of the horrible story the old negro had to tell, I no longer felt surprised at his anguish in recalling such events to mind. I could thoroughly understand, too, the strong affection he showed for the pretty young woman whose winning ways I had so lately admired, and who alone remained to him of all his sister's family.

I see you are all wearing very long faces, children, and I do not wonder at it; but events as sad as that which I have just related were of no unfrequent occurrence in those days. Even in my time the whites were constantly having encounters with the Indians, and quarter was not often given, I can tell you, on either side. I told my friend how deeply grieved and shocked I felt; but reluctant as I was to prolong his suffering—for suffer he did with every word he spoke upon this subject—I could not help asking him two questions. Had any chastisement or retaliation been inflicted on the Indians? Had it ever been discovered whether the child was really killed or carried away?

The first question he could only answer in the negative; it was conjectured that the Indians belonged to the tribe of the Arapahos. This is one of the most savage and warlike of Indian tribes, and distinguished by an inveterate hatred of the white men. The tribe considered themselves at that time to be at war with the Mexicans. In answer to my second question, he said—

"At first I employed more than one emissary, native Indians or trappers, to try and learn tidings of the child; but I had no success. It frequently happens in the raids made by the Indians that they spare and carry off the children, while they slaughter both men and women; consequently, white children are occasionally found in Indian villages. But, unfortunately, in the case of my little nephew, he was so young when taken away that the link, which his memory of the past should supply in order to identify him, must always be wanting; that is, if we admit at all the supposition that he was not killed. No, no, I have no hope."

After this we tried to talk on other subjects; each tried, I think, for the other's sake, for an equal depression of spirits had fallen upon us both. But it was all in vain, and we went to our beds that night in a very melancholy frame of mind.

The next morning we bade adieu to the Log Hut, and made the best of our way towards St. Louis. In a few days more we

were walking about the streets of that city, hurrying from one store to another, making the necessary preparations for our hunting trip. I was interested in this American city. It was founded, as you young people may know, and as the name implies, by French colonists, like other cities of the south, and the people bear some traces still of their origin, both in appearance and in the gaiety of their dispositions. It may be called the metropolis of the "Far West." Here the trader supplies himself with beads, trinkets, and coloured blankets to trade with Indian tribes, or with more costly merchandise for commerce with the Mexicans. Here the adventurous emigrant rests, and pauses before he finally starts to make a home in the wild forests, and here hunters fit themselves out for their perilous expeditions against the real owners of the mighty prairies.

Two or three days only were spent in getting together all we needed, and very early one morning, at the beginning of November, we started on our way. We formed a party of six men in all. We had engaged a professional hunter or guide, whose name, I remember, was Jonson. Then we also took with us two negroes belonging to Mr. Penryhn; besides the Irishman, Mike Doolan, who was with Mr. Penryhn, as I dare say you have not forgotten, when he fell into the hollow tree on the top of a bear.

"We must take old Mike with us," my host had said when we were consulting together. "I have never been on any hunting expedition yet without Mike; he is old now, but worth his weight in gold."

Mike Doolan and Jonson, the guide, became fast friends, and the contrast between the rich brogue of one and the Yankee dialect of the other, often amused us. The little cavalcade consisted of four mounted men, and one waggon drawn by six mules, the two negroes having the management of the mules and waggon. Mr. Penryhn and I rode in front; we were well mounted—I on a strong well-built black American horse, by name "Benjamin;" while Mr. Penryhn bestrode a fine grey with black points, worthy successor to the renowned Washington, who had long since departed this life; but it seemed that my friend clung to the old colour. We were dressed very much alike; both wore hunting shirts of deer-skin, having a cape fringed by tags cut out of the leather, and the same fringe also on the skirt. We had dark cloth trowsers, with high thick boots drawn over them, reaching to the knees. Each carried a good rifle, a Colt's revolver—then a new invention—and a bowie-knife.

Although so late in the autumn, the morning on which we started was as fair and lovely as though it were spring. The sun had just risen, and as Mr. Penryhn and I felt our horses' feet upon the springy turf, we cantered gaily forward with a feeling of gladness and exhilaration caused by the clear freshness of the air, and by the strange sensation of freedom that one experiences on roaming off thus into the wilds, away from the streets and the crowd of a city.

Our route was to be in the direction of the Arkansas; that is, to the south-west from St. Louis. During the first few days nothing happened worth relating, nor did we meet with large game of any importance. Still, we were always getting further and further off from the abodes of civilized men, and I was often reminded of Penryhn's description of his sensations the first night he passed on the prairies. I felt the same indifference growing up in me to all the ordinary objects of man's ambition and pursuit. I felt that we had left the things created by man behind us, and were in the midst of God's creations—the vast forests, the great plains and mountains. I was surprised, too, to experience a strange buoyancy of spirits and a perceptible increase of physical strength; my appetite was splendid, I slept soundly after the fatigues of the day, and we had just enough pleasant excitement, arising from occasional, but not too alarming, danger.

One night—it was about five or six after our departure—we encamped by a creek of clear water, with a clump of cotton-wood

growing beside it. Penryhn and I shared one tent between us, another served for the guide and Mike, while the negroes put up under the tilt of the waggon. The horses and mules were picketed close by, and the prairie lay around us in great swells and undulations, broken here and there by groves of trees. After our supper, which consisted of hung bacon, dried ox-tongue, and bread—the latter being very stale, for we had brought it with us from St. Louis, all washed down by draughts of good red wine—we turned in, and were soon fast asleep. I had not slept long when I was awakened by one of the negroes, whose turn it was to watch that night. I slept nearer to the entrance of the tent than Penryhn, and as the man touched me I jumped up. Following him out of the tent, I was startled to see a great light showing through some trees at a distance of about half-a-mile.

There had been a long drought lately, unusually long for the time of year; every-



"That was as lucky a shot as I ever fired." (See page 179.)

thing was dried up, and I knew directly that this must be a prairie fire. Instead of alarm, my first feeling was one of satisfaction that I should have an opportunity of seeing what I had so often heard of. I roused my friend, and only just in time, too, for the fire spread from tree to brushwood, and from that to the long dry prairie grass; it came on like some demon destroyer, and by the time we had got our mules into the waggon and struck our tents, the grove of cotton-wood under which we had encamped was in a blaze.

Once on the other side of the creek we should be safe, for the flames would not cross the water. Mounting our horses, we dashed through the water, and reached the other side in safety; we then picketed them, and waded back on foot to help the men with the waggon. With great difficulty, and by dint of much pushing behind, and beating, and dragging in front, we succeeded in getting it over to the other side, the banks fortunately not being steep just there. A fresh breeze was blowing, and the flames were by this time roaring behind us; they

had even caught the bushes which grew by the side of the creek. Everything was as distinctly visible as at noonday, and I never saw a more terrible scene in my life. Just heading the flames as they advanced in the landscape, we could see wild animals tearing along in a mad gallop: we could distinguish buffaloes, deer, and antelope. It was difficult to imagine where so many animals had sprung from on a sudden.

But, besides the wild animals, we could see in the distance, through the lurid glare, dark human forms running about, and we fancied we could catch the distant sound of whoops and yells. In the evening, when we halted, we had observed what we thought was a small Indian encampment some way off. Now, Penryhn thought of these Indians, and surmised at once that we owed this midnight disturbance to them. He said he had no doubt that they had set the prairie on fire, in order to steal our horses and mules, thinking that, during the confusion and surprise, they might be able to make off with our animals, without having the trouble or risk of attacking us.

Our party was now safely established on the side of the creek that was free from fire. Glancing in the direction of the place we had just left—our old halting-ground—I perceived by the light thrown by the blazing prairie, that, in my hurry to cross to the safe side, I had dropped my pipe. I saw it shining in the grass on a spot which was as yet untouched by the fire. It was a present given to me by your mother, children, before I left home, and I was anxious not to lose it. But to reach it the creek must be crossed again, and the bushes on the opposite bank were now burning fiercely. However, "Nothing venture nothing have." I stuck my spurs into my poor Benjamin's sides, and, with a good deal of difficulty, forced him into the stream; while Mr. Penryhn called after me to know if I had gone suddenly mad. Benjamin fought bravely with the stream, though it was running swiftly, and the water was deep enough to be up to his shoulder, but he did not like the appearance of the opposite shore. I patted his neck, and encouraged him in every way I could think of, when, as ill luck would have it, just as he gained the bank, and was about to climb it, a puff of wind turned the blaze from one of the bushes directly into his face, causing him to rear straight on end. He fell backwards into the middle of the creek, and rolled me over into the deepest water.

Choking, spluttering, drenched, and miserable, I came to the surface in time to see my horse making for the bank on which the rest of the party were stationed, leaving his unfortunate master to shift for himself as he best could. Somehow I had contrived to let the stream carry me a little way down to a spot where the creek—or rather river, as it might be called—was not only wider than where we had all crossed, but so deep that I could not feel my feet. I was just striking out, intending to land where I could, when I heard a great stamping and snorting behind me, and, looking back, beheld some half-dozen buffaloes just dashing through the blazing bushes. What was to become of me? They tore into the water close to where I was; on they came, splashing, dashing, with their great bodies close together. They passed on either side of me, but so close that I could touch them with my hand. I thought the danger over, when, to my consternation, two more appeared. How should I escape this time? As they plunged in nearly upon me, a happy idea came into my head—I clutched the long shaggy hair on the hump of one of the animals as he brushed by me, and in a moment scrambled on to his back.

His terror of the fire was, I suppose, so great, that he was quite unconscious of my weight; at least he continued his journey across as if nothing unusual was on his back; and I was landed on the other side of the creek, mounted on my strange steed, in perfect safety. As he scrambled up the bank with me upon his shoulders, tightly clinging to his shaggy hair, I caught sight of the expression of my friend Penryhn's face gazing at me in boundless astonishment. Now, although my new steed was unconscious of the burden on his back, yet

he was very conscious indeed of the presence of Mr. Penryhn; and, putting down his head, made at him at once with intent to toss him; and I, seated on his back, had very much the look of aiding and abetting in the atrocious proceeding. But Penryhn was too old and expert a hunter not to have all his wits about him; so springing to one side he avoided the attack. It was with great difficulty that I kept my seat under these trying circumstances; but I did keep it; which I think says a great deal for my seat on horseback.

Although I managed to keep my seat at the most trying moment, I was only waiting my opportunity to slip off, which I accordingly did, as the buffalo righted himself after trying to toss my friend; and the beast galloped away as fast as he could tear. In another moment Penryhn and I were sitting on the ground opposite to each other, in peals of laughter at my absurd adventure. No one had taken a shot at the buffalo for fear of hitting me; and the guide and old Mike were laughing as heartily as we were.

"Look, Kyar," said Jonson, "that was as cattawampus a queer sight as iver I seed, I guess. Ain't it, old hoss?" turning to Mike.

"Shure, and it's meself as 'ud niver wish to see the loikes agin," answered Mike, grinning though at the same time from ear to ear.

I found that Benjamin had quietly returned to his comrades, and was nibbling the grass at a little distance. I need not tell you that I left my poor pipe to its fate. Penryhn and I mounted our horses, and the cavalcade moved off further away from the burning prairie; but the fire never extended to that side the creek, and exhausted itself in a few hours.

For some days afterwards I do not remember that anything particularly occurred. We went on from day to day riding our twenty miles or so, but we did not meet with the buffaloes which had fled before the fire. The part of the prairie we had got into now began rather to change its character; the surface was broken, streams became frequent, there was plenty of timber and of much greater variety, walnuts and hickory trees taking the place of the cotton wood; the grass, too, here grew more and more luxuriantly, and although the weather was chilly—especially in the mornings and evenings—yet wild flowers and plants peeped out in all directions. As yet we had bagged nothing of much importance; and lately, even of small game, barely enough to supply our larder. You may, therefore, suppose that we were not a little delighted when Jonson ran in to our tent one morning on his return from prowling about to see what he could discover in the way of game, to inform us that in a small copse or wood, near where we were bivouacked, he had just discovered the fresh tracks of the moose deer or black elk.

The moose is the largest of the deer kind, the stag standing fifteen, sixteen, or even seventeen hands high sometimes; and we knew that it would afford us excellent sport as well as food. Accordingly, Penryhn and I started at once on foot to the place indicated by our guide. Jonson was very anxious to be of the party, and old Mike also, but we would have none of them.

"No," said Penryhn, "we will have all the honour and glory of killing one of these fine beasts to ourselves."

So we set off in search of them alone. We walked for quite half a mile through the wood, without finding the footmarks described to us by Jonson; at last we reached an open space where we found, to our surprise, that some trees had been felled. No doubt some trapper or adventurous settler had begun to make a clearing here, and had abandoned it. At all events, the place seemed deserted enough now, even by game. Seating ourselves upon a fallen tree, we began to listen for some sound that might guide us in our search; and while doing so, I suddenly discovered close to where we were sitting, the singular hoof-track of the animal we were looking for.

While we were examining it, we heard the sound of some huge body crashing

through the undergrowth of the wood, and presently, out upon the open, a great stag made his appearance. A formidable-looking creature he was, I can tell you, with his long head, long legs, and short neck. As to his ears, few donkeys could have boasted larger ones; he had small eyes, a square muzzle, and he stood quite sixteen hands high. He made for the open just in front of us, coming on at a fast trot, with his head up, and his huge antlers almost resting on his shoulders. I saw that Penryhn did not raise his rifle, wishing to let me—a young hand—have the honour of killing. In an instant I fired at the beast and hit him; but he was not mortally wounded, nor even badly hurt. He stamped and tore up the earth. Mr. Penryhn then shouldered his rifle and fired; but the stag wheeling suddenly, escaped the bullet, and rushed madly towards us: his mane stood on end, and every hair upon his body seemed to bristle as he charged us. In the meantime I had reloaded, and facing him as he came quite close up, I fired into his chest. In a second he rolled over and over, kicking in the last struggle of death.

Mr. Penryhn reloaded, and advanced towards him: I was about to do the same, when, out of the thicket close upon me, charged the bereaved spouse of the elk I had just killed. She had come to avenge the death of her defunct lord. My position was a dangerous one, for my rifle was unloaded. Though not of course nearly so terrible an antagonist as the male, yet I thought I was indeed in a bad way as, rearing herself on her hind legs, she endeavoured to knock me back with her front ones. I sank upon my knees, and felt that I was able to make but a very slight resistance to the furious animal. My friend, Penryhn, was in a position as trying to the nerves almost as mine, for I was between him and the enraged widow. If he had fired carelessly the shot was as likely to do for me as for her. I contrived to keep her at bay for a second or two, when Penryhn shouted out to me,—

"Stoop, Scott, it seems your only chance."

Then—ping!—through the air went the sound of the rifle, and the lady elk fell prone on the ground.

"That was as lucky a shot as I ever fired," cried my friend to me; "you are not hurt, are you?"

I jumped up, and then we fell to work cutting up our spoil. We were joined, before we had half-finished our work, by Jonson and Mike; and we encamped in the clearing in order to make a hearty meal off the fresh meat, which was soon cooked on the ground.

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# SCENES FROM MY SCHOOL LIFE.

## BY HENRY FRITH.

### Tom Urquhart's "Treasure Trove."

I never did quite believe Tom Urquhart, when he used to tell us about the treasure hidden in his father's castle. This scepticism arose from the idea which possessed us all at that time—viz., that Tom's parent did not inhabit a castle. We could have believed in the treasure, I think, could we have seized the castle. I never breathed this suspicion to my "chum," merely arguing that, if the treasure had existed, it must surely have been discovered in those "hundreds of years" (the chronology was Tom's) during which it had lain concealed. However, be this as it may, I know I hailed with delight the invitation I received to accompany my friend to Castle Urquhart for the approaching Christmas holidays, and it was with somewhat of the importance of an

ambassador that I undertook to enlighten the school on my return, for the treasure was to be unearthed at last.

Having obtained permission and the not less necessary remittance from home, Tom and I started on our long journey in tip-top spirits. My ideas of Scotland were misty, being chiefly derived from Sir Walter Scott's and Mr. James Grant's stirring novels, but I was not disappointed.

On the second afternoon of our journey, as we topped a somewhat steep ascent, Tom called my attention to a light which was burning steadily in the gorge beneath us.

"That is our beacon light," he continued, "and it is burning on the summit of the Watch Tower, where the treasure is hidden!"

I was converted at once, and could have begged pardon on the spot had not other objects demanded my attention; and, while we were still discussing the merits of "curling," the driver whipped his horses, and, dashing along a paved road, pulled up suddenly beneath a massive archway. Tom sprang out of the chaise, I followed his example, and found myself in a paved courtyard; this, and a frowning battlement above, dissipated my remaining scruples, and the castle was avenged! A formidable hound rather disturbed my meditations, till Tom's noisy summons, rung out by a deep-toned bell, quickly brought his parents and sister, with several domestics, to our assistance. My friend disappeared in the loving arms of his relatives for a few moments, and then I was presented and most heartily welcomed. We retired after an early supper, and the delicious sensation of Feudalism, drawbridges, portcullis, and "retainers," which took possession of me, prepared me to discover any amount of treasure. I was conducted to a chamber situated at the end of two passages divided by five stairs (three to descend and two to be mounted). A feeling of wandering spiders down my back did not prevent my sleeping soundly, nor did I wake till James summoned me to breakfast at nine o'clock next morning. Descending, I found Jessie Urquhart superintending the breakfast-table, and waiting for her brother and myself. Tom soon appeared, and during the meal the subject of the treasure was broached. He gave his father to understand that I had come down solely to unearth the hidden deposit, craving assistance and permission to explore the "tapestry chamber" in the Watch Tower, where the legend declared the prize to be.

"He knows all about the pirate who hid it," said Tom, nodding at me, "but he cannot make out the meaning of the old rhyme."

"What old rhyme?" inquired Mrs. Urquhart, entering, and bidding us good morning.

"The tapestry legend, mamma"—

"'Who seeks his own with kingly eye,
Beware the knightly arm!'"

"Stuff and nonsense!" was the maternal reply. "Here is Johnnie Adams come to skate with you."

"Oh yes," cried Jessie, "and you promised to teach me, Tom."

"All right," said her brother. "Come along, Johnnie," and, seizing a dark-featured youth by the arm without permitting him to speak, he hurried him to the "schoolroom," where skates and all implements for outdoor amusements were laid up in ordinary.

"I must show you the way, then," said Jessie, and, rising as she spoke, she conducted me to the room where the boys were already looking out their skates.

I was introduced to John Adams, and I didn't like him. He was very dark-skinned, having been born in the West Indies, where his father was the possessor of some sugar plantations. Adams was residing with his uncle (whose house was some few miles from the castle) for the purpose of completing his education. He was quick tempered, and Tom told me in confidence, that he (Adams) was in love with Jessie; that he (Tom) always addressed Adams as "Canes," in delicate allusion to his father's plantations, as I supposed, and that Adams had lots of money.

"Canes" so far justified Tom's rude remark respecting Jessie, who was by at least three years his senior, that he immediately constituted himself her attendant, a proceeding which I felt inclined to resent. Our rivalry led to a mere exchange of defiant



"'Canes' knelt at Jessie's feet, and fastened her skates."

looks at that time. It led to something else afterwards, as you shall hear.

We got on the pond which, covered with smooth thick ice, gave us capital skating-room. "Canes," of course, knelt at Jessies, feet, and fastened her skates, while I, having inducted Mrs. Urquhart into an improvised sleigh, pushed her merrily over the frozen

surface. Tom went through various figures in advance of us, and showed us the regular "North Pole Breakdown," as he termed it. This difficult figure was performed on one leg, while the other was held at arm's length by the heel, and as the performer was safe to fall twice out of every three times he essayed to cut the requisite figure, the performance was not inaptly termed. "Canes" and I both tried and failed, but as Jessie laughed at *him*, I was in a measure consoled. This state of things could not continue, and when after luncheon he hinted that I was a "donkey," I followed him out of the castle on his homeward way and challenged him to fight! He quickly accepted, and we at once retired behind a wall of loose stone, and in three inches of snow began to pommel each other delightfully. We had several rounds, and the trampled snow showed traces of a severe encounter. Red drops fell heavily on the white carpet which Nature had so bountifully spread, until as we paused for breath after an unusually severe "round," we felt we had had almost enough. I had but one serviceable eye—"Canes'" nose was much damaged, and his lip was cut; so was my hand. Thus bearing equal tokens of battle we sullenly agreed to a cessation of hostilities.

"Do you want any more?" inquired Adams.

"Do you?" said I.

In this manner a truce was concluded, and we parted only half satisfied, but not caring to renew the fight just then.

"I'll be even with you, you English donkey," shouted Adams, when he had got some distance on his homeward road. "He haw, he haw!" he went on, imitating the braying of the animal. I stopped and sent a stone flying after him, which fortunately did not strike him, and then I returned to the castle.

On my arrival I evaded inquiry as to my appearance by pleading a fall on the ice, but communicated the true facts of the case to Tom.

"You'd better mind your eye," said he; "'Canes' will never rest till he has done you a mischief. What an ass he is! I'll tell Jessie to shut him up."

"Pray do nothing of the sort," I said; "don't let your sister know we have been fighting."

"Very well," replied Tom, "as you wish. But 'Cane's' is an ass all the same!"

Of course I did not contradict this, and the subject dropped.

After dinner that evening we held a consultation, and it was finally determined that on the last night of the Old Year we should make the long contemplated search for the hidden treasure.

I need not dwell upon our Christmas festivities. Suffice it to say that we were a merry little party. I learnt to dance a "reel," which performance on that occasion well deserved the title, for whisky toddy and the evolutions of the dance "sent me spinning," as Tom said; and I was glad to retire at one a.m. I have reason to believe that the others had breakfast before they went to bed, but of this I cannot be sure.

The important day arrived. Mr. Urquhart was obliged to go to Glasgow on business, but left us many directions and warnings as to our proceedings. Mrs Urquhart derided the entire business, and Jessie was apparently quite uninterested, merely consenting to accompany us in order to "hold the light."

In the afternoon, to my disgust, Adams appeared, and was asked by Mrs. Urquhart to remain till the next day to assist us in our search and subsequent vigil. This he willingly agreed to do, and had the tact to conceal his real feelings towards me, but Tom gave me a hint not to trust him and his friendly overtures. "Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes," I muttered in reply, and Tom nodded. Jessie seemed to pay little attention to Adams, and was apparently unconscious of his evident devotion, whereat he was wroth.

At seven o'clock in the evening, we set out on our expedition in the following order, viz.—

First, Tom Urquhart, armed with a hammer, and a lantern to scare the ghosts.

Second, Myself, carrying a small iron bar (use unknown), supposed to be intended for wrenching open secret panels, and such like.

Third, Jessie, a pine torch in each hand, and wearing an air of curiosity which her assumed nonchalance could not entirely hide.

Fourth, John Adams, armed with a rusty axe for the avowed purpose of slaying expected rats and mice. Ghosts were also included in the category of intended victims.

Thus accoutred, we started on that last evening of December, promising to return in time to "see the New Year in" with all formality and jollity.

Descending to the basement, Tom led the way along a stone-paved passage, which terminated in an iron door. This being unlocked, disclosed a flight of narrow and winding stone steps. We mounted, and ever and anon the moonlight, streaming through the loopholes, disclosed the worn steps, and the damp stalactites dripping on the cornices. We soon reached another door, which admitted us with some difficulty. Pushing aside a curtain, Tom bade us enter, saying, "There, we are now in the 'Tapestry Chamber' of the Watch Tower."

The sensation was scarcely pleasant. The chamber was hung with rich old tapestry which waved to and fro in the draught, giving to the figures worked upon it, which had become visible in the light of Jessie's torches, an unpleasant life-like movement. This and the shadows thrown by the moon through the ivy-clad windows, made the Tapestry Chamber a fearsome and grewsome place to be left alone in on a winter's night.

Tom and Jessie had no such sensations. The former taking the torches from his sister fastened them above the ancient fireplace, throwing the light full upon the centre figure of a group representing some king seated on his throne, surrounded by his officers and attendants. The eyes of the monarch were opened widely, and apparently regarding with much interest a particular spot in the opposite corner of the room, which was shrouded in weird gloom.

"Now," said Tom, breaking the oppressive silence "I think there is real meaning in the legend, and that the line—

"Who seeks his own with kingly eye,"

refers to the direction of the eyes of this king who, by the by, is the only king worked on the whole tapestry. Do you agree?"

We all did.

"Well," continued Tom, "I don't think much of the 'knightly arm' mentioned, because I can find no such thing. So our first business is to search for some indication of a hiding-place in that corner opposite; eh?"

Again his hearers applauded, and I ventured—

"Let us measure with a bit of string the exact direction of the king's glance!"

"Bravo!" said Tom, "that's the thing."

"I thought of that," said Adams, "and have got the string."

"Then why didn't you say so before?" I retorted, contemptuously.

"Never mind," said Tom, fearing an explosion, "'Canes' has got the string. Catch hold, 'Canes.'"

Adams did as he was requested, scowling at me all the time, holding the twine with one hand against the tapestry, and in the other grasping the rusty axe.

"Isn't he savage!" I whispered to Jessie.

"Do not vex him," she replied, "he is very passionate, and never stays to think when he is angry."

We all crossed the room where Tom was marking the wall at the point the string touched.

"Strike the wall and listen for an indication of a panel or opening."

We sounded the walls in all directions without effect, even the direction of the monarch's left eye was gauged—for his

Majesty seemed afflicted with a permanent squint—but without success.

"Bother it," cried Tom, striking the wall a parting blow with his hammer, when, to our horror and amazement, a loud clang of metal was given forth.

A deep silence ensued, at length Tom spoke—

"There is a plate or something," and he thrust his knife against the wall, but the blade remained embedded in the wood.

"Perhaps there is a spring," Jessie suggested, nervously. We searched and found a small button let into a circular iron plate, the whole so stained as to appear, even under careful inspection, to be part of the oaken panelling,

"The legend is right, after all," Tom cried; "won't mamma be astonished?"

"Let us get inside," suggested Adams, practically.

Tom pressed the spring and the panel moved slowly back; but as he withdrew the pressure it returned forcibly to its place."

"Try again," I said, as I pressed forward to the opening, and closely followed by Adams, stepped over the wainscoating. I just caught a glimpse of a human skeleton, when a loud scream from Jessie startled me, and made Tom turn round. I was conscious of something descending upon my head, a dull blow succeeded, and felled me down amid the piles of bones, while the panel rushed to its place, and I was a prisoner! I became insensible!

How long I remained so I don't know, about ten minutes, I believe; and when my consciousness returned I was lying on the floor of the Tapestry Chamber, supported by Tom, while Jessie rubbed my forehead with snow. I soon distinguished Tom's voice—

"You're a murderer, Adams; why did you hit him with that axe, you spiteful beast?"

I heard the indignant denial, and I mustered strength and sat up.

"You villain," I said, "you intended to murder me I know, and I'll have you prosecuted for it."

"It's a lie," was all the answer Adams vouchsafed.

"You don't bleed much," said Tom to me; "you must have a jolly thick skull, old fellow!"

"I am glad of it," said Jessie, in a cheering tone; "you are better now, are you not?"

I replied in the affirmative, and still threatening Adams with all the penalties of the law, I reached the staircase, assisted by Jessie and her brother.

"How can we explain this?" asked the latter.

"Tell the truth, of course," cried Jessie, indignantly; "it's shameful! Mr. Adams, you need not add falsehood to your other misdeeds," she added, as "Canes" indignantly repelled her accusation.

"The panel knocked him down," he said.

"And inflicted that wound also," cried Jessie, ironically. "Fie for shame, Mr. Adams, your axe gave the blow, and you know it! Let me see," she added impetuously.

Snatching the weapon from his grasp, she and Tom examined it closely. *There was no trace of blood upon it!*

"You are too 'deep' for us, 'Canes,'" said Tom; "but uncle must have arrived by this time. I'll fetch the doctor to see you, old fellow."

Dr. McLeod was Mrs. Urquhart's brother, and was expected that evening.

Jessie and "Canes" remained apart during Tom's absence, and none of us spoke till we heard the approaching footsteps.

"What's all this," inquired the Doctor, as he proceeded to examine my hurt.

"Could this axe have inflicted that wound, uncle?" inquired Jessie.

Doctor McLeod looked hard at her, then at the axe, examined the place, and then said "No," decidedly.

"There, do you believe me now?" exclaimed Adams.

"Come, come, Tom, what's all this mystery," said his uncle, "what pranks have you boys been playing?"

Thereupon Tom told him the whole

affair, ending with a request that he would be secret.

"There may be something more in this than we imagine," said the Doctor. "Let me examine the panel."

We crossed the room once more and pressed the spring. The panel moved slowly aside, and the Doctor entered.

His ejaculations as he crossed the inner room sufficiently evinced his surprise, and after an exclamation of horror, he bade Jessie fetch her father and mother instantly.

Mr. Urquhart who had returned from Glasgow with his brother-in-law was, with his wife, soon amongst us.

His astonishment was great when assisting us in our wild goose chase, as he deemed it, he found his sedate relative.

"Look here, Urquhart," cried the Doctor as soon as he perceived him, "this is really a curious thing;" and coming out from the inner room he exhibited to his wondering audience a blanched skull.

"This young gentleman," he continued, indicating me, "has entered that room unexpectedly, and has received a blow in almost the same spot as did the owner of this skull," and the Doctor pointed out an incision in the bony relic he poised in his hand.

"Why, that skull must have lain there for ages," said Mr. Urquhart. "I never heard of any opening in the Tower. But for Tom's persistence respecting an old legend we should not have discovered it now."

"But how could he have been killed," inquired Mrs. Urquhart, timidly.

Tom who had all this time been holding the panel back, here screamed out,—

"I know; it is the 'knightly arm' of the rhyme that gave those blows."

"The boy may be right," said Mr. Urquhart.

"Yes, papa," continued Tom, "the legend says,—

'Who seeks his own with kingly eye,
Beware the knightly arm.'

We found this door by following the 'kingly eye,' so the 'knightly arm' has done the mischief!"

Doctor McLeod, who had during the foregoing conversation been examining the inner chamber, at this juncture called out—

"I have it! What fiendish ingenuity!"

We all rushed to the opening except Tom; our astonishment mingled with a sensation of fear, which I cannot describe. But our horror may be guessed, when on joining the Doctor, we perceived behind the panel, *the life-size figure of a man clad in rusty armour, and holding in his uplifted hand a rusty axe!*

"But," said Mrs. Urquhart, after a pause, "how does this effect the panel?"

"You shall see," replied her brother, "stand back all of you. Tom, let go the spring," he shouted.

Tom obeyed; the panel shut to its place, and as it glided back the armed hand of the figure descended across the opening with a force which but for age and rust would have been irresistible!

"That is the 'knightly arm' then," we all cried.

"You had a narrow escape, my boy," said the Doctor, patting my head.

I thought so too, but said nothing.

Tom now opened the panel, and was shown the device which afforded him immense satisfaction, and turning to Adams begged his pardon on the spot, as did Jessie immediately afterwards.

When we had tried the novel experiment two or three times, Mr. Urquhart (now thoroughly roused) suggested further search while the ladies prepared supper. We accordingly went to work, and on removing the heap of bones, discovered a small trap-door, leading apparently to a lower chamber. After testing the purity of the air, Adams as the lightest of the party was let carefully down, and in a few moments shouted that there was a passage. The Doctor volunteered to descend and soon joined Adams. After some time, they both returned dusty, and with torn clothes, and when Adams was again pulled up, we perceived that he carried a small iron box in his hand.

"We found this," he said, "and there is another. Can you get a ladder?"

Tom and I soon procured one, and letting it down we descended and found Doctor McLeod calmly resting, lanthorn in hand, in a small vault cut out of the thickness of the wall, at the end of a rough, sloping, and very narrow passage. With his assistance, we dragged the small iron chest on which he was seated, to the foot of the ladder, up which, after several failures, we succeeded in hoisting the box to the floor whereon we stood. Scarcely pausing to take breath, we youngsters pulled and pushed the prize to the head of the winding stair, down which we lowered it. Once on the terra-firma of the ground floor of the Castle, our difficulties were at an end, and we triumphantly rested our treasure in the housekeeper's room. Here we were joined by all the inhabitants of the castle, and a few well-applied blows soon smashed the rust-eaten hinges. A goodly sight met our eager gaze. Several antique crosses, with rosaries attached; two daggers with splendidly-jewelled hilts; the remains (terribly moth-eaten) of a quantity of gold lace or cloth of gold, and various relics of more or less value. Quite at the bottom of the larger box were some small leathern bags of silver coin, with some copper pieces. One of the latter is by my side as I write, and bears date 1516.

In the smaller chest we found three handsome "dags," or short guns, which might have served as pistols. There were many other things which I have forgotten.

After all had been carefully replaced, we repaired to the dining-room, where a repast worthy of the occasion had been prepared. Need I dwell upon the festivity of that never-to-be-forgotten New Year's Eve! Adams and I under the combined influence of toddy and treasure, swore an eternal friendship, which I regret to say, was not so lasting as it might have been. Doctor McLeod sang a comic song, and we all joined in "Auld Lang Syne" to an extent unprecedented in Castle Urquhart, and I believe, unknown even in cheerful Glasgow, which town my friend Christie tells me is the pattern of hospitality. Be this as it may, it was very early (or very late) ere we retired to bed and got rid of the festive strains and fumes of Scottish songs and Scottish punch.

Since then, some songs and some punch may have passed my lips, but neither have had the true flavour of Castle Urquhart.

Tom and his sister are still alive; she has changed her name. It is not Adams, however; and I often think that by spending my Christmas holidays at Castle Urquhart, I did indeed light upon a Treasure.

## STAG, OR RED DEER.

The Stag, or Red Deer, is spread over many parts of Europe and Asia, and is indigenous to the British Islands, where it still lingers, though in vastly reduced numbers.

In the olden days of chivalry and Robin Hood, the Red Deer were plentiful in every forest; and especially in that sylvan chase which was made by the exercise of royal tyranny at the expense of such sorrow and suffering. Even in the New Forest itself the Red Deer is seldom seen, and those few survivors that still serve as relics of a bygone age, are scarcely to be reckoned as living in a wild state, and approach nearly to the semi-domesticated condition of the Fallow Deer. Many of these splendid animals are preserved in parks or paddocks, but they no more roam the wide forests in unquestioned freedom. In Scotland, however, the Red Deer are still to be found, as can be testified by many a keen hunter of the present day, who has had his strength, craft, and coolness thoroughly tested before he could lay low in the dust the magnificent animal, whose head with its forest of horns now graces his residence.

Formerly, the stag was placed under the protection of the severest penalties, its

slaughter being visited with capital punishment on the offender if he could be known and arrested. Indeed, a man who murdered his fellow might hope to escape retribution except by the avenging hand of some relation of the slain man, but if he were unfortunate or daring enough to dip his hands in the blood of a stag, he could hope for no mercy if detected in the offence.

All the ancient works on hunting are filled with the praises of the stag, which is belauded with a fluency of language and a fertility of expression that throw the modern sporting terminology completely into the shade. Every minute particular concerning the stag itself, or the details of hunting, killing, cooking, and serving the animal is graced with its appropriate phrase, and if a gentleman should have perchance misplaced or omitted one of these ceremonious appellations, he would have been held in very low esteem by his compeers.

Although the stag has been several times partially domesticated and trained to run in harness, it is a very capricious animal, and not a very safe servant. About the month of August the stag always becomes very much excited, as that is the time when he seeks his mate, and during a space of three or four weeks, the animal is testy and irritable in temper, and prone to attack with a kind of blind rage every other animal except a female of his own species. Comparatively tame stags become dangerous at such a season, and have frequently assaulted those human beings to whom they were formerly attached. The sad death of a lady by an infuriated stag is of recent occurrence, and may serve as a warning to persons who are ignorant of the strange fury that makes annual seizure of the animal's nature.

In the attack the stag uses his fore-feet with as much force as the horns, and often with terrible effect, inasmuch as his opponent is seldom prepared for such a mode of action. The hard, pointed, sharp-edged hoofs of the creature become most formidable weapons in this mode of fighting, and are urged with such force and velocity that the coming blow can hardly be avoided. I once narrowly escaped an unexpected blow from a stag's hoof. I had been feeding the animal with tufts of grass, and was stroking his neck and shoulders, when he suddenly reared up, and struck two blows with his fore-feet with such rapidity that, although I was aware of his intention, and sprang backwards, the second stroke just reached one finger, and disabled it for some days.

The great speed of the stag is proverbial, and needs no mention. It is an admirable swimmer, having been known to swim for a distance of six or seven miles, and in one instance a stag landed in the night upon a beach which he could not have reached without having swum for a distance of ten miles. The gallant beast was discovered by some dogs as he landed, and being chased by them immediately after his fatiguing aquatic exploit, was overcome by exhaustion, and found dead on the following morning.

The colour of the stag varies slightly according to the time of year. In the summer the coat is a warm, reddish-brown, but in winter the ruddy hue becomes grey. The hind quarters are paler than the rest of the fur. The young Red Deer are born about April, and are remarkable for the variegated appearance of their fur, which is mottled with white upon the back and sides. As the little creatures increase in dimensions, the white marking gradually fades, and the fur assumes the uniform reddish brown of the adult animal. For a short time after its birth the young deer is helpless, and unable to escape even from a human pursuer, but it seems, nevertheless, to be possessed of much curious instinct, and to obey the mandates of its mother with instantaneous readiness. Mr. St. John mentions that he once saw a very young Red Deer, not more than an hour of age, standing by its mother and receiving her caresses. As soon as the watchful parent caught sight of the stranger, she raised her fore-foot and administered a gentle tap to her offspring, which immediately laid itself flat upon the ground as if endeavouring to delude the supposed enemy into an idea that it was nothing more than a block of stone.

# MODERN MAGIC.

BY PROFESSOR HOFFMAN.

A CARD HAVING BEEN WITHDRAWN AND REPLACED, TO CALL IT FROM THE PACK, AND TO MAKE IT COME TO YOU OF ITS OWN ACCORD.

This is a very simple trick, but if neatly executed, will create a good deal of wonderment. It is performed as follows:—You must procure beforehand a long hair from a lady's head. One end of this must be fastened by means of a bent pin, or in any other way you find most convenient, to the front of your waistcoat, which should be a dark one. At the other end of the hair fix a little round ball (about half the size of a peppercorn), of bees' wax. Press this little ball lightly against the lowest button of your waistcoat, to which it will adhere. You will thus always be able to find it at a moment's notice, without groping or looking down for it, which would infallibly draw the eyes of the spectators in the same direction.

Request the audience to examine the cards, that they may be sure that there is no preparation about them, and as a further proof get two or three persons to shuffle them in succession. When the cards are returned to you, invite some person to draw one, and while he is examining it, drop your right hand carelessly to your waistband, and remove the little ball of wax to the tip of your right thumb, to which it will adhere without interfering with the movements of the hand. When the card is returned, make the pass to bring it to the top of the pack, and press the little ball of wax upon the back of the card, as near the edge as possible. Then shuffle the cards. The shuffle may be a genuine one, but you must take care to keep the bottom edge of the chosen card half an inch or so below the remaining cards, that the little ball of wax may not be disturbed. The chosen card will after the shuffle be in the middle of the pack, but attached to your waistcoat by the hair. Spread the cards *face upwards* on the table (by which means the wax, being on the back of the card, will be out of sight) taking care not to detach the hair. You then address your audience to the following or some similar effect:—"In the old style of conjuring, I should merely have picked out your card, and handed it to you, and there was a time when people would have thought that a very good trick, but we should regard that as a very lame conclusion now-a-days. I can assure you that I have not the smallest idea what your card was. How do you suppose I intend to find out?" Various guesses may be hazarded, but you shake your head at each. "No," you continue, "my process is much simpler than any you have suggested. I shall simply order the card you chose to walk out of the pack, and come to me." Pronounce any magic formula you like, at the same time beckoning to the cards, and gradually withdrawing yourself away from the table, when the card of course will follow you. As it reaches the edge of the table, receive it in the left hand, and then take it in the right hand, drawing off with the first finger and thumb of the left hand the wax at the back. Ask the person who drew whether that was his card, and again hand the card and the rest of the pack for examination. This little trick, though simple, will require a good deal of practice to enable you to perform it neatly, but the effect produced by it will well repay your trouble.

It may be well to mention, once for all, as bees' wax is an article of frequent use in magical operations, that if, as sometimes happens, the pure wax is found too hard, or not sufficiently adhesive, the addition of a small quantity (say an eighth part) of Venice treacle, mixed with it in a melted condition, will make it all that can be desired.

### Card Tricks requiring Special Apparatus.

I propose to describe in this section such card tricks as require the aid of some mechanical appliance or apparatus, but are still appropriate for a drawing-room performance. There are some few tricks performed with cards (such as the Fairy Star, the Demon Head, and the like) which necessitate the use of a mechanical table, or other apparatus of an elaborate and costly character. These will not be here noticed, but will be given, at the close of the work, in the portion devoted to Stage Tricks.

I may here anticipate a not unlikely question on the part of the student—viz., "How can I best obtain the necessary apparatus?" In some instances, an amateur with a mechanical turn may be able to manufacture his appliances for himself; and where this is the case, I would by all means encourage his doing so, as he will thereby derive a double amusement from his study of the magic art. But where the student has not the ability or inclination to do this, I would most strongly advise him not to attempt to have his apparatus made to order by persons unaccustomed to this class of work, but to go direct to one or other of the regular depôts. Magical apparatus requires so much precision in its details, so much attention to apparent trifles, that the first attempt of any workman, however skilful, is almost sure to be a failure; and by the time the defects are rectified, the purchaser will find that he has paid more for a clumsy makeshift than he would have done for a thoroughly good article had he gone to the right quarter. Experience will soon teach you that inferior apparatus is dear at any price. The principal London dealers are as follows:—

Bland, 478, New Oxford Street.
Cremer, 210, Regent Street.
De Vere, 295, Strand.
Hamley, 231, High Holborn.
Hiam and Lane, 5, Eagle St., City Road.
Novra, 95, Regent Street.
Redmond, 360, Albany Rd., Camberwell.

Messrs. Millikin and Lawley, 168, Strand, have recently also taken up this line of business. All the above issue printed price lists, which they will forward to any quarter on application; and though the prices quoted (as might naturally be expected in a quasi-monopoly) are occasionally rather high, the professor or skilled amateur will not—I speak from personal experience of several of the dealers named—have occasion to complain of other than liberal treatment. Among minor dealers, I may specially mention Professor Hellis, of 13, Silver Street, Notting Hill Gate (already alluded to in connection with some clever card sleights), at whose hands any purchaser may be sure of receiving courteous treatment, full value, and first-rate instruction.

The novice must be warned against imagining that, when he has got into the region of apparatus, the necessity for personal address and dexterity will be diminished. On the contrary, there is hardly a trick among those I am about to describe which does not demand, more or less, a practical knowledge of sleight-of-hand. I shall assume, in the following pages, that the reader has carefully followed and studied the directions I have already given him; in which case he will find little difficulty in this portion of the work.

### The Magic Sword. A Card being drawn and replaced, and the Pack flung in the air, to catch the chosen Card on the point of the Sword.

I have already described a trick somewhat similar in effect, in which, the pack being flung the air, the chosen card is caught in the hand of the performer. The trick in this form makes a very good prelude to the still more surprising one which I am about to describe.

It will be remembered that, in the trick above-mentioned, an ordinary pack is used, and the spectator is allowed to draw whatever card he pleased. The card, when returned, is brought to the top by the pass and palmed, and, though supposed to be caught amid the falling shower, in

reality never leaves the hand of the performer. The audience may possibly have a suspicion of this, and you may hear a faint murmur to the effect that "he had the card in his hand all the while!" and so on. When this occurs, it serves as a very natural introduction to the trick with the sword. You say, "Ah, you fancy I had the card in my hand? I will repeat the trick, in order to show you that you are mistaken. Will some one be kind enough to again

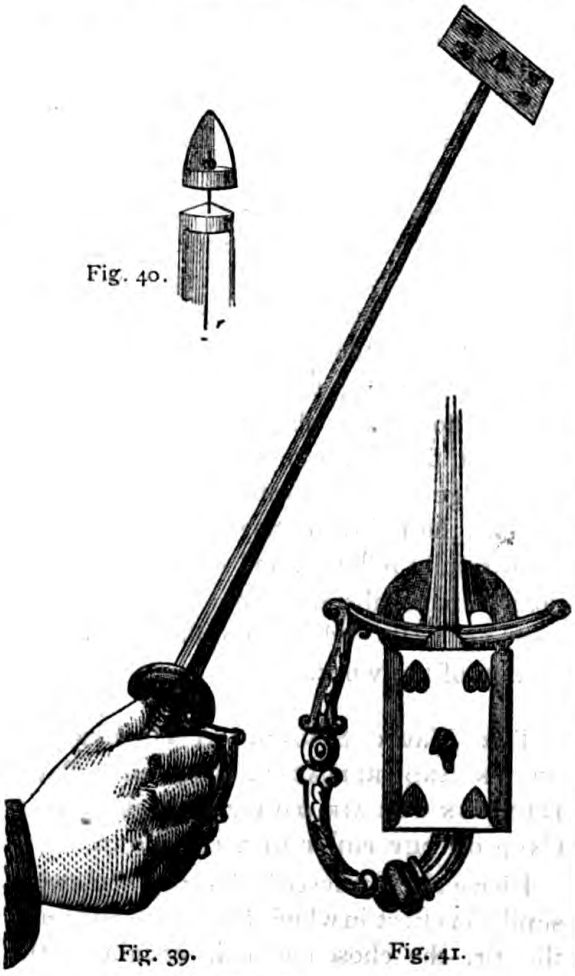

Fig. 40.

Fig. 39. Fig. 41.

draw a card. Thank you. Don't return the card to me, but put it back in the pack yourself. Now be kind enough to shuffle thoroughly. You cannot say I have the card in my hand this time, at all events. Excuse me one instant, while I fetch my magic sword." You go behind your screen, and return, holding in your hand a drawn sword. You place yourself in fencing attitude, and, addressing the person who holds the cards, "I am going to give you the words, one! two! three! At the word 'three!' will you please throw the cards in the air so as to fall lightly on the point of my sword, when I will at once transfix with the point the identical card you drew. Spread the cards a little in a fan shape before you throw them, so that I may get a fair sight of them. Are you ready? One, two, THREE!" At the word three, the cards are thrown, the performer makes a lunge among them, and a card is instantly seen fluttering on the point of the sword, and, on examination, is found to be the very card which was drawn.

The secret of this surprising feat lies mainly in the sword. This is an ordinary small sword (*see* Fig. 39), with a three-sided rapier blade, but altered in a particular way for the purpose of the trick. The tip of the blade (*see* Fig. 40) is cut off at about a third of an inch distance from the extreme point, and across the concave side of this tip, and also across the corresponding part of the shortened blade, is soldered a minute cross-piece of brass, each bent outwards in the middle so as to form, with the concavity of the blade, a kind of eye just large enough to admit freely a piece of thin black elastic cord, the other end of which is passed through a similar small hole in the guard of the hilt. The elastic thus lies along the hollow side of the blade, passing through the two "eyes" already mentioned, and is kept in position by a knot at each end. The tension of the elastic holds the moveable tip in its natural position at the end of the blade. It may, of course, be drawn away from it in any direction as far as the elastic will permit, but, when released, immediately flies back to its old position. On the same side of the hilt—viz., the side farthest away from the palm of the hand when grasping the sword (*see* Fig. 41)—is fixed a flat, oblong piece of tin, painted black, with its longer edges folded over about half-an-inch on each side, in such manner as to form a receptacle for a card.

Unless you are tolerably expert in forcing, you will also require a forcing pack of cards of the same pattern as the ordinary

pack you have in use. This, however, need not be a full pack, a dozen cards alike being amply sufficient for your purpose. You commence your preparations by taking one of the cards of the forcing pack (which I will suppose to consist of fives of hearts), cut a small slit in its centre with a penknife, and thrust completely through it the moveable tip of the sword (taking care not to enlarge the hole more than absolutely necessary), and place the sword thus prepared out of sight of the audience, but so as to be easily got at when you want it. Have your forcing cards in your pocket, or somewhere where you can lay your hand on them without attracting observation, and your ordinary pack on the table. You may begin by remarking, "Let me ask you to take particular notice that I perform this trick with whatever card you choose, not influencing your choice in any way. To show you that I don't compel you to take any particular card, I will just take a handful of cards from the top of the pack" (as you say this you place your forcing cards, which you have previously palmed, for an instant on the top of the ordinary pack, immediately taking them off again as if they had formed part of it, and were the handful of cards you referred to, and offer them to some one to draw). "Pray take whichever you please—first card, last card, middle card, it is precisely the same to me. Observe that I don't attempt to force any particular card, but hold the cards perfectly motionless while you make your choice." As soon as a card is drawn, without waiting for it to be replaced, return to your table, holding the remaining forcing cards in your left hand. Pick up the pack with your right hand. Place it on the cards in your left hand, at the same moment making the pass to bring these cards to the top. Palm these (with the right hand) and dropping them into your pocket or elsewhere out of sight, advance with the pack to the person who drew, and request him to replace his card, and shuffle thoroughly. While he does so you retire to fetch your sword, as before mentioned. Before returning to the audience, you prepare it as follows: Taking it in your right hand in the ordinary manner, you draw down with the other hand the pierced card, and slide the card end ways into the receptacle on the hilt. The elastic, which is now stretched to double its ordinary length, will, of course, pull at the card pretty tightly; but you retain it in position by pressing on the face of the card with the second and third fingers of the hand that grasps the hilt. Having done this you return to the audience, taking care so to stand that the back of the hand that holds the sword shall be towards them. When the cards are flung in the air, as already described, you make a lunge among them, and at the same moment relax the pressure of the fingers on the pierced card. The elastic, being thus released, flies rapidly back to its original position, and carries the moveable tip, and with it the card, to the end of the blade, by which the card appears to be transfixed (*see* Fig. 39). The movement of the sword in the lunge, coupled with that of the falling cards, completely covers the rapid flight of the pierced card from hilt to point. To get the card off the sword, pass the tip *point foremost* through the hole in the card. As this has to be done with the left hand, and in such a manner as not to draw any undesirable attention to the point of the sword, it will require a little practice. When you have taken off the card, drop the point of the sword, and hand the card at once to the drawer for examination. This serves to draw off attention, not only from the sword itself, but also from the cards scattered on the ground, among which the card actually drawn still remains.

This trick is sometimes performed with three cards instead of one. The working of the trick is the same, save that you use a forcing pack consisting of three cards repeated, and that in preparing the sword the two first cards which are threaded on the elastic are perforated with holes of such a size as to allow them, when released, to slide partially down the blade, the first nearly to the hilt and the second about half way.

# PUZZLES.

*Proverbs.*

1. aa b e ff k nn ooo rr ss ttttt u.
2. aaa cc eeee ff hhh iii ll nn ooo rrrr s tttt uuu ww yy.
3. aaa cc d e g hh iii k nn rr ss v.
4. aaaa dd eeee g ii nnnnn pp ss v yy.
5. a d ee iii n o rrr ss tt u v ww.
6. a cc ee n o rr s u.
7. aa e g hhh iiiii lll n ooo qq s tttttttt uuuu w yy
8. aa b eee h iiii k mm nnn rrrr ssss tt u yy.
9. aaa ee k m n ss tt ww.
10. aa b d ee g h i ll n ooo r s u.
11. aaa b dd e ff h iii n ooooo pp rrr ssssss ttt uuu ww.
12. a ddd eee f m n o r ss ww y.

*Square Words.*

13.

Soft. An arch look.
A notion. To repair.

14.

Vinegar. A weapon.
An idea. A fowl.
Steel (reversed).

15.

Grain. A line.
A representation. Extremes.

16.

A man's name. Desert.
A woman's name. A woman's name.
Bristles.

17.

A man's name. A loop.
To elevate. A woman's name.
Used by anglers.

*Cryptograph.*

18.

Iu wbu a svopiw ewgqmsm,
Omf Kbusew'y wptn wbu dpph,
Aof hf bfhrvj hju cpvwelk dpqu,
Wbu sjvwmsm io tiq svp;
Aof bz hjo sqquxjj oo tig gsghr,
Hju ljvwpj gscqhhnptm Wjnkiqspvn.

*Transpositions.—Architects.*

19. 1061 + Pun us argus ruby.
20. 211 + O rush toss.
21. 1704 + Hart starres.
22. 1200 + Anna hung in a.
23. 151 + Harry's rare brass.
24. 1508 + Watt stir by way.
25. 1101 + Pew bung weary.
26. 151 + Roger go get betts.

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

*On pp.* 127, 128.

1. Spencer. Chaucer.
2. Napier. Nelson.
3. Keats. White.
4. Canova. Angelo.
5. Thomson. Seasons.
6. Richard. Saladin.
7. Arctic Ocean. Polar Region.
8. Swan. Wine. Ante. Ne'er.
9. Clan. Live. Avon. Nene.

10.

1. Prevention is better than cure.
2. The ass that brays most eats least.
3. A bird in the hand is worth two in the bush.
4. Still waters run deep.
5. It never rains but it pours.
6. The early bird finds the worm.

11. Fact. 12. Constantinople.
13. Like me like my dog.
14. A new broom sweeps clean.
15. Familiarity breeds contempt.
16. Waste not want not.



THE GOOD-NATURED FELLOW.—PEMBA FOOTING IT LIGHTLY ON THE DECK.

# A REMINISCENCE OF THE SLAVE TRADE.

BY LIEUTENANT C. R. LOW (LATE) I.N.

AMONG the most amusing of men are certainly the "Seedies," or negroes who perform the duties of stokers and coal-trimmers on board steamers in Indian and Chinese seas. The heat in such a place as the Red Sea is so intense that no Europeans could for any length of time, without endangering their health, do the work of stoking the fires; but the Seedy, though profusely perspiring from every pore, will cheerfully engage in this hard work in the hottest weather. It is strange to watch a black woolly head suddenly make its appearance from out the coal "bunker," while the owner composedly sits in the round aperture f om which he has removed the lid, and, after blowing like a grampus come up from the depths of ocean, slowly disappear again into the dark hold. But in the cool of the evening our black friend is in his glory. Then his sleek skin has been washed with copious buckets of water, and looks oily and clean. He is dressed in a clean "jumper," and his nether man, which was innocent of aught beyond the scanty garment known by the natives of India as the "langoatie," is clad in canvas trousers. His woolly wig shares in the general sumptuary renovation, and has evidently been combed and greased, and parted somewhere or another. His pleasant, honest face beams with good-humoured fun when some of the sailors ask him and others of his fellows, to sing a song, or dance a fandango of the kind known only to his race.

A knot of men is soon collected, and perhaps a midshipman or two, who are secretly smoking a pipe for'ard, survey the fun, and enter with zest into the comical exhibition enacted before them. To look at these simple-minded Africans you would fancy life was with them "all beer and skittles," yet some of them are, to my knowledge, released slaves, though time and absence have long since reconciled them to their lot. This has always struck me as a peculiar feature of character in the inhabitants of the countries from which the supply of slaves for the Zanzibar, and other markets, is derived. Their callousness to physical suffering and humiliation is curious, considering they are flesh and blood as we are, but the seeming indifference with which they endure mental pangs is unaccountable. They have all been violently reft from relatives and friends; and yet they show no signs of the sufferings inflicted on them by the ruthless agents of the slave-dealers. The old story of "man's inhumanity to man," has received its most striking application in the history of the slave trade on the east coast of Africa, which has only now aroused the public feeling of England and Europe, outraged by the revelations and noble eloquence of a Livingstone. The author of these pages has written of these enormities in books and magazines, but unheeded; but so difficult a matter is it to rouse public opinion, unless something very outrageous offends the sense of justice, or a man having the popular ear stirs the heart of the nation by a glowing appeal, that it is certain the cry of the slave would have continued for years to ascend to heaven unheeded by man, had not David Livingstone travelled and suffered in Central Africa.

As I was saying, I have remarked with astonishment, how the slaves exposed for sale in the markets of Zanzibar have borne with the utmost indifference the inspection and manipulation they have undergone at the hands of the intending buyers. They were made to show their paces like horses at an English fair; their teeth were felt, and their sides poked and punched to see if their internal organs were sound, for a poor wretch who winced might have a disorganized liver or weak action of the heart. All this they bore with the stolidity that would be expected in a pony put up for sale at any

horse-dealer's in London, "warranted sound in wind and limb."

Such having been the previous history of some of the Seedies on board the steam frigate *Zenobia*, it will not be considered surprising that the coal-trimmers and stokers were the most happy and light-hearted men on board that ship. They drew good pay for natives, had abundant and first-rate rations, and plenty of liberty when in port. The sailors liked them for their good-nature; while they gave no trouble to the officers and engineers, being always tractable and obedient.

The dances they would execute are curious. Though there is scarcely any step, the effect is not displeasing, and they are what musicians call very good "timists." The lookers on sing a monotonous sort of chant, and keep time with the clapping of hands. We had on board the old *Zenobia* a funny little nigger, who went by the name of Pemba, near which island he had been rescued from slavery. He had a most comical visage, and was the source of infinite amusement to the ship's company. When taken out of a slave "dhow," he had expressed a great desire to enter the service, which was gratified. He was one of the few on board the "dhow" who had a woolly head; the others came from some part of the interior of Africa, and were of a different type of physiognomy from that so well known and not unfrequently seen in the streets of London, the pure-blooded negro.

There was also a Seedy, who used to afford great amusement to all hands on board the *Zenobia*, by his quaint and comical ways. It was as good as a "break down" in a burlesque or "nigger" performance, to watch this great good-natured fellow and little Pemba footing it lightly on the deck;* they and their sable brethren keeping admirable time with their hands and the low monotonous singing in which the inherent love of music, characteristic of all negroes, finds vent.

I had an important share in effecting the freedom, about a year before, of Sumatra Sam, as we called this good fellow. One of the vessels on the Red Sea station, the Honourable East India Company's schooner *Sumatra*, from which he took his name, was in want of an officer to fill a temporary vacancy caused by the illness of the senior midshipman, who acted as second lieutenant, and as I had been occasionally entrusted with the charge of a watch on board the *Zenobia*, the senior naval officer, good old Captain F——,—who is still, by the same token, to the fore, and passing the remainder of his days in peace, if not in affluence, owing to the parsimony of the Indian Government—selected me, to my delight and pride, for the vacancy.

Well, we were lying at Aden in the month of May, just before the South West monsoon had begun to set in, when the Political Resident received information from an Arab sailing vessel—"bungalow" or "dhow," as they are indifferently called—of a body of slaves having been seen on a part of the African coast, not many days' sail from Aden. The skipper of the native vessel had come from that part of the mainland, and stated that the slaves, chiefly women and children, had been marched from some unknown region inland, and were much fatigued and in very bad condition; and he gave it as his belief that no attempt to ship them would be made until they had so far recovered the effects of their harsh treatment as to be able to bear the hardships of a sea passage.

These wretched slave-mongers, in following their nefarious traffic, are gifted with much worldly wisdom, and are well aware that "it would not pay" to bring into the market, slaves, whether male or female, in such a physical state as might give cause of doubt to their would-be purchasers of their ever recovering their plumpness and normal good condition. They must be fed up, and kept in good humour, and not suffered to repine for their lost homes, or dwell too much on all the dear ones they have left behind. For these reasons our informant felt satisfied that they would not be removed from their

* See Illustration.

place of confinement for at least another fortnight. The *Sumatra* had only just returned from a long cruise up the Red Sea, and required some refitting, but as there was not then another ship in port, and it would never do to let the prize slip through our fingers, the captain expressed his readiness to go as soon as required, and we were all delighted with the prospect of prize-money and a little excitement. To do us only justice, however, the great pleasure of being instrumental in assisting to put down the slave trade formed our chief incentive to exertion.

The head boatswain's mate grumbled, for he said, "He wanted time to set up the rigging, it was as slack as ditch-water;" and the gunner also growled out "that he wanted them gun-breechings seen to; they was wore out, and he wished to indent on the storekeeper for new ones." However, these excellent old men-of-war's men grumbled only as all good seamen do when they consider their departments neglected, and as it was all caused by their anxiety for the good of the service and smart appearance of the schooner, they were soon calmed down by being told that the cruise would only occupy two or three weeks, and on our return the little ship would be overhauled and re-fitted. In a couple of hours we had the water-boat alongside, and, after filling up the tanks, and taking in wood for the galley fire, we hove the cable in "short" and waited for our commander, who was ashore with the Resident, receiving his last instructions.

The *Sumatra* was called a schooner, but she was in reality what is styled an "hermaphrodite brig," that is to say, her foremast carried square sails like a brig, but without a regular "top" which would constitute a "brigantine," and her mainmast was schooner or "fore and aft" rigged. She carried five guns—four twelve pounders and one short thirty-two pounder with the carriage and slide worked on a pivot. Our crew consisted of fifty men, all told. Her tonnage was only about 170; but small as she was, when I first joined her she had been afloat for twenty years, and was light and sound enough, to all appearance, to last another twenty years. She was built of teak, the strongest and most enduring wood of which a ship can be constructed. There is an old Indiaman, I believe, now in existence, called the *Earl of Balcarras*, that formed part of the fleet of traders belonging to the Honourable East India Company, and she cannot certainly be less than fifty years of age. These ships were familiarly called "Tea Waggons," and one thing is certain, that no such staunch vessels are launched in these go-a-head days. Perhaps some account of the officers of the *Sumatra* might not be out of place before commencing my story.

There was a lieutenant in command, and three senior midshipmen, who had served most of their time on board sailing ships. Here they had charge of the three watches, and in all respects filled the position and performed the duties of lieutenants in larger ships. Being the senior mid, I was first lieutenant, and, during the captain's absence from the ship on leave or when sick, was temporarily commanding officer. Lieutenant K——— used to reside on shore at Aden while we were in that port, and therefore it often fell to my lot, although only nineteen years of age, to do duty as captain, and once, upon a change of commanders, I was in charge for a rather long term.

Well, six o'clock that evening "the skipper" came on board, and gave orders for weighing. As is customary in the service, the first lieutenant got the schooner under weigh, and we were soon sailing round the high land in which the cantonments and town of Aden are embosomed, and, the breeze freshening, we took in our fore-royal and a reef in our fore-topsail and mainsail, and made all snug for the night. It was long, however, before we lost sight of the towering peak of Jibbel Shumshum, as the highest pinnacle of the mountains on the peninsula of Aden is called. When morning broke, there was the mountain in the far distance easily discernible, but before noon it had faded

away from view, and we lost sight of all land; not for long, however, for the following day we sighted the mainland of Africa.

It was a beautiful evening, and the sun was going down in a blaze of glory, not tipping, but bathing the arid shores and the calm sea with its fiery rays. Everything looked parched and withered on the coast, after the ordeal of heat through which nature had passed; but the rippling waves, with a light air just ruffling their crests, and causing them to dash coquettishly against the bows of the schooner, seemed to be inviting us to invigorate ourselves by a dive beneath its cool and refreshing surface. The rakish little craft, with her white wings spread to catch every breath of wind, managed to speed on her mission of mercy at no sluggish pace, and about midnight we were close under the land. The tide carried us on its bosom gently but quickly, and we found, by sounding with the lead-line, that we were in shallower water than was quite safe in case of a wind setting in from seaward, when we should wish to beat off the shore.

"By the mark five," sang out the boatswain from the forechains, in the rather pretty cadence to which the soundings are set.

"Turn the hands out!" was the order, and soon in the still air was heard echoing along the wild desert and sandy hills the pipe and stentorian voice of the boatswain's mate, "All hands bring ship to an anchor."

"Clear the lower deck!" was the word passed by the master-at-arms, and in a couple of minutes the officers and men were at their posts, all sail was taken in, and the anchor let go; the *Sumatra* swung by the chain to the tide, the people were piped down, and quiet again reigned on board. But not on shore, however, for the novelty of a ship anchoring in that desolate roadstead seemed to arouse the ire of the virtual masters of the soil, as a continuous succession of wailing cries from the jackals testified. Mixed with them, but in a deeper key, was the melancholy howl of the hyæna, the occasional scream of the vulture, and various other sounds of the denizens of the neighbouring locality. The noise was incessant, and, as we were very close to the shore, annoying to tired mortals. With early morning all this hubbub and uproar ceased, and the above-mentioned denizens "made themselves scarce." A pleasant breeze came off the land, and we weighed anchor. Next day at noon we sighted the desired coast, and, "shortening sail," "laid to" the remainder of the day, proposing, when darkness had shrouded our movements, to run in under cover of the night, as were the slave-dealers to discover our nationality and errand, or get an inkling of our being a "man-of-war buckra," good-bye to our chances of rescuing the slaves, whom, long before morning, they would have withdrawn inland beyond our reach.

About ten we made all sail again on the ship to the point indicated, which we reached about half-past two a.m. The sails having been furled, we brought to with the bower-anchor, and speedily lowered our two largest boats, which, when manned by eleven men and an officer in each, pulled swiftly for the shore, for no time was to be lost, if our prizes were not to be suffered to escape us. The ship was moored a good three miles from the coast, so that, what with the time lost in securing the *Sumatra* in her berth and pulling on shore, daylight was breaking as we grounded on the beach. The cup of coffee before starting, and the exercise, had fully awaked the sleepy "Jacks," and we all felt fresh and "jolly." The party mustered twenty-two stout fellows, with a midshipman (my junior) and myself in charge. Our arms consisted, as far as the men were concerned, of a cutlass, and musket with bayonet, and forty rounds of ball-cartridge per man. We officers had our side-arms and a brace of pistols. Directly we had jumped ashore, and "shaken ourselves together," two men (additional to the complement, whom we had brought for the purpose) were left behind in charge of the boats, with instructions to keep well clear of the shore, and hold no intercourse with any one; and then I gave the word of command, "With ball-cartridge, load," and away we

marched off inland. By the by, I forgot to say that a native interpreter we brought from Aden with us formed one of the party. He was a member of the Aden police force, "Hassan," by name, and will be known to those of my readers who may have resided twenty years ago in the "Gibraltar of the East." "Hassan" was a sprightly young fellow, good-looking, and very intelligent and amusing, with plenty to say for himself. Before relating what befell us, I should mention that, from information, we knew that the slaves after whom we had been dispatched were imprisoned in a small fort, situated about two miles and a half from the seashore.

Off we started, but indications were plentiful that our advance was discovered and preparations making, no doubt to resist us. Nor were our conjectures incorrect, for we sighted two guns planted outside the fort, and round them was collected a group of Arabs standing. Presently "Bang, bang," went the cannon, but the shot harmlessly hurled over our heads. The order was then given to "double," and away we all started pell-mell as fast as our legs would let us, to take the guns. The Arab gunners fired one more round, but although with better aim this time, with no more effect, and then, to use an expressive Yankeeism, incontinently "skedaddled."

We reached the guns all right, but did not wait to spike them, but followed our friends to the fort for which they were making. However, they got in before us, and closed after them the large door, a strong piece of woodwork, all studded with nails, something similar to what one sees in old English castles. The fort, which was rather small, was built chiefly of mud, and although of great thickness, could not have stood many discharges of the smallest artillery, but still was capable of holding two or three hundred men, and we had no information of how many combatants the garrison consisted.

It was now no time to consider, or even to exercise that discretion which is said to form the "better half of valour." Our instructions were to bring the slaves back with us, and, in spite of walls, our instructions must be obeyed; besides, I had British sailors to carry them out with, and they are not the sort of fellows to put on their "considering caps" at such a time. About fifteen or twenty men appeared on the wall and commenced firing on us. We returned their fusillade briskly, and one man was shot in the arm by the coxswain, when I bethought me of the guns outside; fortunately they seemed to have no cannon mounted on the walls, and we afterwards learned the reason.

Expecting no intruders, they had only on the previous day taken them out of the fort, and planted them in their present position, the better to enjoy some "popping," as it was the birthday of the chief of the party. This individual had no idea of passing his natal day in such a very unexpected and unpleasant manner, and had the aforesaid carronades been on the walls we should have had probably some trouble and loss in carrying the fort. We accordingly soon pointed the guns and loaded them with shot, a few of which were deposited conveniently to hand, for in their hurry to gain shelter the slave-drivers had left them behind.

When the besieged saw our purpose, there was evidently a hasty consultation among them, and, just as we were about to fire, a man waved a white sheet from the summit of the wall, in token of a parley. Before approaching the gate I desired, through the interpreter, that whoever intended to speak with me must come to the wall unarmed. This was agreed to, and then "Hassan" advanced to the foot of the wall, and in answer to their question what he wanted with them, which was put in the most *naive* manner, as if they could really form no idea of our reason for disturbing them at that hour of the morning, we informed them that we knew from certain information, there were slaves confined in the building, and unless they were handed over to us immediately, we should be under the necessity of blowing in the gate and seizing them by force, and then if the blood of any of my men was shed, I should carry the whole of them off on board the *Sumatra*. I moreover gave

them to understand that at a signal I could get as many more sailors on shore as we wanted, and they had better surrender at once, when we should let them all go off free, bag and baggage, of course not including the slaves among the "chattels." The leader asked time to consider, and I gave them five minutes. Before the time had expired they came to our terms, and opened the huge door through which we marched, taking every precaution to prevent an ambuscade by means of hostages, consisting of the chief and his sons, whom we placed under a guard.

The people on these coasts know that an Englishman's word is his bond, and that what they promise to perform they will faithfully fulfil, so the head of the band had no fear of his ultimate release in giving himself up to us as a hostage, or of my breaking our part in the stipulations. It is surprising the respect mingled with dread these natives have of the English, and a British man-of-war inspires them with a wholesome terror of wrong-doing, much in the way as a strong body of Metropolitan police would influence a disorderly mob in London. We found the interior of the fort a quadrangle, with a large court-yard in the centre, round which, reaching to the crest of the wall, were ranged the floors on which lived the inhabitants; on the roof, forming the parapet, the guns were planted, and from hence the fusillade had been kept up.

The Arabs all gathered round us with signs of submission, making their salaams and delivering up their arms, which were piled away. The first consideration was the slaves, and in two of the ground-floor rooms, something like the "Black Hole of Calcutta," the poor wretches were crowded.

I shall never forget the sight! They were, with one or two exceptions, including our friend the Seedy, all women and children, and were embracing each other, and crying in an agony of fear. Their captors had informed them, we afterwards found out that we were going to kill them all, and only came for that purpose. As soon as we made our appearance at the doors of their cells, they made a rush for the corners furthest from us, evidently expecting a fate similar to that which befell our countrywomen at Cawnpore. It certainly must have been alarming to these helpless fellow-creatures, to see a parcel of bearded faces appearing in their midst; not that your humble servant had much beard to frighten anybody with in those days. Coming as they did from the interior, they had never seen white skins before, and the sight was evidently not reassuring. Our interpreter could not explain to them that we were their deliverers and not murderers, for they did not understand a word he said, and only held communications with their late masters by signs.

We got them out at length into the open air, and, after mustering them and searching closely all the nooks of the old building, we marched them one by one on to the plain, gave up the fort again to the quiet possession of the owners, and set off for our return to the boats. I shall not soon forget that weary march to the boats. It took us nearly two hours and a half, for by no signs or gesticulations, no matter how energetic or eloquent, could we make them believe they were going to freedom and happiness, and not to their death. They saw before their eyes the sea, which was to them full of horrors—a sight now seen for the first time; and in the distance lay the *Sumatra*, to which they knew we were taking them. At the first view they caught of her they threw up their arms and positively refused to stir a step further. Entreaty and persuasion were tried but in vain, and, seeing the utter uselessness of thus wasting our time, we were obliged to have recourse, much against my wish, to force, and had to push some and carry a few of the most obstreperous. It was pitiful to see these poor wretches, who only knew what it was to suffer, kneeling down on the hot sand, and imploring us with clasped hands to spare them, and let them return to their former masters. After finding that expostulation and obstinacy were of no avail, they surrendered themselves to their fate, and,

still keeping up the chorus of wailing, walked resignedly to the boats. There were thirty-five of them in all; eighteen women, fifteen children, and two adults. Some of the former were pretty, with darkish, but not black skins, and small hands and feet, and ranged in age from sixteen to thirty years, and the children were all young, but there were no infants. There had been two poor little creatures in this gang, but they, with many other women and children, had died from exposure and want. From the type of countenance it was evident they had no negro blood in their veins, being without the thick lips, projecting jaw, and woolly hair peculiar to the race, but all, with the exception of the two adult males, came from one tribe in the far interior. The sailors carried them through the shallow water to the boats, but most tenderly and without any of that roughness which is supposed to be characteristic of "Poor Jack." I took twenty in my boat, it being the larger one, and Mr. D—— embarked the remainder. When they found themselves actually afloat no words can depict their abject terror. The boats were overladen, and there being also a slight seaway, the water dashed a little over the bows, and even washed into the stern sheets; and one young woman in her alarm clung in a most embarrassing manner to my knees, imploring me in her tongue, which was gibberish to me, to spare them. In vain I tried to re-assure her, but my signs were evidently not understood. We had a long and heavy pull to the ship, against the tide and wind, but at length reached her and got the frightened wretches on board and hoisted up the boats.

That night we weighed and stood back to Aden, with a strong wind right in our teeth. But the *Sumatra* was accustomed to battle against "dead-on-end" breezes, and on the sixth day we sighted "Jibbel Shumshum" and dropped anchor at "Steamer Point," about nine days from the date of our raising it. But what a change had come over our interesting charges! They were not like the same creatures. Good food and kind treatment had quite re-assured them; their smiling faces were pleasant to look upon, and they soon picked up flesh in spite of the ship's knocking about, for few of them suffered from sea sickness. They quickly began to learn that we were their deliverers and friends, and could hardly be induced to go on shore when we arrived at Aden, crying, and wishing to be left on board. We handed them over to the Political Resident; but, by some legal quibble, as they were not taken at sea we never received the five pounds per head, to which we, as the captors, were entitled by Act of Parliament, and, after a good deal of correspondence, the captain gave up writing on the subject. But we were amply rewarded by the bright faces of our protegés, eloquent with the thanks their tongues could not give expression to, and by the consciousness, which the "authorities" could not take away, of having done our duty.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGE 192.

1. Trust not to a broken staff.
2. If you run after two hares you will catch neither.
3. Varnishing hides a crack.
4. A penny saved is a penny gained.
5. Virtue is its own reward.
6. Care's no cure.
7. Quality without quantity is little thought o'.
8. Near is my shirt, but nearer is my skin.
9. Waste makes want.
10. Old age is honourable.
11. A soft answer bids a furioso to put up his sword.
12. Few words, many deeds.
13. Mild. Idea. Leer. Darn.
14. Eisel. Image. Sabre. Egret. Leets.
15. Rice. Icon. Cord. Ends.
16. James. Adele. Merit. Eliza. Setas.
17. Peter. Elate. Tache. Ethel. Reels.
18. It was a summer evening,
    Old Kaspar's work was done,
    And he, before his cottage door,
    Was sitting in the sun.
    And by him sported on the green
    His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

*Architects.*

19. Augustus Welby Northmore Pugin.
20. John Scott Russell.
21. Sir Richard Westmacott.
22. Allan Cunningham.
23. Sir Charles Barry, R.A.
24. Sir Mathew Digby Wyatt.
25. Edward Welby Pugin. 26. George Gilbert Scott.



# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter X.

It was about this period that Mrs. Aubry found it expedient to hide the gin-bottle in an out-of-the-way cupboard, out of reach of her husband. The key of this cupboard she dropped, amongst many others, into the recesses of her deep pocket. The fencing-master occasionally protested against this proceeding on her part, but he was invariably met with the declaration that as gin had been pronounced to be injurious to his constitution, he should not have as much as would intoxicate a fly!

"As much as would turn a fly's head would not be a large quantity, nevertheless," pleaded the husband in an insinuating tone.

"It would be too much at present. Why, see how you are dragging your right leg. Your attack of gout is coming on."

"Do you really think so, my dear?" Mr. Aubry would reply, gazing at his incriminated limb.

"I don't *think* so, I am *sure* of it," said his wife.

"But ——," he began.

"Don't but at me when I tell you I am sure. So now my dear old man, you must be sensible."

Mr. Aubry without vouchsafing a reply, started to walk briskly across the room, in order to prove to his helpmate that the attack she dreaded had never been less imminent. But the attempt was not successful, and he was compelled to reseat himself with an expression of pain. Then he accepted his fate like a sensible man, and said to his wife—

"I say, old lady, you are right as usual, you see."

Thus encouraged by her success, Mrs. Aubry at dinner mixed water with the invalid's wine, and put a stop to his *café noir* altogether.

But notwithstanding all these precautions, the attack of gout supervened, and one might even say that the attack was a good one, if anything good *can* be said of gout.

So Mrs. Aubry installed her husband in a comfortable arm-chair, wrapped his leg up in hot flannels, and placed the gouty foot comfortably on a stool. Indeed I, for my own part, do not believe that in the whole town there was another gouty subject so well cared for as was the fencing-master! He occasionally swore a little when the pain was more than ordinarily severe, but, on the whole, he was cheerful, and, "small blame

to him," when he possessed such a good wife, and amusements as numerous as they were varied.

Thus in the morning while his wife was occupied about the house-work he was very comfortable, like a jolly hermit in his "triangular" solitude, while he read the "Gleaner" without being in any way annoyed by the noises in the street. When the house had been "put to rights," Mrs. Aubry used to wheel him into the dining-room beside the window, where he could see the passers-by, an amusement, as everyone knows, very agreeable to an idle person. When the day was fine the window was left open, and a great many people used to come and, leaning their elbows upon the sill, have a chat with the invalid.

Whenever Mrs. Aubry returned from market or from church, she always brought back the latest gossip, and to her and her husband the repetition and comment upon the news was a delicious pastime. Besides, there were the "*Lizards.*"

The Lizards were the former pupils, who were thus designated by the fencing-master. Why, you will ask? Well, I cannot exactly tell you why, as I am not aware that anyone of the interesting species of Saurians has ever been celebrated for its skill in fencing. Mr. Aubry used the term, and had used it for thirty years; no one had ever failed to understand his meaning. Thus usage had freed him and sanctioned the appellation, and no one had ever protested against his calling his pupils "Lizards!"

Although many of the "Lizards" belonged to the "upper ten" of the town, and although Mr. Aubry was not a very aristocratic acquaintance, he was such a good man, that they came to see him with much pleasure. Two or three "Lizards" would come together to inquire respecting his health, and to tell him the latest news, upon which he doted.

"Three Lizards have been here;" or perhaps, "No Lizards have come to-day," the patient would say to his wife in exchange for her gossip retailed from the market.

It by no means followed that the fencing lessons should be stopped because the master was laid up. At this time the lessons were continued by the most experienced pupil Mr. Aubry had ever turned out, viz., Camille Lawrence, the eldest son of the jovial tipstaff.

After numerous attempts to embark upon some career—he had tried "drapery," printing, hat-making, and, finally, the "grocery" line—this unfortunate youth, who possessed an abundance of good-will and an "inverse ratio" of intellect, returned to the care of his father, who made a copyist of him. It seemed as if Nature had determined to accord him an ample supply of things useless in life, and to deprive him of most things necessary to his advancement. He was a really good fellow, possessed an excellent appetite, but was terribly lacking in manner, and careless to a degree. In only one thing had he ever succeeded, and that was in fencing. Out of pure liking for his excellent father, Mr. Aubry had taught the boy the first principles of his art, and was so impressed by the lad's aptitude for fencing, that he instructed him thoroughly, till he became the best fencer in Chatillon. But all the time the boy was unable to tie up a packet of pepper or cinnamon properly.

Whenever Mr. Aubry felt an attack of gout approaching, he sent for this pupil, who came willingly; because, in the first place, he was much fonder of fencing than of engrossing, and also because he was glad to be able to perform any little service for the invalid. Mr. Lawrence used to say, "We never interfere about it, it has become a regular thing; the boy means well, and that goes for something at any rate."

At "lesson" time, Mr. Aubry was accustomed to be wheeled into the fencing-room to act as umpire. He had besides this another duty to perform—viz., to prove by his watch that the clock (like all the other clocks in the house) was either too fast or too slow. The timepiece in the triangular sitting-room, which represented some scriptural subject, was always slow, that in the dining-room always fast. As for the "cuckoo" clock in the fencing-room, it

disdained all the ordinary rules of time, and was sometimes slow and sometimes fast as the idea happened to strike it. But it was necessary that the convenience of the pupils should also be considered in the march of time, so to officially establish the state of



"Throwing his head back, he took a rapid draught."—See page 205.

the case, Mr. Aubry carried in his waistcoat a species of antediluvian watch. This enormous piece of mechanism was bigger than the "goat-cheeses" of the district, and so difficult to open that a chisel was almost requisite to accomplish a feat at once dangerous

and skilful; but it kept time so regularly, that even the clock of the Hotel de Ville was obliged to give in upon certain great occasions, and to confess that the watch had the upper hand! This giant timekeeper had never possessed a chain nor even a common ribbon, still less could it boast any "charms."

"A chain! charms!" Mr. Aubry would exclaim; "why, that would be to point out to pickpockets that there was a watch for them to steal!"

So as it was, Mr. Aubry carried the watch in his watch-pocket, and redipped it into the depths thereof with wonderful dexterity, without the assistance of a chain. It sometimes happened, however, that Mr. Aubry was wearing a new waistcoat, in which the watch-pocket was not quite in the same place as in the old one. Then the fencing-master, absorbed in conversation, sometimes made a mistake, and the watch, like a vessel which has missed the entrance to a harbour, would come with a crash on the ground. You would naturally expect that the watch would be completely smashed, or at least somewhat disarranged in its movement. But no; it actually went all the better, as Mr. Aubry used to declare with a not unpardonable pride.

Nevertheless, the attack of gout this time lasted longer than usual, and, notwithstanding all the resources that the invalid possessed in himself and those about him, he began to feel somewhat "moped." He read the "Gleaner" very slowly, in order to prolong the pleasure; he ascertained, beyond a doubt, that the clock of St. Lubin's church was five minutes and a half too slow. He watched, till he was almost dazed, the glinting knitting-needles in his wife's busy hands; he had arrived at the conclusion that the passers-by were few, although the day was fine. He had actually began to take a melancholy interest in a group of sparrows, which were fighting and fluttering in the deserted street, when all of a sudden he uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"Look here, old woman!" he cried, "here is poor Mr. Littlejohn. How altered he appears—how grey he has grown! He looks quite sad, poor man. He 'will not make old bones,' as they say, if he goes on like this!"

"Indeed, what is killing him is the behaviour of that wicked son of his. Since he went to study in Paris, he ought to have finished his course three times over. They say that he is often met in places in which he had better not be, and that he speculates on the Stock Exchange; besides there are all kinds of rumours, which can scarcely be agreeable to his parents."

"I never had a very good opinion of that scapegrace," said the fencing-master. "He certainly had now and then some funny ideas at which one could not help laughing. But he was sly; I don't even care to confess that he was one of my 'Lizards.' Not that he was unskilful; but one day he requested me to teach him some secret thrust by which he could always be certain of killing his antagonist. Now, I don't like such questions nor those who ask them, and he did not look very amiable when he asked me that question."

At this moment a shadow passed across the window and was reflected upon the wall.

"A 'Lizard!'" cried Mr. Aubry, whose countenance lighted up as if by enchantment.

The bell was rung, and Mrs. Aubry got up to open the door. The visitor was the timid youth himself; or rather, it was no longer the timid youth. The nine years that had elapsed had transformed him into an undecided man. He had attempted everything, or he believed he had done so, and had found no profession to suit him or to which he was suited. After the first few days he suddenly discovered that the work was not in his line, and he gave it up. As he was well off, he preferred to do nothing; indeed, it is not certain that this was not his true vocation!

"I trust I am not disturbing you," said the young man politely as he came in.

"Not at all, put down your hat."

"How is your foot?"

"Much us usual, thank yon; won't you lay aside your stick?"

The "undecided young man" shook his head. He never parted with his cane, which enabled him to collect his thoughts, for on the strength of his rubbing it with the palm of his hand, he managed to put together some fragmentary ideas, and give them expression.

"You will take something, will you not? My dear put out the gin."

The visitor declared that he never drank anything between meals. But the invalid who had his own reasons made him a sign, and winked at him in a knowing manner to make him understand that he was expected to accept.

The young man who fancied that the gout had flown to the patient's head and had made him mad, looked at the cupboard while Mrs. Aubry rose and took out the gin-bottle. The "madman" rubbed his hands at seeing the success of his manœuvre, but his countenance fell when he discovered that there was only one glass.

"You will not give me even a taste, then!" he said in a supplicating tone, as his wife put back the cork.

"How happy you must be!" This was addressed to his guest, who was looking at the gin in an undecided way.

"Happy! oh dear!" and he heaved a deep sigh as he spoke.

"You have not got the gout yet?" said the husband.

"Heart-ache, eh?" asked the wife. The young man groaned, and slowly raised the glass to his lips, as if he were about to swallow a dose of hemlock to put him out of his misery.

"You must take to fencing," said Mr. Aubry in a dictatorial tone.

"You think so?"

"I am sure of it."

"Ah!" was the reply, and he took another sip.

As he was drinking and looking over the rim of the glass into the street with a crest-fallen expression, he suddenly thrust the handle of his cane into his mouth to stifle an exclamation. Mrs. Ironsides was passing with Margaret.

Mr. Aubry looked at his wife and winked. Mrs. Aubry winked at her husband knowingly in return, and both looked at the undecided young man, who looked at his watch nervously.

The fencing-master interpreted that as a challenge, and dragging his cheese-like watch from his pocket, he waited with his eye fixed upon the dial-plate, until the younger man had finished looking at his own.

"You say it is—what time?" Mr. Aubry asked in the severe tone of a master who is certain of catching up an idle pupil.

"I say,—ah!—I say it is half-past three," was the reply.

"Thirty-five minutes past," cried Mr. Aubry, in a triumphant tone; "you are five minutes slow!"

"Well, all I can say is that my watch is one of Bréguet's chronometers," replied the "Lizard" in an expostulatory tone.

"Well, then, tell Mr. Bréguet from me that his ——, what do you call it?"

"Chronometer," said the other.

"That his chronometer is five minutes slow."

"I will not fail to do so," said the possessor of the chronometer in question. Then he said in a choking tone, "Is it really true that Miss Ironsides is to marry Mr. Nay?"

"Good gracious!" said the fencing-master. "Why, Mr. Nay does not know how to fence, and he would take no rank at the Military Academy. But," he added, "he has 'got it in him' all the same, and is a hard-worker. Mrs. Ironsides could not have chosen better for her daughter. As for Miss Margaret——"

"Good-day," interrupted the "Lizard," rising hastily; "I think I must be off. Yes, indeed, I think I ought to go. Take care of yourself, Mr. Aubry. Thank you, Mrs. Aubry, don't trouble about me!"

But Mrs. Aubry did trouble herself all the same, and accompanied her visitor; and well it was that she did so, for he was fumbling at the hinges for the lock.

"Glad to see you come again," she said,

and then mentally added, "You must have very little brains, my friend, to imagine that Mrs. Ironsides would prefer one like you for her daughter's husband, even if you had three millions instead of one."

During her absence, which scarcely was of a minute's duration, a very curious thing happened. The invalid rose quickly from his chair, seized the bottle, uncorked it, and throwing his head back took a rapid draught. He then replaced the bottle, and dropped back into his seat again. He almost choked with laughter when he thought of the trick he had played his nurse. When she re-entered the room there was a moment's embarrassing silence. The sick man, his features scarlet from suppressed laughter and his rapid drink, attempted to assume an unconscious air. At length he spoke.

"What do you think of all that?" he inquired, in an "airy" tone.

"I think," replied his wife, "that it would have been better had I locked up the bottle before I left the room."

"What a wonderful woman she is," muttered the culprit between his teeth, with such sincere admiration that his wife could not help smiling.



## Chapter XI.

In England, fox-hunting is generally considered a healthy, exciting, and even poetical amusement. Healthy because it induces the stout and apoplectic to ride and inspect the country; exciting, for there is nothing so engrossing as the expectation of seeing whether Reynard will save his brush or not. If not, who shall be the lucky possessor of the said brush? From being the simple appendage of a common "roost robber," the brush of the hunted fox becomes a trophy and a family relic. Poetic, for I know nothing more poetical than, clad in pink, being carried through the air, mounted on a thoroughbred, across well-tilled fields, which look like a picture. Wood, meadow, ploughed land, all pass with a bewildering rapidity without mentioning the chance of a "cropper," which has its own poetic side too. Supposing that the dismounted rider does not break his neck, it is a sufficiently poetical sight to see a Peer of Great Britain in a jockey-cap, stretched on his back at the bottom of a ditch with his feet in the air.

In the province of Chatillon-sur-Louette, fox-hunting was a much more prosaic, and a much less healthy amusement. When Mr. Ferrier, the Receiver-General, whose beautiful beard had attracted Martha's attention, was tired of balls and parties, and wanted to breathe fresh air, he invited five or six of his boon companions to meet him at his farm some two miles from Chatillon. It was not in any way a question of scenery or enjoyment of country amusements, not even really fox-hunting. Hunting

was only an excuse, the true object with these friends being one of those regular eating and drinking bouts which one taboos in town, but which is winked at in the country, when clad in "pink" and out hunting. It is merely a question of place and dress. In town, with a white tie, you would be a glutton; in the country, with a black one, you only "play a good knife and fork." Now, the Receiver and every one of his associates "played a good knife and fork;" and on the second or third day, when they had had enough of eating and drinking, one of the guests would yawningly inquire if they were not going to hunt a fox. Upon this all the others would exclaim, "Of course, let us go out hunting!" So they unkennelled the hounds, and set out leisurely, with some "diggers." Sometimes they would smoke Master Reynard out, and when this happened, the dogs would catch him. Sometimes they sent a dog into the earth, as the fox was skulking in some corner of his domicile, and they had to wait a long time for his appearance. Some of the "hunt" would lie down and take a nap, with their heads in the shade; some would light pipes; while two or three, less sleepy than the rest, would place their ears to the ground to



listen. When, after mature consideration, they had made up their mind where the fox was to be found, they set the "diggers" to work. The work is carried on in the sandy soil amid many roots of trees, and at length a blow of a pickaxe discovers the fox, looking as sheepish as did the robber Cacus, who was so discomfited by Hercules.

The "Receiver," then turning up his cuffs, would seize a kind of trident, and deliberately impale the poor fox. With much exertion he would then drag him from his "earth," just as an unskilful eater of periwinkles might extract that mollusc from its shell with a pin. Then the sleeping "hunters" would be awakened, the smokers would light another "pipe," and the whole party would return to the farm by the longest road, in order to get up an appetite for dinner.

On many occasions lately the trident had lacked force when wielded by the "Receiver," but he chose rather to blame the foxes for having become too tough, than to confess that his hand had become less true. One day he persisted in making the attempt, although his hand was very much swelled and painful. The doctor hinted at an attack of gout; but the servants were told to speak of "neuralgia" when people inquired respecting their master's health. At last these neuralgic attacks became so frequent, that the "Receiver" was compelled to confess that he was getting old, and, besides, there

were some grey hairs showing themselves in his beard.

He then came to the conclusion that he wanted somebody to take care of him, and accordingly made proposals for Margaret's hand; but Margaret, of all people in the world, despised an idle man. Besides, she was already engaged to Mr. Nay.

Then the "Receiver" was recommended by his doctor to try all kinds of waters which were supposed to be efficacious for "neuralgia." So it happened that, while still a young man (so to speak), the "Receiver-General" was obliged to retire from office. But he was not the only person who retired during that year. It really appeared as if some spirit had passed over Chatillon, and sounded the "retreat," so that every one who heard it felt obliged to obey the summons.

The President of the Courts had become so deaf that he could not even hear the sonorous voice of his usher. He retired into private life, and resigned himself entirely to a consideration of a scheme of judicial reform.

The old justice of the peace did not wait until he became deaf to retire. He went to live upon a small estate at a little distance from Chatillon, where he quietly went on with his great work on "Education," and applied himself to the translation of Horace. (Why is it that all old justices of the peace translate Horace?)

Mr. Sombrette retired also. He was the eldest brother of "Mademoiselle," and a master at the school. He was a little shrivelled man, very good-natured, and very well read. He wore the old-fashioned nankeen trousers, and such a peculiar hat that his pupils not unreasonably compared it to a precipitous island without a beach.

No sooner had he retired than he regretted it. He had become so accustomed to look after the pupils, was so thoroughly the usher, that at the end of a few months he became quite unhappy because he had nobody to supervise. The result of all this was his determination to open a preparatory school for children whose parents did not wish them to enter the "College" so early. "Mademoiselle," who was not "so young as she had been," and who was tired of going out as a governess, entered at once into her brother's plans.

They accordingly allied themselves and opened an establishment under the title of "Mr. and Miss Sombrette's Preparatory School."

In the Reu de Heaume there happened to be a small house vacant, so they took it; but before they did so, they had already "sounded" the neighbourhood. "Mademoiselle" had canvassed those families wherein she had pupils, while the brimless hat and nankeen trousers had made their way into every part of the town.

Johnny Ironsides was at this time just of the age to commence learning Latin; and his mother, being naturally unwilling to send him to the "College" till he was older, consented, when the brother and sister asked for her patronage, to send Johnny to their preparatory school.

"That has taken a load off my heart," said "Mademoiselle," when she had obtained Mrs. Ironsides' consent; "now we are sure to succeed." And indeed many parents made up their minds to send their children to Mr. Sombrette's school, when they heard that Mrs. Ironsides was about to do the same.

Sundry repairs and additions having been executed, the "Sombrette College" (as the principal of the real college disdainfully styled it) opened its doors, or rather its door, to the select youth of the district.

Mr. Aubry also retired from his profession, for the simple reason that he found his last attack of gout had lasted so long, and without prospect of a speedy termination. It seemed as if the disease had established itself and was determined not to be disturbed. The only apparent change was that the gout under the impression that it was to be henceforth the registered occupant of his body, moved about its newly-acquired property at pleasure. It travelled from the great toe to the knee, thence to the hand, and then suddenly quitted that

resting-place for a foot. Mr. Aubry was at his wit's end, and even his wife began to feel a little discouraged.

"How foolish we are!" she cried one day, as if the idea had newly occurred to her.

"Oh!" exclaimed Mr. Aubry, "speak for me only, my dear; I am an Idiot, I know; but you ——!"

"I say *we* are foolish," replied his helpmate, with a determined emphasis upon the "we." "All you want is change of air. Let us go and live in Labridun, it will do you a great deal of good. You can work in the garden, and we might rear ducks and fowls. You could then eat your own lettuces and lay your own eggs! It would be first-rate!"

"Yes; but ——"

"But what?"

"What will become of the pupils when the fencing school is closed?"

"The school will not be closed. Camille can give lessons during your absence. He is capable of nothing else, poor fellow, and it will assist his parents, who are not rolling in wealth. And it might be necessary for us to retire under other circumstances. We have talked of it for a long time. Thank goodness, we have no children to provide for. There is another thing about which I want to speak to you too. That boy will be of the regulation age for the conscription next year. He ought to remain to support his family, and it will be a great boon to leave him here. So, as you say, the fencing school need not be closed; and, besides, Camille will have an opportunity of establishing himself at last. Now, what shall we do?"

"Yes; what shall we do? that's the question!"

"Well, let us establish the Lawrences here; their lease has almost expired, and as they wish to 'better themselves,' they are looking about, I know. But house-rent has increased during the last few years, and I am certain they won't find anything so suitable as the terms we can offer. We are not robbers, and can afford to let them have the house for the same rent as we ourselves pay."

Mr. Aubry never uttered a word. He listened attentively, with his eyes fixed upon his wife, contenting himself from time to time with a nod of approval. At length he broke in—

"I think I follow you, and I believe that, as usual, you are quite right; but I don't quite see how we can hinder that poor lad from serving if he draw an unlucky number. I confess I have my doubts."

Mrs. Aubry smiled, and held up her forefinger, as a public speaker might to bespeak the attention of his audience.

"Why, my dear old man," said she, "do you not understand the drift of what I have been talking about?"

"I believe so," said the invalid, with a mixture of confusion and weariness in his tone.

"He must purchase a substitute, of course."

"Oh, of course," he echoed, with a thoughtful inclination of the head as he spoke.

"But he has no money."

"Not a farthing!" (This time a melancholy nod confirmed the assertion.)

"Yes, but we have; and even if we had not we could easily borrow the required amount. We can give guarantee sufficient, thank goodness." (Here Mrs. Aubry glanced round the triangular sitting-room with an air of satisfaction.) "We could easily obtain an advance against this house, or upon our little property at Labridun. We can buy Camille off. He has a good business, and a connection ready-made to his hands."

"And a very excellent connection, too," said the fencing-master, with pardonable pride.

"And a very excellent connection, as you truly say," assented his wife. "As he makes it pay, he can reimburse us by degrees. Now, if that arrangement do suit you, you have only to say so. But if it do not, just explain to me, please, how we shall otherwise be able to leave here, and one thing is very certain, that leave this place we must."

Mr. Aubry appeared to resign himself to consider these facts. The terms "borrow" and "advance" sounded unpleasantly to his ear; he could not tell why. In his perplexity he drew his watch from his pocket, ooked at the time, and seemed completely reassured.

"That is the only thing to be done," said he, "and the sooner 'tis done the better."

"We have plenty of time; you must get well. Besides, the arrangement cannot be made till the spring. In the meantime, what pleasant evenings we shall pass maturing our plans."

Presently, Captain John came in, and they told him all about their project. Never, according to his idea, had an arrangement been so feasible.

"That is capital," said he, "splendid!" and, rubbing his hands, he added, "you will be able to keep all kinds of animals, which you cannot keep here." And he mentioned what animals they would be able to rear.

"I am like my niece," said Uncle John, "I am very fond of animals, they create a liveliness about one. Naturally, I have not been able to keep any, as I cannot conveniently rear anything in a portmanteau. I never had anything of the kind except a horrible monkey which I once caught."

Mr. Aubry, at this confession, was seized with such a violent fit of laughter, that his wife was obliged to pat him on the back to recover him.

The Captain's monkey had passed into a regimental tradition, for he had devoured a dozen shirts, and torn all the lace from his master's uniform. In consequence of this the Captain had set him free, and had never attempted to domesticate any animal since that time.

"You must have bees," said Uncle John.

The Aubrys had not thought about that before, but they now quite appreciated the necessity.

"And then you will have quite a little earthly paradise. I dare say you will see me down there pretty often."

"Oh! I am sure you will not neglect us; but the others——"

"What others?"

"The 'Lizards!'"

"The 'Lizards' have nimble feet, and can easily walk so far; and those who fancy the distance is too great to traverse for the pleasure of shaking a brave man by the hand, had better stay away. At least that is my opinion."

"Now, old lady, will you wheel me into the fencing-room, for the Captain can enjoy his pipe there? Although you don't wish me to smoke, it will cheer me up a bit to see the Captain enjoy it."

Uncle John offered his services to wheel the chair.

"No, no," said the invalid, "do not trouble yourself. Besides, nobody except my wife can wheel me without making me cry out, for I am getting very shaky in my old age."

When they reached the fencing-room, the Captain lit his pipe, and made smoke enough for two. The fencing-master gazed at it with delight, and sniffed up the aroma of the tobacco as an epicure would respire the odour of truffles.

So they chatted, while Mrs. Aubry knitted and forecast projects; and if there were three really happy people in the world that day, those three friends were they.

But even the most simple people have their secrets, and do not tell everything even to their most intimate friends; so neither did Mr. Aubry nor his wife breathe a syllable respecting the loan or the advance of money. It was through his friend Lawrence that the Captain, some time afterwards, learnt the facts of the case. He had nothing of greater moment to relate to his niece, and when he did so he chose a time when Johnny happened to be in the room.

As for Johnny himself, he having for a long time taken a lively interest in satin ties, varnished boots, ponies, dancing parties, and a crowd of curled little dandies and dressed-out girls, he began to get rather tired of these "elegant" people and their fashionable amusements. He was so terribly afraid of growing up a selfish man, that he kept as strict a watch upon himself as any school-

master could have done; and whenever he did perchance forget his resolution, Martha was present, and she, according to their compact, would lift her finger warningly. Johnny on these occasions would blush deeply, and become quite subdued. He seemed to prefer solitude to noisy parties; he liked to retire into quiet corners to read, and appeared to enjoy more and more the society of his mother and sisters, and the stories told by Uncle John.

In fact, as the young fop Trétan said, "Our friend Ironsides is getting rather slow. Not that I mean to say that his dress is neglected—he has more self-respect than to allow that—but he lacks the sense of true fashion. He is more interested in common people than good taste warrants, and believes in a number of things which are quite out of date. He says 'papa' and 'mamma,' and never 'father' nor 'mother.' He believes in his Uncle John and 'Mademoiselle;' in Mr. Sombrette too. He has some absurd notions, such as obeying without disputing an order. When his mother has once said 'No,' he has no idea how to influence her with all kinds of affectionate words, to induce her to say '*Yes*.' When his father has refused him anything, he never thinks of arguing the point, and of proving to him that he is quite behind the age. Now Golightly, on the contrary, is the proper style of fellow. What a splendid air and what cool 'cheek' he assumes when he says to his father, 'If my father do not care to be sensible, I must really give him up altogether.' What parent could resist such charming manners? Above all, poor Johnny has not sufficient tact to pit his father against his mother, and by so doing obtain from the one what the other has refused to accord. He never reads the sporting papers. He reads such books as 'Robinson Crusoe' and 'Don Quixote,' as well as all kinds of legends and fairy tales, and really seems as if he believed them all. He is a good fellow enough, but young and credulous."

Thus spoke Young France by the mouth of Michael Trétan.



## Chapter XII.

The same issue of the "Gleaner," which officially announced the wedding of Margaret Ironsides with Mr. Nay, made known the union of the undecided young gentleman with a lady somewhat older than he, and gifted with a decided "will of her own!" There was a good deal of astonishment expressed in Chatillon. Unkind people, referring to the bridegroom, said: "Well, he has made up his mind for once in his life, at any rate!" Others equally

unkind, replied, "Yes, having no will of his own, he has married a lady with enough determination for both!" The populace did not think about it for any length of time, but fashionable Chatillon inquired when the pretty Hermione would "receive."

So Margaret was married, and all had gone off well. Mrs. Ironsides had appeared rather pale, for it was a very trying ordeal for her to part from her daughter, but it is only natural that they should be separated. But she had never given way, either when the contract was signed, or in the vestry. She had not, on either occasion, thown herself dramatically into her daughter's arms. No, she always presented the same sweet face; though sometimes pensive and sometimes cheerful.

She never lost her presence of mind for an instant; but seemed to anticipate everyone. She thought of everything, and organized all the arrangements; and when the young people went away to pass a month in Paris, she, without apparent effort, resumed her old, active life. She was greatly grieved, of course, but scarcely anyone noticed it, and certainly no one was the worse for it.

Margaret's departure from home seemed to unite even more closely the bonds which bound the Ironsides family together. "What



can I do to make mamma happier?" was a question that Johnny would ask himself almost every hour of the day. This great wish to please his mother led him to overcome without difficulty the trouble his Latin Declensions caused him. Mr. Sombrette was delighted, and spoke of his pupil's progress with enthusiasm.

Johnny got up every morning at six o'clock, and went to bed at nine at night. He was so conscientious in the performance of his lessons that he worked sometimes even on Thursdays. In order to have time to perform all his tasks, he found it necessary occasionally to relinquish his party on Thursdays—a course which gave him some little pain, but he had himself suggested the idea. His mother had not interfered, and he had persevered. Uncle John, to whom was confided the secret of this resolution, declared that Johnny ought to be rewarded. But Mrs. Ironsides quelled his enthusiasm, and assured him that it would be much better that the feeling of having behaved well should be the boy's reward; reserving, till a later date, the bestowal of some recompense which would not have the appearance of payment for self-sacrifice inflicted.

"Quite right," said Uncle John; "a sacrifice rewarded, is, in reality, no sacrifice at all."

Some time afterwards Uncle John spoke

casually of learning to ride and of fencing Johnny clapped his hands in sheer delight, and thenceforth his uncle was charged with the boy's military education.

Whenever Johnny came home from school he had a thousand anecdotes to tell. Mrs. Ironsides and Martha were even better acquainted with the internal economy of the establishment than was Mr. Sombrette himself. They were immediately made acquainted with the fact that a boy called Tonquin when questioned respecting the adjective *unus*, had replied that it was the genitive case of *uni*, an answer which made Mr. Sombrette very indignant. They knew also that Roussel could repeat without missing a word, the "Synopsis of the Five Declensions," which must have been "very nice" for the parents of Roussel! They were aware that another boy had rendered "we admire" by admiramus, as if the verb *admirari* was not a passive verb. They heard that other boys tied paper tails on flies, whereby the said flies underwent much inconvenience, that the "*Selectæ*" were difficult, "but if you only made up your mind to it it, came all right in the end!"

By degrees these confessions became less ingenuous, without lacking frankness. Johnny was no longer so wrapped up in the lesser incidents of the classics, but fresh ideas came shooting across the explanations of the books he read. He began to discuss with Martha the merits of certain heroes of antiquity. He argued with his mother the desirability of making conquests. As she had little sympathy with those conquerors who had been conquerors and nothing else, she put their apparent regal virtues and their affected utterances at a very low valuation, as she rightly estimated certain traits, already far too greatly prized, and too often held up to the admiration of schoolboys. Johnny, in his astonishment, could not help exclaiming, "Why, it is most astonishing; you have never learnt Latin either, and yet you tell me just the same thing as Mr. Sombrette does!"

Johnny had also some regular discussions with Justine the cook, respecting the dishes and the ancient system of cooking the '*moretum*" black bread. Justine, on principle, condemned both these dishes, and stigmatized them as "filthy mixtures!" Johnny appealed to his mother, who replied that upon cooking Justine was an authority, and her opinion was worthy of respect. So the "moretum" and the black bread were abandoned to their fate, but one good idea resulted from this incident, viz., that it was advisable always to inquire respecting anything of the person best acquainted with that particular subject, and never to speak of what we are not well assured.

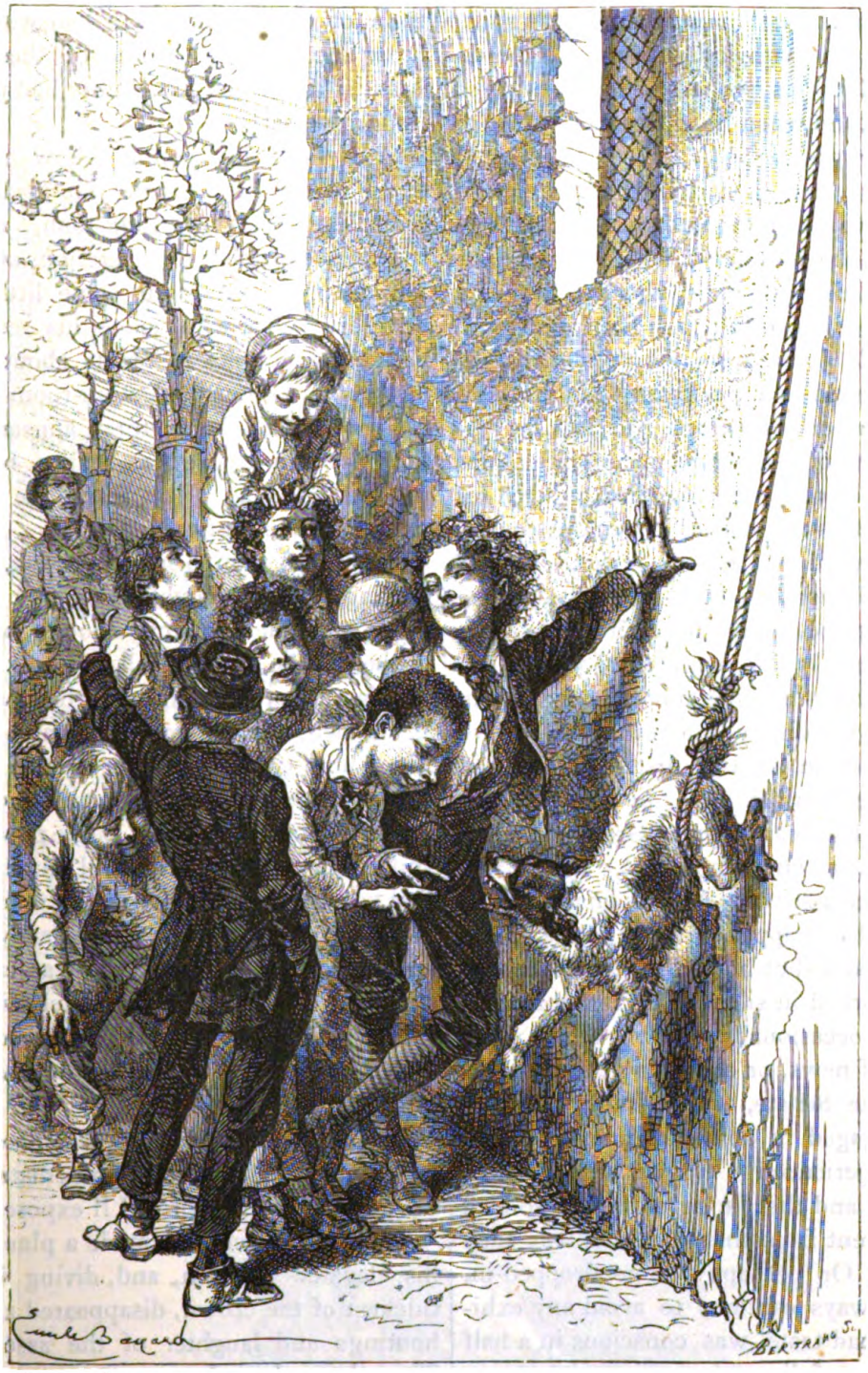
For this reason he went to Uncle John for opinion on the disposition of force in certain battles. Sometimes Uncle John could not understand the accounts of battles related by some authors, and debated with himself whether they were not mere civilians who had attempted to give descriptions of military evolutions. He understood *Cæsar* (in the translation) very well, but he was quite puzzled respecting the construction of a certain bridge which Cæsar threw across the Rhine, as described in fourth book of the *Commentaries*.

"That," said he, "is an engineer's business."

So Johnny took counsel of Mr. Nay, now a great "chum" of his, and he made a point of studying the passage, and actually designed for Johnny a bridge similar to that of Cæsar's time. Johnny placed it in what he denominated his "Museum," in which he already boasted a water-colour sketch of Martha's, two autographs, and a chromolithograph of the "Shrimpers!"

During his residence with the Sombrettes, Johnny, like all very happy people, had no history. His life was a scene but seldom changed, upon which events appeared pleasant, or sad, or tragic. For instance, his visits to Margaret's little house, situated just without the town, the serious illness of his friend Roussel, whom his parents removed to the south, whence he never returned; and a fight with a greengrocer. This youthful greengrocer had contracted a festive habit of throwing cabbage stalks at Mr. Sombrette's pupils, so Johnny had

given him a black eye; then there was the occasion on which Mr. and Miss Sombrette had been so enraged against Tonquin—the occasion on which by fallacious promises he had lured an unfortunate dog into the playground, and had tied him by the tail to the



rope of the school-bell; the expulsion of Master Maltravers, who on two subsequent occasions had been detected in telling untruths, the death of old Mr. Littleiohn, followed at no long interval by that of his wife, and the unfavourable rumours which had circulated respecting Charles Littlejohn their son. This last circumstance struck Johnny

all the more forcibly, inasmuch as one of his illusions was entirely dissipated. Charles Littlejohn, so far as Johnny remembered, was so amusing and so full of fun, that he in his secret heart had often wished to resemble him. And now when people spoke of him it was with indignation. When he succeeded to his property he gave himself great airs, and when he left carried with him very few regrets.

Johnny often turned to the past in his reveries, to the remembrance of certain walks in the meadows, which came more vividly to his mind than other rambles of a later date; his rides and fencing lessons with Uncle John, a serious accident which had happened to a workman—his mother's coolness when every one had lost his presence of mind—the warm congratulations he had received when he had passed his examination—the visit of a youthful cousin, who appeared to be the exact copy of Michael Trétan, at least if Michael were not the copy of the cousin both these youths were extremely like some third person unknown; and searching more deeply still in his memory, Johnny brought to the surface the recollection of the first hare he had killed—the terrible time he had passed through when learning the Greek alphabet, his mother's encouragement, Mr. Sombrette's kind assistance, and his final triumph.

And what happy evenings were those which he passed at home! Martha and his mother worked in silence; his father studied the paper occasionally, reading aloud some little bit of news, or criticising the proceedings of the Senate, while Johnny himself deeply engaged in some exercise or translation, experienced a vague sensation of happiness, and that he never wished to lead a life different from that which he was then enjoying. Or perhaps visitors dropped in, and he, always cautious to avoid any exhibition of bad taste, was conscious in a half dreamy way of discussions respecting "raw material," "the elections," etc. Or perhaps the conversation turned upon the ill-feeling displayed by certain workmen, of the intrigues of delegates who came and went no one knew whence or whither—who were continually talking to workmen about their "Rights," but never by any chance respecting their "Duties;" people who disappeared as they had come, having set light to the train of disaffection. He had witnessed a little encounter with one of these "firebrands," in which Mr. Aubry had played an important part.

A well-looking young fellow had come down to the little town. He had dressed himself up as a "working-man," and came to speak respecting the operations of Trades' Unions. He produced some little effect, but Mr. Aubry who, since his retirement, had become quite a "man about town," happened to enter the lecture-room one day. No sooner had the lecturer appeared upon the platform than Mr. Aubry began to rub his eyes as if he feared he was the victim of an optical delusion. But the moment the man began to speak, all the fencing-master's doubts vanished. For a time he listened patiently enough, but when he heard the lecturer talk of working-men as his "Brothers," and of their privations as his own, of their hopes as shared by him, Mr. Aubry could no longer contain himself. Too much excited to stop to pick and choose his words, he cried out, "Come now, Philip, you know you are an awful humbug, and that you are no more a workman than I am!"

The audience became immediately excited and uproarious. Mr. Aubry was calm and smiling. The lecturer completely disarmed, stared with eyes wide open, and, completely scared, did not know whether to resume or to retire.

Mr. Aubry soon decided the question by exclaiming, "If you don't immediately come down from the platform, I'll expose you!"

At this the lecturer made a plunge from his elevated position, and, diving into the thickest of the crowd, disappeared amid the hootings and laughter of the assemblage. The discomfited lecturer was no other a personage than that godson of Mr. Aubry, whom he had not seen for five-and-twenty years before Johnny was christened. Since then he had, on many occasions, presented

himself in piteous guise, and begged assistance from his godfather. But Mr. Aubry had eventually discarded him, having learnt the low and dishonourable manner in which he lived in Paris. "The rascal," said Mr. Aubry, "he came here because he fancied I was living in the country!" This little adventure taught a wholesome lesson to the more respectable class of workmen, and, as for Johnny, he was almost speechless in his admiration, and elevated Mr. Aubry to the rank of a hero!

The following Thursday he obtained permission to accompany his uncle on a visit to Labridun to see this great man! To his astonishment that model of courage, with his sleeves turned up, and *sabots* on his feet, was watering his lettuces. He was much surprised to hear that his little adventure had made such a noise, and he entirely repudiated the praise which Johnny was willing to accord him for his heroism.

"There is a hero if you like," said Mr. Aubry, extending his watering-pot towards Uncle John. And then the fencing-master related the episode of Lieutenant Teragne, with the little additional circumstance which the former narrator has carefully suppressed —viz., that Uncle John himself had been the person who had displayed such self-devotion at the time.

At the time that Philip was so ignominiously routed, Johnny knew as much Latin and Greek as a boy of the Fourth Form, which, after all, is not saying a great deal. (But this was not his fault nor that of his instructor; it was rather the fault of the French system of education.) But he was well read, and could at least distinguish between the styles of Ovid and Virgil. His judgment was sufficiently formed to understand that *Cyropedia* is a romance, and the History of Quintus Curtius was another, and not well constructed either; but that the *Anabasis* was a master-work. He wrote very fair Latin verses, and was well acquainted with geography and history.

If you add to these accomplishments the fact that Johnny had suddenly grown, and was at that time a well-made lithe figure, and somewhat pale, you will have a good idea of the new pupil whom Mrs. Ironsides introduced to the principal of the College after she had entered the lad's name as a candidate for admission next term.

The principal could not look with any favour upon one of Mr. Sombrette's pupils. But, on the other hand, he could not afford to treat the son and heir of such a distinguished family with coolness. He, therefore, adopted a middle course, and gazed over the rim of his spectacles at Johnny in a very dignified manner.

When Mrs. Ironsides informed him that Mr. Sombrette thought Johnny capable of being placed in the third form, the principal smiled incredulously. But when he had examined Johnny he was forced to admit that Mr. Sombrette was right. "That proves," said he, "that we should never be astonished at anything; Mr. Sombrette was one of my best assistants!"



# THE LOST RIFLE; OR, SCHOOLBOY FACTION.

## A SECOND TALE OF NETHERCOURT.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

### CHAPTER VII.—LARKINS'S GHOST.

PAGET and Campbell walked on in silence, till they had reached the lane leading from the cricket-field. Here they were met by the school servant, Jem Hedges, with a message from Dr. Glanville to say that he wished to see the first-class boys immediately in his study. This announcement caused a good deal of surprise, as the Doctor very seldom sent for boys at that hour of the day. The chiefs of the Picts, who apprehended that the summons was connected with their recent visit to the race-course, conversed together in anxious whispers as they entered the school premises.

"I say," said Lane, "the Doctor, or one of the ushers, can't have been upon the race-ground, and seen us there, to be sure!"

"The ushers!" repeated Marshall; "why, they were all three of them watching out at cricket the whole time. You forget that."

"Yes; and the Doctor is almost as unlikely to have been there," added Walters. "Fancy the old Doctor at the races! That would be a go."

"I grant that's unlikely enough," said Paget. "But some of his friends may have met him, and told him. I saw one or two on the ground who might have done so. There was Farmer Bolton, and Squire Cripps, and Mr. Crauford, and Captain Wortley. Crauford is really not unlikely——"

"Captain Wortley," exclaimed Marshall, in evident alarm, "do you think that he——" He checked himself.

"Yes, he was certainly there," said Paget. "I saw him, though I don't think he saw us. I had half a mind to go up and speak to him, only I thought it wouldn't be quite the thing under the circumstances. But don't look so scared, Jack. Most likely this has nothing at all to do with the races. Here, Jem," he continued, addressing the boy, who was hurrying past him into the house. "Has the Doctor any visitors with him?"

"Only Captain Wortley and his son, sir," said Hedges. "They stopped here on their way back from the race-course. I heard the Captain say so as I showed him in."

"You don't say so," said Walters. "I say, this looks bad. Did the Captain look very savage, Jem?"

"Savage! Bless you, no, sir. He looked as pleased as Punch—as he always do, for the matter of that—as if some one had just been and left him a fortune."

"There,' said Paget, "I told you so. Most likely he has called to ask Archie and some of the other fellows to a picnic, or a cricket-match, or to have a day's fishing, or something of the kind."

"Very likely," said Marshall; "but in that case all the first class wouldn't go—not those who didn't like it, anyhow."

"Of course not," said Paget, "you may be sure of that."

"Then the whole of the first class needn't go into the Doctor's study, I suppose," said Marshall.

"The Doctor didn't say as he wanted the whole of the first class," interposed Jem Hedges. "He wanted four or six—I ain't sure which—of the head boys."

The school premises had by this time been reached, and a consultation was hastily held as to who should obey the summons. It was resolved that the six first in school order who chose to go, should be selected. Two of the six seniors, Marshall and Smithson, having declared that they had no wish to be present, their places were filled up by Huntley and Lane.

On entering the study, they found Captain Wortley—whose good-humoured face quite

bore out Jem Hedges' statements—engaged in relating to the Doctor an occurrence which had just taken place at the races.

"I wish you had been there, Glanville," he said. "You would have agreed with me in committing the fellows at once. I don't believe there are greater rogues in England than those thimblerig men."

"How did Edward here get mixed up with it?" asked the Doctor. "You didn't bet with those fellows, I suppose, Edward?" he added, with a smile.

"No, sir," said Edward Wortley, laughing. "I know a little better than that, I hope! It happened in this way. Charlie and I, and the two Hutchinsons, were going by when it began. There was a young fellow, of about my age, or a little younger—he looked like a gentleman's son—he had been betting on the pea, and I judge they had let him win once or twice, in the hope of drawing him on. He must have been up to their dodge too, for when the third trial came, double or quits, and there was a goodish stake on the tables, in place of simply saying where the pea was, he caught up the thimble himself, and shook it out. Instead of paying up, the thimbleriggers made a rush, and began to maul him. Charlie and I, and my two cousins, struck in to his help, or he would have come badly off among them. Indeed, they did seize the money, and one of them gave him a wipe over the nose before we could prevent it. Well, there was a regular shindy, and presently Hardy and two of his men came up. We wanted to give the thimbleriggers in charge; but they declared that the young fellow I told you of, hadn't played fair before we came up, and had struck the first blow. They insisted upon it that they would give *him* in custody, if he could be found. Unluckily, we couldn't find my father for an hour at least; and as the chap who had been playing with them wasn't to be found either, Hardy wouldn't take them into custody."

"No, and I hardly know how to blame Hardy," said Captain Wortley. "But they have got their eye on those thimblerig fellows, and are on the look out for the lad who was assaulted also. Edward and the others say they would know him again directly if they saw him. I hope they will catch him."

"I hope they may," said Dr. Glanville. "Both parties would be none the worse for a taste of the treadmill, if, as appears not unlikely, there was cheating on both sides. But here are the boys you asked for, Wortley—six, I see. I thought I had told Hedges four."

"Never mind that," said the Captain, good-naturedly. "All six can come and see the fun, anyhow. The fifth will do to keep the score, and the sixth can be kept in reserve in case of any of the others being unable to shoot. Ha! Archie, my lad," he continued, shaking hands with Campbell. "I didn't see you before, nor you either, Paget. Well, young gentlemen, we are going to have a grand field-day with the Dulworth Volunteers, October 3rd, this day fortnight. There is the challenge shield, and some cups and medals, to be shot for. I have the honour, you know, to be captain of the Dulworth corps, and I think it is very hard that the Nethercourt Volunteers should not be reckoned as a part of them. The idea occurred to me last summer, but it had gone out of my head again. I dare say I shouldn't have remembered it now, if I hadn't received a letter this morning from your uncle, Archie, in which he says he hears that you and your schoolfellows are become quite crack shots with the rifle. Edward heard me read out the letter at breakfast, and he and the others at once proposed that four of you should compete for the Dulworth Cup. Every company, you see, will have four representatives. My company, the Wortley Park Company, will be represented by Edward and Charles, Harry Hutchinson, and Tom Walmsley, one of my keepers. So, to make a long story short, I have asked the Doctor here to let the four, or rather I should say the six, champions of the school, come over to Wortley Park this day fortnight. Dr. Glanville kindly agrees, if you yourselves would like it. What do you say?"

"We should like nothing better, thank

you, sir," said Campbell, glancing round at his companions, whose joyous looks attested the truth of his reply.

"That's well," said the Captain. "I suppose you six here are the six best shots in your corps—are you not?"

"No, sir," said Lane, whom the Captain had more particularly addressed. "I don't know that we could say positively at this moment who our six best shots are. But *one* of our best shots—the best, in fact, is not here."

"Well, you had better choose them, then," said the Captain. "You can have some trials, you know, between this and Monday next to determine the point. I must have the names on Monday evening, remember, as they have to be sent by Tuesday's post to the printer. And now we must be off, Ned. Good-bye, Doctor. Many thanks to you for your compliance with my request. Good-bye, lads. Mind you practise well, or my fellows will beat you."

"Good-bye, sir," exclaimed the delighted boys, hurrying back into the schoolroom to discuss this new subject of interest, which had so unexpectedly presented itself.

"I wonder how those fellows shoot," said Walters, after supper that evening. "Walmsley, I fancy, is a crack shot, from what Miles said one day; and so is one of the Captain's sons, but not the other."

"No," said Paget, "and I am pretty sure young Hutchinson is no great things either. From all I know, we needn't be afraid of them,"

"Afraid of them!" said Walters. "I should think not, indeed. Why, with Jack Marshall, and you and I, and Campbell or Irving, we needn't be afraid of a better team than theirs is likely to be."

"It isn't so certain that either you or Paget will be among the four," observed Huntley.

"Not certain, of course," said Walters, "but, considering that Marshall and Paget have generally got the best scores throughout the year, we may safely assume that they will be among the shooters; and, in all likelihood, the other two will be Campbell, Irving, or myself."

"The Chief, of course, will be one of the four," said Huntley.

"I don't see that," began Walters.

But Campbell interposed.

"I shall not be one," he said, "unless I am considered to be among the four best. We had better settle at once whether we mean to adopt Captain Wortley's suggestion or not."

"Well," said Paget, "I think it will be better to take the four who stand first in the whole year's scores. That is a better test than three trials only, in which one fellow may be unusually lucky or unlucky."

"That would make the four chosen to be Marshall, Paget, Walters, and either Campbell or Irving, I don't quite know which," said Snow. "I was looking up the numbers the other day, and I fancy it is a very near run between the two."

"Campbell and Irving had better both of them shoot," said Marshall. "I have no fancy to be one."

There was a general outcry from all the Picts. "You not shoot, Jack, what nonsense! Why, we shouldn't have half a chance without you. That would never do at all."

"What is your reason, Marshall?" asked Campbell, quietly.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Marshall. "I very likely shall leave before the end of the half—perhaps before the match day; and, besides, I don't fancy the kind of thing. It is a great bother, you know."

"Well, I shouldn't have fancied to hear you say that," said Paget. "But, if you don't go upon your own account, you really ought to go on ours; that is, if you are still here, as I suppose you will be. No one doubts that you are, out and out, the best shot in the school. You won the belt last half, even against Parsons and Stevens, who are better shots than any of the first class now are."

"A fellow's shooting varies sometimes," remarked Marshall.

"No doubt, but yours hasn't," said Walters. "You are at the head of the scores

for this half as well as last. No, really, Jack, I agree with Paget that that wouldn't do. If you refuse to shoot, the challenge had better be declined, and we should have to assign as a reason that you wouldn't shoot."

"That would make no end of bother," said Irving. "We should have old Wortley over here, as likely as not, or his son, wanting to know why you didn't shoot. You had best shoot, Marshall, it will be the less trouble of the two."

"Very well, then," said Marshall, "I will." The assent was not over gracious, but it was enough for the boys.

"That's right," said Paget. "Then, to return to what we were saying before. I propose that the four chosen shall be the four whose names stand highest in the whole year's scores. What do you say to that?"

"I don't agree to it," said Huntley. "I think we ought to adopt Captain Wortley's suggestion."

"So do I," said Cartwright and Lightfoot together.

"What does the Chief say?" asked Irving.

"There is no need for me to say anything," replied Campbell, "and I think I had better not, as it will probably depend on the way in which we determine the point, whether I shoot or not. I think I had better put the question to the vote. I believe all the first class are here."

"Yes, they are all here," repeated Paget, looking round him. "Very well, Archie, I agree with you, it's no use talking any more about this. We had better vote."

The vote was accordingly taken. For Paget's proposal there were found to be four—himself, Marshall, Walters, and Lane; and against it five—Huntley, Cartwright, Lightfoot, Snow, and Smithson. Campbell and Irving did not vote. This result was hailed with great satisfaction by the Scots, who clapped their hands, and hurrahed again and again. Their demeanour seemed to give Paget great offence.

"Wait a minute," he exclaimed angrily; "I advise you not to count your chickens before they're hatched. They *shan't* get their way, I'm determined they shan't," he muttered, as he turned off to his seat in a corner of the school-room. He sat there for a few minutes, then suddenly started up and left the room. The Scots clustered together at the first-class desk; and their adversaries retired to a corner of the school-room, where they conversed together in whispers. In a few minutes Mr. Phelps entered, and the preparation for the next day's lessons commenced. Paget did not return, but no one apparently noticed his absence.

It wanted about a quarter of an hour to prayer time, when all of a moment, a cry of alarm was heard in the play-ground outside; the door was burst open, and two or three of the biggest of the juniors tumbled into the room, staring wildly round them, as though frightened out of their wits. One of them fairly dropped in a swoon of terror on the floor, and the others, white as ashes, and shaking from head to foot, seemed in little better condition. It had happened that Mr. Phelps had left the school-room a few minutes before; and no usher being present to restrain the boys, they crowded together round the new comers, overwhelming them with questions, which they were wholly unable to answer.

"Stand clear of them," said Campbell. "You make them worse by hustling them. Now then, can anyone say what is the matter with Benson, or with any of you. He looked at Philips and Hall as he spoke. Neither of them answered at first; until, after repeated challenges, the last named unlocked his huge jaws, and exclaimed, "The ghost, the ghost!"

"Ghost," repeated a chorus of voices; "what ghost?"

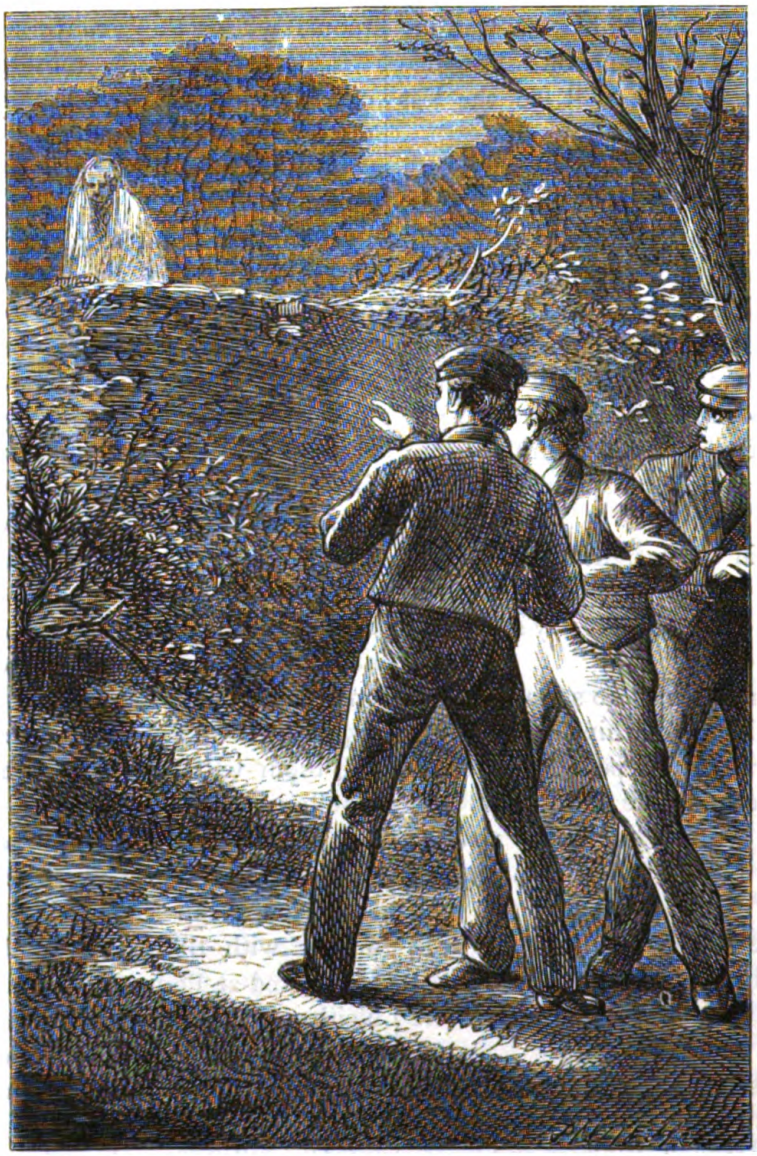
"This is one of Benson's hoaxes, I expect," said Lane, laughing. "He is only pretending to be in a fright."

"He is doing it uncommonly well, if he is," observed Campbell. "Come, I say, Utterton, you generally have your senses about you. Can't you tell us what this means?"

"I'll tell you all I know," said Utterton, who was a little reassured by the presence of his schoolfellows. "We were talking at supper at our end of the table about old Larkins's ghost, which Dunning declares he saw dressed in white, and shining all over, one day ever so long ago.

"Everyone has heard that," said Lane, "and everyone believes that Tom mistook a fellow in a smock frock for the ghost."

"Well, I did, certainly," said Utterton. "But Benson insisted at supper that three groans were always heard from that hollow lump of brickwork near the end of the



"Just after the groans, we saw a white figure, shining all over."—See page 221.

play-ground, where he says old Larkins was buried. It was always heard on the nineteenth day of the month, exactly as the church clock struck half-past eight—that being the day and the hour when Larkins killed himself. Some one else, I forget who, also insisted upon it that on one Wednesday in the year, he didn't know exactly when, old Larkins himself was seen to walk. Well, Philips or some one recollected it was the nineteenth to-day, and proposed, as a joke, that we should go out and listen for the groans. There was a good deal of chaff with Tom Hall here, who declared that he didn't believe in ghosts more than anyone else, and then we all went out. I am sure,

for my part, I hadn't the least idea we should hear anything."

"And I suppose you did hear Benson groan, or some one whom he had hidden in the corner of the play-ground," suggested Lane.

"No we didn't," said Utterton; "that's quite certain. Benson was standing quite close to me, and didn't open his lips, or I must have heard him; and there isn't a place for twenty yards round, where a fellow could be hid."

"Well, go on," exclaimed a dozen eager voices.

"We hadn't been out above five minutes," resumed Utterton, "when the clock struck. Directly afterwards, we all heard three deep hollow groans; which came as plainly as possible from the brickwork. We weren't three yards off."

"And then you all cut for it," suggested Lane.

"Well, no. I was too much astonished to move from the place. But that wasn't the worst. Just after the groans, we saw a white figure, shining all over; it rose out of the ground ——"

"Draw it mild," interposed Lane; but he was instantly silenced by a score of voices exclaiming, "go on, go on!"

"It rose out of the ground," resumed Utterton, and began walking along the top of the wall. What happened next, some of the other fellows may be able to tell, but I can't. I made off as hard as I could split to the school-room."

"And you are ready to take your oath you saw that, are you?" asked Cartwright. "I say, you fellows, this is no joke, if it's true."

"Bosh," said Lane; "they were in such an awful fright at the 'groans,' which were most likely made by some drunken fellow in the lane, that they would fancy they saw anything."

"Or else," said Paget, "some one has been playing off a hoax upon them. I don't believe in the groans, and I'm sure it's all my eye about the ghost."

"I don't see how you can be *sure*, Fred," observed Campbell. "Here are two or three fellows declare positively that they saw a white figure, and heard the groaning. Now even if it was a hoax, it ought to be known who played it. It couldn't be any of the fellows, that seems certain; and if any one else attempted a trick of that kind, it ought to be stopped. I must say I think the Doctor ought to be told."

"I think so too," said Cartwright, and the sentiment was schoed by Huntley, and one or two others.

"Don't tell the Doctor," said Benson, who had by this time somewhat recovered himself; "I am sure that would do no good. We should get into no end of a row for going out without leave at that time of night."

"No telling the masters," said Walters; "I'm always against that, unless in a very extreme case. I agree with Fred and Jerry Lane, that most likely the thing is all bosh, or else somebody, and most likely one of the fellows has been playing off a hoax, and if that is the case, I see no use in telling the Doctor. It will come out—all in good time. Whereas, if the masters are told, there'll be a bother, and an inquiry, and some unlucky fellow will get into an awful row."

"I can't agree with you, Walters," said Campbell; "if any of the fellows has been trying a hoax of this kind, he ought to get into a row. But the best way will be to say nothing to Dr. Glanville till to-morrow evening. Unless some fellow confesses that he has played a trick before that time, I shall certainly go to the Head Master."

"Hear, hear," cried the Scots. The leaders of the Picts would have remonstrated; but at that moment notice was given that Mr. Phelps was in the passage on his way back to the school-room, and the boys hurriedly resumed their places, and quiet was restored.

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## Chapter VIII.

### The Lock of the Rifle Shed.

"Paget and Walters will shoot their best to-day, I expect," said Cartwright, as he,

Campbell, and Huntley walked down to the rifle-ground after school on the following day. "I shouldn't be at all surprised if one or other of the two should not be among the four chosen, after all. Irving's shooting improves every day, and he takes things easy, which gives him a great advantage over Paget, who is always in such a state of excitement."

"It is not at all impossible that *neither* of them will be among the four," said Huntley. "Marshall, and Campbell here, of course are safe to be the two first."

"Yes," said Cartwright; "thanks to the vote of last night, they will be. Otherwise Archie here might have been left out."

"No, no, that wouldn't have been so," said Campbell. "I took the trouble to look up the scores last night, and found that I should have been fourth in the year's reckoning. It would have been a near thing; but I should have had the better of Irving by two or three marks."

"But Cartwright and I would have been a long way behind, shouldn't we?" inquired Huntley.

"Yes," said Campbell. "Cartwright, whose score is the highest of the two; even he would have been nowhere, as they say; forty at least behind Irving. It's only quite lately that William has picked up his shooting. As it is now, it is certainly not impossible that he may be one of the four, if the next three days should be lucky ones for him."

"It will be very jolly if all three of us should go to Wortley Park," said Huntley, "and still jollier if we were all among the shooters."

"I think it very likely that all three of us will go," observed Campbell. "But I must say I shouldn't like Frederick not to be one of the shooters. He was, until quite recently, the second best shot in the school; and even now I doubt whether he is not as good as anybody, except Marshall. It could only be by great ill luck that he would come anywhere lower than third, at all events, on the list."

"It's very kind of you to say so, Archie," said Huntley, "after his attempts to keep you out yesterday. But everyone may see that, this half at all events, he has been unable to come anywhere near you. Don't you think so, William?" he continued, turning to Cartwright.

"Yes, to be sure," said Cartwright; "and so does everyone at Nethercourt."

"Once more, I really wish you wouldn't speak in that way," said Campbell. "It is most unfair to Frederick. He and I are not such friends, no doubt, as we used to be. But I cannot believe that he would try to exclude me from shooting, any more than I would him. I agreed with you, that the fairest way would be to choose the four shots in the way we are going to do; but that's quite a different matter from wishing him not to shoot."

"Well, we don't agree on that point, Archie," said Huntley; "so there is no need to say more about it. But there is one thing I forgot to ask you. It is about that row last night. Has any fellow been to you this morning, to own the truth about it?"

"Well yes, there has," said Campbell; "two fellows have been. I know all about it now. It wasn't a hoax exactly, at least not all of it. Benson has admitted that a trick of some kind was played about the groans; he didn't say how it was managed, and I didn't think there was any need to oblige him to tell me."

"No. I shouldn't think that matters," said Huntley; "but the ghost was the strangest part of the business."

"That was an accident," said the Chief; "one of the fellows, it seems, had been out last night, over the play-ground wall for some purpose or other; and happened to scramble on to the wall on his way back, just immediately after the groaning was over. They saw him on the top of the wall, and ran off in a fright."

"A fellow over the play-ground wall at that time of night," said Cartwright; "who in the world was it, Archie, and what did he go for?"

"I don't know myself what he went for," answered Campbell.

"Didn't you ask him?" said Lightfoot, who had just joined them. "It is an uncommon cheeky thing for any of the juniors to have done, and still cheekier to tell the Chief. I should like to have seen any of the juniors trying that on with Glover or Winterfield."

"I didn't say it was a junior," said Campbell, with a smile. "As for telling it to me, you fellows must remember that I invited anybody to come and declare the truth about it, and gave them to understand that if they did, no more would be said on the subject."

"And who was the fellow?" asked Cartwright. "I suppose that is no secret any how?"

"Of course I am not bound to secresy," said Campbell; "but there is no need to mention his name."

"No need at all," said Huntley, drily. "I could tell it you. But what's the matter, Archie? What are you looking for?"

"My rifle," said the Chief; "it isn't here."

"Isn't it in your cupboard?" asked Cartwright.

"No," said Campbell; "I didn't leave it in my cupboard. We have not shot since Tuesday, you know. And then you may remember we mistook the time. I did, at least, and was very nearly being late. I hadn't time to put the rifle back into the cupboard."

"You didn't leave it out in the ground to be sure," exclaimed Huntley.

"No, I did not do that, certainly," said Campbell; "I left it inside the shed, leaning against the wall there; just in that corner. I remember it quite well"

"Did you lock the house?" asked Huntley.

"Yes, I did," was the answer; "I always lock it, and I distinctly remember doing so on Tuesday. But the question that concerns us now is not about the shed, but the rifle. If no one has borrowed it, I suppose Jem Hedges must have got it to clean. I remember I did say something to him about cleaning it a day or two ago."

"How could he have opened the door?" asked Huntley.

"Borrowed one of the keys, I suppose," says Campbell, "or, perhaps, he took it, while the shed was standing unlocked. It's worth while asking, at all events. Here, Williamson," he continued, turning to one of the little boys, "run and ask Jem whether he knows anything about my rifle."

"Ask, also, if Hosea Frapwell is here," added Huntley. "I know he was to come to-day to mend one of the locks. He will be able to tell us whether the door of the shed has been forced or picked."

The boy ran off, and a minute or two afterwards the leaders of the Picts, accompanied by Irving, came up.

"What is the matter?" asked the last-named, looking with surprise at the blank faces of his schoolfellows.

"Campbell's rifle is missing," answered Lightfoot.

"Campbell's rifle!" repeated Marshall. "When did he have it last, and where did he leave it."

"I had it last when we were practising on Tuesday, and I left it locked up in the rifle-shed," said Campbell.

"Locked up!" repeated Paget. "How do you know that? The door is often left unlocked."

"I am positive I locked it," said Campbell.

There was an embarrassed silence, and then Irving spoke.

"Perhaps some one has taken the rifle away for a hoax, in which case I think he had better say so at once. In my opinion, this is a good deal beyond a joke."

There was a second silence, more awkward than the first. Huntley cast looks of evident suspicion at the leaders of the Picts, and more particularly at Paget. The latter seemed embarrassed and uncomfortable, while the faces of Marshall and Walters showed traces—so at least the Scots fancied—of half-suppressed satisfaction. By and by, Irving again broke the silence.

"I think the best thing we can do," he

said, "is to go and make inquiries everywhere after the rifle. As no one has answered my challenge, I conclude none of us here know anything of it; but some other of the fellows may have been up to a trick, or Campbell may, after all, have taken it with him into the house, and some one may have seen it lying about."

"Of course that may be, Dick," said Campbell; "but I ought to say that I never felt more sure of anything in my life than that I left it locked up in the rifle-shed. But I don't think we can do better than take your advice."

No one raised any objection. A close inquiry was set on foot accordingly, in which all the first class joined; but they met again in the rifle-ground three quarters of an hour afterwards, without having found any clue to the mystery.

"It is of no use standing here doing nothing," observed Walters, when this result had been made clear. "If we are to have our first trial to-day, we must begin at once."

"Campbell can't shoot without his rifle," said Cartwright.

"He needn't," said Walters, "he can shoot with his old one. It is still in the shed. I saw it there this morning."

"It wouldn't be fair," said Huntley. "Do *you* think it would be fair, Paget?"

"Why do you appeal to me?" said Paget, angrily.

"Oh, I don't know," answered Huntley, "perhaps I have my reasons."

"As for its not being fair, Huntley," said Marshall, "why, you were declaring yourself, only the other day, that Campbell's shooting didn't depend in the least upon his rifle, and you were down very sharp upon me for hinting that I thought it did. We shall have a famous opportunity now of testing the truth of your opinion."

Huntley would have answered angrily, if Campbell had not interposed.

"Walters is quite right," he said. "Everyone ought to take care of his own rifle, and it doesn't appear that anybody is to blame for the loss of mine but myself. I will go and get my old rifle out."

The result of the day's shooting was a curious contrast to those of the preceding matches. Marshall, indeed, retained his superiority, though not so easily as usual. Irving's performances again were not very different from what they had been any day during the last few weeks; but Paget and Walters shot extraordinary well, and Campbell and his Scots exceptionally ill. Paget's total was only two short of Marshall. Walters came next to him, one behind. Irving was fourth, five or six below Walters. Then, after an interval of five or six more, all three Scots close together. Very little was said at the end of the trial. Campbell, though evidently much annoyed, had self-command enough to suppress any angry remarks, in which he might have been tempted to indulge, and, what was more difficult, to keep Huntley quiet too. The moment the trial was over, he called little Williamson to him, and inquired whether he had brought back any answer about Frapwell, the locksmith. "You told me Jem had not got my rifle, but said nothing about Frapwell."

"Oh, yes," said Williamson. "I was to tell you from Jem Hedges that Frapwell sent word this morning he couldn't come to-day. He has gone to do a job in the country somewhere; but he is coming to Nethercourt to-morrow, and Jem will be sure to tell him about the rifle-shed."

With this answer Campbell and his friends were obliged to be contented. Very particular inquiries were made of all the boys in the school, as to whether they knew anything of the missing rifle; but one and all explicitly denied any knowledge of the kind. Frapwell did not come in the course of the morning, as had been expected, and the second trial had to take place, Campbell shooting with his old rifle as before. The issue was almost as unfavourable to the Scots as that of the previous day. Marshall was first, Paget and Walters equal, Irving four below them, Campbell fifth, and two behind Irving.

It was with difficulty that Campbell could now restrain the indignation of his sup-

porters. They were, indeed, greatly provoked. They were now so far behind as to make it next to impossible that any of their number, except Campbell, could be among the shooters; and even he must shoot better and Irving worse than they had done any day that half-year to make such a result possible. It was not quite certain that either Cartwright or Huntley would be even among the six chosen to go to Wortley Park, for Snow and Lane, who had both of them shot better than usual during the two days of trial, were very close upon Cartwright, and Lane was a tie with Huntley. But they were still more vexed at the colour which appeared now to be given to Walters' repeated sneers against Campbell's shooting, which he had insisted upon, it was dependent entirely on the exceptional goodness of his rifle. The taunt had been repeated by the other leaders of the Picts, and was a current topic of conversation in the school. They were, indeed, fully convinced that there was no truth at all in the statement, and that Campbell's unsuccessful shooting was occasioned by the sudden *change* of weapon; and if he had had time to practise again with his old rifle, he would have shot with it very nearly as well as he did with the new one. This theory seemed to be confirmed by the fact, that, although he had been considerably behind Irving in the first day's trial, he was pretty close upon him in the second. Still the consideration would have no effect in determining who were to be the four chosen champions on the third.

It was all the more provoking to Campbell's followers, that the very means they had adopted of excluding the leaders of the Picts from the contest had had exactly the opposite effect to what they intended. To be sure, Cartwright and Lightfoot had their secret suspicion that their opponents, one or all of them, had contrived, by some means or other, to get possession of Campbell's rifle, and were hiding it away until the rifle-match was over; while Huntley entertained a more definite notion, amounting almost to conviction of the guilt of one of the Pict leaders. But none of them could see an opening for making this charge, and they walked gloomily to the rifle-shed; a curious contrast to their schoolfellows, who were full of exultation at the issue of the second day's trial. It was with some satisfaction that they caught sight, as they turned the corner of the rifle-ground, of the figure of Hosea Frapwell, the school smith, who had at length obeyed the repeated summons which had been sent him, and was now standing at the door of the shed—a long lean figure, bare-armed and bare-headed, and his face grimed with the dust and smoke of the forge, after the fashion of the son of Vulcan in all ages.

"Here's Hosea at last!" exclaimed Huntley, joyfully. "Now," he added, "turning round, and fixing his eye on Paget, who was following, "now we shall have some chance of finding some clue to this shameful trick."

"We do not know yet that any trick at all has been played," observed Campbell. "Here, Hosea, will you be so good as to take a look at this lock? We have reason to believe that the door has been opened by some one, and something taken out. Now, the question, in the first place, is, whether the lock has been picked or forced, or the door opened by a key? If it was picked or forced, we think there would be some mark left of that having been done."

"Why, in course, Mr. Campbell, there would," said Frapwell. "You can't force no lock without leaving some mark behind you. It don't need to be no King Solomon to tell that. And as for picking one of these Chubb's, that would be about as easy as it would be to eat thin gruel with a knitting-needle. I should like to see the chap as could do it!"

"Why, there was a fellow that picked a Chubb's lock not so many years ago," observed Irving. "I remember reading all about it in an old newspaper."

"Ah, I remembers about that, Mr. Irving," said Hosea. "But it was a Yankee as picked that lock, and not an Englishman; and the Yankees is all born with their double teeth ready cut. No, sir," he added

a minute or two afterwards, "this here lock haven't been neither picked nor forced. It haven't been never opened by nothing but its proper key."

"You are sure of that, are you?" asked Campbell.

"Quite sure," said Frapwell, "as sure as I can be of anything."

"Anything that you didn't see, that is," observed Paget.

"Well, sir, I didn't see the rain fall last night, but I suppose I may be pretty sure that it did, 'cos the puddles was full this morning; and I didn't see the sun rise, but I judge he did, or he wouldn't be up in the sky now," returned Hosea, doggedly.

"All right," said Campbell. "No one disputes the force of your reasoning, Hosea. And now I suppose we needn't keep you any longer. Does anyone want to ask him any further questions?"

No one spoke. "Well, then, you may go, and much obliged to you for coming," said the Chief.

The locksmith accordingly took his departure, after having once more affirmed, in the most vigorous language he could command, that "there had been no forcing and no picking of that there lock."

"No picking, though there may have been some stealing, eh?" asked Lane, with a laugh.

"I don't know nothing about that," returned Hosea, with a grin. "You see, young gents, I always keeps my hands from 'stealin,' as the cat-a-kittens orders; and if so be I sometimes do a little 'picking,' it's only in the way of business." And under cover of this brilliant bon mot the locksmith departed.

There was a pause when Hosea's figure had disappeared through the play-ground gate. Everybody seemed to be aware that something unpleasant was about to ensue, though they did not know what.

"What is to be done next?" exclaimed Cartwright at last. "I suppose we all believe Frapwell to be right."

There was a general murmur of assent.

"Well, then," pursued the speaker, "thus much is clear, that the rifle has been taken out of the shed, and the door must have been opened by a key. The next question is who have possession of the keys, and then, have they lent them to anyone lately. I don't quite know how many keys there are."

"There are three," said Campbell; "the Chubb lock was put on three years ago, when Winterfield was Chief. I remember the circumstances quite well. One key was given to the Doctor; and, so far as I know, has never been used. He keeps it, I believe, locked up in his strong box. Another key Winterfield kept, as Chief. From him it passed to Moore, and from Moore to me. There was some doubt at the time as to who should have the third. Burr claimed it as head fellow of the first class, and he was allowed to have it. He handed it on to Steve King, King to Parsons, and Parsons, I suppose, to Paget."

"Paget, indeed!" said Huntley, starting. "I did not know that. Have you the key of the shed, Paget?"

"I am not going to be questioned by you," answered Paget, angrily. "Keep your insolence to yourself, I advise you."

"I don't see that there was any insolence in Harry's question," said Campbell; "anyhow, perhaps, you will let *me* ask it."

"Ask what? whether I have a key of the rifle shed?" returned Paget; "you know I have. The head fellow always has one, as you yourself just now said. I might as well ask the same question of you."

"I have already said that I did not unlock the shed, and take out my rifle," said the Chief.

"Do you mean to hint that I did?" cried Paget, passionately.

Campbell seemed about to answer angrily also. A violent quarrel would in all likelihood have broken out, if the play-ground gate had not been opened at this moment, and the hawker with his pack appeared at it.

"Here's old Miles, I declare," exclaimed Irving, in a tone of relief. "He hasn't been

here, I don't know when. He'll have plenty worth looking at in his pack to-day. Come along, my lads, we can settle all this another time."

The boys hurried off in compliance with his suggestion, and the quarrel was, for a time at least, happily put a stop to.

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# THE FIELD OF ICE.

## BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER VIII.—AN EXCURSION TO THE NORTH OF VICTORIA BAY.

NEXT morning Clawbonny was out by dawn of day. Clambering up the steep, rocky wall, against which the Doctor's House leaned, he succeeded, though with considerable difficulty, in reaching the top, which he found terminated abruptly in a sort of truncated cone. From this elevation there was an extensive view over a vast tract of country, which was all disordered and convulsed as if it had undergone some volcanic commotion. Sea and land, as far as it was possible to distinguish one from the other, were covered with a sheet of ice.

A new project struck the Doctor's mind, which was soon matured and ripe for execution. He lost no time in going back to the snow house, and consulting over it with his companions.

"I have got an idea," he said; "I think of constructing a lighthouse on the top of that cone above our heads."

"A lighthouse!" they all exclaimed.

"Yes, a lighthouse. It would be a double advantage. It would be a beacon to guide us in distant excursions, and also serve to illumine our *plateau* in the long dreary winter months."

"There is no doubt," replied Altamont, "of its utility; but how would you contrive to make it?"

"With one of the lanterns out of the *Porpoise*."

"All right; but how will you feed your lamp? With seal oil?"

"No, seal oil would not give nearly sufficient light. It would scarcely be visible through the fog."

"Are you going to try to make gas out of our coal then?"

"No, not that either, for gas would not be strong enough; and, worse still, it would waste our combustibles."

"Well," replied Altamont; "I'm at a loss to see how you——"

"Oh, I'm prepared for everything after the mercury bullet, and the ice lens, and Fort Providence. I believe Mr. Clawbonny can do anything," exclaimed Johnson.

"Come, Clawbonny, tell us what your light is to be, then," said Altamont.

"That's soon told," replied Clawbonny. "I mean to have an electric light."

"An electric light?"

"Yes, why not? Haven't you a galvanic battery on board your ship?"

"Yes."

"Well, there will be no difficulty then in producing an electric light, and that will cost nothing, and be far brighter."

"First-rate!" said Johnson; "let us set to work at once."

"By all means. There is plenty of material. In an hour we can raise a pillar of ice ten feet high, and that is quite enough."

Away went the Doctor, followed by his companions, and the column was soon erected and crowned with a ship lantern. The conducting wires were properly adjusted within it, and the pile with which they communicated fixed up in the sitting-room, where the warmth of the stove would protect it from the action of the frost.

As soon as it grew dark the experiment was made, and proved a complete success. An intense brilliant light streamed from the lantern and illumined the entire plateau and the plains beneath.

Johnson could not help clapping his hands, half beside himself with delight.

"Well, I declare, Mr. Clawbonny," he exclaimed, "you're our sun now."

"One must be a little of everything, you know," was Clawbonny's modest reply.

It was too cold, however, even to stand admiring more than a minute, and the whole party were glad enough to get indoors again,



and tuck themselves up in their warm blankets.

A regular course of life commenced now, though the uncertain weather and frequent changes of temperature made it sometimes impracticable to venture outside the hut at all, and it was not till the Saturday after the installation, that a day came that was favourable enough for a hunting excursion; when Bell, and Altamont, and the Doctor determined to take advantage of it, and try to replenish their stock of provisions.

They started very early in the morning, each armed with a double-barrelled gun and plenty of powder and shot, a hatchet, and a snow knife.

The weather was cloudy, but Clawbonny put the galvanic battery in action before he left, and the bright rays of the electric light did duty for the glorious orb of day, and in ruth was no t bad substitute, for the light was equal to three thousand candles, or three hundred gas burners.

It was intensely cold, but dry, and there was little or no wind. The hunters set off in the direction of Cape Washington, and the hard snow so favoured their march, that in three hours they had gone fifteen miles, Duk jumping and barking beside them all the way. They kept as close to the coast as possible, but found no trace of human habitation, and indeed scarcely a sign of animal life. A few snow birds, however, darting to and fro announced the approach of spring and the return of the animal creation. The sea was still entirely frozen over, but it was evident from the open breathing holes in the ice, that the seals had been quite recently on the surface. In one part the holes were so numerous, that the Doctor said to his companions that he had no doubt that when summer came, they would be seen there in hundreds, and would be easily captured, for on unfrequented shores they were not so dif-



ficult of approach. But once frighten them and they all vanish as if by enchantment, and never return to the spot again. "Inexperienced hunters," he said, "have often lost a whole shoal by attacking them, *en masse*, with noisy shouts instead of singly and silently."

"Is it for the oil or skin that they are mostly hunted?"

"Europeans hunt them for the skin, but the Esquimaux eat them. They live on seals, and nothing is so delicious to them as a piece of the flesh, dipped in the blood and oil. After all, cooking has a good deal to do with it, and I'll bet you something I could dress you cutlets you would not turn up your nose at, unless for their black appearance."

"We'll set you to work on it," said Bell, "and I'll eat as much as you like to please you."

"My good Bell, you mean to say to please yourself; but your voracity would never equal the Greenlanders', for they devour from ten to fifteen pounds of meat a day."

"Fifteen pounds!" said Bell. "What stomachs!"

"Arctic stomachs," replied the Doctor, "are prodigious; they can expand at will, and, I may add, contract at will; so that they can endure starvation quite as well as

abundance. When an Esquimaux sits down to dinner he is quite thin, and by the time he has finished, he is so corpulent you would hardly recognize him. But then we must remember that one meal sometimes has to last a whole day."

"This voracity must be peculiar to the inhabitants of cold countries," said Altamont.

"I think it is," replied the Doctor. "In the Arctic regions people must eat enormously: it is not only one of the conditions of strength, but of existence. The Hudson's Bay Company always reckoned on this account 8 lbs. of meat to each man a day, or 12 lbs. of fish or 2 lbs. of pemmican."

"Invigorating regimen, certainly!" said Bell.

"Not so much as you imagine, my friend. An Indian who guzzles like that can't do a whit better day's work than an Englishman, who has his pound of beef and pint of beer."

"Things are best as they are, then," Mr. Clawbonny."

"No doubt of it; and yet an Esquimaux meal may well astonish us. In Sir John Ross's narrative, he states his surprise at



the appetites of his guides. He tells us that two of them—just two, mind—devoured a quarter of a buffalo in one morning. They cut the meat in long narrow strips, and the mode of eating was either for the one to bite off as much as his mouth could hold, and then pass it on to the other, or to leave the long ribbons of meat dangling from the mouth, and devour them gradually like boa-constrictors, lying at full length on the ground."

"Faugh!" exclaimed Bell, "what disgusting brutes!"

"Every man has his own fashion of dining," remarked the philosophical American.

"Happily," said the Doctor.

"Well, if eating is such an imperative necessity in these latitudes, it quite accounts for all the journals of Arctic travellers being so full of eating and drinking."

"You are right," returned the Doctor. "I have been struck by the same fact; but I think it arises not only from the necessity of full diet, but from the extreme difficulty sometimes in procuring it. The thought of food is always uppermost in the mind, and naturally finds mention in the narrative."

"And yet," said Altamont, "if my memory serves me right, in the coldest parts of Norway the peasants do not seem to need such substantial fare. Milk diet is their staple food, with eggs, and bread made of the bark of the birch-tree; a little salmon occasionally, but never meat; and still they are fine hardy fellows."

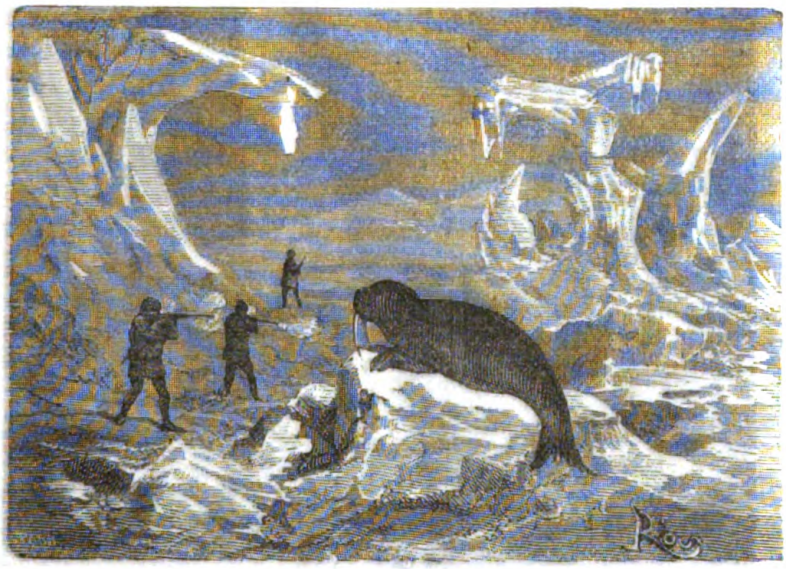
"It is an affair of organization out of my power to explain," replied Clawbonny; "but I have no doubt that if these same Norwegians were transplanted to Greenland, they would learn to eat like the Esquimaux by the second or third generation. Even if we ourselves were to remain in this blessed country long, we should be as bad as the Esquimaux, even if we escaped becoming regular gluttons."

"I declare, Mr. Clawbonny, you make me feel hungry with talking so much about eating," exclaimed Bell.

"Not I!" said Altamont. "It rather sickens me, and makes me loathe the sight of a seal. But, stop, I do believe we are going to have the chance of a dinner off one, for I am much mistaken if that's not something alive lying on those lumps of ice yonder!"

"It is a walrus!" exclaimed the Doctor. "Be quiet, and let us get up to him."

Clawbonny was right; it was a walrus of huge dimensions, disporting himself not more than two hundred yards away. The hunters separated, going in different directions, so as to surround the animal and cut off all retreat. They crept along cautiously



behind the hummocks, and managed to get within a few paces of him unperceived, when they fired simultaneously.

The walrus rolled over, but speedily got up again, and tried to make his escape, but Altamont fell upon him with his hatchet, and cut off his dorsal fins. He made a desperate resistance, but was overpowered by his enemies, and soon lay dead, reddening the ice-field with his blood.

It was a fine animal, measuring more than fifteen feet in length, and would have been worth a good deal for the oil; but the hunters contented themselves with cutting off the most savoury parts, and left the rest to the ravens, which had just begun to make their appearance.

Night was drawing on, and it was time to think of returning to Fort Providence. The moon had not yet risen, but the sky was serene and cloudless, and already glittering with stars—magnificent stars.

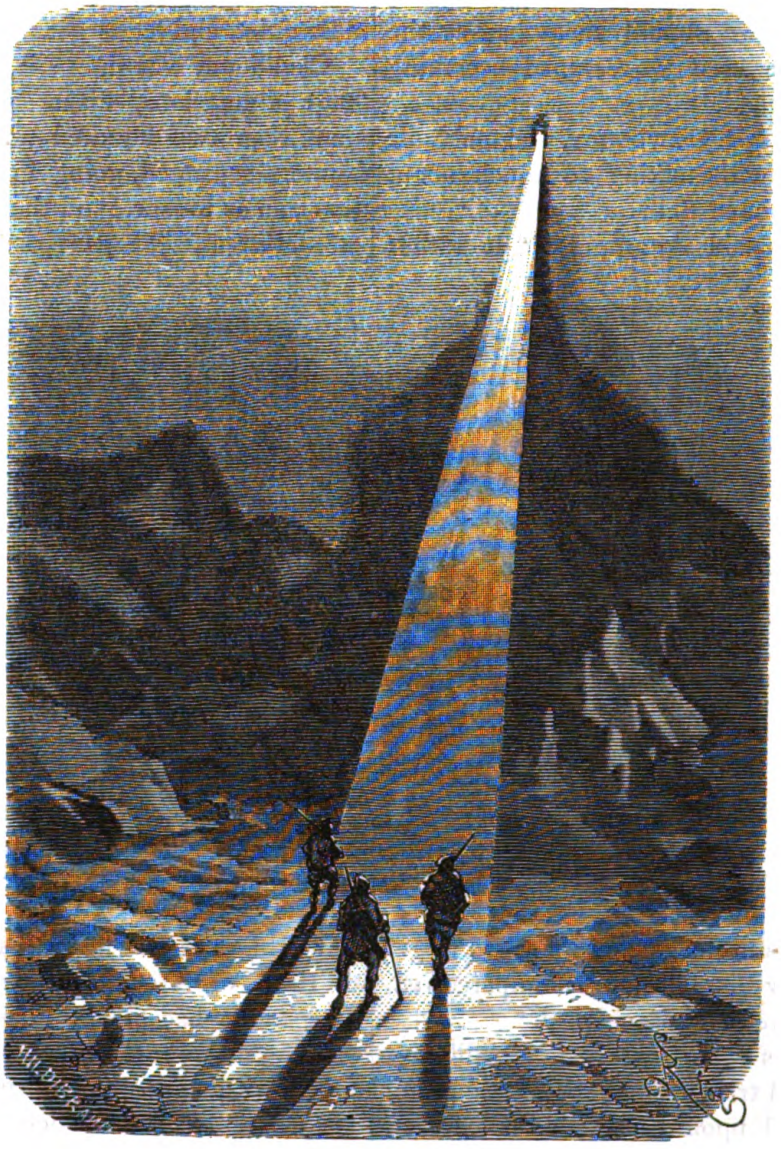
"Come," said the Doctor, "let us be off, for it is getting late. Our hunting has not been very successful; but still, if a man has found something for his supper, he need not grumble. Let us go the shortest road, however, and get quickly home without losing our way. The stars will guide us."

They resolved to try a more direct route back by going further inland, and avoiding the windings of the coast; but, after some hours' walking, they found themselves no nearer Doctor's House, and it was evident

they must have lost their way. The question was raised whether to construct a hut and rest till morning, or proceed; but Clawbonny insisted on going on, as Hatteras and Johnson would be so uneasy.

"Duk will guide us," he said; "he won't go wrong. His instinct can dispense with star and compass. Just let us keep close behind him."

They did well to trust to Duk, for very



speedily a faint light appeared in the horizon almost like a star glimmering through the mist, which hung low above the ground.

"There's our lighthouse!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Do you think it is, Mr. Clawbonny?" said Bell.

"I'm certain of it! Come on faster."

The light became stronger the nearer they approached, and soon they were walking in a bright luminous track, leaving their long shadows behind them on the spotless snow.

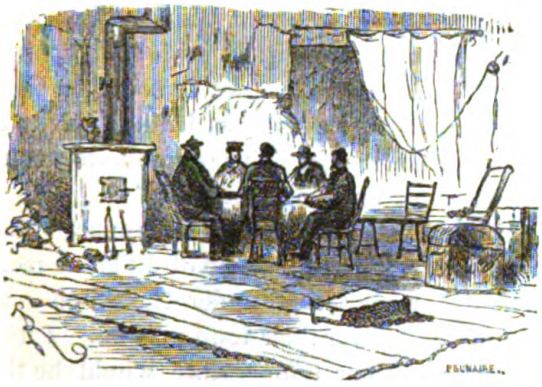
Quickening their steps, they hastened forward, and in another half hour they were climbing the steep ascent to Fort Providence.

## Chapter IX.

### Cold and Heat.

Hatteras and Johnson had been getting somewhat uneasy at the prolonged absence of their companions, and were delighted to see them back safe and sound. The hunters were no less glad to find themselves once more in a warm shelter, for the temperature had fallen considerably as night drew on, and the thermometer outside was 73° below zero.

The poor hunters were half frozen, and so worn out that they could hardly drag their limbs along; but the stoves were roaring and crackling cheerily, and the big kitchen fire waiting to cook such game as might be brought in. Clawbonny donned his official apron again, and soon had his



seal cutlets dressed and smoking on the table. By nine o'clock the whole party were enjoying a good supper, and Bell couldn't help exclaiming—

"Well, even at the risk of being taken for an Esquimaux, I must confess, eating is the most important business if one has to winter in these regions. A good meal isn't to be sneezed at."

They all had their mouths crammed too full to speak, but the Doctor signified his agreement with Bell's views by an approving nod.

The cutlets were pronounced first-rate, and it seemed as if they were, for they were all eaten, to the very last morsel.

For dessert they had coffee, which the Doctor brewed himself in a French coffee-pot over spirits-of-wine. He never allowed anybody but himself to concoct this precious beverage; for he made a point of serving it boiling hot, always declaring it was not fit to drink unless it burnt his tongue. This evening he took it so scalding that Altamont exclaimed—

"You'll skin your throat!"

"Not a bit of it," was the Doctor's reply.



"Then your palate must be copper-sheathed," said Johnson.

"Not at all, friends. I advise you to copy my example. Many persons, and I am one, can drink coffee at a temperature of 131°."

"131°?" said Altamont; "why, that is hotter than the hand could bear!"

"Of course it is, Altamont, for the hand could not bear more than 122°, but the palate and tongue are less sensitive."

"You surprise me."

"Well, I will convince you it is fact," returned Clawbonny, and taking up a thermometer, he plunged it into the steaming coffee. He waited till the mercury rose as high as 131° and then withdrew it, and swallowed the liquid with evident gusto.

Bell tried to follow his example, but burnt his mouth severely.

"You are not used to it," said the Doctor, coolly.

"Can you tell us, Clawbonny," asked Altamont, "what is the highest temperature that the human body can bear."

"Yes; several curious experiments have been made in that respect. I remember reading of some servant girls, in the town of Rochefoucauld, in France, who could stay ten minutes in a baker's large oven when the temperature was 300°, while potatoes and meat were cooking all round them."

"What girls!" exclaimed Altamont.

"Well, there is another case, where eight of our own countrymen—Fordyce, Banks, Solander, Blagdin, Home, Nooth, Lord Sea-



forth, and Captain Phillips—went into one as hot as 200°, where eggs and beef were frizzling."

"And they were Englishmen!" said Bell, with a touch of national pride.

"Oh, the Americans could have done better than that," said Altamont.

"They would have roasted," returned the Doctor, laughing. "At all events they have never tried it, so I shall stand up for my countrymen. There is one more instance I recollect, and really it is so incredible, that it would be impossible to believe it, if it were not attested by unimpeachable evidence. The Duke of Ragusa and Dr. Jung, a Frenchman and an Austrian, saw a Turk plunge into a bath at 170°.".

"But that is not so astonishing as those servant girls, or our own countrymen," said Johnson.

"I beg your pardon," replied Clawbonny; "there is a great difference between plunging into hot air and hot water. Hot air produces perspiration, which protects the skin, but boiling water scalds. The *maximum* heat of baths is 107°, so that this Turk must have been an extraordinary fellow to endure such temperature."

"What is the mean temperature, Mr. Clawbonny, of animated beings?" asked Johnson.

"That varies with the species," replied the Doctor. "Birds have the highest, especially the duck and the hen. The mammalia come next, and human beings. The temperature of Englishmen averages 101°."

"I am sure Mr. Altamont is going to claim a higher rate for his countrymen," said Johnson, smiling.

"Well, sure enough, we've some precious hot ones among us, but as I never have put a thermometer down their throats to ascertain, I can't give you statistics."

"There is no sensible difference," said the Doctor, "between men of different races when they are placed under the same conditions, whatever their food may be. I may almost say their temperature would be the same at the Equator as the Pole."

"Then the heat of our bodies is the same here as in England," replied Altamont.

"Just about it. The other species of mammalia are generally hotter than human beings. The horse, the hare, the elephant, the porpoise, and the tiger are nearly the same; but the cat, the squirrel, the rat, the panther, the sheep, the ox, the dog, the monkey, and the goat, are as high as 103°; and the pig is 104°."

"Rather humiliating to us," put in Altamont.

"Then come the amphibia and the fish," resumed the Doctor, "whose temperature varies with that of the water. The serpent has a temperature of 86°, the frog 70°, and the shark several degrees less. Insects appear to have the temperature of air and water."

"All this is very well," interrupted Hatteras, who had hitherto taken no part in the conversation, "and we are obliged to the Doctor for his scientific information; but we are really talking as if we were going to brave the heat of the torrid zone. I think it would be far more seasonable to speak of cold, if the Doctor could tell us what is the lowest temperature on record."

"I can enlighten you on that too," replied the Doctor. "There are a great number of memorable winters, which appear to have come at intervals of about forty-one years. In 1364, the Rhone was frozen over as far as Arles; in 1408, the Danube was frozen throughout its entire extent, and the wolves crossed the Cattigut on firm ground; in 1509, the Adriatic and the Mediterranean were frozen at Venice and Marseilles, and the Baltic on the 10th of April; in 1608, all the cattle died in England from the cold; in 1789, the Thames was frozen as far as Gravesend; and the frightful winter of 1813 will long be remembered in France. The earliest and longest ever known in the present century was in 1829. So much for Europe."

"But here, within the Polar circle, what 's the lowest degree?" asked Altamont.

"My word!" said the Doctor. "I think



we have experienced the lowest ourselves, for one day the thermometer was 72° below zero; and, if my memory serves me right, the lowest temperature mentioned hitherto by Arctic voyagers has been 61° at Melville Island, 65° at Port Felix, and 70° at Fort Reliance."

"Yes," said Hatteras, "it was the unusual severity of the winter that barred our progress, for it came on just at the worst time possible."

"You were stopped, you say?" asked Altamont, looking fixedly at the Captain.

"Yes, in our voyage west," the Doctor hastened to reply.

"Then the maximum and minimum temperatures," said Altamont, resuming the conversation, "are about 200° apart. So you see, my friends, we may make ourselves easy."

"But if the sun were suddenly extinguished," suggested Johnson, "would not the earth's temperature be far lower?"

"There is no fear of such a catastrophe; but, even should it happen, the temperature would be scarcely any different."

"That's curious."

"It is; but Fourrier, a learned Frenchman, has proved the fact incontestably. If it were not the case, the difference between day and night would be far greater, as also the degree of cold at the Poles. But now I

think, friends, we should be the better of a few hours' sleep. Who has charge of the stove?"

"It is my turn to-night," said Bell.

"Well, pray keep up a good fire, for it is a perishing night."

"Trust me for that," said Bell. "But do look out, the sky is all in a blaze."

"Ay! it is a magnificent aurora," replied the Doctor, going up to the window. "How beautiful! I never tire gazing at it."

No more he ever did, though his companions had become so used to such displays that they hardly noticed them now. He soon followed the example of the others, however, and lay down on his bed beside the fire, leaving Bell to mount guard.

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## Chapter X.

### Winter Pleasures.

It is a dreary affair to live at the Pole, for there is no going out for many long months, and nothing to break the weary monotony.

The day after the hunting excursion was dark and snowy, and Clawbonny could find no occupation except polishing up the ice walls of the hut as they became damp with the heat inside, and emptying out the snow which drifted into the long passage leading to the inner door. The "Snow-House" stood out well, defying storm and tempest, and the snow only seemed to increase the thickness of the walls.

The storehouses, too, did not give way the least; but though they were only a few yards off, it was found necessary to lay in enough provisions for the day, as very often the weather made it almost impossible to venture that short distance.

The unloading of the *Porpoise* turned out to have been a wise precaution, for she was slowly but surely being crushed to pieces by the silent, irresistible pressure around her. Still the Doctor was always hoping enough planks might be sufficiently sound to construct a small vessel to convey them back to England; but the right time to build had not yet come.

The five men were consequently compelled to spend the greater part of the day in complete idleness. Hatteras lolled on his bed absorbed in thought. Altamont smoked or dozed, and the Doctor took care not to disturb either of them, for he was in perpetual fear of a quarrel between them.

At meal times he always led the con-



versation away from irritating topics, and sought, as far as possible, to instruct and interest all parties. Whenever he was not engaged with the preparation of his notes, he gave them dissertations on history, geography, or meteorology, handling his subject in an easy, though philosophical manner, drawing lessons from the most trivial incidents. His inexhaustible memory was never at a loss for fact or illustration, while



his good humour and geniality made him the life and soul of the little company. He was implicitly trusted by all, even by Hatteras, who cherished a deep affection for him.

Yet no man felt the compulsory confinement more painfully than Clawbonny. He

longed ardently for the breaking up of the frost, to resume his excursions, though he dreaded the rivalry that might ensue between the two captains.

Yet things must come to a crisis soon or late, and meantime he resolved to use his best endeavours to bring both parties to a better mind, but to reconcile an American and an Englishman was no easy task. He and Johnson had many a talk on the subject,



for the old sailor's views quite coincided with his own as to the difficult complications which awaited them in the future.

However, the bad weather continued, and leaving Fort Providence, even for an hour, was out of the question. Day and night they were pent up in these glittering ice-walls, and time hung heavily on their hands, at least on all but the Doctor's, and he always managed to find some occupation for himself.

"I declare," said Altamont, one evening; "life like this is not worth having! We might as well be some of those reptiles that sleep all the winter. But I suppose there is no help for it."

"I am afraid not," said the Doctor; "unfortunately we are too few in number to get up any amusement."

"Then you think if there were more of us, we should find more to do?"

"Of course: when whole ships' crews have wintered here, they have managed to while away the time famously."

"Well, I must say I should like to know how. It would need a vast amount of ingenuity to extract anything amusing out of our circumstances. I suppose they did not play at charades?"

"No, but they introduced the press and the theatre."

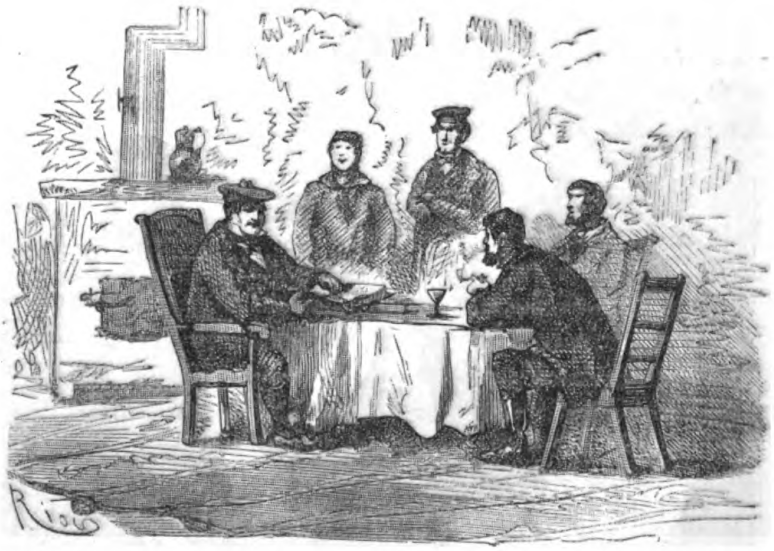
"What? They had a newspaper?" exclaimed the American.

"They acted a comedy?" said Bell.

"That they did," said the Doctor. "When Parry wintered at Melville Island, he started both amusements among his men, and they met with great success."

"Well, I must confess, I should like to have been there," returned Johnson; "for it must have been rather curious work."

"Curious and amusing too, my good Johnson. Lieutenant Beechey was the theatre manager, and Captain Sabina chief editor of the newspaper called 'The Winter Chronicle, or the Gazette of Northern Georgia.'"



"Good titles," said Altamont.

"The newspaper appeared daily from the 1st of November, 1819, to the 20th of March, 1820. It reported the different excursions, and hunting parties, and accidents, and adventures, and published amusing stories. No doubt the articles were not up to the 'Spectator' or the 'Daily Telegraph,' but the readers were neither critical nor *blasé*, and found great pleasure in their perusal."

"My word!" said Altamont. "I should like to read some of the articles."

"Would you? Well, you shall judge for yourself."

"What! can you repeat them from memory?"

"No; but you had Parry's Voyages on board the *Porpoise*, and I can read you his own narrative if you like."

This proposition was so eagerly welcomed that the Doctor fetched the book forthwith, and soon found the passage in question.

"Here is a letter," he said, "addressed to the editor."

"'Your proposition to establish a journal has been received by us with the greatest satisfaction. I am convinced that, under your direction, it will be a great source of amusement, and go a long way to lighten our hundred days of darkness.

"'The interest I take in the matter myself has led me to study the effect of your announcement on my comrades, and I can testify, to use reporter's language, that the thing has produced an immense sensation.

"'The day after your prospectus appeared, there was an unusual and unprecedented demand for ink among us, and our green tablecloth was deluged with snippings and parings of quill-pens, to the injury of one of our servants, who got a piece driven right under his nail. I know for a fact that Sergeant Martin had no less than nine penknives to sharpen.

"'It was quite a novel sight to see all the writing-desks brought out, which had not made their appearance for a couple of months, and, judging by the reams of paper visible, more than one visit must have been made to the depths of the hold.

"'I must not forget to tell you, that I believe attempts will be made to slip into your box sundry articles which are not altogether original, as they have been published already. I can declare that, no later than last night, I saw an author bending over his desk, holding a volume of the "Spectator" open with one hand, and thawing the frozen ink in his pen at the lamp with the other. I need not warn you to be on your guard against such tricks, for it would never do for us to have articles in our "Winter Chronicle" which our great-grandfathers read over their breakfast-tables a century ago.'"

"Well, well," said Altamont, "there is a good deal of clever humour in that writer. He must have been a sharp fellow."

"You're right. Here is an amusing catalogue of Arctic tribulations:—

"'To go out in the morning for a walk, and the moment you put your foot outside the ship, find yourself immersed in the cook's water-hole.

"'To go out hunting, and fall in with a splendid reindeer, take aim, and find your gun has gone off with a flash in the pan, owing to damp powder.

"'To set out on a march with a good supply of soft new bread in your pocket, and discover, when you want to eat, that it has frozen so hard that you would break your teeth if you attempted to bite it through.

"'To rush from the table when it is reported that a wolf is in sight, and on coming back to find the cat has eaten your dinner.

"'To be returning quietly home from a walk, absorbed in profitable meditation, and suddenly find yourself in the embrace of a bear.'

"We might supplement this list ourselves," said the Doctor, "to almost any amount, for there is a sort of pleasure in enumerating troubles when one has got the better of them."

"I declare," said Altamont, "this 'Winter Journal' is an amusing affair. I wish we could subscribe to it."

"Suppose we start one," said Johnson.

"For us five!" exclaimed Clawbonny; "we might do for editors, but there would not be readers enough."

"No, nor spectators enough, if we tried to get up a comedy," added Altamont.

"Tell us some more about Captain Parry's theatre," said Johnson; "did they play new pieces?"

"Certainly. At first two volumes on board the 'Hecla' were gone through, but as there was a performance once a fortnight, this *repertoire* was soon exhausted. Then they had to improvise fresh plays; Parry himself composed one which had immense success. It was called 'The North West Passage, or the End of the Voyage.'"

"A famous title," said Altamont; "but I must confess, if I had chosen such a subject, I should have been at a loss for the *dénouement*."

"You are right," said Bell; "who can say what the end will be?"

"What does that matter?" replied Mr. Clawbonny. "Why should we trouble about the last act, while the first ones are going on well. Leave all that to Providence, friends; let us each play our own *rôle* as perfectly as we can, and since the *dénouement* belongs to the Great Author of all things, we will trust his skill. He will manage our affairs for us, never fear."

"Well, we'd better go and dream about it," said Johnson, "for it's getting late, and it is time we went to bed," said Johnson.

"You're in a great hurry, old fellow," replied the Doctor.

"Why would you sit up, Mr. Clawbonny. I am so comfortable in my bed, and then I always have such good dreams. I dream invariably of hot countries, so that I might almost say, half my life is spent in the tropics, and half at the North Pole."

"You're a happy man, Johnson," said Altamont, "to be blessed with such a fortunate organization."

"Indeed I am," replied Johnson.

"Well, come, after that it would be positive cruelty to keep our good friend pining here," said the Doctor; "his tropical sun awaits him, so let's all go to bed."

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# UNCLE JOHN'S ADVENTURES IN PRAIRIE-LAND.

BY MRS. SALE BARKER.

## Chapter IV.—Treats of "Grizzlies."

Our encounter with the elks was the commencement of a period of better sport than we had yet had since we started; we seemed to have come upon a district in which game of all kinds, but particularly deer, abounded. The Arkansa was running its clear rapid stream within a short distance of us; and, on each side of it, vast undulating prairies stretched far away; the prairie on one side —that on which our route lay—gradually ascending towards mountains.

We moved on slowly by short stages, for there was little prospect of meeting with a better hunting-ground than that we had found, and at the end of each day we had made a good bag of game. Pleased as we were at this replenishment of our larder—a subject we had begun to be anxious about before we shot the elks—it had at the same time its inconvenience; for we were regularly pursued by prairie wolves. Whether we were encamped or on the march, these creatures were scarcely ever out of sight; they might always be detected somewhere at no great distance, watching us with hungry eyes; and at night, had it not been for the large fire we kept up and a good watch besides, I believe they would have attacked and eaten *us* as well as our venison. If we killed a deer and left it for only a few minutes, they would be at it as soon as our backs were turned; and in five minutes, there would be nothing but bones and hair remaining. Apparently they found it more satisfactory and pleasant that we should be their purveyors of meat than that they should have the trouble of killing it for themselves. On one occasion we nearly lost our faithful old servant Mike, through the rapacity of these brutes.

Penryhn and I had been strolling about on foot one evening in search of game, and were just returning home, when he happened to shoot a fine buck within a very short distance of our encampment. Leaving it on the ground, we hurried to the tents, where we found Jonson and Mike, both busy—one preparing supper, the other cleaning our spare rifles. On our desiring them to go and cut up the buck where it was lying, and bring in the venison, Jonson turned to Mike, saying—

"Now then, old hoss,"—which was his usual way of addressing the Irishman—"I guess it won't tak two on us to cut up the meat. Let one on us go, and t'other stay to cook the supper; that's the most sensiblest idee. Which is to go? Only say the word and this child al mak tracks for the venison."

Mike at once announced his desire to do the cutting up, and answered, "Shure an it's Mike Doolan himself as ull carve the baste for ye iligantly, in the twinkling of an eye."

Off went Mike, while Penryhn and I sat ourselves down close to the fire to get a good warm, for it was bitterly cold now in the mornings and evenings. On the fire was placed a long-handled frying-pan, from which rose up a fragrant smell of coffee. Jonson was roasting some, and stood there, stirring it about. It was already brown, and as he handed it over to one of the negroes to

grind, he supplied its place upon the fire with a huge gridiron, on which some delicious venison steaks were carefully spread out. We watched these preparations eagerly, and sniffed the savoury odour of the cooking, for we were hungry as only hunters are, or have a right to be. It was very cold, and while we sat there waiting for our suppers, we talked somewhat anxiously of the coming winter: indeed, we began to discuss the expediency of going on to Santa Fé, and passing a month or two of the coldest weather there rather than returning the way we came; the latter would be the longer journey of the two, and could hardly be accomplished by the middle of winter.

While we talked thus, our conversation was suddenly interrupted by distant shouts and cries for assistance. It was the voice of Mike sounding through the frosty air, he had certainly come to grief in some way.

"Hullo!" said Jonson; "I guess that ere old hoss is got into some trouble."

Seizing our rifles, Penryhn and I ran off



"He held out his terrible arms to clasp me in a deadly embrace." (See p. 248.)

to the rescue, following in the tracks of the old Irishman. As we neared the place where we had left our dead game, we heard him exclaim, "Tares and ounds, ye varmints, and is it murthering me entoirely ye'd be afther? Shure, and wid the insides of yez busting already would ye be afther faisting upon me?"

These words were shouted out to an accompaniment of the howling and yelping of wolves; and as we made our way through a thicket, which had hidden Mike from our view, we beheld him fighting desperately against four or five of these creatures. They were not coyotes, which are a small kind of wolf, and very cowardly, but the large whitish prairie wolf. Their muzzles, and indeed their heads, were all besmeared with blood; but this was not the blood of Mike; for on the ground close by lay the skeleton of the buck that had been shot not half an hour before: the grass around it was all stained a dark reddish colour, and not a morsel of flesh remained upon the bones.

We were just in time, for at the moment we came upon the scene, the brutes had

floored, or rather grounded, poor Mike; he was still slashing at them furiously with his great hunting knife, which though it had been useless for cutting up the venison, inasmuch as he found none to cut, served him well as a weapon of defence. A volley from our rifles killed two of the wolves and sent the others scampering; and to our surprise as well as delight we discovered that the Irishman was not hurt beyond having a few scratches. But what struck us with astonishment was the marvellous greediness of these creatures; they had just devoured among them this large buck; they had eaten so voraciously that their bodies, instead of presenting their usual gaunt appearance, were visibly distended by the enormous quantity of food they had crammed in; and yet they had attacked, and wanted to devour, our poor old Mike.

That night a terrible storm broke over us. It began by great black clouds gathering together, which seemed to descend until they rested on the earth; and though the air around us was still, and bitterly cold, we heard the moaning sound of wind in the distance. The horses and mules were so frightened at these signs of the coming storm that they stood trembling with pricked-up ears and quivering nostrils. Ere long it burst upon us: the wind came on with a mighty roar, tearing up young trees by the roots; the clouds opened and poured down heavy rain, which froze into sleet as it fell; this was followed by great hailstones which almost maddened the poor animals outside the tents. I shall never forget the wretchedness of that night. Our fire, which had been lighted in the midst of the encampment, was extinguished at once: our pipes were our only solace in this time of trouble, and we sat in our tent, smoking, wrapped up in blankets, and huddled together to keep each other warm. But even the tents, which, for a wonder, stood in spite of the wind, were not thoroughly watertight against such heavy rain; and wherever our blankets got at all wet they became quickly frozen as hard as boards. Gradually sleet and hail changed into snow, and before many hours were past the whole earth presented a white surface.

Our horses and mules were so terrified by the storm that Penryhn and I determined to bring our own two horses into the tent with us. There was just room for them, and at first they were really welcome, for they helped to keep us warm. Benjamin—tha was the name, you remember, of my horse—showed the utmost gentleness and good sense under the trying circumstances; taking as little room as he could, and resting his soft muzzle against my cheek whenever the wind roared, or the hail pattered, with more than usual violence. Not so, however, my friend's horse: he stamped, and chafed, and conducted himself in so unseemly a manner, that we at once made up our mind that his room was much to be preferred to his company. We saw clearly that to keep him there was not merely to have the tent about our ears, but to run the risk of being pounded to a jelly besides. Accordingly, we let him out; and springing into the snow he disappeared in a minute. Then we heard Mike's voice calling from the other tent—a warning and prophetic voice, which said, "Take my word, ye will never see that baste agin."

And when morning dawned, we found that matters were even worse than Mike predicted; for not only had the grey horse disappeared, but the other horses and the mules had all broken away and scampered off; nor could we tell in what direction they had gone: their very hoof-prints being obliterated by the snow that had fallen since. Benjamin, the beloved, was the only one left to us of our quadrupeds; and when we began to talk of searching for them, as I was the owner of the only horse remaining, I offered to set off upon the quest. The snow had ceased to fall, but it lay in most places nearly a foot deep, and it was cold enough to almost freeze the blood in my veins as I started forth on my good Benjamin in search of the truant steeds.

Penryhn was loath to let me sally forth without him, and very anxious lest I should not find my way back again to our place of

encampment. With some difficulty a large fire was lighted, and this, it was supposed, would serve as a friendly beacon to light me on my way home at night, while the column of smoke would be visible from a distance during the day. In case by any chance, however, my return should be delayed, I carried a supply of provisions, chiefly dried venison, in a valise strapped in front of my saddle. On first starting I let my horse follow his own instinct in choosing the direction we should take; my idea being that when I had journeyed some distance from the camp, I would turn and make a circuit round it, hoping thus to come upon some sign of the track of the fugitives. We went on slowly and wearily, crunching through the snow; I encouraged Benjamin with pats and kind words, which the sensible beast acknowledged by a gentle neigh, and turned his head to lick my hand, as I bent forward to pat him under his neck

A couple of hours passed, and my search had so far proved fruitless. Benjamin was getting stiff and footsore; the snow collected in hard balls in his feet, and more than once I dismounted to remove it. At length the sky became overcast again, and snow began to fall. After some hesitation, I thought it prudent to retrace my steps, but soon found that the horse's foot-tracks were already covered up, and as for any help to be derived from the beacon light or the column of smoke;—why, I could not see fifty yards in any direction through the thickly falling snow. What was I to do? I had no means of finding my way back.

Drawing out my flask of brandy from my pocket, I took a good sip; and would fain have induced my horse to follow the example; but—sensible as he was—Benjamin turned up his nose at alcoholic drinks, though he would often toss off a glass of ale with me most cheerfully. I managed to strike a light, and began ruminating upon my future proceedings, with my pipe to help me. Fearing to stray still farther from the encampment, I dismounted, and under the shelter of a clump of trees made Benjamin lie down, while I seated myself on the ground close to his warm body. I hardly know how long we had been lying thus huddled together, man and horse under the same blanket, when I observed, indistinctly through the snow, that some animal was creeping along the ground at no great distance from us. Benjamin too was aware of the presence of something, for he pricked his ears, and lifted up his head, sniffing excitedly. It was a large dark object which was making its way directly towards us. What could it be? Nearer and nearer it came, moving slowly and awkwardly. From its size and shape I began to surmise that it could be nothing else than a grizzly bear; and I can tell you, children, that when this conviction dawned upon me, it did not tend to cheer my spirits or improve my circulation.

The grizzly bear is the most terrible and ferocious of all the wild beasts of America. He is not so terrible as some of those in the old world, because, although as strong as either lion or tiger, he is not swift. But he is large, and frightfully savage; not only are his teeth sharp and strong as those of any lion or tiger, but his great strong arms are as much to be dreaded as his teeth; and fancy his enormous paws with claws protruding often six inches in length. He is a very different beast from the black bear, and far more formidable; his colour is a sort of dirty brown, but he has so many white hairs about him as to give him the grizzly appearance, from which he derives his name. I tell you this that you may not be surprised at my feeling uncomfortable on seeing this creature advancing in his clumsy way towards me. I had my rifle, it is true; and I had him at an disadvantage: for although I saw him, I felt nearly certain that he had not yet observed me. You say, boys, why did I not fire? for this reason: my hands were so stiff from the cold that my aim would have been very uncertain; and if I fired without killing him, it would soon have been all up with me, as I need not tell you.

On he came, slowly dragging himself to the foot of the nearest tree of the cluster

under which I was sheltered, scarcely twenty paces from the spot where I was; and judge of my surprise when I saw him first deliberately stand upon his hind legs and give himself a good shake to cast off the snow from his shaggy coat, then clasping the tree commence swarming up the trunk. How could this be? could I believe the evidence of my own eyes? If I could, then surely I had made a discovery in natural history, for a grizzly bear had never been known to mount a tree—in this respect differing from the black bear; yet here was this fellow going up in grand style indeed. I rose to my feet, and first examining my rifle to see that it was all right, determined to investigate matters a little closer; but Mr. Bruin, after seeming to look about him for a moment, was disappointed apparently at finding he could see to no greater distance from his elevated position than down below, and began to descend.

Down, down, he came just in the same masterly manner in which he had made his ascent. I crouched down again hoping he had not seen me, for when it really became a question of close quarters I thought I preferred on the whole watching him unobserved. On reaching the ground, my friend shook himself thrice, and then a most extraordinary phenomenon occurred. As I watched him, he quietly and with great deliberation divested himself of his skin. Yes; truly, in a couple of minutes the hairy coat of Mr. Grizzly was lying on the snow; and judge of my delight when I beheld standing in his place the form of a man, clad in ordinary trapper's costume. Yes, a fellow-human being was beside me in this cold, dreary, miserable waste; and still more, a white man. Here was succour for me at all events; he evidently had not lost his way like my unfortunate self, but was pursuing his ordinary vocation, and was quite at home. I can tell you, young people, that I do not think I was ever more rejoiced to meet a friend in my life than I was to see this dirty-looking trapper emerge from his bear-skin.

Even my astonishment on first beholding him was scarcely greater than his appeared to be when I gave a loud "Hulloa," and marched up to him, leading Benjamin by the bridle. He was a tall, lean, dark-haired, dark-complexioned being; certainly as rough and unrefined-looking a creature as I ever met; but one does not expect or care for refinement on the prairies; nor was he after all much rougher or much dirtier than our own Jonson. At the first moment he seemed almost to take it ill that I should have startled him so unceremoniously, and fired off at me a volley of oaths and strange exclamations; among the latter the words, "Jeehoshaphat" and "Jeerusalem," resounded fearfully, with a prolonged emphasis on the first syllable. Having once relieved his mind in this way, he showed himself to be really very kind. I was naturally curious to know the cause of his disguise, and he informed me that he and a companion had a hut hard by, which I had been unable to see, as it was situated in a hollow on the other side of the clump of trees; he told me they were professional hunters and trappers, living upon the flesh of the animals they killed, and curing and preserving the skins for sale. It was a terribly dangerous life he admitted, but as he wisely remarked—

"Tak my word for't, strenger, ye can't live on the prairies and keep safe, like inside yer city houses nohow."

He explained to me that they adopted the plan of incasing themselves occasionally in the left off garments of their victims, in order to approach nearer to living animals without exciting suspicion or alarm.

"There ain't no grizzlies as I can see hyur abouts this morning," said Jan Bunk (for that, as I found afterwards, was his name), "and if yer'll hev it so, strenger, we'll git back to the cabin, and then yer can hev a warm. Don't be skeeart," he continued, "yer'll meet with yer friends agin, and no fear."

Accordingly throwing his bear-skin over his back, and tying the long arms across his chest, he stepped out with mighty strides, preceding me to his hut. In the meantime

I remounted old Benjamin, and followed in the wake of the trapper. We skirted the trees, and just behind them I discovered that the ground sloped down rather suddenly; our progress here was both slow and difficult, for the snow had drifted and was very deep; however, we descended in safety, and reached the outside of what was certainly a very primitive sort of dwelling. It was in fact a wooden cabin, scarcely larger than our tent, with a door in the middle, and a small aperture on each side to serve as windows: it was sheltered by some overhanging trees, and near it, winding through the dell, was a stream of water. At the back of the cabin I discovered a shed as large and almost as substantial as the cabin itself. This constituted the coach-house and stables of the establishment; and my first care was to place Benjamin under its roof, and to procure for him a good feed. The inhabitants of the shed were two mules and a tame ox—the latter I was rather surprised to see there; also a couple of waggons were standing just outside.

I found it about as dirty and evil smelling as I had a right to expect from the appearance and calling of the owners. The furniture consisted of a rude table and a couple of three-legged stools; several rifles and scalping knives, and other weapons, were standing against the wall, or hanging upon pegs. In a corner was a pile of beaver-skins, and those of other animals; while skins of the grizzly bear were hung against the walls for warmth, and spread upon the floor to lie upon. At the end of the cabin, in a recess, where the wall was constructed of earth instead of wood, a fire was burning; and above the fire was a small hole in the roof through which as much of the smoke as might feel inclined to do so had the opportunity of escaping. The place was warm enough, but so close! and smelt like a kennel, only worse. I almost hold my nose now when I recall it.

Upon a bearskin, near the fire, reclined the comrade of whom Jan Bunk had spoken; and an odd-looking being he was. All I saw of him at first was a face much scarred, and more wrinkled than any I had ever set eyes upon; while the expression of his countenance was so miserable that to look at it for many minutes was enough to give one the horrors for as many hours. When he got up and unrolled himself from his bearskin coverings, I perceived that he was a very little creature, and very lame; he put me in mind altogether of a miserable and sickly monkey. This likeness was increased by the circumstance that his little grey eyes, which were embedded in wrinkly skin, kept perpetually blinking. He was dressed much after the same fashion as my friend Jan, but having scarcely any hair, he wore habitually a fur cap. I found, as I became better acquainted with these two men, that they got on perfectly together, and somehow managed to interchange ideas, although Jan Bunk was the sole speaker. Old Bill—his sirname I never arrived at—had been reduced to his present state of silence and semi-imbecility by having sustained a terrible fright, and some most severe injuries, from a grizzly.

"Lor! strenger," said Jan, showing off his chum to me as if he was a strange kind of beast belonging to a show; "Lor, strenger, Old Bill hyar would 'er taken the shine out 'er most on us, I reck'n, if it hadn't 'er been for that ere stinking bar. But Bill was caterwampously chawed up, and no mistake."

Old Bill here nodded his head and blinked his eyes, delighted to have his story told; and I thought the ghost of a smile flickered across his ugly old face, as I just caught the words—"Hanged if I warn't."

Jan invited me to sit down, which I accordingly did; and he then related to me the misadventure which had befallen poor Old Bill. I cannot give it you in his words, and I doubt if you would understand me if I did. Jan sat opposite to me on the other stool, and smoked his pipe while he told the story. Old Bill sank down upon his skins again, and taking out his clasp-knife, and cutting a tremendous chunk from a plug of tobacco, stuck it into his cheek; then he composed himself to listen to the

history, of which he was himself the hero, with great apparent interest, looking the while more like an antiquated ape than ever.

It seemed that some three or four years before the time of my encounter with them, Old Bill, Jan Bunk, and two or three others, formed a trapping party in the neighbourhood in which we then were. Old Bill had already before that time had many exciting adventures and wonderful escapes; in fact, he had distinguished hrmself in various ways; and, according to Jan, was regarded as a sort of Admirable Crichton by the whole fraternity of trappers. The clawing, or chawing, of the bear must have altered him strangely! One day when Jan Bunk and Old Bill were setting traps at some distance from their encampment, they saw a large grizzly making towards them. Both fired at once into him, but he was not killed, nor even disabled, and, giving a loud roar, he charged upon the trappers. The two men ran for it as hard as they could: Old Bill, who was fleet of foot as any deer at that time, according to Jan Bunk, soon got a few paces in advance of Jan, whc, as ill-luck would have it, tripped up over a piece of uneven ground, and fell heavily: ere he could rise to his feet, Grizzly was upon him.

Seeing his friend's predicament, Old Bill bravely turned to the rescue, and fired his pistol into the brute. Jan Bunk was badly hurt, and lay stunned and helpless on the ground, but the bear, on receiving the pistol-shot, released his prostrate enemy to attack Old Bill; and fixing his claws into the poor trapper, rolled with him on to the ground. Bill still had his knife, and stuck it again and again into the body of the bear, who had fastened tooth and claw into his unfortunate victim, and was tearing his very flesh from the bones. The knife fell from poor Old Bill's hand; but Jan had now sufficiently recovered to drag himself to the spot, and picking it up, dealt Grizzly his finishing wound.

Poor Old Bill showed no signs of life, and Jan's description of his appearance was certainly most appalling, One of his legs was laid completely bare, muscles and sinews torn away from it, the flesh was torn in great strips too from his chest, and half his scalp hung bleeding over his face. Jan watched him for a few minutes; then, feeling sure that he was dead, made the best of his way back to the trapper's camp, where he told his doleful tale.

He was too much hurt, and too exhausted by loss of blood, to go back himself to the place where his friend was killed; but he sent two of the trappers to perform the last sad office for Old Bill by burying him, and also to bring away the skin of the bear. The place, however, was at some distance, and the trappers, having only Jan's description to guide them, came home at night without having been able to find it. All who knew him sorrowed for Old Bill, but none doubted that he was dead.

Several months afterwards, Jan Bunk, being at Santa Fé in some interval between his hunting expeditions, was walking in the street, when he came upon a small shrivelled, scarred, and disfigured being shambling towards him, who bore, he thought, some slight resemblance to his poor defunct old comrade. Judge of his surprise, though, when a hollow voice proceeded from the cadaverous being before him, saying—

"Hulloa! old hoss, I ain't dead yet, hanged if I am."

Jan was some time before he could believe that he saw his old friend in the body before him, and not merely his wraith. Being at length reassured, they adjourned together to an eating-house hard by, where Old Bill narrated the manner of his resuscitation. On recovering his senses, after being left for dead, he had found himself lying close beside the dead bear, and quite unable to move. He must have had a wonderful constitution. He declared that for some days he subsisted entirely upon the raw flesh of the bear: then, finding that he was strong enough to crawl, he dragged himself to the bank of a neighbouring stream, which he knew to be much frequented by trappers, and by great good

luck a stray trapper met with him. This man was not one of the party Old Bill had been with before, but he took care of him, nursed him in his rough way, then passed him on to others, till at length the poor old fellow arrived at Santa Fé, where he had been gradually recovering ever since.

The joy of the two friends was great at thus meeting, after what was supposed, by one of them at least, to be an eternal separation. Jan Bunk rejoiced the more because he had always had a feeling that his friend's death had been caused by his generous attempt to save Jan himself from the bear's clutches. From the time that the trappers met so unexpectedly, they had remained inseparable; and although in reality Old Bill was now not much more useful than he was ornamental, still Jan always talked of him as a great acquisition in every respect. The few words that he ever spoke were listened to by Jan as the utterances of an oracle; indeed, the admiration, or rather reverence, which Jan retained for this curious little old creature was as touching as it was comical.

By the time my new friend had finished his narrative of Old Bill's "chawing up" by the grizzly, I found, on looking out, that the snow had quite ceased; and I determined to return to Penryhn without continuing my search that day for the strayed animals. I said good-bye to Old Bill, but he seemed reduced to a greater state of imbecility than ever after hearing the dreadful account of his own past dangers. Jan appeared to know from my description the exact spot where our encampment was situated, and when I had mounted he went part of the way with me on foot to act as guide. The atmosphere was clear now, and we had not proceeded far when my eyes were gladdened by the sight of the smoke from the beacon rising up among the distant trees. I then bid Jan good-bye, assuring him that I should soon come back to his hut, and bring Penryhn to see his resuscitated friend. This seemed to please the trapper mightily, and I parted from him with many thanks for his hospitality.

Benjamin and I then continued our way alone. I think Penryhn's joy at seeing me was almost as great as Jan Bunk's could have been on beholding his old comrade restored to life; though he probably did not express his delight quite in the same language. He was so glad that he seemed quite to forget my failure in tracing the lost cattle. Both Jonson and Mike, however, thought of it, but the former rather cheered us by expressing an opinion that now the weather had changed, the beasts might possibly find their way back of their own accord. This opinion happily proved correct, for that very night we heard slush, slush, tramp, tramp, tramp, tramp, through the wet snow, and there were the horses and mules all approaching the encampment, headed by Penryhn's grey, who really seemed quite ashamed of himself, as well he might be. Probably they had never strayed far away, but I had taken the wrong direction in my search.

A day or two afterwards we moved our encampment to be near the trappers' hut, intending, in our future hunting operations, to have the benefit of Jan Bunks' experience and counsel, which he had good-naturedly offered me before I left him. We pitched our tents upon the rising ground close to the hollow in which the trappers had stationed themselves. Although my friend Penryhn was a first-rate hunter, yet like all wise men, he was very anxious to know more than he did; not so, Jonson, however, who turned up his nose at any wrinkles Jan Bunk would put us up to, and always declared *he* knew all about it before.

Penryhn and I went out after anything we could find in the way of game, but we were particularly anxious to bag a grizzly. Several days had passed without our seeing or hearing anything of these beasts, when one morning he and I determined to ride in opposite directions on our search. He took Jonson with him, and my friend, Jan Bunk, was to join me. Jan had started before daylight to set some beaver-traps in a stream some five or six miles off, which flowed into

the river Arkansa; and it was arranged that I should ride there a little later, and meet him at a spot on the banks of the stream where we knew that animals often came down to drink. I was the first to arrive at the rendezvous, and dismounting, proceeded at once to conceal myself and Benjamin among some evergreen bushes.

I had not taken up my post many minutes when a herd of some fifteen or twenty black-tailed deer came down to the water. One by one they approached me, following the lead of a fine buck, who seemed the father of the family. I had marked my game: that fine fellow now stooping in the act of drinking should measure his length upon the ground ere many seconds were passed. I dropped the bridle, and my rifle was up to my shoulder, when Benjamin, who had become so accustomed to all kinds of hunting by this time that he generally could be relied upon to remain quiet, gave an untimely neigh. The buck raised his head, stopped ere his muzzle touched the water, wheeled, and as I fired, made off at a bound; the rest of the herd following in his wake. Casting some words, which did not sound like a blessing, at Benjamin, I fired at random after the retreating deer, and a doe dropped.

Leading Benjamin forward, I stooped over my victim to examine it, with my back turned to the creek. As I did so, I heard a strange noise behind me as of a large body moving, and breaking the branches of the underwood which grew by the stream. Turning round, I perceived an enormous grizzly bear limping on three legs, something being attached to one of the hind ones. Mr. Grizzly was so taken up with his own leg that for the moment he delayed attacking me; indeed he seemed unconscious of my presence, for sitting down on the bank quite close to the water, he took up his hind foot with his two front paws, and endeavoured to set it free from the object which caused him annoyance. That object was a kind of box, of wood, or iron, which encased his foot like a large shoe. I could not help watching him as he gravely held his hind foot up, and grunting at the box, seemed to be apostrophizing it. Then he appeared to endeavour to propitiate it by licking it as if it were a live thing, and he wanted to coax it to leave off hurting him; he also dabbled it in the water as if to cool it; looking very wise all the time, and holding his head sentimentally, first on one side then on the other.

His back was towards me:—"Now," thought I, "is my time for a certain shot." I had with me a double-barrelled rifle, and, luckily, had employed this interval of watching in reloading the barrel that I had just fired off. Placing my rifle to my shoulder, I fired directly into the broad back of poor grizzly: he was hit and no mistake, but not mortally wounded. With a roar, which seemed to shake the earth, water, rocks, and trees around, he turned and fronted me. Forgetful of the lesser pain in the greater, he stood up on his hind legs—one of them still encased in its painful shoe—and held out his terrible arms to clasp me in a deadly embrace. Benjamin stood beside me quivering and shaking in every limb, his hair bristling, his eyes seeming to start from their sockets with terror. I heard shouts at a distance: Jan was looking on from the other side of the creek in dismay, expecting to see me "catawampously chawed up," like Old Bill. But my other barrel was loaded; the bear faced me, his chest was exposed, I knew he was so shackled that his movements must necessarily be slow; so I raised my rifle again, and when he was almost within arm's length of me, sent a bullet home to his heart. He fell with a tremendous thud to the ground, and never moved again.

When Jan Bunk came up he congratulated me warmly, but I think he felt a little disappointed that he had had no hand in the death of the bear himself. He might be said though, after all, to have had a share in the business, for we discovered that it was one of his beaver-traps which the bear had transformed into a shoe. The foot, trap, and all, he cut off and carried back to his hut in triumph; but the skin I was fain to keep for myself.




27. TYPES OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

# TYPES OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

## Introduction.

Peter the Great, whose two hundredth birthday has recently been celebrated in Russia—upon his return from his memorable visit to the West, commenced a series of reforms, among which were the social usages of the people, which he prosecuted with indefatigable vigour to the end of his reign. Among other things, his object was to remove the visible sign of distinction between Russians and Western Europeans, so he ordered a change of costume. The men were to shave their beards, and abandon their long loose kaftans for short tight-fitting coats. Two classes were exempt from this change of dress—the priests and peasantry, or serfs: the former because loose flowing robes were identified with their profession; and the latter in order to recommend the new to the upper and middle grades of society, as distinguishing them from the common herd. Corresponding alterations were directed in the garments of the women. The courtiers consented with much reluctance to the change of attire; but were not so submissive about losing the beard, considering it an ornament to the countenance, besides being convenient in a cold climate.

Lord Whitworth, the British Ambassador at the Court of the Czar, in his despatches states that most of the chief nobles were shaved in his presence, where there was no room to dispute his will. But the great mass of the people were violently enraged by the ordinance, valuing the appendage not only as a national distinction, but as a sign of orthodoxy. Venerable grey beards might be seen in the streets scampering away at full speed from the executioners armed with the razor as from so many hangmen, while those who were caught lost skin as well as hair in the rough performance of the office. Peter was at last obliged to compromise to avoid a bloody insurrection, and consented to his subjects remaining unshaven upon payment of a copeck each time they passed the gate of a city. It is related that many who were too poor to pay the tax and lost their beards, religiously preserved them, and had them placed in their coffins lest they should be refused admittance into heaven, and be taken for heretical foreigners.

It was one of the best parts of Peter's policy, that he also strove to reconstruct Russian domestic life after the Western model. It was usual, in accordance with Eastern manners, for Russian women to be secluded from general society. With a view to promote social intercourse, the Czar issued a curious statute, called the Statute of the assamblai. It was indited by Peter himself, and the original document, found among his papers after his death, is in his own handwriting. It commences thus—The word assamblai (assamblée) is a French word, which is difficult to explain in the Russian language in a single word. It means a certain number of people assembled together, either for pleasure or for deliberation and friendly conversation. Three times a week the nobles and wealthy merchants in rotation were ordered to throw open their houses for evening parties, to which all persons of respectable condition were admissible, with their wives and daughters. Master-workmen, especially ship-carpenters and master shipwrights, with the aristocracy and superior officers, are mentioned in the above code for the regulation of the assembly as eligible guests.

A curious enactment was contained in this statute—viz., that every transgressor of the rules of the code be compelled to empty the "great eagle," a huge cup of brandy.

Were it possible for Peter the Great to rise from the dead at the present moment, he would find that, although the word assamblai had become obsolete, the custom, inaugurated under his auspices, had become an established institution, and that balls and other social gatherings are the order of the day in the principal towns of Russia, from St. Petersburg to Moscow and Odessa, and

from Warsaw to Irkutsk, in Siberia; that the ladies of the upper circle display much vivacity of mind, grace of manner, and exquisite taste in everything appertaining to dress; and that the gentlemen are noted for their politeness of manner, and all those qualities which distinguish the gentleman of culture and refinement.

But it is not with this section of Russian society that we propose to acquaint our readers: it differs so little from the upper ten of the countries of Western Europe. We are going to describe a class of people whose manners, customs, and dress have, in many respects, experienced but little change, not only since the time of Peter the Great, but since the days of Boris Godounof cr Ivan Kalita. We have to deal mainly with the peasant population of the country, the hewers of wood and drawers of water, an enormous contingent, forming nearly eighty per cent. of the entire population of the empire. It is necessary to observe that the term peasant, as understood in Russia, is a generic one, and that it applies not only to the cultivators of the soil, who form the bulk of the population of Russia, but to a vast number of those humbler Russians of the same social standing engaged in almost every branch of industry and commerce. The Russian word itself—Krestyanin, peasant—is derived from Khrestyanin, a Christian, by which name the Tartars, who for nearly two centuries held sway over Russia, designated their Russian subjects.

The visible sign of distinction between the lower and upper classes of Russia is the same as it was in the reign of Peter the Great. A few general remarks upon the costume worn by the peasantry before proceeding with the description of a few types of this class may, therefore, not be inappropriate. The Russian Mouzhik, or common man, is known as the wearer of the sheepskin shouba, or over-coat, "with the skinny side out and the woolly side in," that article of dress being wonderfully suited to the climate of Russia. It is a curious part of the Russian winter how warmly every one is dressed. They have so severe a touch of frost now and then that they must dress warmly or die; and hence the quite poor are booted and muffled in what we should think a luxurious way. The men in winter have a padded look, which, with their warm gloves and feather-stuffed caps, it does one good to see; and the women are mere bundles of warm clothing. How valuable a covering is the shouba to the Mouzhik, may be inferred from the fact that he has only to doff it, and he is in his summer costume, generally a cotton print shirt worn like a blouse, but secured at the waist by a thin girdle, wide trousers of cotton stuff or linen tucked into the boots. To the girdle is generally attached a small key, belonging to the chest containing the worldly goods of the peasant, and a small brass comb. A turkey-red shirt and cotton-velvet trousers are much affected by the "swellish" portion, if we may use the term, of the Russian peasant community. An over-coat of coarse cloth, called an armiak, is also worn in rainy weather, and in the autumn before the frosts set in. The poor peasantry wear, instead of boots, a kind of slipper called lapti, made of the bark of the lime-tree. Although clumsy in appearance, they are considered to be very comfortable for the feet, particularly in walking long distances, such as the peasants of Russia have to perform with caravans of carts or sledges, in ploughing the land, and other work. The lapti are worn in the following manner: First of all, long strips of linen, about two yards long and six inches wide, called anouchi, are bound round the feet and legs from the toes to the knees. In the winter, white woollen cloth is used. A little straw is put inside the lapti, and when on they are fastened to the legs by means of string, which is wound round the anouchi to the knee. The costume of the women is often picturesque, particularly in the provinces of Little Russia and among the Cossacks of the Don, where the gracefulness of the drapery and head-dress is worthy of Italy itself. The kazakin, a tight-fitting jacket without sleeves, worn by the Cossack women, is a most tasteful and becoming costume.

But there is a period in the life of the Russian peasant anterior to all sheep-skin shoubas, armiaks, or kazakins; the babies are always swaddled in tight bandages, so that they may be conveniently carried about or put away, without the risk of getting themselves into mischief or danger.

The introduction of Christianity into Russia was nearly contemporaneous with the rise of the Russian Monarchy in the middle of the ninth century; but it was not until the reign of Vladimir, considerably more than a century afterwards, that Christianity became to be definitely adopted. History tells us, that Vladimir wishing to turn his countrymen from Pagan practices to a rational mode of worship—after the merits of Judaism, Roman Catholicism, Mohammedanism, and Greek Christianity had been duly considered—sent deputies into the countries where they were professed to report upon their claims to attention. The imposing ceremonies in the magnificent St. Sophia at Constantinople, made a powerful impression on the envoys, who returned with glowing accounts of the Greek Christianity; this resolved Vladimir to enter the communion of the Eastern Church, and he compelled his people to follow his example.

For seven centuries after the foundation of the Russian Church it was governed by metropolitans, who derived their spiritual authority from the patriarch of Constantinople. There were forty-six of these dignitaries at Kief Vladimir and Moscow. They travelled to the imperial city for consecration, except during the period of its occupation by the Latins, when the Greek patriarchs resided at Nicea. Upon the capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, the inconvenience of having their metropolitans subordinate to spiritual chiefs, who were the vassals of the Sultans, was instantly felt by the Czars. But more than a century elapsed before the Russian Church became independent. In 1588, Jerimah, the patriarch of Constantinople, constituted Job patriarch of Moscow, which act was subsequently legitimated by a general council of the Oriental Church. In course of time the Russian patriarchate became a great power in the State, and noted for its splendour and wealth.

The dignitary was absolute judge in spiritual affairs, he was present at the reception of foreign ambassadors, took part in all political affairs, and sat at the council-board or at the festive table at the right hand of the sovereign. Annually, on Palm Sunday, the patriarchs appeared in all the pride and pomp of their office. There was a stately procession from the Kremlin to one of the churches intended to represent the triumphant entry of our Lord into Jerusalem. The ecclesiastical chief rode on horseback, holding a cross of gold in his right hand, embellished with a profusion of diamonds, and wearing the great mitre richly set with jewels. The people strewed the way with their upper garments, or with pieces of scarlet cloth, purchased for the occasion, while the poorer classes laid twigs and branches of birch upon the road. Bishops habited in white, walked on each side of their superior, clergy carried pictures of saints, or church ornaments before and behind; the Czar wearing the diadem, led on foot the horse of his subject by the bridle, while the crowd shouted as the procession passed along, "Hosannah to the Son of David! Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord! Hosannah in the highest!" This display of sacerdotal superiority continued to the time of Peter, who had no liking for the post of footman, or to be second to anyone on any occasion in his dominions. He abolished the supreme ecclesiastical dignity, constituted himself and his successors heads of the Church, and vested its superintendence in a governing body—the Holy Directing Synod—the members of which are appointed by the Crown, and so it remains to the present day.

The priesthood of the Græco-Russian Church or orthodox faith in Russia, form two grand sections—the "black clergy" and the "white clergy." The former are all monks, inhabiting numerous monasteries scattered in various parts of the empire; the latter are secular priests. The Russian

clergyman may marry, but only once; when his wife dies he enters a monastery and becomes a monk. The monks enjoying the highest dignities are almost all widowers, and no priest can expect to reach a high position in the hierarchy unless he belongs to the black clergy. The dignitaries of the Græco-Russian Church have various titles, such as Metropolitan, Archbishop, Bishop, and Archimandrite, Archdeacon, etc. The metropolitan, after the Emperor, is the chief head of the Church. Our sketch represents a Russian priest, one of the secular clergy of the higher order. He is dressed in his every day attire, a loose robe of worsted stuff with wide sleeves; the hair is worn very long and parted in the middle, and to give it a wavy appearance, it is often what the ladies call crimped over night. When abroad, the priest wears a broad-brimmed hat, somewhat after the Quaker style, and he carries in his hand a tall walking-stick, or cane, generally silver-mounted. The duties of the secular clergy in Russia are mostly of a ritualistic kind—the numerous Church holidays and saints' days take up much of their time. They do not visit the sick and relieve the destitute after the manner of our own clergymen; they administer the sacrament and extreme unction to the sick and dying, bring to them the holy pictures to kiss on their death-beds, for which they receive a fee. Many of the village priests are exceedingly poor, so poor that they are compelled to work with their own hands on their plot of land for a livelihood. Although the Russian priest is much reverenced by the lower classes, on meeting him in a common way in the street they will kiss his hand and ask his blessing; yet it is considered unlucky by some old-fashioned people to meet a priest when starting anywhere on a journey. So superstitious, it is said, are some upon this point, that on such an occasion they would rather return home again and resume their journey on another day.

The service is conducted something after the manner of the Roman Catholic Church, only no organ is permitted; the chanting and the voices are often very fine. Incense is much used. The priest is assisted by the diakon (deacon) and diatchok (clerk). The vestments used during the service are of a very rich description, the materials being often silk, with much gold embroidery. The congregation stand during the whole of the service, which is often very long, and the form of worship consists in repeating the prayers and hymns, and making the sign of the cross with bows and genuflexions.

Our engraving represents a Russian of the humbler class at his devotions before some picture of a saint. He is in the act of making the sign of the cross (fig. 7). The orthodox Russians make the sign of the cross in a different manner from the Catholics. The thumb, forefinger, and middle finger are joined together as symbolical of the Trinity. The hand is first raised to the forehead, then the chest is touched, and afterwards the right and left shoulder, which is followed by a bow. The Russian churches are open all day long, and there is early morning and evening service; on holidays there is second morning service, and on the eve of holidays second or late evening service.

As with the Roman Catholics, confession is practised in the Orthodox Church, and absolution is given in connection with penances, but the sacramental wine and bread are administered differently; the bread is mixed with the wine and given with a spoon. Infants in arms are admitted to the sacrament. The fasting enjoined by the Græco-Russian Church is severe in Lent; during seven weeks before Easter neither flesh, milk, butter, nor eggs can be touched, and there are numerous minor fasts, in which fish is the only food permitted.

The Orthodox Church has many festivals, or saints' days, for the canonized are held in great veneration, and the honour in which the native saints are held is expressed in a thousand ways. Agricultural labour and various household arrangements are largely regulated by their commemoration days. The farmer does not begin to plough when the weather is favourable, but on St. George's

Day; cattle are not driven into the fields when the grass is green, but on St. Stephen's Day; and apples are not plucked when they are ripe, but on the Feast of Mary. There are also many imposing ceremonies, among which the midnight service before Easter Sunday, particularly in the ancient capital, is the most solemn and effective, typifying the resurrection of our Lord; the breaking forth from the darkness of death of the everlasting light of life. At the commencement of the service the church is draped in black, and the priests are dressed in their sable robes. When morning has approached, and "Christ is risen" is proclaimed throughout the church, while hundreds of tapers are burning, and in the hands of the congregation, the priests exchange their black robes for rich vestments, embroidered in silk and gold, and the church itself assumes a festive appearance. The congregation salute each other three times on the cheek with the words, "Christ is risen from the dead," and "Verily, He is risen." Outside the ringing of thousands of church bells and the firing of cannon proclaim the happy morn.

A considerable portion of the revenue of the Russian churches is derived from the sale of wax candles or tapers, which are sold at a counter in the sacred edifice. Some of the larger churches manufacture their own candles; there is also a bakery attached to the church for making the sacred bread.

The plan of the Russian Greek Church is that of a Greek cross where the transversal nave is nearly equal in length to the principal one. Another distinguishing feature of the interior Orthodox Church architecture is the Ikonostas, or a continuous division of the altar from the other part of the church. It is so called from the "Ikonas," or holy pictures, of which it is formed. This partition is elaborately carved and gilt, and the Ikonas are encased in real silver or silver-gilt—the latter metal in a kind of repoussé work, forming the drapery of the figure or figures of the picture, while the face, hands, and feet are painted. Some of the Ikonas of very rich churches are encased in pure gold, and studded with precious stones. The candles are kept constantly burning before them, the jewels, gilt crowns, and haloes of the saints reflect the light in a thousand brilliant rays. In the middle of the Ikonostas are placed the Tsarskia Vrata—the royal gates leading to the sanctuary. Close to the Ikonostas are the two clirosi, or stalls for the singers, one on each side.

Outwardly, the Russian churches, with their bulb-shaped and gaily-painted domes and belfries, give a gay and picturesque appearance to the landscapes of Russia, but it is at Moscow with its "forty forties" of churches that the Russian Church architecture comes out in all its quaint splendour. Here can be seen countless numbers of towers, some with cupolas gilt, others painted blue or green, with golden stars, which, with a general similarity of appearance, strike the eye by the irregularity of their forms and their diversity of colours.

The number of inhabitants professing the orthodox faith in Russia is calculated at about 57,000,000, or nearly three-quarters of the entire population. Among the orthodox Russians there are many so called Raskolniks, Dissenters or Nonconformists, who originated owing to the revision and reform of the church books by the Patriarch Nikon in 1654. The majority of the Raskolniks belong to the sect of Staroobriadsi (old Ritualists), from which originated two grand divisions of sectarians—the Popofschina and Bezpopofschina: the former have a priesthood; the latter are priestless. The Popofschina differ in various ritual usages from the Established Church; they make the sign of the cross, pronounce the name of Jesus, chant the hallelujah, and conduct their processions in the churches differently; consider shaving a deadly sin, and refuse to eat certain kinds of food allowed by the Established ritual, as the hare and the potato, for the latter are the flesh of the traitor Judas, and the former is unclean. Some of them will neither touch tea, which they call "the herb of the evil one," nor sugar; and smoking and taking snuff is

considered an abomination, an incarnation of Satan himself.

But, while regarding the dominant church as heretical, they maintain the validity of its ministerial orders because of their unbroken descent from the times of orthodoxy, they recognize marriages and civil forms of government. The second division, the Bezpopofschina, or those that are priestless, believe generally that the true apostolical succession having been interrupted by the heresy of the Patriarch Nikon and the Czar Alexis, no legitimate hierarchy can at present be constituted; but they await the reappearance of our Lord to recognize the church upon a regular and holy foundation. Some of them reject the marriage ceremony, and do not recognize the civil form of government (but this is only nominally), and others do not. The Russian Dissenters agree generally in rejecting the revised books, and using only such as are copied or printed from the universal text. This division of seceders is subdivided into very numerous varieties, remarkable in many instances for the wild fanaticism of their views. The so-called voluntary martyrs, who, in the beginning of the last century, advocated and practised suicide, deeming it meritorious to sacrifice themselves. Preference was generally given to death by combustion, called baptism of fire; and even in modern times solitary instances of self-burning have been recorded. Though the self-destructionists may now be considered practically extinct, there are Mutilants or Scoptsi, and Flagellants or Khlisti, who maim themselves, scourge each other, and undergo a severe penance. To this sect belong also the Skakounui, or Jumpers. The most reputable body among the Raskolniks are the Doukho-Bortsi Champions of the Holy Ghost, who recognize only the authority of the gospels, rejecting the other portions of Scripture, and never using any form of devotion but the Lord's Prayer. They have no churches, deeming them not only useless, but at variance with the just conceptions of the Deity, who is everywhere present. They refuse to take an oath, and will not bear arms, deeming it sinful to shed human blood. Their principles, obnoxious to a military power, and accounted incompatible with the duties of subjects, exposed the members of this sect, otherwise irreproachable, to dreadful persecutions in the last century, till, finding it impossible to overcome their firmness, the Government removed them from their homes in Southern Russia to the heart of Siberia. The most curious example of eccentric sectarianism are the Schielniki, among the Cossacks of the Don. They obtain their name from the strictly-observed practice of looking at a chink (schiel), through which light is passing, when repeating their prayers. The aggregate number of Raskolniks, according to official data, is 1,000,000; but they can be put down approximately at about 8,000,000. Until the time of Catharine II., they suffered the most atrocious persecutions. At present, owing to the multiplicity of the sects into which they are divided, and their scattered state over an extensive empire, they constitute but a weak body, and have no political importance whatever.

The other portion of the population of Russia is made up of Roman Catholics Protestants, Jews, Mohammedans, and Idolators.

The giving of alms is much practised in Russia, and, besides professional beggars, beggars on their own account, a host of collectors for churches and monasteries, male and female, may be seen in the towns of Russia, particularly about the bazaars or gassinny dvors. The picture (fig. 4) represents an aged discharged soldier engaged in begging for some church or other, perhaps thousands of miles away in the interior. At each solicitation he makes the sign of the cross, and presents his credentials, the book which he carries with him, to receive the donation. In the same manner, women are also employed in collecting alms for nunneries and churches. They are dressed (fig. 10) in the style adopted by most Russian nuns, a black loose robe with white sleeves, and a belt round; a tall hat of the same colour, to which is attached a kind of veil or hood.

As we have before stated, the Græco-Russian Church has many church festivals and saints' days, and the peasantry of Russia are very fond of celebrating them, for the ceremony on these occasions does not consist in church-going alone, feasting and amusement enter largely into these celebrations. It is on these church festivals that weddings generally take place among the peasantry, owing mainly to economical considerations, for whether or no an extra treat must be provided for the occasion. The day before the wedding takes place the ceremony called the Devichnik,* or bride's party. It is as follows: The bride and her family are visited by the future father and mother-in-law, who bring with them all sorts of good things in the shape of eatables, such as cooked meats, pies, cheese-cakes, bread and salt (the symbol of a Russian welcome), vodka or corn brandy, etc. These the guests place upon the table covered with a table-cloth, which they also bring with them. This is the treat given by the bridegroom to the relatives of the bride, who have been invited to the Devichnik. The bridegroom takes no part in this ceremony; the father and mother have the entire management of the business. They hand to the bride the presents from her intended, which are generally a pair of stockings, a pair of shoes, a small looking-glass, and a piece of soap. The bride does not sit down to table with the guests, but sits apart with her young friends in the corner, or in another room.

While the eating and drinking is going on, the women of the village, assembled for the occasion, sing the marriage songs in praise of the bridegroom and bridegroom's relations, for which they receive a gratuity of a few copecks. After the meal is over, the things are cleared away, the broken meat and crumbs carefully rolled up in the table-cloth, which, together with the plates and dishes, are put on one side, to be taken back again to the home of the bridegroom. After this comes the bride's treat, the dinner, or rather supper, consisting of all the delicacies of the Russian peasant's kitchen, such as stchi or cabbage-soup, roast meat, milk-soup, buckwheat-porridge; also braga, a kind of sweet beer, and the usual accompaniment, vodka. The women resume the marriage songs, and the company sit down to the second meal. During this time the bride still keeps her place with her companions; she is not allowed to join the others at table, but has her meal in company with her friends.

On the wedding morning early assemble the friends of the bridegroom at his house, consisting of the following official personages: the Druzhko and Poloudruzhko, best-men; the Juisiatsky, or captain; the nuptial godfather and godmother; the Svakha,* or matchmaker; two Boyars; and the Poroznik, or driver.

The Druzhko and Poloudruzhko on this occasion wear a towel round the waist. The Russian towels are long and narrow, tied like a scarf. The ceremony commences by the presentation of gifts to the bridegroom: one friend brings a fowl, another a loaf of black bread, a third a dozen of eggs, and so on. The next thing to do is to harness the horses into the village carts, and saddle a horse for the bridegroom's especial use. This task over, the company sit down to dinner. The meal finished, the friends of the bridegroom drive in procession to the house of the bride; but it is no easy matter to get there, for there is a crowd waiting for them on the road, anxious to drink the health of the company. With this view they bar the road with a long pole, or a rope is held across it; the train comes to a standstill, and is only allowed to proceed upon the Druzhko presenting the blockaders with a large bottle of spirits. Meanwhile, the bride, having received the blessing of her parents, is seated at the table awaiting the arrival of the bridegroom. Next to her, on one side, sits the Plaksa—*i.e.*, the Svakha, or matchmaker, on the part of the bride; on the other, the brother of

* From Osein Zaraiskago Krestyanina, the autumn of the peasant of Zaraisk-Selivanov.

* The svakha, or matchmaker, is a person employed to negotiate the marriage.

the bride, armed with the skalka.* When the party arrives, the drujkas enter the izba, bow to the parents, and beg them to receive the visitors. The gates of the yard are then thrown open, and the cavalcade drives in. The Druzhko then approaches the brother of the bride, and says, "Why don't you sit on your own place?" The other answers, "If you put money down, I'll give it up to you." The Druzhko then threatens him with his whip, while the bride's brother defies him bravely with the skalka. The Druzhko at last gives in, and places at each corner of the table a copper coin, and in the middle a small silver piece. The place is thus redeemed, the bride's brother gets up, and the bridegroom sits down by the side of the bride, whose face is covered with a cotton handkerchief, the pair presenting a most uncomfortable appearance. The guests take their seats round the table; dinner is brought in; the singers, women and girls, again make their appearance, singing the praises this time of all the functionaries and relations; while an anxious crowd outside is waiting to see the bride go to church, or under the crown,† as the Russians say. After the meal is over, and the company have turned to the holy picture hung up in the corner of the room, and made the sign of the cross, the bride goes through the ceremony of kissing the image of her patron saint. The father and mother then take the bride by the hand, and lead her up to the bridegroom, to whom the father says, "Here we present thee with a bride; love her, sow flax and hemp, and demand from her wherewith to clothe thyself." The bridegroom takes his bride by the hand to lead her away, when the other hand is immediately seized by her female companions, who will not let her go; a struggle ensues: the bridegroom pulls one way, the girls the other, until the poor bride is quite exhausted. Of course the bridegroom comes off victorious, and the tussle ends. After receiving the blessing of the parents, the bridegroom leads the bride to the cart, into which she enters with her friends; they are then driven to church—the bridegroom and his friends, best-men, etc., following on horseback. On the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, the plaksa takes the bride aside, and there in the church removes her maiden head-dress, undoes her maiden single plait, and plaits it again into two, and ties the handkerchief on her head in the manner worn by married women. The party then proceed to the new home in the same order as they came to church. At the entrance, before the threshold, they are met by the vstrechnaya svakha, with a sheepskin coat turned inside out thrown over her. She holds in her hand a basin with water and hops, with which she proceeds to besprinkle the newly-married pair and the whole of the company. This ceremony over, more feasting follows. The happy pair are, however, still forbidden to touch anything at the common table, however hungry they might be; they have to wait till the day is far advanced, when they are "fed," as they term it, separately. The feasting is kept up with much spirit in expectation of the Povecherniki, or evening visitors. The bride's relations—brothers, uncles, etc., who, after the ceremony of knocking at the gates, and answering sundry questions addressed to them from within—are admitted, and introduced to the newly-married pair, for whom they have brought "valuable goods"—*i.e.*, the dowry of the bride, consisting of clothing, etc. The singers are again on the scene, singing in praise of the Povecherniki, which performance is again rewarded by a distribution of more copecks. The young bride then proceeds with the distribution of her presents to her husband's relations, consisting of cotton-print shirts, handkerchiefs, etc.; in return for which she receives a few roubles in money from her father-in-law, in the name of the whole family. The feasting continues till early dawn. It may not be out of place here to describe the kind of house in which all this takes place.

* The Skalka is a rolling-pin, which in conjunction with the Katok, a wooden implement in the shape of a curved bat, with a serrated surface, is used is Russia instead of a mangle.

† In the Russian marriage ceremony, gilt crowns are held over the heads of the bride and bridegroom.

The dwelling of the peasant of Great Russia is called an izba, and no doubt it presents the same appearance as it did five hundred years ago; it is built of logs, the only instrument used in its construction being the axe. With the axe, the Russian carpenter does almost everything. In his hands it serves the purpose of saw, hammer, plane, and crowbar. The interior of the izba is generally formed of two compartments, the principal dwelling room and the kleit, or summer chamber. The most prominent object in the former is the enormous stove, on the top of which the family sleep in the winter time. The kleit is usually built higher than the common room, which admits of sufficient space underneath for keeping cattle, etc. Every house is enclosed, and is provided with large gates leading into the yard, containing sheds, etc. Notwithstanding the rather dingy and weather-beaten appearance of these izbas, they have a pleasing effect in a landscape.

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# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter XIII.



The Lawrence family had increased considerably during the last few years. The boys, great and small, exceeded the number of the girls; altogether there were nine children, all as healthy-looking as possible. The Lawrences (as was well known) belonged to the genus "chubby" and to the species "cheery."

Each one had a formidable appetite, and, at the prices at which pheasants were, it is not so very astonishing that their small house was very often pervaded by the odour of cabbage-soup. It was, nevertheless, an extraordinary fact, that, from the "chubby" father of the family down to the plump baby, every one was passionately addicted to this culinary mixture. In other respects, the house was, from every point of view, a very pleasant residence. It possessed this immense advantage, that every room, with the exception of the fencing-room, which was built away from the other part of the house, was continually and impartially filled with the smell of cooking. The triangular sitting-room had its share as well as the kitchen.

"Under these circumstances," said Lawrence, rubbing his hands, "there can be no jealousy."

The house, to use Mrs. Aubry's expression, "was not a bit like itself" since the Lawrences had gained possession of it. And how, I would ask you, could the house

remain unchanged, containing, as it did, eleven people instead of two!

There also existed some other little differences which shocked the good lady's ideas of propriety and order. If her lodgers had not been under an obligation to her, she would have had no scruples in telling them that the wall-paper had not been put up for the sole purpose of having their names written on it, nor even that their philosophic or satirical ideas inscribed thereon. Still less was there an absolute necessity that caricatures, civil or military, should be delineated on the paper, any more than that they should leave the imprints of their dirty fingers on the pattern. Nor yet need the height of every member of the family have been registered, with a line drawn beneath it, and a note of the name, date, and other particulars of the measurement.



Madame Aubry would also have hinted that the balustrades were not originally placed on the stairs, in order that they might be descended straddle fashion; neither were the window-sills made to dry linen upon; nor were the sitting-rooms, whether triangular or otherwise, intended to serve as hunting-ground to three guinea-pigs of a morose disposition, and a somewhat doubtful cleanliness. And was it likely that the two rickety pear-trees in the back-yard had been planted to sustain a swing in their old age, or even to be cut up into toothpicks?



All this Mrs. Aubry would not have failed to point out, had the Lawrences not been even more her guests than her lodgers; but she continued, uncomfortable though she was, to spare the feelings of those poor people with as lasting patience as a suppliant whose policy it is to be silent before a powerful patron.

"Poor woman," she said, speaking of Mrs. Lawrence, "she has already sufficient trouble. How can she superintend such a large household?" And when she came to the town she smiled stoically upon the liberties which the numerous family of the tipstaff took with her house.

Mr. Lawrence's sons seem to be clothed, from their tenderest years, in a sort of hairy garment like their father's. It really seemed as if every member of the family had been provided by nature with a hairy covering like a young bear!

On the morning of the same day upon which Mrs. Ironsides entered Johnny's name upon the College books, Mr. Lawrence was returning from some early expedition, and seeing that St. Lubin's clock was upon the stroke of noon, quickened his homeward pace. He was still some distance from the little green door of the house when a well-known smell saluted his olfactory nerves, and he hastened to ring his bell.

"That soup ought to be first-rate," he said, as he lifted the lid of an enormous copper, "for I smelt it away by the chemist's shop at the corner."

The youngest children uttered enthusiastic yells, the elder ones contented themselves by smiling silently. During the first part of dinner they said nothing of any consequence, but, to compensate for their silence, they beat a noisy tattoo with the spoons upon their plates.

Nothing remarkable transpired during the meal, if we except the incident of Number Five in reply to some impertinent remark of Number Four, pouring a spoonful of soup down his sister's back. Number Four cried loudly, but her mother consoled her by telling her that it would be "all the same by the time she was married." This argument seemed to quiet the child, who had quite sufficient time before her to recover herself, inasmuch as young men do not now-a-days, if they can help it, marry portionless girls.

"What is coming after this?" inquired Mr. Lawrence, as he saw some of the

*menagerie* disappearing in the direction of the kitchen.

Number Eight (a daughter) put her lips to her father's ear to tell him, as a great secret, that there were sausages. Number Nine (a boy) on hearing these magic words, immediately, in pure delight, threw his wooden plate across the room, thereby entailing upon Number One the duty of recovering and restoring the platter to baby. Meantime, he bestowed upon him a long embrace, while he doubtless incited him to throw his plate through the window next time!

The sausages arrived hot and frizzling. Admiration too deep for words pervaded the company while the head of the family proceeded to apportion the spoil. At this moment one of the morose guinea-pigs put his head in at the door, and, after mature consideration, having made his mind up to come in, trotted all round the room close to the wall. The second pig went through the same performance, followed closely by the third. They advanced straight on up to the corners, where they turned sharply to the right, grunting a comic chorus. The Lawrences applauded, and the pigs, being startled, fled rapidly; but in the passage they espied the shadow of a large yellow rabbit, whose sides and temples throbbed as if he were in a chronic fever. He carried one ear erect and the other as a "lop." So soon as he perceived that he had become an object of curiosity to the guinea-pigs, he gained the yard by a series of sudden and jerky jumps, and disappeared.

The meal being finished, the Lawrences began to leave the dinner-table. Number Nine was carried off in the arms of Number Eight, who wished him to see the "big thing;" that is to say, the yellow rabbit.

Number Seven began to rock to sleep a bundle of old rags, which she denominated a doll, and which amused her quite as well as a real doll would have done. Number Six and Number Five having carefully thumped each other in the dining-room, set off to fly a kite better friends than ever; while Number Four (a girl) collected the plates, spoons, knives, and forks into a heterogeneous heap, and left them to their own devices to make themselves as comfortable as possible.

Mr. Lawrence made himself comfortable for the time being, by resting his elbows upon the table and lighting a pipe. He then rubbed his hands together, and, having finished this exercise, turned to his second son, and said, with a mysterious air—

"I say, Léon, do you know what 'mother' is going to do?"

Number Two replied that he had not the slightest idea.

"Well, then, she is going to fetch the currant wine!"

At this announcement the surprise was general, and the intelligence passed from one to the other until the table was again surrounded, even Number Nine holding out his glass, and crying out—"And *me* to!"

Mrs. Lawrence fetched the currant wine. "There is something new, then?" she said, as she placed her hand upon her husband's shaggy coat.

"Let me see," said Lawrence, addressing Number Three; "did I say there was anything new?"

"No, father."

"Well, then," he added, passing on to Number Four, "mother has discovered something, without being told of it."

"Yes, father."

"Therefore," continued Lawrence, turning to Number Five, "our mother must be a very clever mother, eh?"

"Yes, indeed," replied Number Five, nodding his head.

And Lawrence proceeding to put similar questions to Number Six, was cut short by his wife telling him not to keep them in suspense if there were any really good news to tell.

"Well, there *is* really something good to communicate," said her husband, smiling, "but they pull me to pieces, so that I can say nothing until the currant wine has been poured out."

When the wine had been distributed in a vanishing proportion from the father to the baby, Lawrence gave the toast—

"To the health of Mr. Ironsides," cried he.

They all drank Mr. Ironsides' health with confidence, and his wife's into the bargain.

"Léon's good health!" said Lawrence once more.

Everyone turned with astonishment towards Number Two, who blushed furiously. So they drank Léon's health.

"Now," said his father, "why have we drunk Léon's health?"

"Yes, why; tell us," cried the chorus of Numbers.

"Well, my children, the fact is that Mr. Ironsides has proposed to take Léon into his office at a commencing salary of sixty pounds a year. If Léon prove to be as good a son and as good a brother as Camille, and will think of the younger ones at home, the fortune of the family is already as good as made. The boys will then be able to go to college. I have always had a presentiment of this, only I didn't know exactly at what number it would commence. Once at college all they will have to do is to 'go ahead' and become bachelors, and afterwards lawyers, doctors, or whatever professions they may choose."

Léon declared that his father was quite justified in reckoning upon him, that he meant to work with all his heart, so that the children might be some day an honour to the family.

Those members of the family who were thus destined to shed radiance upon the name of Lawrence, ran together to impart the glad news to the guinea-pigs, which being naturally of a morose temperament did not pay the least attention to them. The yellow rabbit hemmed in behind the pump was obliged to give ear to their confidences. One of the children not realizing exactly either the rabbit's age nor the demands of his appetite, promised him that when he (the child) became a doctor, he would tend him for nothing all the time he was ill, and when he was convalescent would prescribe plenty of sausages.

"When he is a doctor, I shall be a lawyer," said the other, addressing himself to the unhappy rabbit; "so be quite easy, I will always prevent your being put into prison."

The great yellow rabbit only replied to these liberal offers by a slight movement of his ears, and by twitching his moustaches. Could he have expressed himself in any other way he would probably have said that being naturally ruminative and melancholy, all these effusive offers of friendship rather worried him. (Had he not experienced once too often the inadvisability of indiscreet friendships?) As for those fallacious promises which they dangled so brightly before his eyes, he would have exchanged them all for a few cabbage leaves and five minutes of tranquillity.

Children of the Lawrence class had neither time to enjoy themselves very much, nor to resign themselves to sadness. They had too much to do. Mrs. Lawrence quickly disappeared into the back yard, where she was enabled to meditate at her ease, her arms plunged elbow-deep, or even deeper, into soap-suds. Camille made preparations to receive "the gentlemen," that is to say the pupils, for he had not yet arrived at the age when he might designate them as "Lizards." Mr. Lawrence took Léon away to introduce him to Mr. Ironsides, having first pointed out to Paul—now promoted to be the tipstaff's clerk—all that was necessary to be done during his absence. The little girls washed up the dishes, and the future physician and lawyer went off to school, and beguiled the tedium of the road thither with a game of leap-frog.

Number Nine, the only idle one left in the house, was permitted to do as he chose, without let or hindrance. When he became tired of climbing up on the chairs to look out of window, of sliding down the balustrades, and dragging furniture from one room to the other, he went to sleep in a convenient corner. And nothing more was heard in that little house, sometimes so noisy, except the ticking of the "cuckoo clock," the clattering of the plates—which were being washed with a whispering and giggling accompaniment—the ringing of the

bell by the pupils who came to take their lessons, and in the fencing-room the addition of the stamping and cries, mingled with the hooting which greeted the blunders of inexperienced fencers. If you will add to those noises the buzzing of swarms of flies, and



"To the health of Mr. Ironsides!"

(pervading everywhere) the unaristocratic odour of cabbage soup and "pig-tail" tobacco, which rested upon the senses like the recollection of a dream, you will have a slight idea of the reason why Mrs. Aubry said that the house was no longer like itself.

It did, however, resemble itself in one particular, viz., that it was still inhabited by worthy and happy people.

What was Mrs. Lawrence thinking of whilst she was doing her washing? Saying to herself that life might be somewhat less hard and trying without inconveniencing her very much?

Not the least, I assure you. In her simple way she admired her chubby children as much as Mrs. Tretan admired her son Michael on his showy horse; she recalled the numerous lucky "windfalls" which they had enjoyed during the past year. She said—and in her simple heart recognized as a truth—that Providence undoubtedly afforded special protection to all large families. On this truly consoling principle there was certainly no family in the district more entitled to the care of Heaven than were the Lawrences themselves.



## Chapter XIV.

Theodore, upon principle, had never really approved of Margaret's marriage with Mr. Nay. Had she taken his advice she would have married some one from the neighbourhood of Chatillon; some one who had not suddenly turned up from the other end of the empire. For he had made inquiries, and was aware that Mr. Nay (a clever man and an honest) could not remain all his life in Chatillon. He had often watched Mrs. Ironsides, through the office windows, as she walked up and down the garden, and he was perfectly well assured that she was not quite happy. This, in his opinion, was not as it should be, for "Madame" and Sadness should have had nothing in common.

The more he pondered upon this the stronger his conviction became that Mr. Nay had done what was not right, and Theodore nurtured for some time as intense a dislike to the engineer as his cheerful disposition admitted. But when the marriage was absolutely fixed, he made an effort and endeavoured to accustom himself to regard Mr. Nay as one of the family, and thenceforth he subdued his feelings of dislike. It was even remarked that Theodore took a great interest in the bridegroom elect, and appeared to take most particular note of him; but no one made any remark about it except to refer to it as one of Theodore's odd fancies, of which the poor fellow certainly possessed his share.

When Theodore had been left an orphan, Mrs. Ironsides had taken him under her protection; she sent him to school, where he learnt to read with difficulty, as he was not very bright, but he took every one by surprise by his writing. "He does not

write," cried his master, in admiration; "he prints!" In fact, he copied with wonderful fidelity everything that was placed before him, no matter in what character it was couched; but he never could get beyond that. They endeavoured to induce him to study for some profession, but they were obliged to give up the attempt. It was at this time that he requested to be allowed to write exercises. So they placed him at a desk and set him to copying. He worked hard at it and mastered the style of every writer with scrupulous exactness, but never overlooked an error. Mr. Dionis had a very high opinion of him. When he wanted amusement, and as they could not exactly send him to play with the other boys of his age, he was sent on messages, and it was found that in this particular also he could be depended upon implicitly. The only "larks" which he allowed himself were to worry cats and dogs—not those belonging to the house, those he looked upon as privileged. The clerks had at first attempted to make game of Theodore, but Mr. Ironsides having given them to understand once for all, that it was unmanly to annoy him on account of his simplicity—they let him alone.

He was enjoying a very busy and very happy existence when Margaret's wedding broke in upon his habits and thoughts. He entertained such extraordinary fancies on



this point, that at times people believed him to be absolutely silly.

For many whole days and many afternoons his desk remained unoccupied. It was at length ascertained that he spent his time in a barber's shop, watching the various operations of shaving, cutting, curling, and powdering, surrounded by an atmosphere of sweet-smelling pomades, rose-scented, jasmine, or violet, and the odour of singed hair. In consequence of thus continually watching operations he conceived the idea of beginning to learn to shave, to cut, to curl, and to singe hair, in order to divert his thoughts. The barber—who had already turned over in his mind the desirability of changing his modest sign to that of "Hair Dresser"—had at first received Theodore's request with a sullen coldness as he scented in him a possible rival in the future. Once reassured upon this point, however, he resigned to Theodore's tender mercies certain stray clients, and some timid ones who did not dare to complain even while they were being excoriated instead of being shaved. Then it was that Theodore came out in a new light. From being melancholy and sleepy, he became cheerful, active, and a regular "chatter-box!"—a true Figaro. It was very amusing to hear him say in the tone of a person regularly apprenticed to the business—

"That is a capital razor, sir." "Shall I put a little powder on, sir?" "The water is quite ready;" or, "A brush here for this gentleman."

Then he also began to frequent the café of the "Three Foxes," where he associated in a private room with the servants of the "upper ten." He spent much time there, not in drinking, but in chatting and asking questions, and always went away with a joyful air of satisfaction.

At other times his wandering mania led him to the kitchen, and, with the most serious countenance possible, he would wrap himself in a large blue apron, and apply himself, with a wild sort of zeal, to the trimming of vegetables and scouring of saucepans, notwithstanding the protestations of Justine, who was at heart not very sorry that he did so.

After office hours he would carefully shut himself up in the counting-house, and at length his employers, without for a moment questioning his honesty, made inquiry as to what he found to do there. Perhaps, had they known, they would have immediately written to the Director of the Lunatic Asylum, to tell him that they had another patient for him. Theodore on these occasions would seat himself upon a chair in a corner, as if to accustom himself to wait patiently. Then he would rise suddenly, and hurry to the door as if some one had rung at it, make a pretence of opening it to a ghostly visitor, step on one side to allow him to pass, and ask whom he should have the honour to announce! Notwithstanding that Theodore supplied the answer himself, and that he received the information with an obsequious smile, he announced at the other door—

"The Sub-prefect!" "My Lord Bishop!" "The Engineer-in-Chief!" as the case might be.

He announced the same person three, four, even ten times following, until he was quite satisfied with the manner and tone with which he did it. Then he would return to his chair, and wait patiently once more.

At other times he would open the folding-doors, and announce with great emphasis, "Dinner is on the table!"

One eventful day he cut off his straggling beard, and left only two "mutton-chop" whiskers, and then he mounted a white tie. This tie was a source of infinite amusement to the young clerks during the day; but that evening he took Mr. Dionis aside, and in a mysterious whisper asked him what he fancied he resembled, with his mutton-chop whiskers and white neckcloth. Mr. Dionis inquired whether he should feel hurt at his telling him his opinion.

"Not at all," replied Theodore.

"Well, then," replied Mr. Dionis, "you look exactly like a well-bred servant."

"You really think so?" said Theodore, in a voice tremulous with emotion.

"I only think so because the fact is so," replied Mr. Dionis.

"Oh, thank you, sir," replied Theodore. "Will you permit me to shake hands with you for your kind remarks?" And Theodore departed, perfectly delighted.

Upon the following day, some other new features were remarked. Theodore occupied himself in making rough drafts of a letter, which he always destroyed as soon as completed. When anyone approached him, he threw a large sheet of blotting-paper over his composition, and began to mend a pen in order to baffle all inquiry. The termination of these mysterious lucubrations, after at least two days and a half had been spent in this way, was that Mrs. Ironsides one afternoon discovered an immense letter lying upon the chimney-piece in her room.

Breaking the seal of this masterpiece of writing, Mrs. Ironsides read as follows:—

"MADAM,—I have the honour to request that, if it will not inconvenience you, I may be permitted to speak with you in private.

"I am, Madam, your humble servant,

"THEODORE.

"*P.S.* I am always at Madam's orders, and Madam may believe the sooner the better."

"Now, I wonder what this can mean,"

said Mrs. Ironsides, smiling. She rang the bell, and gave orders that Theodore should be sent to her.

Theodore's first idea upon receipt of this message was to escape from the interview he himself had solicited, so bold did he consider himself for having sought it. However, he drew himself up to his full height, and put a good face upon the matter, as he consoled himself by reflecting that he had asked nothing he need be ashamed of, and, besides, he must now go through with it.

This last argument gave him the necessary courage, which, however, "oozed out at his fingers' ends" as he ascended the staircase, and the little speech he had so carefully prepared completely escaped his memory.

"It is no matter," he muttered, as he gripped the balustrade with the clutch of despair, "it must be done—it—must—be—done—so 'here goes'!"

A gentle knock at the door. A pleasant voice bade him enter, and Theodore had crossed the Rubicon. He leaned against the door which he had shut again, and resolutely declined to sit down, on the plea that he never did such a thing.

"You wish to speak to me?" said Mrs. Ironsides. "Have you any complaint to make of anybody or anything?"

"Oh, Mrs. Ironsides!—— I beg your pardon, madam," he continued, in confusion; "I mean to say that you are too kind, and every one here is too good, to me. I complain! That would be too much!"

"Well, then, what do you wish to speak to me about?"

Theodore advanced a few paces, and, bending forward, said in a low voice, while he glanced round him to assure himself that he was not overheard, "At first I did not like Mr. Nay at all. He was about to take Miss Margaret away, and you were grieved, madam."

"And now?" inquired Mrs. Ironsides, whose attention was awakened.

"Now I think quite differently, for he has become one of the family," replied Theodore. "Besides—and no one can gainsay it—he makes his wife very happy. I have been thinking of all this, and I find that I am not earning my bread—that I am little better than a thief! Excuse me, madam, it is the simple truth. So, for the last two years, I have applied myself to learn a lot of things. I can polish boots; I can shave, dress hair; I know how to curl it too. I can look after the housekeeping or the kitchen, or go to market, and all that. I can speak politely; I know how to announce visitors, and, at a pinch, I can stand up behind a carriage in knee-breeches and white stockings."

Mrs. Ironsides, not knowing to what pitch he might eventually come, so plainly evinced her astonishment, that Theodore misunderstood the expression of her face. He accordingly, with some warmth, hastened to re-assure her—

"Indeed, it is not so difficult to stand behind a carriage as madam imagines. I have often tried it."

Having got so far, he abruptly changed the conversation, and made known the real object for which he had sought the interview.

"Mr. Nay wants a valet. Oh, madam, don't say he does not, I beg of you! He really ought to have a servant to do everything he requires. Will you lend me your assistance, and tell him to take me on trial? And then, when they leave here, it will give Miss Margaret—I beg pardon, Mrs. Nay—some pleasure to be accompanied by some one she is really acquainted with—some one who will recall to her mind Chatillon, her old home, and all. Mr. Nay is a very clever man, but he does not belong to Chatillon. He cannot be acquainted with all the little gossip of the place as I am. It is said that those who dwell at a distance from their native place are fond of those who recal the old happy days. What do you think of this, madam? No doubt, Mr. Nay will live surrounded by magistrates, princes, and nobles, and this will tend greatly to the honour of the family. But, although all these people can do a great deal, they cannot speak to Mrs. Nay of her younger days, about the

birth of Miss Martha, nor the christening of Master Johnny."

Mrs. Ironsides was puzzled, and did not know how to reply. To gain time, however, she told Theodore that she was not able to decide the question on her own responsibility; she would consult with Mr. Nay ; and she also suggested to Theodore that he should himself reflect upon the matter in the meantime.

"Oh, madam, for my part, I have made up my mind for the past two years; but to please you, madam, I will again think it over."

There was a silence of a few moments, which was broken by Theodore.

"I wish to remind you, madam, that my other name is Baptiste, a name easy to pronounce, and made on purpose almost for the position. Baptiste, has the fire been lighted in your master's study? Baptiste, light the lamp! Baptiste, shut the folding-doors! Baptiste, where are the children? This is also to be considered."

Having fired this last shot, Baptiste turned to retire. He was about to close the door gently, when he suddenly stopped, as if smitten with a new idea. Coughing behind his hand to announce his re-appearance, he said, "You may add, madam, to what I have already said, my great fondness for children, and their evident liking for me. I know how to amuse them, can walk out with them. I can make whistles from willow-wood, baskets out of rushes, and, besides, I can swim like a fish."

"I have no doubt of it," replied Mrs. Ironsides, who was amused by his persistence and touched by his devotedness. "I will myself add that you write an excellent hand, and that you are well suited to copy the reports and the plans of Mr. Nay."

Theodore blushed with pride and happiness, and retired backwards, bowing profoundly.

"And, after all, why should it not be so?" muttered Mrs. Ironsides, as the lad disappeared.

Baptiste, divided between hope and fear, descended the staircase quietly and slowly (softness of movement being one of the attributes of a good servant), thinking that a turn beside the river would not be a bad thing to calm his agitation. At one of the windings of the Lunette he descried Captain John, who was fishing steadily.

Suddenly the spirit of intrigue awoke in Theodore's mind, and he made up his mind that one patron the more, and such a one as Uncle John too, would not harm him by any means. He therefore advanced quietly, and as he approached the Captain turned and nodded, without disturbing himself further.

Theodore put his fingers to his lips, as much as to say that he would be mute as a fish, and signed to the Captain to proceed with his sport. He glanced into the basket, wherein he perceived about fifty gudgeon, which wriggled occasionally in the fresh grass. The Captain happened to turn round, and the sly Theodore made a movement expressive of his astonishment at the sight of such a number of fish.

"They won't bite now," said Uncle John, suddenly breaking the silence as he reeled up his line.

"I can quite believe that," replied Theodore in an insinuating tone. "You must have caught all the fish, I should think."

The Captain smiled, and stroked his moustache. Theodore, springing towards him, took the line and rod, and quickly put them up. This done, he shouldered the basket, notwithstanding the expostulations of the Captain, and as they went homewards he unfolded his business to Uncle John. He was at first somewhat surprised, but, upon reflection, he said that he perceived Theodore's intention. The latter, rendered inventive by the wish to succeed, put forth an entirely new argument.

"Mr. Nay," he said, "in the course of business, must be brought in contact with a large number of work-people. I know the class, and I reckon among them many good men, but, of course, many bad ones. Now, suppose that a navvy were to insult Mr. Nay, a gentleman such as he is cannot take

the fellow by the collar. But what should I do? Why, I should give the insolent fellow a good shove, and, if that were not sufficient, we could explain matters later in private."

The Captain thought this an original idea, and promised Theodore his assistance.

And so by this series of manœuvres Theodore became the *factotum* of Mr. Nay. After some time he went with him on the survey of the Caudebec District, and of those of Villequier and Tancarville, undertaken with the object of preventing the inundations in the Basse-Seine. Margaret lived in a pretty little cottage not far from Caudebec, on the road to Villequier. She never passed a week without writing to her mother. She frequently mentioned Theodore, and stated that until then he had been quite unappreciated. That he had proved a most devoted and careful servant, as well as active and industrious; while all the time he remained as devoted and unpresuming as ever.

Mr. Nay was sometimes obliged to be away from home for days at a time, and on those occasions Theodore was of great assistance to the young wife. He escorted her everywhere like a devoted body guard. "He is by no means deficient in intelligence," Margaret would say, "and it is a great amusement to see him lording it over the Norman peasantry who come here with eggs, butter, and fowls. He speaks to me about you with a tenderness which brings tears to my eyes. He is a little anxious about Johnny's entering the college. He has carried away a disagreeable impression of the Chatillon collegians, who used to make faces at him when he went up there, or dealt him heavy blows with a ruler. He wonders if they are always so pugnacious, and whether Johnny will not be obliged to fight in self-defence. I hope that such a thing will not happen, for Johnny is neither quarrelsome nor fond of playing tricks; while, on the other hand, there is nothing to laugh at in him. But, please goodness, if it should be necessary for him to fight, I hope he will defend himself well. He is a manly fellow, and has 'won his spurs.' Do you not remember how he thrashed that young greengrocer, who was always annoying the boys at Mr. Sombrette's school?"



## Chapter XV.

If you take a "collegian," I mean a collegian of Chatillon, and be he plucky or timid, cheerful or quiet, hardworking or idle, you find him only a boy after all. Take twenty collegians together you will find out that they are so many imps, or at any rate they pretend to be so. In fact these fellows, once united, go in for an absurd sort of *esprit de corps*. They seem to make

it their business to model themselves upon an ideal composed of roughness, a wild independence, and no end of rudeness and "chaff." "It is the nature of the animal!" Whoever does not naturally possess these attributes is quick to acquire them, or at least pretends to do so. To form a correct estimate of a "collegian" you must not judge from appearances, nor accept as literally true the account of his proceedings that he seeks to make you believe.

Be this as it may, on the day Johnny entered as a day-scholar (in the third class) he saw and heard things which astonished him not a little. He found here in full bloom faults which he had never discovered in the Sombrette Academy. In a word, he was initiated into the programme of the collegians of Chatillon.

In class the true collegian, boarder or day-scholar, is one who prompts his neighbour throughout the lesson (the latter being idle is, of course, an ally). He also is great at disturbances, either by making absurd remarks or in pinching under the desk some boy who is repeating his lesson correctly. (This one, being a hard-working fellow, is, of course an enemy.) The true collegian will also keep up a running fire of whimsical and utterly irrelevant commentary, putting out his tongue at the boy on his right, and kicking the boy on his left; never permitting himself to be quiet for a moment.



At other times this ideal youth would stick a pen upright in the desk and cause it to vibrate; not that this kind of music was more acceptable to the collegiate mind than any other, but there was a great chance that it would aggravate somebody, and if it would only enrage the master, that would indeed prove the value of the principle. To disoblige everybody as much as possible, to reply to questions with unnecessary and absurd haste, by pretending to be out of breath, to annoy the new master by every means in their power, to scrutinize him and endeavour to detect if he were not nervous or irritable, to shuffle with their feet and kick up as much dust as possible, to correspond by signs with the most distant pupils, in order that they might all blow their noses at the same time; to hold up their hands as if animated by an intense desire to reply to a question when they had not even heard it asked; all these were movements indulged in by collegians by way of healthy exercise. Besides, there were the playful letting fall of rulers, inkstands, knives, coppers, or perhaps balls; during which manœuvres the appearance of the whole class would be innocence itself. Occasionally elbows would be sprawled over the desk at the slightest observation being made, while unpleasant *sotto voce* remarks were made behind the hands, or perhaps the cap or satchel of the latest arrival would be abstracted and passed on, until it was again restored to its owner with the addition of some offensive inscription. From the above, you may judge of the continuous giggling, the imitation of the usher, who could see nothing yet hear everything that passed, and the deep and fiendish joy of those who had set everything going.



From the very first Johnny was unpopular with his class, and we must confess that there he had given cause for this feeling, as you shall see. It was the master's custom to call over the names of the pupils every morning. On this occasion he had caused two or three explosions of laughter (intentionally prolonged) when he had pronounced certain names which the young gentlemen chose to consider laughable, or which the master had not pronounced correctly.

"What is your name?" inquired the usher, turning to Johnny. Johnny rose without overturning anything, and even without pretending to stumble (This was his first fault!) He bowed politely to the master. (Fault number two, which gave rise to some expressions of disapprobation). He pronounced his name clearly instead of

hesitating over it, as was the custom with others. (This was a third fault, and one which called down a storm of offensive epithets upon him, and a regular fire of jokes upon the name of *Ironsides*.)

He waited quietly until the master signed to him to resume his seat, and he then took his place as calmly as possible, instead of tumbling upon one of his neighbours, *by accident!* A fourth fault this, which was punished incontinently by a shower of kicks under the desk, and a hail of chewed paper pellets.

As Johnny only knitted his brows, and did not return the missiles as he sat, blow for blow and pellet for pellet, the boys came to the conclusion that the new comer was a "milksop." One wretched "cad," a day-scholar, the son of Lepéligas, the executioner of Chatillon, who played amongst the collegians a similar part to that exercised by Thersites in the Grecian army of old, enjoyed amongst the boys a well-earned reputation for cowardice. He now fancied that the time had arrived when he could regain his position without risk. So he caused to be passed to Johnny a slip of paper unfolded, on which was written, "Pass on, please. Mr. Ironsides is informed that his nose is too long, and that some one promises himself the pleasure of flattening it. As the operation may possibly be inconvenient, and the cries of the patient might attract the attention of curious people, Mr. Ironsides is earnestly requested to make a little *détour* as he returns home, and to go up by the Mall. It is a very quiet place in the forenoon. The writer has not signed this for reasons which Mr. Ironsides will understand, but the writer will make himself sufficiently well known at the proper time and place."

This note as it passed from hand to hand evoked murmurs of approbation. Lepéligas began to plume himself on his pluck. When the note reached Johnny he flushed a little, and then folding it very carefully, placed it in his pocket-book. From the forms of the "day-boys" the news spread to the ranks of the boarders, who were greatly incensed against a school regulation which would not permit them to take part in such an interesting ceremony. But they consoled themselves by reflecting that all the details would be communicated to them at evening school.

In the next room, in the fourth class, Tonquin was distinguishing himself. They were calling out the list in that class also.

"Here, you!" said the master, beckoning to Tonquin to rise.

Tonquin got up with such an assumption of carelessness and general contempt of life that his appearance fairly won all hearts.

While the master bent over to dip his pen in the ink, Tonquin, without abating a jot of his nonchalant air, stooped to the left, and inflicted such a cuff upon the back of his neighbour's head, that his nose was flattened against the desk. The victim was a poor shortsighted fellow, who did not dare to complain. As for Tonquin, when the usher again looked up, there he was with his arms folded as calmly as possible. The "class" grinned, but the master was very far from suspecting Tonquin, so innocent was his face, so quiet his appearance. "Your name?" demanded the master.

"—— quin," replied the lad, with hypocritical sweetness. How the class wriggled with delight.

"Hold your tongues, be quiet," cried the master, angrily; "see how you are bewildering the poor lad."

The idea of Tonquin being "frightened, poor lad," appeared such an excellent joke to the assembled idlers, who already counted Tonquin as a worthy confrère, that the noise and laughter were redoubled. Three or four old hands, judiciously distributed, restored silence. The master then turning courteously to Tonquin, said —

"My boy, will you have the goodness to spell that word 'Quin' for me."

The "innocent" youth immediately assumed an offended air, and in an injured tone said that he was not called Quin at all; that was no doubt a nick-name, which it had been decided to bestow upon him. His real name was *Tonquin*. The good

usher had the kindness to say that he must have misunderstood the pupil, and Tonquin reseated himself half crying, but the tears were not natural, nor very likely to obscure his vision; for perceiving the hat of one of the scholars upon the form, he took his place so carefully as to seat himself directly upon it. And thus it happened that in no time Tonquin was as popular in his class, as Johnny was unpopular in his.

At ten o'clock the day-scholars broke away from school like a flock of birds, then broke up into groups, and confided to one another amid the universal noise, some such facts as the following—

"Our new master is such a jolly fellow?"

"Ours is a beast!"

"I say, I've got a hundred lines."

"And I've got a construe of Cæsar to do."

"There is a fellow in our class who snuffles all the time, he's a fearful nuisance."

These were some of a number of like interesting bits of information. Johnny was very quiet all this time, and was soon joined by Tonquin, who inquired if it were true that Lepéligas had threatened to "flatten" his nose.

"Quite true," replied Johnny, and he turned quietly into the Mall. Tonquin could not repress his admiration.



The Mall was empty. And Johnny walked up and down with his friend, who had never seen him less absorbed. When he spoke of the affair in which he was engaged, he said—

"I suppose I may as well see it through at once. But I beg you to understand that I would much prefer to go home quietly than to have any row with Lepéligas about nothing. But as I perceive that sooner or later it must come to this, I had better settle the business at once."

"But are you certain he is not too strong for you?"

"I am sure of nothing, inasmuch as I only know him by sight; but it will never do for me to give way, and I don't intend to, that's all."

At this moment a very noisy party entered the Mall. In the centre was the other champion, who gesticulated boldly and talked very loudly. He lost a little of his swagger, however, so soon as he saw Johnny was advancing straight towards him with a calm and steady step,

The meeting took place close to the spot in which several young trees of the *arbor vitæ* had been planted by the municipality to serve as ornaments to the promenade.

Johnny drew the note from his pocket-book, opened it, and presented it to Lepéligas.

"They tell me that you wrote this," said he.

"Yes, 'twas I," replied Lepéligas, in a sneering tone, "and I——"

"Excuse me," interrupted Johnny, coolly, "it is, then, really you with whom I have to do!"

"And what then?" said Lepéligas, in a tone that a street boy might have envied.

"What then? Why, I call our companions to witness that it was not I who began this. I can now only defend myself, and I am sorry for what you have brought upon yourself."

This cool politeness was more than Lepéligas could brook. Indignation served him for courage, and with clenched fists he suddenly sprang at Johnny.

The latter, taken by surprise by this unfair attack, had scarcely time to throw his books to Tonquin, who secured them. Then a worthy disciple of Uncle John, he avoided the shock of his big opponent, and dealt him a well-planted blow on the nose as he passed.

"My nose is broken!" screamed Lepéligas, as he covered it with his hand. "I'll pay you out for that." But next time his eye "caught" it; then an ear suffered, and finally a well-directed blow in the "wind" sent Lepéligas sprawling into the *arbor vitæ*, which never entirely recovered from the effects of his sudden arrival in their midst.

Lepéligas, instead of getting up, lay on the ground groaning piteously, and exclaiming that he saw (at least) a million candles. At length one of his companions took him by the hand, put him on his feet again, and replaced his cap, which had been knocked off in the scuffle. He then hastily disappeared, without so much as thanking the other for his assistance, so cowed was he.

Johnny took his books again from the hands of the respectful Tonquin, and went away, as quietly as he had come, to play a game of "fives."

"Well, I should never had believed it," was the philosophical commentary of one of the companions of the vanquished.

Another added, not less philosophically, that "some people went out for wool, and came back shorn." A third quoted Virgil respecting blows, black eyes, and broken teeth. A fourth remarked admiringly that the conquest had been well and gracefully achieved.

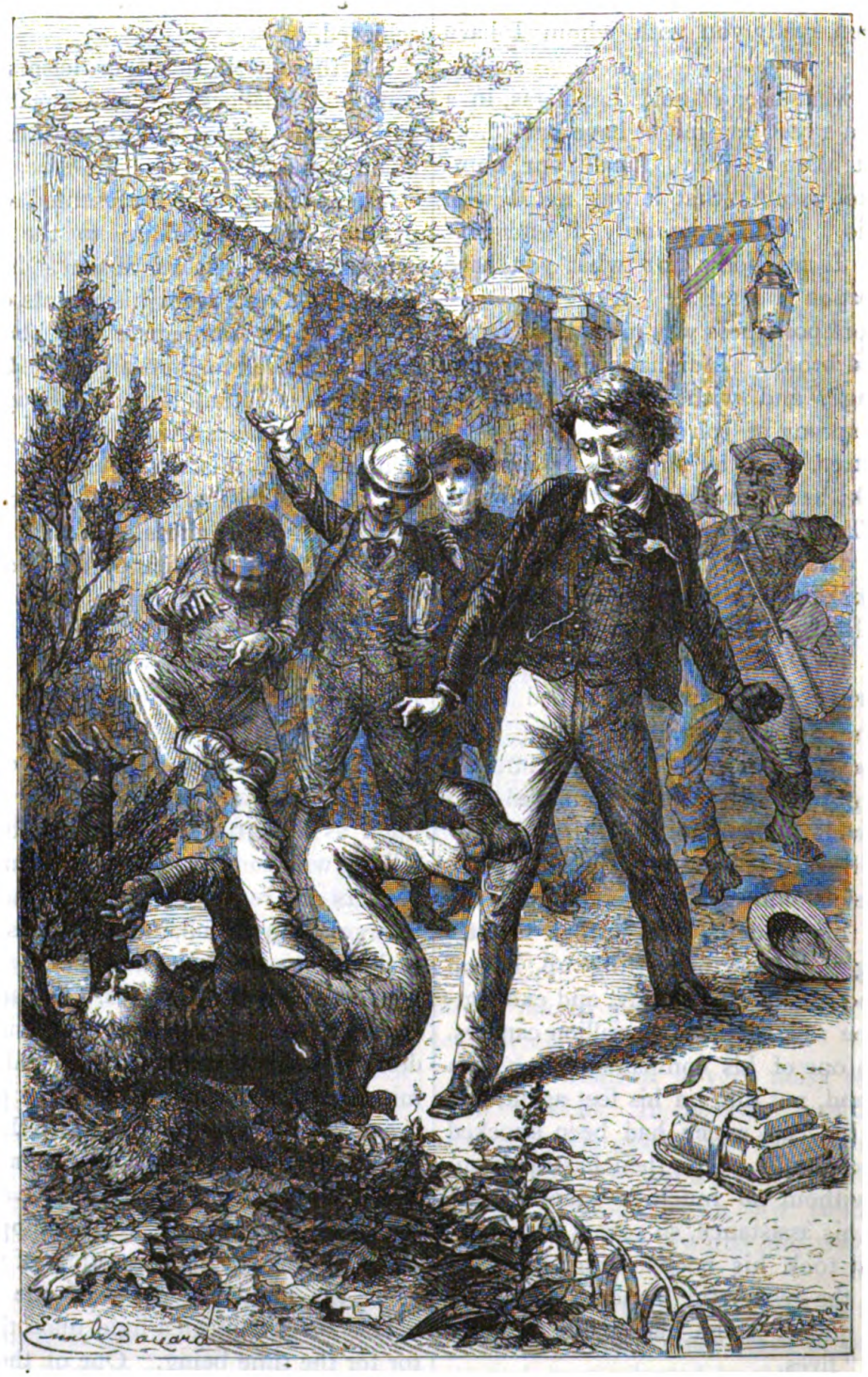
All these well-meant criticisms did not console Lepéligas to any great extent; neither am I prepared to say that consolation was their sole object.

The evening school presented a very different aspect of affairs to the morning classes. Lepéligas was absent, "having had a fall," as a note from his parents expressed it. Johnny's immediate neighbours suddenly conceived for him a profound respect; the boarders found him a thoroughly good fellow. Courage is always extolled, more particularly when it is supported by a powerful and well-directed arm. Johnny could now be as polite as he chose. Was he not brave also? The class even overlooked the fact of his repeating his lessons correctly without missing a word; such a trait being, in the minds of the wise collegians, a sign of imbecility and of an inferior order of being altogether.

After that day, Johnny was celebrated amongst the upper day-school, and looked upon as a hero of romance by those little fellows who came to college clad in knickerbockers and red stockings, and who rejoiced in large lay-down collars—little boys who carried immense wallets, and generally had their pockets filled with marbles. These fellows repeated to their mothers and sisters the details of the terrible fight. Only as admiration is, equally with fear, prone to exaggeration, these youths stated that Lepéligas was at least a head taller than Johnny, while the latter had thrashed his adversary with one hand only. Everyone appeared to enjoy relating the circumstances of the fight, as if the mere repetition of the glorious details shed a reflected light upon the narrator for the time being. One of those most impressed was Cyprien Lawrence, who had quietly entered the eighth class. Every member of the family regarded, with respectful curiosity, the first of the Lawrences

who had ever entered college; that is to say, in the way of classical study, and had become a candidate for one of the liberal professions.

This the boy rather imposed upon, inasmuch as he monopolized the conversation during supper. So the family became acquainted (with interest) of the fact, that the



A well directed blow sent Lepéligas sprawling.

master of the eighth class was bald-headed and red faced, that he wore a white neckcloth, and sported a gold watch-chain; that the boys' jackets were too long or too short; that his neighbour had spoken meaningly of bears' cubs, and had inquired whether he

was not going to have his coat shorn in the spring. Each one of the Lawrence family immediately turned their attention to his (or her) own garment, and all began to laugh.

But didn't he astonish them when he related the encounter, and how Lepéligas had threatened to "flatten" Johnny's nose, and how Johnny had flattened his so scientifically instead. They all gave three cheers, and it was with difficulty that the head of the family obtained silence, even by beating the table with the handle of his knife.

"And what did the other boys say!" asked Mr. Lawrence.

"They said it was a jolly good thing!"

"Listen to that mother," cried Lawrence, looking towards his wife, "the other boys declared it was a jolly good thing, and I say that they are all jolly good fellows for saying it. The idea of attacking Mr. Johnny. And so he, with that quiet manner of his, so he pulled the nose of the other, eh? Oh, what a lark!"

The ringing of the bell made him pause, and the well-known voice of Uncle John was heard in the passage. Mr. Lawrence placed his finger on his lips, and bade them all be silent.

"Good-day, Captain?" said he. "Have you heard any news?"

The Captain had not heard any news. Ah, by the by, Mr. Aubry was building a "kiosk" in his garden, in which he intended to have tea in the summer. He



was covering it over Chinese fashion, with little bells at the corners. At the description of this "Arabian Nights'" palace, all the children gazed with open mouths at Uncle John.

"And Master Johnny?" inquired Lawrence.

"Johnny is working like an angel. Stay, I am not sure that my simile is correct; for angels, as far as I am aware, do not use Lexicons to do Greek exercises, nor Bournouf's Grammar."

"Has nothing unusual happened to him?"

"Nothing. I have just left the house, and I should have heard of it. He likes his master very much; that's all he told me."

"He is just as quiet as usual?"

"Why do you ask that?" inquired the Captain, for these repeated questions began to make him uneasy.

"Well, he is a sturdy lad, with all his girlish face, that's all. Do you hear, you children, he has done all that you have heard, everyone declaring him to be as brave as a lion; and then he goes home, kisses his mother and sister, and sits down to work as if nothing had happened."

"But what great thing *has* he done?" inquired the Captain.

"Pif—pouf—ha!" replied Lawrence, sparring at an imaginary Lepéligas, "a broken nose—a blackened eye—the aggressor sprawling on his back—a polite 'good morning,' and our little hero went

home quietly as Baptiste to finish his exercises."

I do not know to what particular Baptiste Lawrence referred. I hope it was not to Theodore, for, if so, the comparison will not hold good; for that Baptiste was never still, and his conjectures (if not his fears) had been justified.

By means of these explanatory movements and broken sentences, the Captain at length understood the case, and his face assumed an expression of ludicrous perplexity. Even if he himself approved of the "licking," and the coolness with which it had been inflicted, he was by no means certain whether Mrs. Ironsides would be equally pleased at the manner in which Johnny had made his first essay in the world.

"Ah, bah!" he muttered, "my niece must understand that a boy is not like a *girl*, and that he must take his place at once. Besides, it was not Johnny who began it."

# THE LOST RIFLE; OR, SCHOOLBOY FACTION.

## A SECOND TALE OF NETHERCOURT.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

### Chapter IX.—The Hollow Tree.

The old hawker received an unusually hearty welcome. He was at all times a great favourite with the boys, and the news of his illness had awakened a great deal of sympathy. Besides this he had always a budget of the news of the neighbourhood, in which the boys were interested, and at present there were two subjects about which they were anxious to learn all particulars—the Dulworth Races and the Volunteer rifle match. The leaders of the Picts, it should be remarked, had said nothing about their visit to the raceground to their school-fellows. They had had a consultation on the subject not long after their return, and had resolved to be silent about it for the present, at all events. Marshall had urged that it was not unlikely that Campbell would carry the story to the masters, and get them into a serious row for the breach of Mr. Phelps's orders; and when Paget objected to this idea, as being unjust to Campbell, Walters had observed that whatever might be Campbell's conduct in the matter, Huntley and Cartwright were tolerably safe to make some use of the circumstance in the way of excluding them from the rifle match, a conclusion in which Paget was obliged to acquiesce. The boys, therefore, were wholly ignorant as to how the races had gone off; and old Welch found himself overwhelmed with inquiries, which he answered as well as he was able, taking care at the same time not to neglect the main business of his visit.

"Have I any pears, Mr. Philips? Yes, sir, in the basket there; and chestnuts too, Mr. Benson. How did the races go off, Mr. Snow? Very well, sir, so far as I could see, and so far as I heard also. Any row on the ground, do you say, Mr. Marshall? Well, I did hear there was a disturbance with the thimble-riggers on the first day, and with the gipsies on the second."

"What was the row with the gipsies about?" asked Benson, with a somewhat anxious face.

"I don't know very clearly, sir. I heard 'twas about taking money from people, pretending to tell their fortunes."

"Was that all?" said Benson. "I think it's people's own fault if they choose to listen to them."

"Well, sir, so it is," said Miles. "Ball of string, did you say, Mr. Burn? Here

are three sizes—fourpence, sixpence, and a shilling. Well, as you say, Mr. Benson, it's people's own fault for believing what the gipsies tell them. But some say it wasn't only that, but they had been poaching, and stealing poultry, and anything they could lay their hands on. Anyway, they are off, and the police after them. It's an even chance whether they catch them or not."

"And what's the row about the thimble-rig men?" inquired Lane, who had been standing by, turning over some knives and seals, which formed part of the hawker's stock.

"They have got *them*," said Miles, "got them safe enough in gaol. They were charged with attempting to cheat people out of their money."

"Fancy that," said Lane. "Why, those fellows always attempt to cheat you. Everyone knows that they live by it."

"So they do, Mr. Lane; and the police mostly leaves them alone. But, you see, at the races they assaulted a young gentleman, and then the police, and several others afterwards. That was what they was chiefly took up for."

"The magistrates would soon dispose of that, I should think," said Paget, carelessly.

"Well it don't seem as if they could, neither," said the hawker. "They swore before the beaks that the young gent had fairly lost some money to them, and refused to pay; and they got some respectable people to swear to it too. They said they only collared him when he tried to snatch his money back."

"What did the young gentleman himself say about it?" inquired Paget.

"They can't find him," said Miles. "The police are looking everywhere for him, I hear, and they have remanded the thimble-riggers till he is found."

"Do the police think they know him by sight?" asked Marshall.

"No they don't, sir, and they can't find any clue to him, neither."

"I shouldn't think they would keep the thimble-riggers very long in prison if the fellow can't be found," observed Paget. "It seems rather hard upon them. The fellow ought to come forward, whoever he is."

"Well, there are many as thinks so too, Mr. Paget. And I believe they would let them go, if it wasn't for young Mr. Edward Wortley. He saw it all, and he has taken it up very hot, and I suppose he has persuaded his father to remand the men. He says he should know the young gent again in a moment."

"Ah, by the by, Miles, you know Captain Wortley's family, don't you?" said Walters. "We want you to tell us something about them."

"I know Captain Wortley, and his family too, sir," replied the hawker. "Our regiment went out to the Crimea in his ship; and a better officer, or a kinder gentleman, never stepped the quarter-deck."

"It's a fine place, Wortley Park, isn't it?" asked Snow. "Campbell, who has been there once or twice, says so."

"I have been there once," observed Paget, "and agree with Campbell. The house is not very much, but the park is very beautiful—fine trees, and beautiful stretches of turf."

"A good place for a rifle match, hey?" suggested Walters.

"Couldn't be better, Mr. Walters," said Miles. "And the Captain, his heart is in it. He is taking as much pains to get everything in order for this match as if the Queen was coming."

"Ah, by the by," said Paget, "you belong to the corps yourself, don't you, Miles?"

"I am the Serjeant!" said the old man, proudly. "I was promoted a fortnight ago; and I can say this, and prove it, too, that there aint a better volunteer corps to be found in England."

"Are you a good shot yourself?" inquired Lane.

"Pretty good, sir," was the reply. "I picked up a good deal in India; but I never was a first-rate. There's one or two in the corps can beat me, but not many."

"Who is the best shot in the corps?" asked Walters.

"Well, sir, I think Tom Walmesley, one of the Captain's keepers, is the best. Anyhow, he's the best in the Captain's own company."

"Tom Walmesley!" repeated Paget. "He is one of the fellows who is going to shoot against us. I remember his name perfectly. Why, I say, Miles, you ought to come and see our practice. You would be able to tell us what sort of a chance we have. I wonder you never proposed it yourself."

"Well, Mr. Paget, I did think of it, but I didn't know as you might like it. There are some gents that are shy like about people's seeing their shooting."

"Shy," repeated Lane, with a laugh. "Jack Marshall, here, who is our best shot, isn't much troubled with shyness."

"No, nor Walters, nor Irving either," assented Snow.

"And I daresay you have no need to be, young gentlemen," said Miles, "Well, if you wish it, I shall be very glad to come any time you like."

"Come to-morrow," suggested Paget. "We are going to have our last practice to-morrow, to determine who are to be the shooters."

"I am afraid I can't come to-morrow. They will want me over at the Park. But I'll come on Monday, if it's fine."

"Very well, that would do," said Paget. "I have no doubt we shall practise every day now, until the match itself."

"Yes, and that would suit very well," said Walters. "Miles can take the names of the shooters to the Captain for us."

"So I can, sir; I see the Captain most evenings now, and shall be sure to go to the Park on Monday evening. Well, it is time for me to be going now, gentlemen; so I will wish you good evening."

On the following afternoon the third and concluding trial took place. But, just as it was about to begin, a strange and unexpected event took place. The Scots, it should be said, had by no means recovered their good humour; and would in all likelihood have refused altogether to take part in the third trial, if it had not been for the fact that in that case none of them would be among the six present at the Volunteer match. They must shoot, or their places would be taken by Snow and Lane. A piece of information also had come to Huntley's ears that morning which had fully satisfied him that his already strong suspicions about Campbell's rifle were correct; but he hesitated about bringing it forward. Campbell had shown great unwillingness to discuss the subject any further, and though he himself was quite convinced that he had arrived at a right conclusion, the Chief might view the matter differently. They took their rifles, and proceeded to the ground almost without the interchange of a word, and the shooting was about to begin, when their attention was attracted by a loud outcry from the lower end of the field. Immediately afterwards a bevy of juniors came running up, little Williamson carrying what seemed to be a gun.

"Is not this your rifle?" asked the boy in question, addressing Campbell. "I think it must be."

"My rifle!" exclaimed the Chief, in great surprise. "I declare it is. Where in the world did you find this, Williamson?"

"It was in the hollow of the great elm," answered Williamson. "I was climbing it, to hang our new swing on one of the branches, when my foot struck against the muzzle, and I heard the ring. It was packed away as neat as if it had been in a box, with a lot of dry moss on the top of it. If it hadn't been for the sound, I should never have guessed there was anything there."

"The big elm in the corner there, do you mean?" asked Campbell.

"Yes, the one next to the playground wall," said Williamson.

"Ay, I know there is a hollow in that," said Campbell. "I remember we used to amuse ourselves—Paget and I—when we first came to Nethercourt, with playing hide

and seek in it. We were small enough then to creep quite inside the hollow."

"Paget, did you say?" inquired Huntley. "Used you and *Paget* to play at hide and seek there?"

"Yes, he did say so," said Paget, reddening, "and he said what was quite correct. What have you to say against it?"

"I have something to say *about* it—about that and another matter, which I think you and the other fellows ought to hear."

"Very well," said Irving, "then we will hear it by and by, if we must hear it. But we had better go and shoot the trial now."

"I think we have had enough of hearing about things," said Lane. "I, for one, don't want to hear any more."

"Hear, hear!" said Irving. "Anything for a quiet life, and we have had very little quiet lately."

"It's all very well trying to stop inquiry," said Cartwright; "but if you expect that a trick of this kind, a mean, shameful trick——"

"There, there, don't begin it again," interrupted Irving; "let us shoot now, or we may talk all day."

No objection could be raised to this suggestions, and the boys began the trial, though in a state of very evident excitement.

The excitement was no way abated when the practice was over. The anger of the Scots was, if anything, greater than before. Campbell, repossessed of his favourite weapon, had shot better than he had been known to do on any previous occasion. He had for the first time beaten Marshall. It had been a close struggle, but he had headed him at last by one hit. Irving came third, five marks behind the Chief. Then Walters and Paget two or three behind him. Paget's vexation at Huntley's insolence had probably again caused him to shoot badly; but, certainly, his performance as well as that of Campbell, presented a strange contrast to the scores of the two previous days. The sum of the three trials are now added up. It was found that Marshall led easily enough. Paget and Walters were second and third, Walters only a few marks before Irving. The last-named was the fourth on the list, heading Campbell by only two marks; Cartwright was sixth, a long way in the rear. After him the order was Huntley, Lane, Snow, and Lightfoot.

"Then the four to shoot," said Walters, "are Marshall, Paget, Irving, and myself, and the two supernumeraries are Campbell and Cartwright."

"That is what was settled," assented Lane; "the first four in the trial matches on Thursday, yesterday, and to-day."

"That is what was settled before the Chief's rifle was hidden away," observed Huntley; "but that has made the whole thing different."

"How different?" asked Lane.

"The resolution presumed there would be nothing but fair play," said Huntley.

"Fair play!" repeated Paget, again flushing crimson, "and who says there has been anything else!"

"I do," said Huntley, "for one. I say that in my opinion there has been most *un*-fair play; and now is the time for inquiring into it. Look here. Thus much is evident: that the rifle was taken out of the shed between Tuesday afternoon and Thursday morning. Now it could hardly have been taken out during the daytime, as there would be pretty sure to be some one looking on. Therefore in all probability it was removed either on Tuesday or Wednesday night. Now, on Tuesday night there would be no motive for hiding it. The fellows heard nothing of the Volunteer match till Wednesday afternoon."

"You are assuming that the rifle was taken for the purpose of spoiling Campbell's shooting," interposed Walters. "I know you entertain that fancy, but you have nothing in proof of it."

"Nothing!" exclaimed Huntley, indignantly, "nothing, hey? you call Campbell's extraordinarily low scores on Thursday and yesterday, and his equally extraordinarily high score to-day, nothing, do you?"

"They are proofs that Campbell's shooting depends very much on his rifle, as I

have always said it did," retorted Walters; "but they prove nothing else. You had better go on, if you have anything more to say."

"You'll find that I have a good deal more to say," said Huntley. "Well, I repeat, the rifle was most probably taken out of the shed on Wednesday night. Now, some fellow has confessed to the Chief—I know that, for Campbell told me so himself—some fellow has confessed to the Chief, that he went out after dark, on that very evening and climbed over the playground wall into the Rifle ground. I think who did that, ought to explain what he went out for, and what he did while he was out. It was a very odd thing to do—you'll allow that, I suppose?"

There was a general, though not a unanimous murmur of assent.

"Very well," resumed Huntley, "then I ask first who it was that went out that night? Does no one answer? Then I now ask *you*, Paget, whether *you* were not the person?"

"You know quite well it was I," responded Paget, hotly. "You have known it throughout, as I saw plainly, and that was why I did not answer. I thought I had spoken to Campbell in confidence, and that my confidence would not be betrayed."

"I did not so understand you," remarked Campbell, "and if I had, I should at once have told you, that there could not be confidence between the Chief and one of the fellows in such a matter as that. But as regards——"

"The Chief and one of the fellows!" exclaimed Paget. "I declare, I think you have gone crazy with pride and self-conceit, since the Doctor made you Chief! I am exceedingly sorry I ever told you anything about the matter, and certainly will never do so again. Understand that your Chiefship is not worth the snap of a finger in my eyes."

"Bravo, bravo," shouted the Picts, "glad you told him that, Paget."

"Why don't you go to the Doctor and ask him to vindicate your insulted dignity?" added Marshall.

"Or resign the Chiefship, and let the fellows have the Chief of their own choice," suggested Walters.

"Or leave us alone at all events," said Lane, "and only meddle, where there is something to meddle about."

"There is something to meddle about *here*," said Huntley. "Well, Paget, you have admitted that you did go out on Wednesday night, and climbed over into the Rifle-field; and it is further known that you have a key of the Rifle-shed, and that you knew of the existence of the hollow in the elm, where the rifle was hidden. Now, under those circumstances, many of us feel that you ought to explain what was your purpose in climbing over the wall, and what you did while you were out."

"I shall tell you nothing about it," answered Paget, haughtily.

"Oh, oh," broke from the Scots.

"I really think, Paget, if I were you, I would explain the matter," said Irving. "Mind, I don't myself, for one moment suspect anything wrong; but the circumstances are strange, and it would be better to leave no doubt about what happened in any one's mind."

"I should not refuse to explain," said Paget, "if these insulting insinuations had not been made. If Campbell and Huntley withdraw them, and ask pardon for them, then perhaps I may speak."

"I shall withdraw nothing," remarked Campbell. "Indeed, I have said nothing that could be withdrawn."

"Nor will I withdraw anything," said Huntley. "Very well, as Paget refuses to explain his conduct, I propose that the trials of the last three days shall go for nothing; and the four chosen to shoot shall be Campbell, Marshall, Walters, and Irving."

"And Huntley and Cartwright the two supernumeraries," added Lightfoot.

"I second the proposal," said Cartwright.

"I take it for granted, that Campbell will refuse to put any such resolution to the vote," observed Walters.

"You take a deal too much for granted, Walters, so far as I am concerned," said Campbell. "You and your set, for a long time past, have been laying down the law, for us to follow; and appear altogether to forget that I am Chief, not you. But I am not going to allow my authority to be overridden by you, nor am I to be driven into resigning it either by any insolence. As for Huntley's proposal, he has undoubtedly a right to make it, and equally undoubtedly, I shall put it to the vote, if he persists."

"But allowing that Campbell ought to shoot, still Paget would be one of the four," urged Smithson. "He would then be fourth on the list, not fifth."

"And why, in any case, is he not to be one of the six?" added Snow.

"For the same reason that he is not to be one of the four," said Huntley; "because he won't explain his suspicious conduct."

"I am tired of this," again broke in Irving; "I can't agree with either party. Paget ought to explain, but you have no right to condemn him without proof. I shall take myself off to amuse myself in some pleasant way. Meanwhile, let me advise you at all events to vote at once about this, if you mean to vote."

"His advice is good," said Campbell, as he looked after Irving's retiring figure. "I shall put this question at once. 'Those who are in favour of it, hold up their hands.'"

Only three hands were held up; while on the other side, there appeared six—the four Pict leaders, Snow, and Smithson.

"All right," said Lane. "Now then, I suppose this matter is settled at last."

"You will find yourself mistaken," said Huntley, angrily.

"You will not refuse, I suppose, to send the list to Captain Wortley on Monday, Campbell?" inquired Walters.

"I shall consider the matter, and do what I think best," answered the Chief, shortly.

"I am glad you said that, Archie," said Huntley, as he and Campbell walked off together. "I have something to tell you, which I feel quite sure will determine you to have more to do with Paget and his set. Just come with me to Old Dunning's cottage, and you shall hear all about it."

"Dunning's cottage," repeated Campbell. "Well, it's too late to go there this evening; but I'll go, if you wish it, on Monday after school."

## Chapter X.

### Captain Wortley's Letter.

It was the Tuesday after the recovery of Campbell's rifle. School was just over, and the juniors were choosing sides for a game of rounders. Benson had by this time recovered from the alarm into which he had been thrown nearly a week before by the apparition of Larkins' ghost. He had persisted for a long time in declaring that he was sure that there was something supernatural in what had happened; and it was not until the admission made by Paget to Campbell became generally known in the school, that he gave up the opinion. Perhaps there was more than one among the other boys who was secretly disposed to share his opinion. But as soon as they learnt that the supposed ghost in garments of shining white was no other than Paget wrapped in his white mackintosh, amusement took the place of secret alarm. Benson was assailed with such endless gibes and inuendoes, that he began to dread the sound of old Larkins' name, and to wish with all his heart, as many a practical joker had done before him, that he had never essayed his unlucky pleasantry.

"That makes six on our side, doesn't it," said Philips, when he and Benson had done choosing sides.

"Yes, I believe so," returned Benson, numbering the players as he spoke—Utterton, Dickens, Waterhouse, Richardson; no it isn't right, there are only five on my side, and six on yours."

"What a bother," said Philips, "we can't well play with less than six on a side. We must find some one else. Look in the schoolroom, won't you, Tom, and see if there isn't some fellow there."

"It would be no use looking in the schoolroom," observed Benson, as Tom Hall was about to comply with Philips' request. "Almost all the fellows have gone to the Rifle-ground to see the practice of the four that are going to shoot at Wortley Park."

"I should have thought they would have seen enough of that," remarked Benson. "They have done nothing else but practise every day for the last fortnight. But really this is a great bother. We must get some one, if we are to make up the side."

"Why don't you ask old Larkins," suggested Tom Hall. "He'd come if you called him, I daresay."

"And he'd make lots of runs," suggested Richardson.

"Or anyway, he would make the other fellows run," said Philips. "He would be just the fellow for you to have on your side, Phil."

Benson winced, but judged it wiser to make no rejoinder. "Here is some one coming," he exclaimed, with an air of relief, as a boy made his appearance at the door leading to the Rifle-ground. "All right, it's Slade. Hallo, Slade, come and play rounders, we want you to make up our side."

"I have no objection," said Slade, as he came up. "That rifle practice is rather flat work after all, now that the Picts have got it all to themselves."

"They haven't got it all to themselves," remarked Utterton. "Three of the four shooters are Picts; but Irving isn't. He's a Scot if he is anything."

"And Campbell and Cartwright, though they are not to shoot, go over to Wortley Park with the others," added Slade.

"Just what they don't," said Philips, "Irving won't shoot, and Jerry Lane has taken his place. Campbell and Cartwright, neither of them mean to be at the match. Snow and Smithson are going instead."

"What's that for, then?" asked Benson. "I think there must be some mistake. I was present when the list was settled on Saturday."

"Ah, but something has come to light since then," returned Philips. "I happen to know what passed, because Lightfoot told me about it. It seems that Old Dunning was out about eight o'clock on that Wednesday night. He thought it was going to rain, and went to shut the greenhouse. Well, he says he saw a fellow dressed in white, get over the wall into the Rifle-ground, and he was near enough to distinguish that it was Paget."

"Paget himself said he went over the wall, and had put his white mackintosh on, because he thought it was going to rain," interrupted Benson.

"I know that," said Philips, "but just listen. Tom shut up the greenhouse, and was just going back to his cottage, when he saw the same white figure again, only this time it was further off. He saw the figure come out from the shadow of the Rifle-shed, carrying a gun. He watched it as it crossed the Rifle-field, until it disappeared under the foliage of the great elm."

"Phew," exclaimed Benson, "you don't mean that he saw that? Does he feel sure that it was the same fellow he saw before?"

"It's not very likely that there would be two fellows in white mackintoshes hanging about the Rifle-field at that time of night, is it?" asked Philips.

"Of course not," replied Benson. "Such a thing is too unlikely to be thought of. And so, I suppose, Campbell, and Irving, and the others have made up their minds that Paget did try that dodge on."

"Just so," said Philips; "and for that reason won't have anything to do with any match in which he shoots. That came out plain enough yesterday evening in the schoolroom, after dinner. I heard Walters ask the Chief whether he had got ready the list of shooters and supernumeraries to send to Captain Wortley. The Chief answered short enough that he had not, and did not mean to write it. 'But you have written to Captain Wortley,' remarks Jerry Lane. 'I saw a letter in your handwriting, addressed to him, on the hall table.' 'Very likely,' answers Campbell. 'I didn't say I hadn't

written to Captain Wortley, but that I hadn't sent him in the list of the fellows chosen to shoot.' 'Then you had better do it, Marshall,' says Walters. 'You can write, as being the best shot of the party.' Marshall wouldn't write either, and seemed half inclined to give up the match altogether. But Walters wouldn't have that, and insisted on it that Paget should write, as head fellow of the school; and at last Paget and Walters did write it between them."

"Yes, and it went, too," said Burns. "Old Miles took it. I was standing at the gate when Marshall brought it out. He had come to buy something or other, and had offered to take it. What is the row now?" he added, as a crowd of boys poured into the playground, with the old hawker in the midst of them. "Here's old Miles back again, I declare. Hallo, Richardson, what is the row now, then?"

"Miles has come back from Wortley Park, with a letter for the Chief," said Richardson.

"Not for Paget, then?" asked Benson.

"No, not for Paget," returned Richardson. "The Picts, I fancy, think it very strange that there is no letter to Paget, as he was the one who wrote to the Captain; and there are all sorts of reports going about. Some say the match is given up altogether; some that Captain Wortley insists that Campbell shall be one of the shooters, and won't let the Nethercourt party go over to Wortley, unless his name is put on the list. We can't get anything out of old Miles. He's as close as an iron safe, and Campbell is nowhere to be found."

"That is a mistake, at all events," said Utterton, "for here he comes, and Huntley and the rest with him. Now, then, I suppose, we shall know all about it."

The boys thronged closely about the Chief, as he entered the playground with an open letter in his hand; and soon afterwards Paget, Walters, and the others made their appearance.

"Are all the first class here?" asked Campbell.

"I think they are," said Irving, looking round him; "yes," he added, after a hasty survey, "the whole of the eleven are here."

"Very well," rejoined Campbell, "I have just received a letter from Captain Wortley, which I am going to read out."

"WORTLEY PARK, *September*, 18—.

"Captain Wortley greatly regrets to hear from the gentlemen of Nethercourt that difficulties have arisen respecting the match between them and his sons and nephews. Under the circumstances mentioned in the letter, the latter have thought it better to decline, for the present, at all events, the contest in question. Captain Wortley will shortly send a note to Doctor Glanville to apprise him of the change of purpose."

A dead silence of several minutes followed the reading of this note; and then there broke out a Babel of angry voices, "Whose doing is this?" "There has been a shameful trick played by some one here." "It ought to be found out who has done it."

"Will you be so good as to read that passage again about the Captain having heard something from some one? Read that out again," said Walters.

Campbell complied, without any change of voice:—"Captain Wortley greatly regrets to learn from the gentlemen of Nethercourt that difficulties have arisen ——"

"Then some one here has been writing to him to suggest difficulties—that's quite clear. Now I saw Fred's letter, indeed I helped partly to write it myself, and I can answer for it that there was nothing like a difficulty suggested in that. Some one has been playing a dirty underhand trick."

"Just like that of hiding away Campbell's rifle," said Huntley.

"Come, none of that," broke in Paget, hotly. "We have had too much of that kind of thing already; and I am not going to have any more. It is not the custom of the first class to fight, I know, though that rule has been broken more than once since I have been here; and I wouldn't advise Huntley to try my forbearance much further.

But as regards what Walters said, I quite agree with him that a trick has been played, and that it ought to be exposed. It is quite plain that Captain Wortley can't be referring to the letter which I sent him on Monday. The question is whether anyone else has written to him."

"Campbell admitted that he had done so," remarked Walters.

"I don't know what you mean by saying that I *admitted* it," said Campbell. "I certainly *said* that I had written a note to Captain Wortley, my uncle's old friend, who has often written to me. I think it is hardly necessary for me to add that I shall write to him just whenever I please."

"No one would wish to interfere with your doing so, provided you didn't write about our affairs," said Paget. "As it is, we have a right, I think, to ask you whether you suggested the difficulties, of which the Captain speaks?"

"And whether the letter which you have just received from him explains the matter in any way?" added Walters.

"You think you have a right to know that, do you?" said Campbell. "I differ from you altogether there. I have said all I mean to say on the subject, and it will be no good your asking me any further questions."

There would have been an angry outbreak from the leaders of the Picts, but Irving interfered—

"Come, I say," he began, "this is dreadfully tiresome work. There is nothing but wrangling from morning to night in the school now; and, so far as I can see, it is all about nothing. Here is Campbell charging Paget with having hidden away his rifle."

"I beg to say I did not do that," interposed Campbell.

"If you didn't you said something so very like it that I can't see the difference," continued Irving; "and yet I don't believe that Campbell really thinks anything of the kind. And here is Paget accusing Campbell of writing an underhand letter to get this match put off, because he himself hadn't been chosen to be one of the shooters——"

"Stop there," exclaimed Paget. "I didn't make any such charge."

"If you didn't," resumed Irving, "what you said was so very like it, that, once more, I can't see the difference. Now, would not it be a great deal better—a great deal pleasanter for every one—if you two would just come down from your high stilts, and condescend to give some explanation of these things, about which there is all this fuss. Suppose you, Paget, tell us what you really went out for, and what you did, on that Wednesday night; and you, Campbell, show the letter you have received from Captain Wortley. I think I would wager a handsome sum that that would put an end to this bother for good and all."

There was an embarrassed pause. Irving was a good-natured fellow, popular with his schoolfellows, and, moreover, one of few words, which gave greater weight to them when they were uttered. Campbell and Paget looked at one another as though they were half convinced, but each wished the other to speak first. Presently the silence was broken by Paget.

"Well," he said, "I won't be the one to keep up ill-will, at all events, and though I did not choose to say anything in answer to such remarks as Huntley and Cartwright have thought fit to address to me, I have no objection to comply with your wish, Dick. Well, it happened on the Wednesday afternoon that I was coming back from the racecourse——"

"From the racecourse!" exclaimed Cartwright. "How came you there?"

"You had better mind your own business," said Paget, tartly.

"This is the Chief's business, I think," retorted Cartwright, who was a good deal nettled.

"Hold your row about the Chief," said Walters; "I am sick of hearing of him."

"You had better let Paget go on," said Campbell quietly, taking no notice of Walters' speech.

"I was coming back from the race-ground," resumed Paget, "and was in a hurry to get back to the cricket field, so I

took the short cut across the fields. I expected to find the sheep bridge across Bolton's Dyke; but there was none there, and I had to leap it with a pole. There was a young fir lying close by, which would make one, but I had to use my knife to clear away some of the small boughs. I forgot to put it into my pocket again, and missed it just after supper. It was a new knife, which had cost me five shillings, and I didn't want to lose it; and I was afraid if I left it there all night that the dew would spoil it, and perhaps there might be rain. I went out, therefore, after supper, put on my mackintosh, as I thought it was going to rain, got over the wall, went round, and fetched it. Benson and the other fellows saw me as I got on the top of the wall coming back, and took me for Old Larkins's ghost. Now you have the long and short of the whole matter."

"Very good," said Walters. "It's more than I would have done to give the explanation; but I take it for granted everybody—even Huntley here—will allow that it is perfectly satisfactory. Now, then, let us have Campbell's letter."

"Stop a moment," said Huntley, who was provoked at Walters' sneer. "You may regard the explanation as perfectly satisfactory, perhaps; but I beg to say I don't. Irving suggested that Paget should explain not only what he went out for, but what he did while he was out."

"He has told you what he did," said Irving. "He went and fetched his knife."

"Very likely," said Huntley; "but he might have done something else as well. Paget's explanation doesn't dispose of the fact that he and he only had the key of the Rifle-shed; he only, except the Chief, that is, and the Chief has positively declared that he did not open it. Nor again is there any explanation of who it was Dunning saw carrying away the rifle, just at the moment when Paget was returning. To my mind it is of very little consequence what in the first instance induced Paget to go out. The important thing is what he did when he was out."

"In fact, you mean to charge me with having done this, after all," burst out Paget, unable any longer to control his indignation. "I have warned you, and you have not chosen to take the warning. You shall pay the penalty now of your insolence." He snatched a stick from Walters's hand as he spoke, and rushing forward caught Huntley by the collar. The latter was a tall and almost as strong as his assailant, but Paget's fury seemed to give him twofold strength, and he struggled vainly in his grasp. Several heavy blows had fallen on his shoulders, before the other boys had recovered from the first shock of their surprise. Then Cartwright and Lightfoot rushed to his rescue. The three were too much for Paget to contend with, and he would have been seriously hurt, if Marshall and Walters in their turn had not struck in, and turned the tables against the adversaries. A general *mêlee* ensued. The partisans on both sides, belonging to the second and third classes, ran up to help their leaders; and there is no saying how long the fight might not have lasted, if the Chief, seconded by Irving and Snow, had not interfered. Irving threw himself between Marshall and Cartwright, and Snow dragged Walters off Lightfoot, whom he was pummelling without mercy. Campbell stepped up to Paget, and wrenching from his hands the stick, with which he was still belabouring Huntley, snapped it in two.

Paget turned red and furious on his new antagonist. "What do you mean by that?" he shouted.

"I mean that I will not allow you to pitch into one of the first-class fellows in that way," said Campbell. "No Chief has ever allowed a first-class fellow to be thrashed, and as long as I am Chief ——"

"Once more, I don't care a halfpenny for you being Chief," cried Paget, furiously; "You may as well drop all mention of it to me in future."

"And to me too," said Marshall, who had with difficulty been induced to relinquish his hold on his adversary, and had watched the fray between the two leaders of the

school with considerable satisfaction. "I think you may let Huntley off now, Fred; he has had a very handsome drubbing, which will do him a world of good, and teach him perhaps to keep his bitter tongue quiet for the future."

"If it doesn't," added Walters, "anyway he will remember that there is plenty more of the same article to be had at the same shop, eh, Fred?"

"I *have* done with him for this time," said Paget; "but I beg at the same time to tell him, that if he is ever insolent to me again I'll give him twice as much as he has had now."

"Quite right, too!" broke in the Picts.

"And I beg to tell *you*, Paget," said Campbell, sternly, "that I have done with you and your friendship for the future. I agree with Huntley that what you called an explanation just now, is no explanation at all, as regards the main facts of the case, and your violent rage looks very much as though you could not face them. As for your venturing to strike Huntley again, I shall take good care you don't do that, I promise you."

"What will you do?" asked Marshall, scornfully.

"Go straight to Dr. Glanville about it. You best know what would be the consequence if I did."

"Go to the Doctor," repeated Marshall. "That's just the kind of thing for a sneak to do. A sneak you are, and always have been, Campbell. Some fellows may have to find that out for the first time, but I am not one of them."

Campbell paid no attention to this taunt. He took Huntley's arm, and was walking away with him, when Walters called after him—

"And how about the letter, then, which you were to show us from Captain Wortley. It was on the strength of your showing that that Paget gave his explanation."

"I shall show no letter, and give no explanation of any kind," said Campbell, haughtily, "until you have begged pardon for your insolence to-day."

"Oh, oh," shouted the Picts; "that is just as much as to say that you daren't produce it," said Walters.

"Understand it so if you like," said Campbell, coolly. "It makes no difference to me. Here, Irving, Lightfoot, Cartwright, come with me. I have a letter to read to you."

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# THE FIELD OF ICE.

## BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER XI.—TRACES OF BEARS.

ON the 26th of April, during the night there was a sudden change in the weather. The thermometer fell several degrees, and the inmates of Doctor's House could hardly keep themselves warm, even in their beds. Altamont had charge of the stove, and he found it needed careful replenishing to preserve the temperature at 50° above zero.

This increase of cold betokened the cessation of the stormy weather, and the Doctor hailed it gladly as the harbinger of his favourite hunting and exploring expeditions.

He rose early next morning, and climbed up to the top of the cone. The wind had shifted north, the air was clear, and the snow firm and smooth to the tread.

Before long the five companions had left Doctor's House, and were busily engaged in clearing the heavy masses of snow off the roof and sides, for the house was no longer distinguishable from the plateau, as the snow had drifted to a depth of full fifteen feet. It took two hours to remove the frozen snow, and restore the architectural

form of the dwelling. At length the granite foundations appeared, and the storehouses and powder magazines were once more accessible.

But as, in so uncertain a climate, a storm might cut off their supplies any day, they wisely resolved to provide for any such emergency by carrying over a good stock of provisions to the kitchen; and then Clawbonny, Altamont, and Bell started off with their guns in search of game, for the want of fresh food began to be urgently felt.

The three companions went across the



east side of the cone, right down into the centre of the far-stretching, snow-covered plain beneath, but they did not need to go far, for numerous traces of animals appeared on all sides within a circle of two miles round Fort Providence.

After gazing attentively at these traces for some minutes, the hunters looked at each other silently, and then the Doctor exclaimed:—

"Well, these are plain enough, I think!"

"Ay, only too plain," added Bell; "bears have been here!"

"First rate game!" said Altamont. "There's only one fault about it."

"And what is that?" asked Bell.

"Too much of it."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this—there are distinct traces of five bears, and five bears are rather too much for five men."

"Are you sure there are five?" said Clawbonny.

"Look and see for yourself. Here is one footprint, and there is another quite different. These claws are far wider apart than those; and see here, again, that paw belongs to a much smaller bear. I tell you, if you look carefully, you will see the marks of all five different bears distinctly."

"You're right," said Bell, after a close inspection.

"If that's the case, then," said the Doctor, "we must take care what we're about, and not be foolhardy, for these animals are starving after the severe winter, and they might be extremely dangerous to encounter; and, since we are sure of their number——"

"And of their intentions, too," put in Altamont.

"You think they have discovered our presence here?"

"No doubt of it, unless we have got into a bear-pass, but then, why should these footprints be in a circle round our fort. Look, these animals have come from the south-east, and stopped at this place, and commenced to reconnoitre the coast."

"You're right," said the Doctor, "and, what's more, it is certain that they have been here last night."

"And other nights before that," replied Altamont.

"I don't think so," rejoined Clawbonny. "It is more likely that they waited till the cessation of the tempest, and were on their way down to the bay, intending to catch seals, when they scented us."

"Well, we can easily find out if they come to-night," said Altamont.

"How?"

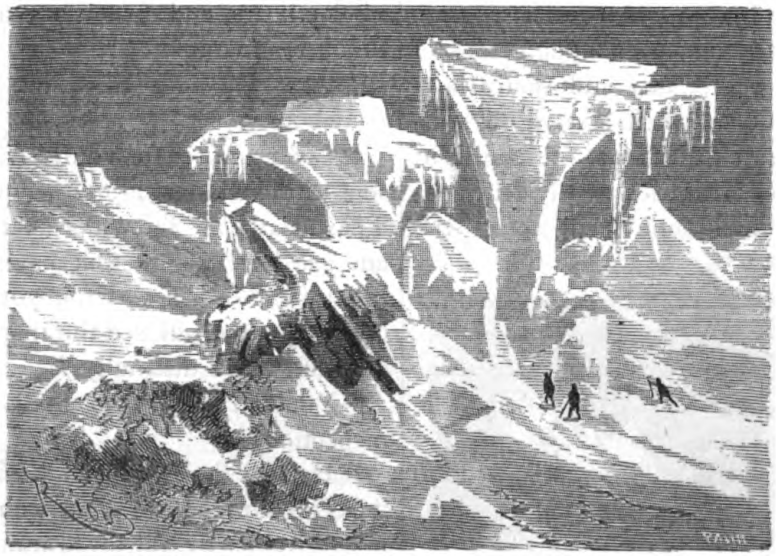
"By effacing all the marks in a given place, and if to-morrow, we find fresh

ones, it will be evident that Fort Providence is the goal for which the bears are bound."

"Very good, at any rate we shall know, then, what we have to expect."

The three hunters set to work, and scraped the snow over till all the footprints were obliterated for a considerable distance.

"It is singular, though," said Bell, "that bears could scent us all that way off; we



have not been burning anything fat which might have attracted them."

"Oh!" replied the Doctor, "bears are endowed with a wonderfully keen sense of smell, and a piercing sight; and, more than that, they are extremely intelligent, almost more so than any other animal. They have smelt something unusual; and, besides, who



can tell whether they have not even found their way as far as our plateau during the tempest?"

"But then, why did they stop here last night?" asked Altamont.

"Well, that's a question I can't answer, but there is no doubt they will continue narrowing their circles, till they reach Fort Providence."

"We shall soon see," said Altamont.

"And, meantime, we had best go on," added the Doctor, "and keep a sharp look out."

But not a sign of anything living was visible, and after a time they returned to the snow-house.

Hatteras and Johnson were informed how matters stood, and it was resolved to maintain a vigilant watch. Night came, but nothing disturbed its calm splendour—nothing was heard to indicate approaching danger.

Next morning at early dawn, Hatteras and his companions, well armed, went out to reconnoitre the state of the snow. They found the same identical footmarks, but somewhat nearer. Evidently the enemy was bent on the siege of Fort Providence.

"But where can the bears be?" said Bell.

"Behind the icebergs watching us," replied the Doctor. "Don't let us expose ourselves imprudently."

"What about going hunting, then?" asked Altamont.

"We must put it off for a day or two, I think, and rub out the marks again, and see if they are renewed to-morrow."

The Doctor's advice was followed, and they entrenched themselves for the present in the fort. The lighthouse was taken down, as it was not of actual use meantime, and might help to attract the bears. Each took it in turn to keep watch on the upper plateau.

The day passed without a sign of the enemy's existence, and next morning, when they hurried eagerly out to examine the snow, judge their astonishment to find it wholly untouched!

"Capital!" exclaimed Altamont. "The bears are put off the scent; they have no perseverance, and have grown tired waiting for us. They are off, and a good riddance. Now let us start for a day's hunting."

"Softly, softly," said the Doctor; "I'm not so sure they have gone. I think we had better wait one day more. It is evident the bears have not been here last night, at least on this side; but still——"

"Well, let us go right round the plateau, and see how things stand," said the impatient Altamont.

"All right," said Clawbonny. "Come along."

Away they went, but it was impossible to scrutinize carefully a track of two miles, and no trace of the enemy was discoverable.

"Now, then, can't we go hunting?" said Altamont.

"Wait till to-morrow," urged the Doctor again.

His friend was very unwilling to delay, but yielded the point at last, and returned to the fort.

As on the preceding night, each man took his hour's watch on the upper plateau.



When it came to Altamont's turn, and he had gone out to relieve Bell, Hatteras called his old companions round him. The Doctor left his desk and Johnson his cooking, and hastened to their Captain's side, supposing he wanted to talk over their perilous situation; but Hatteras never gave it a thought.

"My friends," he said, "let us take ad

vantage of the American's absence to speak of business. There are things which cannot concern him, and with which I do not choose him to meddle."

Johnson and Clawbonny looked at each other, wondering what the Captain was driving at.

"I wish," he continued, "to talk with you about our plans for the future."

"All right! talk away while we are alone," said the Doctor.

"In a month, or six weeks at the outside, the time for making distant excursions will come again. Have you thought of what he had better undertake in summer?"

"Have you, Captain?" asked Johnson.

"Have I? I may say that not an hour of my life passes without revolving in my mind my one cherished purpose. I suppose not a man among you intends to retrace his steps?"

No one replied, and Hatteras went on to say—

"For my own part, even if I must go alone, I will push on to the North Pole. Never were men so near it before, for we are not more than 360 miles distant at most, and I will not lose such an opportunity without making every attempt to reach it, even though it be an impossibility. What are your views, Doctor?"

"Your own, Hatteras."

"And yours, Johnson?"

"Like the Doctor's."

"And yours, Bell?"

"Captain," replied the carpenter, "it is true we have neither wives nor children waiting us in England, but, after all, it is one's country—one's native land! Have you no thoughts of returning home?"

"We can return after we have discovered the Pole quite as well as before, and even better. Our difficulties will not increase, for as we near the Pole we get away from the point of greatest cold. We have fuel and provisions enough. There is nothing to stop us, and we should be culpable, in my opinion, if we allowed ourselves to abandon the project."

"Very well, Captain, I'll go along with you."

"That's right, I never doubted you," said Hatteras. "We shall succeed, and England will have all the glory."

"But there is an American among us!" said Johnson.

Hatteras could not repress an impatient exclamation.

"I know it!" he said, in a stern voice.

"We cannot leave him behind," added the Doctor.

"No, we can't," repeated Hatteras, almost mechanically.

"And he will be sure to go too."

"Yes, he will go too, but who will command?"

"You, Captain."

"And if you all obey my orders, will the Yankee refuse?"

"I shouldn't think so; but suppose he should, what can be done?"

"He and I must fight it out then."

The three Englishmen looked at Hatteras, but said nothing. Then the Doctor asked how they were to go?

"By the coast, as far as possible," was the reply.

"But what if we find open water, as is likely enough?"

"Well, we'll go across it."

"But we have no boat."

Hatteras did not answer, and looked embarrassed.

"Perhaps," suggested Bell, "we might make a ship out of some of the planks of the *Porpoise*."

"Never!" exclaimed Hatteras, vehemently.

"Never!" said Johnson.

The Doctor shook his head. He understood the feeling of the Captain.

"Never," reiterated Hatteras. "A boat made out of an American ship would be an American!"

"But, Captain," began Johnson.

The Doctor made a sign to the old boatswain not to press the subject further, and resolved in his own mind to reserve the question for discussion at a more opportune

moment. He managed to turn the conversation to other matters, till it abruptly terminated by the entrance of Altamont.

This ended the day, and the night passed quietly without the least disturbance. The bears had evidently disappeared.

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## Chapter XII.

### Imprisoned in Doctor's House.

The first business next day was to arrange for a hunt. It was settled that Altamont, Bell, and Hatteras should form the party, while Clawbonny should go and explore as far as Isle Johnson, and make some hydrographic notes, and Johnson should remain behind to keep house.

The three hunters soon completed their preparations. They armed themselves each with a double-barrelled revolver and a rifle, and took plenty of powder and shot. Each man also carried in his belt his indispensable snow knife and hatchet, and a small supply of pemmican in case night should surprise them before their return.

Thus equipped, they could go far, and might count on a good supply of game.

At eight o'clock they started, accompanied by Duk, who frisked and gambolled with delight. They went up the hill to the east, across the cone, and down into the plain below.

The Doctor next took his departure, after agreeing with Johnson on a signal of alarm in case of danger.

The old boatswain was left alone, but he had plenty to do He began by unfastening the Greenland dogs, and letting them out for a run after their long, wearisome confinement. Then he attended to divers housekeeping matters. He had to replenish the stock of combustibles and provisions, to arrange the store-houses, to mend several broken utensils, to repair the rents in coverlets, and get new shoes ready for summer excursions. There was no lack of work, and the old sailor's nimble clever fingers could do anything.

While his hands were busy, his mind was occupied with the conversation of the preceding evening. He thought with regret over the Captain's obstinacy, and yet he felt that there was something grand and even heroic in his determination that neither an



American nor an American ship should first touch the Pole.

The hunters had been gone about an hour when Johnson suddenly heard the report of a gun.

"Capital!" he exclaimed. "They have found something, and pretty quickly too, for me to hear their guns so distinctly. The atmosphere must be very clear."

A second and a third shot followed.

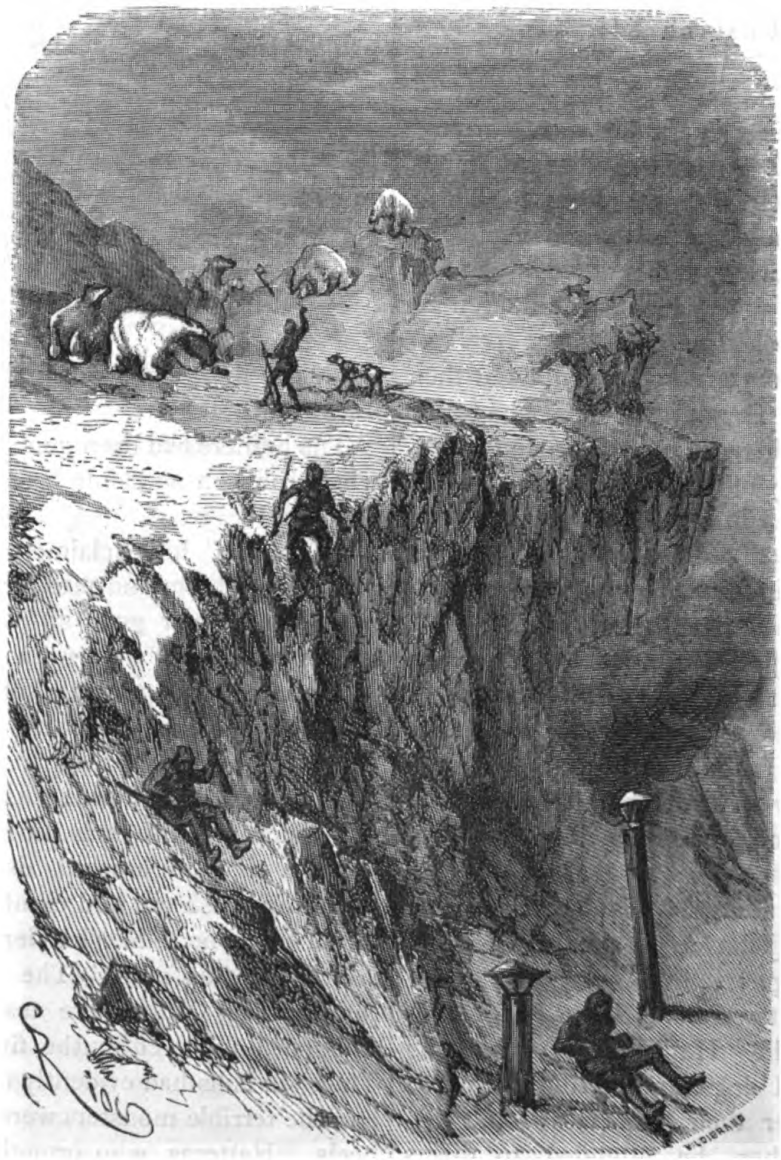
"Bravo!" again exclaimed the boatswain; "they must have fallen in luck's way!"

But when three more shots came in rapid succession, the old man turned pale, and a horrible thought crossed his mind, which made him rush out and climb hastily to the top of the cone. He shuddered at the sight which met his eyes. The three hunters, followed by Duk, were tearing home at full speed, followed by the five huge bears! Their six balls had evidently taken no effect, and the terrible monsters were close on their heels. Hatteras, who brought up the rear, could only manage to keep off his pursuers by flinging down one article after another, first his cap, then his hatchet, and, finally, his gun. He knew that the inquisitive bears would stop and examine every object, sniffing all round it, and this gave him a little time, otherwise he could not have escaped, for these animals outstrip the fleetest horse, and one monster was so near that Hatteras

had to brandish his knife vigorously, to ward off a tremendous blow of his paw.

At last, though panting and out of breath, the three men reached Johnson safely, and slided down the rock with him into the snow-house. The bears stopped short on the upper plateau, and Hatteras and his companions lost no time in barring and barricading them out.

"Here we are at last!" exclaimed Hatteras; "we can defend ourselves better now. It is five against five."



"Four!" said Johnson in a frightened voice.

"How?"

"The Doctor!" replied Johnson, pointing to the empty sitting-room.

"Well, he is in Isle Johnson."

"A bad job for him," said Bell.

"But we can't leave him to his fate, in this fashion," said Altamont.

"No, let's be off to find him at once," replied Hatteras.

He opened the door, but soon shut it, narrowly escaping a bear's hug.

"They are there!" he exclaimed.

"All?" asked Bell.

"The whole pack."

Altamont rushed to the windows, and began to fill up the deep embrasure with blocks of ice, which he broke off the walls of the house.

His companions followed his example silently. Not a sound was heard but the low, deep growl of Duk.

To tell the simple truth, however, it was



not their own danger that occupied their thoughts, but their absent friend, the Doctor's. It was for him they trembled, nor for themselves. Poor Clawbonny, so good and devoted as he had been to every member of the little colony! This was the first time they had been separated from him. Extreme peril, and most likely a frightful death awaited him, for he might return unsuspectingly to Fort Providence, and find himself in the power of these ferocious animals.

"And yet," said Johnson, "unless I am much mistaken, he must be on guard. Your repeated shots cannot but have warned him. He must surely be aware that something unusual has happened."

"But suppose he was too far away to hear them," replied Altamont, "or has not understood the cause of them? It is ten chances to one but he'll come quickly back, never imagining the danger. The bears are screened from sight by the crag completely."

"We must get rid of them before he comes," said Hatteras.

"But how?" asked Bell.

It was difficult to reply to this, for a sortie was out of the question. They had taken care to barricade the entrance passage, but the bears could easily find a way in if they chose. So it was thought advisable to keep



a close watch on their movements outside, by listening attentively in each room, so as to be able to resist all attempts at invasion. They could hear them distinctly prowling about, growling and scraping the walls with their enormous paws.

However, some action must be taken speedily, for time was passing. Altamont

resolved to try a port-hole through which he might fire on his assailants. He had soon scooped our a hole in the wall, but his gun was hardly pushed through, when it was seized with irresistible force, and wrested from his grasp before he could even fire.

"Confound it!" he exclaimed, "we're no match for them."

And he hastened to stop up the breach as fast as possible.

This state of things had lasted upwards of an hour, and there seemed no prospect of a termination. The question of a *sortie* began now to be seriously discussed. There was little chance of success, as the bears could not be attacked separately, but Hatteras and his companions had grown so impatient, and it must be confessed were also so much ashamed of being kept in prison by beasts, that they would even have dared the risk if the Captain had not suddenly thought of a new mode of defence.

He took Johnson's furnace-poker, and thrust it into the stove while he made an opening in the snow wall, or rather a partial opening, for he left a thin sheet of ice on the outer side. As soon as the poker was red hot, he said to his comrades who stood eagerly watching him, wondering what he was going to do—



"This red-hot bar will keep off the bears when they try to get hold of it, and we shall be able easily to fire across it without letting them snatch away our guns."

"A good idea," said Bell, posting himself beside Altamont.

Hatteras withdrew the poker, and instantly plunged it in the wall. The melting snow made a loud hissing noise, and two bears ran and made a snatch at the glowing bar; but they fell back with a terrible howl, and at the same moment four shots resounded, one after the other.

"Hit!" exclaimed Altamont.

"Hit!" echoed Bell.

"Let us repeat the dose," said Hatteras, carefully stopping up the opening meantime.

The poker was again thrust into the fire, and in a few minutes was ready for Hatteras to recommence operations.

Altamont and Bell reloaded their guns, and took their places; but this time the poker would not pass through.

"Confound the beasts!" exclaimed the impetuous American.

"What's the matter?" asked Johnson.

"What's the matter?, Why, those plaguey animals are piling up block after block, intending to bury us alive!"

"Impossible!"

"Look for yourself; the poker can't get

through. I declare it is getting absurd now."

It was worse than absurd, it was alarming. Things grew worse. It was evident that the bears meant to stifle their prey, for the sagacious animals were heaping up huge masses, which would make escape impossible.

"It is too bad," said old Johnson, with a mortified look. "One might put up with men, but bears!"

Two hours elapsed without bringing any



relief to the prisoners; to go out was impossible, and the thick walls excluded all sound. Altamont walked impatiently up and down full of exasperation and excitement at finding himself worsted for once. Hatteras could think of nothing but the Doctor, and of the serious peril which threatened him.

"Oh, if Mr. Clawbonny were only here!" said Johnson.

"What could he do?" asked Altamont.

"Oh, he'd manage to get us out somehow."

"How, pray?" said the American, crossly.

"If I knew that I should not need him. However, I know what his advice just now would be."

"What?"

"To take some food; that can't hurt us. What do you say, Mr. Altamont?"

"Oh, let's eat by all means, if that will please you, though we're in a ridiculous, not to say humiliating, plight."

"I'll bet you we'll find a way out after dinner."

No one replied, but they seated themselves round the table.

Johnson, trained in Clawbonny's school, tried to be brave and unconcerned about the danger, but he could scarcely manage it. His jokes stuck in his throat. Moreover, the whole party began to feel uncomfortable. The atmosphere was getting dense, for every opening was hermetically sealed.



The stoves would hardly draw, and it was evident would soon go out altogether for want of oxygen.

Hatteras was the first to see their fresh danger, and he made no attempt to hide it from his companions.

"If that is the case," said Altamont, "we must get out at all risks."

"Yes," replied Hatteras; "but let us wait till night. We will make a hole in the roof, and let in a provision of air, and then one of us can fire out of it on the bears."

"It is the only thing we can do, I suppose," said Altamont.

So it was agreed; but waiting was hard work, and Altamont could not refrain from giving vent to his impatience by thundering maledictions on the bears, and abusing the ill fate which had placed them in such an awkward and humbling predicament. "It



was beasts versus men," he said, "and certainly the men cut a pretty figure."

# UNCLE JOHN'S ADVENTURES IN PRAIRIE-LAND.

BY MRS. SALE BARKER.

## Chapter V.—Strange Footprints.

From the time that we moved our encampment to be nearer our new friends the trappers, we had plenty of sport of one kind and another. We were in a part of prairie-land that abounded with game; and although the weather was cold, and now and then we had terrible storms, such as that I have already told you about, we did not mind roughing it. We made the best of everything, hard weather and all; and I can tell you, young people, that is the only way to go through life with satisfaction to yourselves.

We stayed at our present encampment longer than usual, lingering on from day to day, attracted almost as much, I think, by the beauty of the surrounding scenery as by our love of sport. We were in the midst of an undulating and broken country, well wooded with large forest trees, and having more than one stream winding through it to fall into the Arkansa, which flowed only a few miles from us. In one direction the view extended beyond all this to the level prairie, which formed a horizon like a distant ocean; on the other side it was bounded by a range of snow-capped mountains. It was a glorious sight to watch these mountains at sunrise. While the level country was still in gloom, the snowy mountain-peaks would shine out suddenly, as the light touched them, looking like bright silvery clouds floating in the air: then as the sun rose higher, and the light crept slowly downwards on the mountain-side, the silvery clouds enlarged until they rested on the earth; and the whole landscape became bathed in the soft misty light of morning.

A few more grizzly bears fell victims to our rifles, but I never had such another close encounter with one as that on the banks of the creek. We had not seen any buffaloes since we joined the trappers, but deer, antelopes, and wild turkeys, besides bears, we met with in abundance. There was a grove, or wood, of cedar trees not far away, where Penryhn and I often stationed ourselves, concealed among the evergreen foliage; and we never failed to make a good bag there in a short time. On these occasions Mike would follow us with a small cart belonging to the trappers, and their tame ox harnessed in it to carry home the game.

One day Penryhn and I had gone out in that direction, after leaving word with Mike to bring the cart at a certain hour to the usual place. We had very fair sport, and collected together our dead game at the appointed spot; but the hour passed by at which we had desired Mike to be there, and neither he nor the cart were to be seen. Our day's work had resulted in the slaughter of two antelopes, besides some smaller game. In some perplexity we looked at it all as it lay upon the ground: there was certainly too much for us to carry home comfortably ourselves. We had no alternative but to wait for the cart; and although our patience was being sorely tried, wait we did, and for a considerable time too. At last I suggested that Penrhyn should remain to keep watch over the game, and protect it from the wolves, while I started off in the direction in which Mike should come, in order to hasten him on his way, or find out if anything had happened to him.

I left Penryhn there, marching up and down like a sentinel on guard; he was in a state of no slight irritation under the combined effect of cold and hunger, for both he and I were troubled with hunter's appetites. He holloaed after me to say that if neither I nor Mike appeared in the course of half an hour, he should leave the game to the coyotes and come after me. "All right," I shouted, and went off at a good run.

I ran a mile without meeting with any sign of the cart, or hearing anything more

unusual than the howl of the wolf or coyote, or the squeak of some squirrel as it sprang from branch to branch. But on entering a wood where I knew Mike usually lingered to collect dry wood for our fire—thus making his cart serve the double purpose of bringing home the game and also the fuel for cooking it—I heard a bellowing at no great distance, as well as a sound of blows, like two solid substances coming into violent collision. As I hurried forward the sounds grew louder and louder: Bang; bang; bang. Thud; thud; thud. And when I emerged from the wood on the other side, I came upon a curious scene.

I had found what I was in search of, but certainly not as I expected to find it. There was the cart, and there was the ox harnessed in it; but that usually peaceful animal, instead of quietly pursuing the even tenor of his way, and drawing his burden in a respectable manner, stood with feet firmly planted, head down, and tail up, fighting a fierce battle with a buffalo bull. The cart was already partly filled with fuel which Mike had gathered by the way; but where was Mike himself? I could see nothing of him. Although our poor tame beast was shackled by cart and harness, he fought as savagely as the bison, and, strange to say, it appeared an even chance which would be victorious. The noise I had heard was caused by their heads coming together, and their skulls must have been pretty hard, judging from the sound of the concussion. Fast and furious raged the battle; it grew more furious every minute. Now and then the bison would retire a few paces in order to gather himself together for a rush, and come on again with a terrific bellow; his great crest and head seeming to swell, while his mane bristled, and his eyeballs almost started from their sockets, and gleamed with a red and angry fire. Meanwhile, the old ox would steady himself to meet the charge, and stood like a rock to receive each fresh attack.

I had remained a minute or so a passive but interested spectator, watching the combatants, when a voice from a distance struck upon my ear—

"Arrah! then, yer honour, why wouldn't ye let fly into that baste of a bison? Would ye be afther litting of him murther the pore tame critter before yer very eyes?"

I looked about for some time in vain for the speaker, but, at last raising my eyes, I discovered my friend Mike perched up in a tree, seated at the fork where a large branch divided from the trunk; and there, very much at his ease and in perfect safety, he contemplated the battle that was going on below him.

Thinking it was now about time to come to the rescue of the poor ox, I moved some steps forward, and placed myself where I could aim just behind the bison's left shoulder, for this is the spot you must hit in order to reach the heart. I fired, and to my surprise—for buffaloes are hard to kill, as a rule—he fell down dead almost without a struggle. As to the old ox, he showed as much astonishment at the sudden termination of the battle as an old ox very well could show. He evidently knew that something terrible had happened, and made no attempt to continue the combat with his fallen enemy. He first stared at the prostrate body intently, then sniffed at it; no doubt his reflections ended in a feeling of satisfaction at getting rid of his antagonist in so summary a fashion.

Mike descended from his elevated position as soon as he saw that my shot had taken effect, and felt sure that all danger was past. Then he and I tried to hoist the buffalo into the cart; but partly from the weight of the beast, and partly because the cart was small, we only got him half in, and fastened him so with some rope. The ox had the gratification of dragging his dead adversary from the field of battle, and went off with an air of triumph, like Achilles dragging the body of Hector behind his chariot. Mike told me that the engagement had been going on for some time before I came upon the ground; that a small herd of buffaloes had passed across the open ground beyond the wood, and that this particular buffalo, having caught sight, as Mike supposed, of the ox just at the outskirt of

the wood, suddenly separated himself from his companions, and, galloping furiously, came straight up to the poor tame, peaceful animal to attack him without any provocation. Mike had fired, but in his hurry and confusion missed his aim; so casting aside his rifle, he had mounted the tree where I discovered him. We found that really the bison had been getting rather the worst of it, for the sharp long horns of the ox made some bad wounds upon his neck under the shaggy mane. The ox himself was too much shaken to do more that evening than drag his fallen enemy to the encampment; so I bid Mike harness a couple of mules into the cart as soon as he got home, and bring it out again to fetch in the game we had shot.

Meanwhile I hurried off to relieve Penryhn from his solitary guard upon the dead game; he had not had the patience, however, to remain long, and I soon met him on his way home. I gave him an account of the fight I had witnessed, and we were



A fierce battle with a buffalo bull. (See p. 296.)

both sorry that, not having our horses with us, it was too late that evening to follow up the herd of buffaloes that Mike had seen. Penryhn parted from me to continue his way home to the encampment, saying that he had had enough of waiting in the cold that evening. Besides, by this time, he declared, the wolves had already probably devoured the game; but I was unwilling to sacrifice it, so I determined to go and watch over it myself till Mike and the cart should arrive.

Reaching the spot, I found the game all safe; no wolf, nor bird, nor beast of prey of any kind, had been there. The place was a little dell or hollow, in which were scattered here and there masses of rock, and among these rocks a few gigantic furs and cedar-trees reared their heads. The beauty of the scene and the solemn stillness of the evening, somehow led me into a sentimental and contemplative mood not very usual with me. All was calm and peaceful in the twilight; Nature seemed to be at her evening prayer before sinking down to rest; and a feeling almost akin to remorse came over

me as I looked at the beautiful little antelopes, their bright eyes glazed, lying there still and cold, who had been so lately bounding in their strength, and grace, and beauty on the earth. I thought how Nature placed these creatures in the wild forest or prairie to live and revel there in freedom and plenty; while man came from the crowd, the heat, the bustle of his thronged cities to destroy them in their own realm.

Looking down at the poor dead antelopes as these reflections crossed my mind, my gaze naturally took in also the ground where they lay. It was of gravel or sand just at that spot, and there were numerous foot-marks, both those of Penryhn and my own, visible upon it. Suddenly, as I gazed, the consciousness flashed across my mind that there were footprints there which could neither be mine nor Penryhn's, nor, indeed, those of any of our party. In point of size, these marks corresponded with the feet of a woman or a child; and, besides, the feet that left them had been clad, not in boots or shoes, but in the mocassins worn by Indians. Robinson Crusoe was not more startled when he beheld the naked foot-prints in the sand than I was at this sight. My meditative mood vanished in an instant; here was a present and serious reality to be dealt with.

Were there Indians in the neighbourhood? This was the danger, and this the problem to solve. Had the footprints been those of a man, he might possibly be alone; but a child or a woman would only form one of a party of Indians. I could trace the direction of the footsteps for a few yards only, which was as far as the gravel extended. I was not sufficiently skilful in following a trail to detect any sign of the impression upon grass. An Indian or a trapper would have done so, but I could not; nor could I judge either whether the footprints had been made that day or many days before. It seemed to me that one mark was made over a footprint of my own, and, if so, of course made later than my own, and since Penryhn had left the spot half an hour ago; but of this I could not be certain.

I was still puzzling over this problem, and examining the ground as minutely as the fading light would let me, when I heard the welcome sound of cart-wheels, and Mike's voice urging on the mules. I thought it best not to point out to him my discovery, for he lived in such perpetual and mortal terror of the Indians, that he might have gone out of his senses at once from sheer fright; but as soon as I got back I described what I had seen to Penryhn and to the trappers, who did not appear as much astonished or alarmed as I expected.

"Them skunking Ingins," remarked Jan Bunk in a gruff voice, "is always about somewheres, blow them: yer can't never be sure on 'em."

Old Bill, who was sitting rolled up in his blanket, chewing his quid, like an old cow chewing the cud, merely capped his friend's remark as usual—for his conversation never extended to more—by adding, "Blessed if they ain't." And then fell to blinking and winking till he looked like a battered old eye-shutting doll with its machinery perpetually going.

Although Mike was a bit of a coward, at least where Indians, or rumours of Indians, were concerned, and although he lived in a state of constant anxiety about the safety of his scalp, he was very useful to us in many ways. One way, and not the least important, in which he rendered himself useful, was by making us laugh heartily now and then as we sat over our camp fire of an evening. If his stories were not always very droll in themselves, he always contrived to make them so by his way of telling them; and I will give you one now, as nearly as I can in his own words, which he told us, I remember, just an evening or two after my discovery of the foot-marks. And I have reason to remember that evening, for the night that followed was an eventful one for me.

We were all sitting round a blazing fire that evening, the two trappers having come up from their hut to join us. We had

our pipes, and were rolled up in blankets, thick coats, or anything handy, to keep ourselves warm. After having discussed the probability of there being some party of Indians in our neighbourhood until it seemed there was no more to say upon the subject, the conversation turned upon the sagacity of wild beasts in general. Some marvellous instances were related, particularly by the trappers, of the cunning of certain animals. One anecdote followed another, until at last everyone had said his say except Mike. So turning to him, and looking at his weather-beaten and potato-like old face, lit up by the bright fire-light, I said—

"Now then, Mike, have you nothing to tell us about the sagacity of wild animals? Why, you have travelled as much as Jan Bunk here, and seen as many curious things, I'll be bound, as either he or old Bill."

"Shure, yer honour," replied Mike; "it wouldn't be fur the want av travelling as I'd hev to howld me tongue, fur it's enough and to spare I've had av that same. But there's niver a country loike owld Ireland for the wonderful sinse av the dumb craytures there; and by the same token the sinsiblest baste I iver seen—barring human craytures—was born and bred in County Cork, and was a foine Irish jackass. Shure, and it was a sinsible crayture anyway, and now I'll tell ye what it did.

"I was only a bit of gossoon in them days, and it's little I thought as how I'd be knocking about in these murthering prairies, whin me old age too was a coming on, and I'd be longing for a little pace and quiet. Howsomediver that's neither here nor there, and few on us knows the throuble before us, or it's sorra a one as wouldn't lave the world before iver they came into it. Anyhow, in them days I was a sort av a kind av a hanger-on at Squire Reilly's, a sort av odd boy about the place; and shure it was a happy life we led there. Them was the days for me. Squire Reilly himself was a foine gintleman, and no mistake: I've known him invite his friends to dinner on a Monday, and kape on dining till the Wednesday; and thin go out wid one av 'em on the Thursday morning, bowl over his man (not that he often kilt 'em) and be ready for a day wid the hounds afterwards. Shure he was a thrue gintleman was Squire Reilly. Well, and the Missis was as swate a crayture as you could see, barring that she'd be a little hard on the master when he had the drop in him. Anyhow they was a happy pair, and their childer was beautiful.

"My principal work was to look after the jackass as belonged to the two youngest in family: they was twins, them two; and shure the darlints used to look luvly a sitting in the panniers one on each side av the baste. Well, whin them two twins wasn't a riding av him, the donkey used to have the run av a field nigh the house; and in this same field in the summer time the Squire's favourite hunter 'ud be turned out; ye might see the two bastes ateing away, but niver nigh one another. Highflyer—that was the name av the hunter, yer honour, saving yer presence—was too foine a gintleman to take notice av a poor donkey. Now the other was a frindly, sociable kind av a beast, and 'ud come up gintly now and thin, to where the great horse was cropping his grass, and take a nibble close beside him; when what does me Lord Highflyer do, but he turns his tail, and lifting up his heels, let's fly agin the jackass's ribs, or nose may be. Now I'd seen this many and many a thoime, and pitied the poor old crayture; but at last me Lord Highflyer tried it once too often.

"It was a summer's evening, and I was a-loitering about in the road outside the meadow where the bastes were feeding, smoking my dudeen, and just thinking av nothing at all, when I looks that way, and shure I sees the donkey a guine up frindly-like to the horse, as much as to say, 'A foine pleasant evening this for horses and asses aloike.' The crayture had just got within kicking distance, when up goes Highflyer's heels, and catches the ass in the side of the head. Be Jabers! but it made him bray till I thought the world was coming to an ind; but shure

the pore crayture did nothing at all at all at the thoime, and jist turned away to another part av the field, and stayed shaking his long ears for a while afther. 'Well,' thinks I to meself, 'yer a foine hunter, Mr. Highflyer, but it's moighty wanting in manners that ye are. It's a pity as somebody didn't larn yer better.' The thought was hardly gone from me moind, if you'll belave me, gintlemen, when Highflyer threw himself down on the ground to hev a rowl. He was enjoying himself foinely, lying on his back wid his four legs up in the air, when I hears a pattering av feet coming from t'other side av the field, and the jackass comes rushing up, wid his tail out and his ears down, and flying at the horse more like any wild baste thin a tame donkey, if you'll belave me, caught Mister Highflyer by the throat, and giv him such a biting as made the great baste roar and squeal like fifty pigs. Shure if the donkey made a row with his braying, the horse bate him now wid the noise he made. Highflyer couldn't help himself nohow, and av I hadn't been pretty sharp in running to bate the ass off, it's moighty little that Highflyer would av flown after the pinching he got. The donkey would av squoze the breath out av his windpipe, and no mistake."

"Now," said Mike, as he finished his anecdote, "I call that jackass a wonderful cliver baste. Shure he knew how to wait for an opportunity, and take the best advantage of it when it came; and there's moighty few humans who can do that same."

We all felt, I think, the truth and wisdom of Mike's concluding reflection, while we laughed heartily at his story. Then, as it was already late, the party broke up, and, wishing each other good-night, we went off to bed.

To bed! that is to say, to our bearskins or blankets, or whatever else it might be with which we tried to make the hard cold earth feel soft and warm, and all, with one exception, were no doubt soon fast asleep. I alone turned and twisted on my blanket in a most miserable state of restlessness; and this was the more strange because, as a rule, since I had been on this hunting expedition, I no sooner stretched myself on the ground after the day's fatigue than I fell into a profound and dreamless sleep. To-night, however, I could not rest, try as I would. At last I sat up, and opened the fly of the tent just enough to see to the outside. The moon had risen, and I could see the shadows of the great trees thrown upon the ground; the trunks of the fir-trees shone in the silver light, and the great branches, with their plume-like evergreen foliage, had a weird and funereal look. I felt a sort of nervous excitement, with a presentiment of something strange about to happen—a state of feeling such as I had supposed, as far as I believed in it all, to be experienced only by fanciful and nervous women, and which I am afraid I had sometimes laughed at even in them. Now I felt it to be a reality.

However, after remaining awake for hours in this restless state, I fell off at last into a disturbed sleep. How long I had slept I know not, when I woke up with a start: what was it? What could have awakened me? I sat up on my blanket wondering. The moon threw sufficient light into the tent for me to see that there was nothing unusual there. I listened, and presently I heard a sound very near me; a sort of skir-r; but not at all loud. After a short interval it was repeated; but though I listened for some time I heard it no more. Then making up my mind that it was only the noise made by some insect which I was not acquainted with, I settled down again to sleep.

I was beginning to experience that sort of dreamy confusion of thoughts which is the prelude to unconsciousness, when I felt something move in the blanket just over my chest; and opening my eyes, I beheld a little head uprear itself, with a pair of fiery eyes that looked into mine. A feeling of sickness came over me; a horror, which it is impossible to describe. I had just presence of mind enough to remain absolutely motionless; the least movement, and I

knew I should be a dead man; for the truth flashed upon me that the hideous creature peering at me within a few inches of my nose was a rattle-snake; the skir-r I had heard was the sound of its rattles. Gradually closing my eyes, I remained as still as a corpse; while I could feel the great drops start out and stand upon my forehead. Then I became conscious that the thing was slowly unfolding itself, and the cold, slimy coils were actually dragged across my face. I held my breath with an effort, though my heart was thumping enough to be heard, I should have thought, outside the tent. After an interval of purgatory which seemed to last for hours, but which really could not have extended to minutes, my trial was over: the snake had dragged his cold, wriggling body off me. Slowly and fearfully I turned, first my eyes, then my head; and I saw his tail disappearing over the blanket to the ground. My revolver was under my hand; so seizing it by the butt end, I dealt the creature a sharp blow, and broke his back.

Now I knew that there were plenty of snakes about, and reptiles and obnoxious insects of many kinds; Jan Bunk had found a poisonous centipede in his boot only a day or two before; but what surprised me was that the snake should have effected his entrance into the tent during the night: for in order to guard against any such intrusion we adopted a plan which is considered infallible by all hunters and trappers. This plan consists in surrounding the tent with a coil of horse-hair rope, arranged in a circle, with the ends carefully placed so as to meet or overlap. This horse-hair rope has a peculiar power: slight as is the barrier it forms, no snake will attempt to surmount it; but as soon as his wriggling body touches the rope, he turns away disgusted.

Slipping on my boots, for otherwise I was almost as much dressed as in the daytime, and without waking Penryhn, who had not been disturbed by my onslaught upon the snake, I sallied forth to see if anything had happened to the rope, which had been placed I knew that night as usual so as to enclose the two tents within its circle. I found, as I almost expected to find, that the rope had been displaced. It was still there, but the circle was no longer complete: the ends were separated, and one end had been dragged to a distance of some yards away, as if caught by the foot of some one issuing from the tents or passing close to them. I looked into the other tent, Jonson and Mike were sleeping heavily and snoring loudly; the two negroes were asleep in the waggon, and the horses and mules were picketed in their places: all was peaceful and quiet in the moonlight. Who could have done the mischief? I was completely puzzled; and returned to examine the rope again, and to see if I could trace any footmarks of the man or animal that had disturbed it. The grass did not grow thick under the great trees about our encampment, and on a little patch of sand close to the end of the rope I beheld in the bright moonlight—Good Heavens! was I haunted? the same small mocassined foot-prints that had startled me two days before. I examined them again, almost doubting if I could be quite awake. Yes; it was no illusion: there, in the midst of our encampment, had those little feet been treading.

I set to work at once to follow up the trail; but this was no easy task, for where the grass was thick no footmarks were left. After searching about for some time, I discovered two or three more at different points, and these were sufficient to show me the direction taken by the retreatingfootsteps. On I went, and here and there, upon spots bare of grass, I found others as I went along.

I proceeded slowly in this way for about half a mile, when I came to some low ground, where a small stream, spreading itself over the land, formed a sort of morass. Along the edge of this morass, in the soft mud, the footprints were perfectly distinct; and following them rapidly, with my gaze no longer so attentively fixed upon the ground, I suddenly became conscious that the object of my pursuit was standing directly in front of me.

At a distance of a hundred yards or more, a small figure was distinctly visible in the bright moonlight against the dark hill-side. The figure seemed, as far as I could judge at that distance, to be standing watching me as I was watching it. After a minute's hesitation, I started off running as fast as I could in pursuit. The figure at once went bounding off; but, instead of running straight away, turned to the side, and made for a small wood, or cluster of trees and undergrowth, where concealment would be easy. I resolved at once to cut him or her off from this covert by making straight for the same point; and to do this, I, without hesitation or reflection, plunged into the morass. It did not occur to me that anything worse could happen than sinking over the ankles in swampy ground; but I had only made a few steps when I found myself up to the knees. Then I knew that I had acted unwisely; what I saved in distance I was losing in speed, for there is no fast running across a morass. Still, being once in for it, I persevered in the same direction, till I found myself sinking deeper and deeper at every step, and I could hardly advance at all. At last I turned to retrace my steps, but too late—retreat was as difficult as advancing.

I floundered about without making any progress back towards the firm land, and the more I struggled the deeper I sank, while the wet boggy earth clung closer and closer to my legs. I know not whether there was any peculiarity in the soil, but it certainly seemed to suck me down. I could fancy some giant underground savagely clutching me by the ankles, and pulling me down. I shouted for help, but no answering shout came back. I looked towards the place where I had last seen the fugitive I was pursuing. He had disappeared; all was silent, and the prairie, solitary, lovely, and grand, shone under the moonlight. Again I shouted in my despair, and clutched at some reeds close by as if they could support me; then tossed my arms about wildly, as if seeking for something to cling to.

Just then I heard a sound in the distance. I listened eagerly. Could Penryhn have awakened, and, missing me, have roused the others, and come out to search? Alas, no! These sounds I heard approaching came from a pack of coyotes hunting for their prey: they came on yelping and snarling, gaunt and hungry, ready to devour anything. Nearer and nearer they came, and halted on the edge of the swamp. Did they fear to attack me? or did they distrust the ground too much to venture on it? I asked myself—"Might it not bear them, though it would not me?"

As it happened, the presence of these coyotes saved me; for thinking of some defence against their attack, the recollection crossed my mind that, after killing the rattlesnake, I had thrust my revolver into my pocket, where it still was, and fortunately the water of the swamp had not reached it. Here was not only a defence against the coyotes, but a means, perhaps, of making my danger known at the encampment. Five shots I fired in quick succession, reserving one only in case of further need; two wolves rolled over, the others scampered off.

Then returned the agony of suspense. Would my friends hear the shots, and come to help me? and if they came, would they be in time? I was sinking deeper every minute in the soft swampy ground; while the moon shone down upon me, calmly, dispassionately, regardless of my agony. She was sinking near the horizon, and the thought came to me that about the time she would sink and leave the earth in darkness, I should sink into this terrible marsh, and my disappearance would be a mystery for ever. Raising my eyes to heaven, I prayed with all my heart that my torture might be ended soon one way or the other. Oh, children, it was a fearful time. The end was coming quickly; my head, and arms, and shoulders were alone above the ooze. But what a death to die! to be swallowed up alive in this very dreadful swamp!

A sound in the distance! A shout! This

time no howling of wolves, but a shout of men. Making a great effort—the last of which I seemed capable—I shouted in return, and fired the remaining shot from my revolver. Then I was just conscious of louder and nearer shouts; that a lasso, or rope of some kind, was thrown over me; and that I was dragged through the ooze till I was lying on the firm ground. I remember no more.

When I came to myself I found that I was lying on the floor of our tent, rolled in a blanket, with my friend by my side; and Jonson, Mike, and the two trappers, all helping in my recovery.

"Shure and av iver I seen the loikes in all my born days," I heard Mike beginning; but he was stopped by Jan Bunk, who said in an authoritative tone—

"You be dog-goned with yer born days. Kan't ye hold yer palavering tongue, and git some more brandy. Geehoshofat! but he's a coming too."

Then I saw the blinking, winking, monkey face of old Bill, and heard his usual remark, "Blessed if he ain't."

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# PUZZLES.

*Double Acrostics.*

1.

1. A mythological person.
2. A duty.
3. A gum.
4. A season.
5. A Biblical name.
6. An African town.
7. A heroine.
8. An ancient.
9. An implement.
10. A season.

My initials up and my finals down will give a celebrated author and his greatest work.

2.

1. A shot.
2. A leave.
3. A poet.
4. A country.
5. A height.
6. A name.
7. A girl's name.
8. A madman.

My centre letters read down will give the name of a powerful ship in the British navy.

3.

1. A Roman family.
2. A courtier.
3. A Roman port.
4. An auxiliary journal.
5. A Turkish emperor.
6. A code of laws.

My initials and finals will give two warlike kings.

4.

1. A title.
2. A girl's name.
3. A poem.
4. A wish.
5. A mountain.
6. A town.
7. A joke.

My initials and finals give an article seen in many households.

5.

1. A Gallic general.
2. A German king.
3. A contribution.
4. A Greek sovereign.
5. A Saracen caliph.
6. A Russian princess.
7. A great Sultan.

My initials and finals give an Asiatic and a European potentate.

6.

1. A French king.
2. A crusader.
3. A poem.
4. A gallant people.
5. A barbarian king.
6. A king.
7. An ancient sea.
8. A barbarian tribe.

My initials and finals will give the names of two great Eastern sovereigns.

*Cryptographs.*

7.

Fup nfh de Gevou f xoup cegp fup dzaa ioy
ued de kgzd,
Dizgz'n yfûh cegdiozg difu O coaa yfxz ioy
iflh hzd
Ok O jfu O'aa jeyz fbfou yedizg kgey emd
yh gzdoub lafjz
Fadiembi hem jfuued nzz yz O nifaa aeex
mleu hemg kfjz.

8.

Zxw oz avb sowwsv uvp,
Ebnpsvp ul jxwavb'r enbv,
Oz donev wx snl avb avnp
N jnopvz poop; zxw wavbv.

Ufw xz wav jocawl hnqv
Jop'rw wvbbxb, cbovy nzp ponwa
Avb sowwsv soyv rav cnqv
Nzp lovspvp fd avb ubvnwa.

9.

Pti glw jp iyi zg kzb xzpt rnqvkw aojw
Pti xzhk pti sjobio nqyig; pti xigpioh.
xzhk,
Ozgig xzpt gqvhkzha xzhag pti nijyig eitzhk
Jhk ptzhg pti ozspzha rnqvkg pti jol qs
kjw
Gizng zh pti juvoi qh zpg lqbixjok xjw.
Evp ptioi eitzhk j aoqyi qs eojhrtw qjlg,
Zpg eijbg ihpjhanik eijvpzsvnnw ojy
Zhpq j gznyio xtiin qs rqvhpnigg gdglig.

10.

Jhs bxdc mi jkhilmca mc slo ing,
Eaemc slo Yodm ixedi ejxwo,
Joedmca sx loewoc sles ydonmxhi imal,
Xg ydho, iokg-iendmgmnmca kxwo.

11.

Bg zal aueeug zxll bg zal nxhs uek zuqlx,
Zal yvljzxhe uqe kuza kqlee;
Koee, ahzlk, klyvbylk bg zal yogyabgl-auox.
Ioz hz koyd al'y hixuhk hgk qlee:
Guz h ibxk um zal muxlyz llx fhzly qbza
abf;
Hee fujd abf uozxbnaz is khs;
Ioz hz gbnaz, qalg zal quukg nxuq yzbee
hgk kbf;
Zal iueklyz qbee yaxbgd hqhs;
Ua, qalg zal gbnaz mheey, hgk xuuyzy zal
muqe,
Zalg, zalg by zal xlbng um zal auxglk uqe.

12.

Mpv ibcfjyku cu mpv ukcabhvny ocffgakz
Wfgrcua tgj wyguez gfvua mbk bkgfmbr
fkgz;
Mpv zmyguakyz tkkmcua gm g lkzmcogf;
Mpv fvokyz pbczwkycua hr gu vyibgyj
pgff;
Mpv fcokz hvnuj lgzm cu vuk pcmb avfjku
kgzk;
Mpv aygokz aygzz-aykku hkzcjk g aygr
ibnyib mvpky;
Pgzb'j pcmb zmcff ygcuz, guj jgczr hfvzzvt'j,
Mpv ibcfjyku cu vuk bgtfkm hvyu guj hykj:
Zv ynuz mbk yvnij vl fclk lyvt bvny mv
bvny.

*Wonders.*

13. 118 + Say was an.
14. 108 + O as fan afar.
15. 155 + Fast as a fang.
16. 151 + Fork boar rat. G.
17. 2156 + Has poor.
18. 165 + Us oo a on us.
19. 654 + E sang yes.
20. 1061 + A grunt bark.

*Authors and their Works.*

21. 714 + His pies up a year.
22. 1006 + Sea was her part.
23. 2111 + Rats sure barry.
24. 218 + th' mays lot pot.
25. 2001 + Ha shew us ruby rose.
26. 651 + Hire for fee fig. Y.
27. 500 + Though ann burst happy.
28. 1561 + Rap us a snake.





# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter XVI.

The day after his victory, Johnny went again to school as calmly as Cincinnatus returned to his plough. He was fully occupied with his lessons, and did not trouble his head much about the triumph of the day before. He paid no attention to the admiration he excited in the mind of a little day-scholar, clad in a rough coat, who kept pace with him, step by step, as he walked, and regarded him intently. For several days the same thing was repeated, without Johnny taking any notice of it. However, by degrees, the little "bear-skin" companionship became familiar to Johnny. One day he happened to smile, the little fellow smiled in return, and every time that Johnny turned towards his companion, he found that he was still smiling, and making little friendly signs.

The other scholars did not fail to remark that Ironsides was always accompanied by this little shaggy "cub," and they shouted, "Here comes Saint Roch and his dog!" Johnny's first impulse was to quicken his pace, and so get rid of his troublesome companion; but the poor little fellow appeared so surprised and hurt when he perceived the impulse, that Johnny preferred to brave the "chaff" of his schoolmates rather than to give pain to the lad. He even addressed some questions to him respecting his studies and his progress in the school.

The little member of the Eighth Class did his best; but not having assistance given him at home, he often went astray. In the matter of books he was obliged to be very economical. Whenever it chanced that he did not catch a word in his dictation, or had imperfectly understood the marking of the lessons, he never dared to inquire of his companions. He had at first attempted to do so, but they made game of him, and gave him incorrect information. All this he stated so ingenuously, without any ill-feeling, and was much surprised that his hairy coat was made the object of certain satirical observations.

Nevertheless, he was not disheartened; he took all the remarks of his master in good part, even those most mortifying to his pride.

"It does not very much matter," he said, gently. "Father says it will all come right in the end. Of course it will be all right, if father says so."

Johnny related to his mother these troubles of his new acquaintance.

"Poor little fellow!" said Mrs. Ironsides, "it is very touching to see such a child, abandoned so entirely to his own exertions, giving proof of so much courage

and determination. I know where these good people live; they are terribly 'muddled up' together. I really do not understand how the poor child can find a corner in which to study quietly. There are three guinea-pigs besides, about which he has sometimes spoken, and a wonderful rabbit, whose good qualities occupy his attention very much. He resists the fascination as much as he can, but he says it is too powerful for him; and sometimes he is actually obliged to get up to kiss this wonderful animal."

Thus the subject dropped for the time; but Johnny got an idea into his head afterwards, of which he said nothing until it had become somewhat more matured. Some days afterwards, having turned the project well over in his mind in the interval, he said to his mother—

"My school work is not hard, and leaves me plenty of spare time; so it appears to me that I can be of some assistance to young Lawrence, if you see no objection."

"Your suggestion is a good one," replied Mrs. Ironsides, "but its accomplishment presents some difficulties which you have not sufficiently considered. In the first place, where do you think of studying?"

"Oh, I could go to his house, if his parents objected to his being out at night."

"I fancy it would 'put them out' considerably to have a total stranger seated amid all their higgledy-piggledy!"

"Well, then, if you have no objection, he might come here: the study is large enough. I must give up working by your side for the future. He can be with me there, under my inspection, without annoying me much."

"Be it so," replied Mrs. Ironsides. "But perhaps this lad is rather stupid, and it may be necessary to repeat over and over the same thing. Have you no fear that you may lose patience with him, and be sorry that you undertook the work? He is quite a child, and at first it will be a great thing for him to hear repeated at home, that it is a gracious act on your part to concern yourself about such as he is. But in a few days this feeling will wear off, and he will regard it as the most natural thing in the world, and won't concern himself about it. Are you sure that you will not be offended by his familiarity, by his tricks, by his aimless questions, and his yawns when tired? For be assured that he will get tired, and that he will let you see that he is so. He has been well grounded, for he respects his parents and his master; but his manners are quite unformed and *brusque*. Do you think you can promise that you will not be offended, and that you will not let him see that you are?"

"I will do my best," replied Johnny, "and I will put up with as much as I can, so that he may not have cause of complaint. Let me try, at any rate, and I will get you to assist me when I am in a fix. I cannot say that I shall succeed, because I have never attempted this kind of thing; but of one thing I am quite sure, and that is, that the poor little fellow is in want of assistance, and I will do my best to assist him."

Mrs. Ironsides therefore gave her consent to the project, and took upon herself to sound the Lawrences upon the subject.

Mr. Lawrence was very desirous of making an elaborate speech in acknowledgment, but he became so hopelessly involved at the very outset, that he would have never got through had not his wife taken the words out of his mouth, and put a stop to his struggling, by quietly saying, "Mrs. Ironsides, you are the kindest of women, and your son is worthy of you."

Here Mr. Lawrence "tried back," and made a vague allusion to the proverb, "Good dog breeds good dog;" but he could have bitten his tongue out when he saw his wife frown at him. She perceived that the "dog" simile was somewhat in dubious taste when applied to Mrs. Ironsides and her son.

When the visitors had left, the "candidate for the liberal professions" was congratulated on all sides. He alone appeared uneasy. He kept thinking whether, when they once had got him in the Rue du

Heaume, they would not keep him altogether. He had still fresh in his recollection the case of a young friend in his class, who had been taken to the college on the pretence of merely viewing that edifice; but when once inside, the door was shut upon him hard and fast. He now passed his days in weeping and bewailing his separation from a raven which he had tamed.

"I do not want to leave home," cried young Cyprian, as these thoughts crowded upon him, and he hid himself in his mother's skirts; "I don't want to go away from the rest, from the guinea-pigs, and the rabbit, and the swing!"

When, however, he was made to understand the difference between going to Mr. Ironside's house and going to school, and that Master Johnny, the object of his admiration, would assist him in his studies, and that perhaps he would be shown beautiful pictures, he expressed a desire to go at once, and all his parents' efforts were needed to moderate his ardour.

Johnny's young pupil was at first dazzled by the splendour of the Ironsides' mansion. Johnny could not resist the impulse to amuse himself a little with the lad's naïve admiration of all around him, and he asked him if he thought he would like to stay there.

"Oh! certainly not," replied Cyprian, with more candour than politeness.

"He is not refined," thought Johnny.

"It is very nice here, but I prefer to be at home, there is more fun going on."

Johnny was confirmed in his opinion.

"It is such a jolly place, our house is," continued the boy. "When you look out of the granary windows you can see ever so far; at a distance the cattle in the meadows, and the big clouds which chase each other above the trees. By leaning out a little you can see all the people passing underneath. And then there is the staircase, and can't you just slide down the balustrade! You can't do that here; it wouldn't be allowed. Then we have holes in the wall and tiles sticking up in the planking of the floors, and the house is much more convenient for playing 'hide and seek,' than this. We have the guinea-pigs and the rabbit besides."

"But," said Johnny, very seriously, "we have got hens, guinea-fowls, ducks, and pigeons."

The boy tossed his head contemptuously. "All those don't eat with you nor hide themselves in your bed! It isn't half so jolly. Besides," added the little student, keeping his best argument for the *finale*, "there are father's stories and adventures!"

They then applied themselves to work. Johnny had armed himself with a good stock of patience beforehand, but his supply was quickly exhausted. The child was so delighted at having lots of ink in the bottle that he made blots all over his copy-book. "It doesn't matter," he kept saying, and he licked up each blot immediately, and was greatly surprised to see his instructor make a grimace at this action. He rubbed his feet against the chairs, made the table shake continually, kept sniffing without any scruple, yawned without disguise, and occasionally whistled without the least compunction. When Mrs. Ironsides came into the room, instead of rising and standing up modestly, he kept his seat and giggled in a silly manner, and when she inquired whether he found his tasks difficult, he hung his head sheepishly, and never said a word. Mrs. Ironsides pretended not to notice all this, and did not, as Johnny hoped, give the boy the lesson in politeness which he so much needed.

Johnny therefore proceeded to do so when they were again alone. At first the little fellow did not know what to make of it, and displayed surprise at his admonition, which Johnny thought was in bad taste. He quickly discovered that he had done something wrong, and began to cry and to rub his eyes with his cuffs. Then for the remainder of the lesson he was so awkward, so upstart, so unhappy, and so generally stupid, that Johnny was obliged to allow him to do as he chose, instead of attempting to explain matters to him.

Mrs. Ironsides seeing that Johnny was

worried, refrained from making any inquiry as to his pupil's progress that day. Johnny had some difficulty in getting to sleep, and pondered over the subject deeply. He very quickly came to the conclusion that his mother's fears had been well grounded. He had been too nervous and irritable. He had thought of himself too much while engaged with young Lawrence. So he made up his mind to be more circumspect next time, and having arrived at this happy conclusion, went fast asleep.

Next day he came to teach with such a supply of patience and resignation ready, that his face wore an expression which struck even the little boy. "Well," said Johnny as a commencement, "what did your master say about your lessons to-day, eh?"

"He didn't say anything at all," was the reply.

Johnny was a little mortified to find that his trouble had been unappreciated. We are all fond of seeing the result of our efforts. Johnny should have been able to perceive that no result could show itself so quickly. He did confess as much to himself afterwards; but at the time he looked upon the silence of the master of the eighth class as a personal affront. He should have swallowed this magnanimously for the sake of his fellow-creature.

And what a fellow-creature! He had dirty hands, and his shaggy coat was evidently in want of a good brushing. Besides the fellow-creature had now such fear of taking too much ink that he ended by taking none at all! He was a perpetual worry. Nevertheless Johnny made no complaint. The poor little fellow who had evidently been "schooled" by his mother, only spoke in whispers, and did not dare to look either to the right or to the left.

At length Johnny asked him what was the matter with him, which was not the best way of putting him at his ease. Johnny felt so too, and as he had a kindly heart, he endeavoured to repair his error, and without effort assumed such a pleasant tone that the little fellow quite cheered up again. As a consequence he was immediately afflicted with restlessness in all his limbs, and stretched out his legs so forcibly that he slid over the seat of his chair, and would have disappeared altogether under the table, had not Johnny caught him by the collar and landed him again in safety. As the preceptor laughed heartily the pupil did the same, and hazarded the remark that it was very *rigolo*. Johnny replied, with some sternness, that it was very *amusing*, and kept for another occasion the philosophical remarks which he intended to make respecting the use of the term *rigolo*.

When the youthful aspirant for the liberal professions related his adventure at home, Mrs. Lawrence raised some doubt as to the propriety of the word *rigolo*. Camille declared that the "Lizards" frequently used it, but even that authority for its use could not remove Mrs. Lawrence's doubts. Mr. Lawrence then suggested a reference to Cyprian's little dictionary. After much searching the dictionary was discovered in the rabbit-hutch. No one had put it there, of course. So Mrs. Lawrence came to the ironical conclusion that the rabbit himself had carried it thither in order to consult it at leisure. After having thoroughly searched the book through, they were forced to come to the conclusion that the term *rigolo* was not French, and Mrs. Lawrence decided that under these circumstances, it would be better to avoid using it in future.

In such manner was the first little reform carried out in the Lawrence household, thus brought into contact in the person of one of its members, with good society. From being an adjective, the word RIGOLO became a proper name, and was bestowed upon the great, melancholy rabbit.

In the occupation of a teacher there is no medium condition. It is either a very vulgar profession, or a very fearful misery, or the school for self-denial and self-devotion.

Thanks to the advice of his mother, and to his own energetic will, Johnny soon discovered that the teacher's condition was neither vulgar nor painful. His mind soon expanded, for in teaching, one learns twice

over; his character got formed, and took a new cast.

When Michael Tretan and his associates learned that Johnny was engaged in teaching a "young unlick'd cub," they discovered in the information a source of innumerable jokes and so-called witticisms.

These gentlemen who had a pious horror of low company (for in the college there was no one very fashionable), were domesticated with a very distinguished private tutor, under the care of carefully selected assistants. For one must not make mistakes in such matters. There are masters *and* masters, as all men are not alike. Some masters are morose and exacting, who want their pupils to be always at work, who go to bed early and get up early, who taboo all the innocent amusements of the world. These are preceptors of the "old school."

Modern Chatillon had changed all that. The correct style of preceptor (according to modern Chatillon rules) were those who were the great desideratum of the age, those who followed progress, who fancied that they could not too soon instruct youth in good manners and polite language, and whose education should be carried on at least as much in the world as in the study. There was nothing severe about these, nothing



crabbed. They were the companions, as much as the instructors of their pupils. Instead of being steeped in Greek and Latin, and wearing an absurd, pedantic style of dress, they were men of the world, and capital hands at getting up a charade or a little dance.

For instance, the tutor of Michael Tretan was one whom you must designate a perfect gentleman. Having seen, at an early age, the very unsatisfactory career which so frequently follows the severe trials of a degree at the university, or even a fellowship, he made up his mind not to attempt them, and threw himself into the teaching line, impelled at first by a spirit of adventure, and afterwards from idleness. He knew the world, and happened to arrive from Russia just at the time when Mr. Tretan was seeking a tutor for his son. He had splendid fur coats, and "ideal" neckties, sparkling jewellery, and a "smack" of good society, which imposed upon Mr. Tretan at once. Besides, he knew Russian! what a novelty was this in Chatillon! Michael, who was destined for the Diplomatic Service could now learn the Russian language at his ease. The testimonials of the applicant having proved satisfactory, Michael was confided to his care. But the latter was not slow to perceive that his tutor was an idle man, and preferred the billiard-room to the study.

Michael, however, breathed no hint of his discovery, but he took advantage of it without scruple. He never learned anything, but this did not prevent his tutor from discovering that he had made wonderful progress. Everything went on swimmingly. When some peculiar notion arose in the brain of Mrs. Tretan respecting their "studies," she was met with the reply that, according to the tutor's account, it was "just the same in the best Russian circles." Michael's friends, Golightly and Balliol followed in the same path, under the guidance of two model tutors, whose only drawback was that they had not been accustomed to mix in the best society in Russia.



## Chapter XVII.

During the first period of his sojourn in Normandy, Theodore became home-sick; he pined for Chatillon, But he took care that no one should find out what was the matter, for, although he was somewhat whimsical and peculiar, he possessed a good heart, and was loth to inflict his troubles upon other people. Having made up his mind to remain with Mr. and Mrs. Nay, to whose comfort he believed himself absolutely necessary—more particularly now that they had a baby—he actually discovered that it would be extremely pleasant could he only have news direct from Chatillon. Once this idea entered his head, it grew up, and at length culminated in the purchase of a "Model Letter-Writer;" but, unfortunately, the sentences of the "Model Letter-Writer" were so high-flown, that Theodore, when reading them, felt a sensation as if a top were spinning in his brain. He didn't understand a word, and, besides, in the enormous number of "model" letters, he could not find a single specimen applicable to his particular case—viz., "A letter from some one of Chatillon, who is at present living in a house near Caudebec, in Caux, to somebody of Chatillon, who is actually living in Chatillon, to endeavour to obtain news of the district."

For at least eight days, Theodore, although outwardly cheerful and active, was really subdued and melancholy; but the more he aired his melancholy under the apple-trees in the little orchard, or the banks of the Seine, or in the narrow and winding streets of Caudebec, the less clearly he saw his way. At length, tired out, he confided his troubles to Mrs. Nay, who was only too ready to give him advice. He was very much surprised to learn that, when a person wishes to write anything, it is quite sufficient to put down simply what one wants



to say, as he would speak it. He had some notion that there were some wonderful formalities to be gone through, and that every idea destined to be embodied in a letter must of necessity be subjected to a twisting-up process for effect, just as sweetmeats are wrapped in gold paper.

"Then, if I understand you, madam," said he, "it is only necessary when I want to write to any one, to indicate those points on which I wish to get some information?"

"Quite so," replied Mrs. Nay.

"Suppose that the person were a barber, for instance?"

"It would be just the same; that is to say, unless you wanted news respecting a person's customers and business."

Thus all melancholy was banished from Theodore's mind as a mist is dissipated by the rising sun. Starting upon the fundamental principle that he ought to write just as he would have spoken, Theodore began to compose a letter which would recall him to the memory of his correspondent, and express to him his regret at being so far away from Chatillon, and his great desire for some news. When he had with infinite labour produced a model letter, he had only to recopy it a certain number of times equal to the number of people whom he wished to enter into correspondence with. Just as M. Jourdain wrote prose without knowing it, Theodore composed a circular without suspecting it.



The first reply came from the barber. He advised Theodore to address him in future as a hairdresser. Each of his correspondents replied, taking their time to do so, 'tis true; but they all *did* answer, and Theodore was the happiest of men, for he had now and henceforth a channel open to him, by which he could learn all the news of Chatillon. He quite ruined himself in postage-stamps! But as he remarked when people observed it, "Every servant has his little weakness, this is mine; it is my way of going to the public-house." He wrote to his friends his impressions of his travels in Normandy, with moral and original observations. Thanks to him and to certain sketches, people in Chatillon know all about the cottage at Caudebec, the distribution of the furniture, and the aspect of each room. In the centre of the drawing-room, for instance, he would portray a Theodore (sufficiently unconventional) armed with something like a feather brush, apparently dusting something resembling a cabinet. If you add to this labour of correspondence the excursions, the waiting, the letters to be rewritten, you will have some idea of a more industrious Theodore than the world had ever previously produced.

Two things disturbed the serenity of this good fellow's mind. The first was the absence of any workman inclined to insult Mr. Nay, and so depriving Theodore of the opportunity of thrashing him for the honour of the family. He would have been delighted to have had the chance, and we may reveal this little weakness, for, since he had taken to writing, he would certainly have revealed it himself.

The second trouble was that there was some evident sorrow in the family. Mrs. Nay was sometimes discovered in tears, and Theodore knew, through his correspondents, that Mrs. Ironsides was sad, and that Mr. Ironsides was much altered. Master Johnny was not himself either. Miss Martha alone displayed any firmness.

Johnny was at the time at the top of the second class, and he had been as successful as the most ambitious boy could have wished. His little pupil had also distinguished himself in the seventh class. He became in his turn mentor to the number following that which he had followed a year previously in the way which led to "the liberal professions!" Johnny was very proud of him, and could see himself reflected in his work as it were. Without being vain he had a right to be proud of the results he had attained. But Johnny, nevertheless at times wore a melancholy expression, which suited well his gentle and serious counte-

nance. He displayed a languor which impelled him at times to throw himself wearily into a chair, or upon a sofa, and remain thus for an hour at a time without speaking, dreaming of I know not what, and watching the clouds chasing each other across the sky. The Doctor, who was consulted upon the subject, said that it was merely a consequence of his time of life.

But Johnny was too sensible to take delight in these enervating reveries, and in those ideal aspirations which induce a booby of sixteen (the blockhead of all sentimental romances, whether he be of the modern or middle ages), to ask the swallow whither it goes, who begs that the lark will carry him up to the blue vault of heaven, and who apostrophizes the nightingale to unfold to him the secret of her unfathomed sadness.

At this time of life boys grow into young men—a painful age for the body, a dangerous one for the soul; the time when those who do not possess good and sterling principles, launch out into all kinds of every-day pleasures under the pretext of attaining the ideal!

Whenever Johnny—worthy son of Ironsides—found himself dreaming and wandering away after the clouds, he would start up and walk about the room. Happily he had never been initiated in self-culture, as expressed above. Instead of expressing in prose and verse that he felt a void in his heart, or calling that useful organ a lyre, an Æolian harp, or some other romantic instrument, he used to say—

"I am dreaming. I must return to every-day life, and once there what shall I find? Why, duty in all its phases! But those feeling hearts will say—Is not duty a terribly prosaic thing? Prosaic! What in the whole world is more poetic and grander than the struggle, the intense suffering, and the stimulating delight of a victory over self! It is because duty is hard and difficult to accomplish that it is the very ideal of life. Moralists of the rose-water school, who contend that duty is easy of accomplishment, and that virtue is always rewarded, mistake our view as entirely as those romancers who are always sailing upon a blue lake under a cloudless and starry sky. Life is a conflict; that is the real truth, and the only happiness in the world falls to the lot of the conquerors."

When Martha had completed her twentieth year, all Chatillon knew why the Ironsides were so sad. Martha, many years previously, had expressed a desire to enter a convent. Mrs. Ironsides had induced her to wait and consider the matter, and Martha had dutifully given way; but on the very day upon which her probation expired, she announced that her resolution had undergone no change.

When the news leaked out, a good deal of surprise was expressed by everybody. But after the first shock of the intelligence had passed away, the clever ones declared that they had suspected it all along! Those who could always explain everything, found plenty of reasons (except the right one) for this also. The jesting ones admired—and sincerely admired—Miss Martha, but had not the slightest idea of following her example. Miss Golightly confessed that a nun's life had its advantages, no doubt; but that, for her own part, she could never bring herself to get up before dawn. Miss Balliol said, while toying carelessly with her beautiful curls, that it made her shudder to think of being a nun; for to become one it was necessary to shave the head, and that in itself was sufficient to make one relinquish any profession.

The Curate of St. Luke's was, on that evening when Martha's decision was made known, going to play a game of whist at the house of the old Marchioness of Argencelles.

"Come here," said the Marchioness, as the Curate entered. "You are ten minutes late, and we are all burning with impatience to hear what you think of this startling news. Is it really true that little Ironsides is about to take the veil?"

"Yea, quite true."

"It appears to me," said one of the party, "that she has taken this idea into her head

very suddenly. Why, she was at a ball only eight days ago!"

"She was compelled by her mother to go."

"Oh! her mother bade her, did she?" replied the gentleman, in a sarcastic tone, "a compliance which did not cost her much in any case. I never saw any one enjoy a dance more."

"Baron," said the Marchioness, smiling, "you are too bad. I am quite sure, as the Curate remarked, that she went to the ball only to mortify herself, poor child, unless, indeed, one could imagine that——"

And the lady, as was her wont, left off without finishing her sentence with a kind of suggested interrogation. She, in her secret heart hoped that under all this lay hidden one of those secret histories, respecting which every woman, young or old, commoner or duchess, is equally partial. The Curate in his simplicity, did not perceive that the trap had been set for him, and he replied good humouredly—

"Excuse me, madam, I said she was compelled to go, not that she went by way of mortifying herself. It is quite four years since Miss Ironsides manifested a desire to enter a convent. As she is an affectionate young person she gave way to the arguments of her mother, who wished to test her sincerity, and so she still went out. Why should she adopt the air of a victim? It is something to obey, but there is a still greater merit in cheerful obedience."

"But," said the Marchioness, in a disappointed tone, "her poor mother must be wretched."

"It is, no doubt, a great grief for her," replied the clergyman, "but Mrs. Ironsides is no ordinary person. She is a Salmon, as you know, and in that family they are more accustomed to consider other people than themselves, Unfortunately, this may appear extraordinary in this present age. But the proof exists; she has accepted her lot; she knows her daughter will be happy, and she resigns herself in a Christian spirit to the inevitable. There would have been no need for her to say, 'I command you,' but merely 'I wish it,' and her daughter would have relinquished her project. But Mrs. Ironsides did not say so."

"She is very wrong," said the Baron, warmly. "Miss Ironsides could just as well have been good in the world. Is there not some little *trait* of selfishness at the bottom of this renouncing of the world and cares of life in order to go to heaven without any worry, as one might walk in slippers in a nicely shaded garden path."

"Sir," cried the clergyman, somewhat scandalized, "you evidently do not know the young lady, or you would apologize for the words you have just uttered. She has the true spirit of self-abnegation and self-sacrifice, and I have never before heard any remarks respecting slippers and sanded garden walks uttered in connection with the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul."

"Ah! do you really say so?" replied the Baron, a little disconcerted.

"Baron," said the Marchioness, "I have already told you that you are no better than an infidel. Here, deal the cards, that will put a stop to your moralizing." and play began accordingly.

"When the Captain, who had been for a long time in the secret, officially announced the news to Mrs. Lawrence, that good woman could not help crying. "You think," said the Captain, proudly, "what a capital sister of mercy she will make. I do not pity the sick under *her* care."

Mrs. Aubry did not find fault openly with Mrs. Ironsides for having consented, although she had a very great mind to do so.

"They say that that kind of thing is a great blessing for the family," said Mr. Aubry, taking his pipe from his lips. "She will now pray for her parents, and do penance for them."

"My idea is that they scarcely need it," said his wife.

"Well, then, it will do for somebody else who is in greater want of it than they."

So salutary is the effect of a really deeply-seated grief, that all little painful worries are obliged to give way like mists. From the day that Johnny was made aware of his

sister's irrevocable decision, he entirely gave up his habits of dreaming and castle-building. He talked long and earnestly with his dear Martha on indifferent subjects, but which in reality tended to bring to light the most noble and the most elevated sentiments of our human nature. At this time, also, Johnny became passionately devoted to the compositions of the greatest musicians, and found them in harmony with the chords of his own soul.

I leave to philosophers the trouble and the honour of deciding what part Music plays in the perfecting of human nature. All that I know is, that there are certain phrases in Music which lift certain souls above their ordinary spheres.

"It is very singular," said Johnny to his sister, while she was playing a piece of Schubert's to him, "that, whenever I hear certain melodies, I picture to myself certain actions. I feel a thrill through my veins, and a disposition to accomplish something noble. Play me that movement again, dear, please," and he began to stride up and down the room.

"What are you thinking of, dear?" she asked.

"Of all kinds of things, and amongst the rest, that I should very much like to be a soldier."

"Still harping upon that," said Martha, reproachfully. "Was it not agreed between us that you would speak no more upon that subject? Is not duty to be done everywhere? Can you not find opportunities for devotion in every phase of life? You know that papa cannot bear to entertain the idea of the manufactory passing into other hands. Besides, dear, Margaret has left home. I shall soon have gone, and some one must remain. Were I as necessary to our parents' happiness as you are, I would give all my projects willingly."

"I know all that quite well," replied Johnny, with a sigh. "I must devote myself, then, to buying wool, to overlooking workpeople, and to looking after the cloth manufactory every day. See what it is," he added, smiling, "to belong to such a celebrated line as ours!"

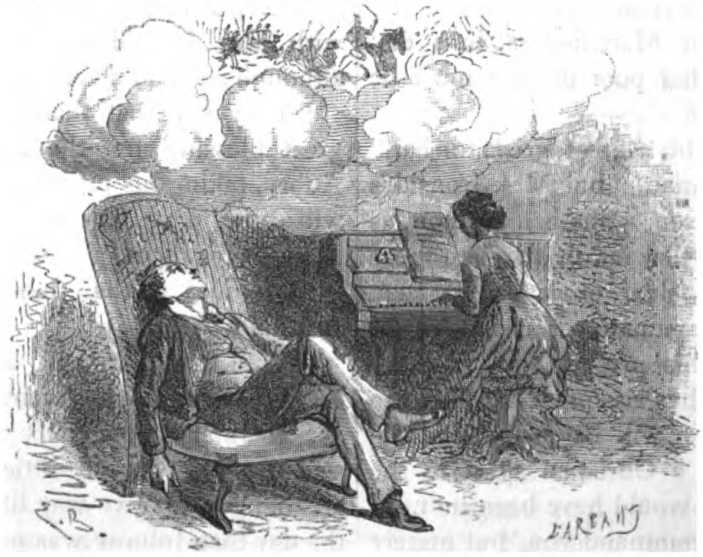
"Precisely so. Resign yourself, therefore, to the prospect of dying in your bed. It is not everybody's business to get himself shot, or killed by a bayonet thrust!"

"If I might only be a doctor. Doctors——"

"Nonsense. Come, now, listen to this *andante*."

"Oh, you have played that slow movement beautifully! But do you know what your *andante* says to me? 'It is a fine thing to *weave* for one's native land, but to *die* for her is a very much finer destiny!"

"Gracious! what a horrible brother I have got, to be sure! Stay there now, and spout as if you were in your elocution class, or doing your *viva voce* Latin!"



## Chapter XVIII.

The person whom Uncle John dignified by the title of housekeeper was a worthy, albeit somewhat eccentric native of Chatillon, very fond of and very much attached to her master. She was, indeed, a worthy soul, and though sixty years of age, was upright as a poplar. She boasted a slight moustache on the upper lip and a little beard beneath the chin. Often in his younger days had Johnny Ironsides compared her to the wolf which had devoured the grandmother of Little Red Riding Hood, when she impudently dressed up in her nightcap. The housekeeper's favourite expression was—"This place must be kept straight." By "this" she meant Uncle John's little house and Uncle John himself into the bargain. And, as a matter of fact, the house was properly looked after, and was very tidy. Uncle John, with his limited means, lived a life as comfortable as a colonel on active service, as he said himself. To be sure, there were occasional little disagreements; for instance, when Uncle John came in from his fishing wet through, or very much flushed as if he had had a sun-stroke. So Uncle John was very particular when he was in fault to confess all his errors at once, so as not to exasperate his housekeeper, who, after



all, was one of the best creatures in the world.

One day she presented herself before Mrs. Ironsides, crying—

"Madame, he is red all over, and he does stare so! He has been calling me all sorts of names, and wants me to put him to bed."

Mrs. Ironsides without asking many questions left the house quickly, and found Uncle John in bed with a doctor beside him, and a very obliging neighbour, who did little but hold her hands up towards heaven.

He was delirious. He calmed down a little when Mrs. Ironsides came in and addressed her as "Colonel." He then subsided, but immediately afterwards woke up to say that the weather was warm, that indeed he had scarcely ever experienced such heat. He then began to speak of the brambles through which he had to struggle, and of the cactus spines which had torn his legs. The "Colonel" was careful not to inform him that the cactus spines in question were nothing but mustard plaster?

"Beware of the Arabs," said the invalid, as he lay down to doze. Then opening his eyes, he perceived his servant. "There is one," he cried, as he threatened her, with his clenched fist. The wretched Arab thereupon descended to the kitchen, where she poured out her grief to the obliging neigh-

bour. But she had not much time to compare notes and impressions. Leeches had to be applied, then ice, and afterwards more mustard plasters.



When the obliging neighbour ventured into the sick man's room, the Captain would exclaim, "Here is another; surround her, do not kill her; frighten her, so that she may tell us where the other one is!" She had never met with such conduct before,

and returned to the kitchen crying, "Oh, dear; he is quite mad, poor man!"

Martha having come to see him, he said, "Now, sister, look at me closely; tell me candidly, yes or no, does my head resemble that of an old linnet?"

Martha, divided between her feeling of respect for her uncle and her fear of contradicting him, hesitated to reply—

"You may retire," said the Captain; "you have not learnt your business."

Johnny, on the contrary, was better received.

"Is it not true, Major, that I have a linnet's head?"

"Quite so," Johnny replied.

"I am quite aware of it. I have something on my mind; now, as you are really my friend——"

"Excuse me, Captain," said Johnny, who was very much puzzled what to do next; "excuse me, but the Colonel says that I must not talk any more at present."

"The Colonel says so? All right, I will hold my tongue after that. Just tell those flies to stop buzzing in my ears. I am rather puzzled about a young lad who wants to be a soldier against the wishes of his parents; when you see him—I have got such a blow on the head." Here the invalid relapsed into insensibility.

"How unfortunate it is," said Mrs. Ironsides to her son, "that to-morrow will be the day for the Exercise."

"Oh! I shall not compete," said Johnny; "I shall not leave uncle."

"And the class-prize?" said Mrs. Ironsides.

Johnny shrugged his shoulders and hung his head. He had a strong disposition to cry, the corners of his mouth trembled. For a lad of his age to relinquish a prize already his own was a great sacrifice. He decided to give it up, but it cost him a great deal to do so.

So he remained, and his patience was severely tried. I do not know what part the Captain in his delirium assigned him, but every time Uncle John woke, if he perceived a book in his hand he called him sternly to order. "Reading is not the way to attend on me," he said, in a rough tone. So to avoid irritating him, Johnny relinquished his books. The time passed very slowly in the sick chamber, particularly as reading was forbidden, and Johnny was terribly weary, but he knew he was doing good, and he fought against the sensation of tediousness. Mrs. Ironsides became anxious about him as he was so pale, but she admired his energy and his strength of will.

One morning the Captain awoke after a good night's rest, and in a weak voice called for "Silvia."

The owner of that sweet name was the housekeeper. Silvia being of necessity absent, Mrs. Ironsides approached the bed on tip-toe. The Captain was so weak that he could scarcely turn his head.

"How is it that you are here?" he asked. "What has happened? It seems to me that I am scarcely as I used to be!"

"You have been very ill for the last fortnight; but, thank God, you are now better," said Mrs. Ironsides.

"Is it possible?" cried the Captain, opening his eyes in astonishment; "then you have been nursing me."

"Johnny has helped me."

The Captain said nothing immediately; he endeavoured to collect his thoughts, and cogitated deeply.

When he had been silent for some time, he beckoned to his niece to approach.

"Are we quite alone?" he asked.

"Yes, uncle."

"What has been the matter with me? Now tell me frankly."

"You have had an attack of fever, and have been delirious."

"And what have I been saying, eh?" asked the Captain, looking at her uneasily.

"You have been raving of Arabs, cactus, hyænas, and of murdered guards."

"Well, and besides."

"Besides! That's all. But, my dear uncle, the Doctor says that you must not talk any more."

The sick man apparently submitted to

this direction, and closed his eyes. But he did not sleep, for he was aware that Johnny had come in, and that his mother spoke to him in a whisper. She soon afterwards went out of the room, leaving the uncle and nephew together.

About a moment after the Captain's cotton nightcap moved upon the pillow, and he addressed his nephew in a weak and agitated voice—

"Are you there, Johnny?"

"Yes, uncle."

"Come forward, then."

Johnny advanced.

"Look me in the face. You have been attending me all this time?"

"Yes, uncle."

"What have I been talking about?"

"You have spoken of a boy——"

"Yes, that's it; now we've got it. Well!"

"Whose head you have almost turned with your anecdotes——"

"Quite true."

"And who would distress his parents very much by being a soldier."

"Just so. Well, my boy, d'ye see, as true as——"

"Now, uncle, you must not talk; you will only tire yourself. I know what you are going to say, and here is my answer. The boy will never distress his parents. He is not going to be a soldier, he is going to be a manufacturer."

"That is all right," said the Captain. "We can see things with half an eye. Give me your hand, my boy. Gracious, how thin I have grown. I think I could drink something, Johnny."

Next day, Johnny went back to school, but the class prize was lost. However, he consoled himself more easily than he had at first thought possible. Besides, he had a most agreeable surprise.

His rival, Robins, knowing that Johnny was kept from school by his uncle's illness, had, in the name of his comrades, requested that the master would permit them to do the composition over again, in order that Ironsides might have an opportunity of competing. But the regulations were very properly opposed to this. The master, however, was much pleased, and it was from him that Johnny learned the circumstances after his return to school. He attempted to express his obligations to Robins, but he passed the thing off jokingly, and would hear nothing on the subject. Still, though he could prevent Johnny thanking him, Robins could not prevent our hero from admiring and loving him. There were times when Johnny, in spite of himself, kept glancing at Robins to catch his good-humoured look and pleasant smile. As the day scholars occupied the front forms, Johnny was obliged to turn round when he wished to see his friend. The master, accustomed to see him so attentive and quiet, asked if Master Ironsides had not, by some strange chance, become somewhat unsteady. Sometimes the smile intended for Robins was intercepted by some other boy, who was moving about, and who never failed to reply by a grimace, so he was obliged to wait another opportunity.

As the master just then gave vent to a little impatient cough, Johnny, much ashamed, bent his head over his book. But in about five minutes, which appeared an age to him, he was once more possessed with the same desire to turn round. At first he resisted courageously, but he seemed regularly inoculated with the spirit of restlessness, and felt a sort of tingling sensation in all his limbs. What schoolboy has not experienced this sensation of nervousness, which some evince by a series of yawns, some by rapid changes of position, others by a sudden extending of their legs like springs, scraping the floor with their nailed boots as they do so. Johnny, up to this time, had almost escaped, so attentive had he always been in class. Only after school had he become aware of the stiffness in his knees and the lassitude in his limbs. But from the hour his attention was divided, the struggle was wearisome, in consequence of his impatience and forgetfulness.

Take one example from among a thousand. They were translating Virgil one day. They had arrived at the part in which Æneas is

represented as invoking the shades of the Mighty Dead—the spectres of those illustrious Trojans who had perished. His hair bristled on his head, his words died on his tongue, he wept. Johnny, preoccupied, stifled a yawn behind his hand, and discovered, for the first time, that the pious Æneas wept very often. He was rather ashamed of this reflection, and he had quite a struggle between his respect for Virgil and his very strong desire to vote the whole thing a bore. The translating lesson went on.

Unfortunately, another catastrophe was arrived at. Æneas this time wept more abundantly than ever.

"What, again!" cried Johnny, impatiently. His attention began to wander; he knew it, he felt it, he regretted it. But, notwithstanding all he could do, it would wander. The smiling face and curly hair of his friend Robins arose amid the sad spectres of Hecuba and Priam, and mixed even with the dark and whirling smoke-clouds of the burning of Troy. It was too much. He felt "pins and needles" in his right ankle, and a deadness in his left leg. This was the supreme moment!

He felt the master's gaze fixed upon him, and that, too, with unusual severity. There was nothing for it; he turned his head, when——

"Go on, Ironsides," said a well-known voice.

Ironsides could not proceed, because he had not the slightest notice where the place was. Everybody looked at him, and he became scarlet.

"As it is your first offence," said the master, "I will not punish you; but take warning."

Johnny, in great confusion, returned to the woes of Troy, which the next boy, Grenville, read out in a sepulchral tone, with many mistakes. When Grenville had finished, Picton began in a voice like a cock with the quinsey; and after him the reading proceeded, gravely or flippantly, slowly or rapidly, hesitatingly or in a jerky style, but always monotonous. Johnny followed as well as he could, and "chewed the cud" of his mortification. Suddenly a piece of paper was thrust into his hand. What could this mean? Not one of the boys had stirred, yet the paper had been passed down from Robins at one end of the class to Johnny at the other, under the very nose of the master. Johnny opened the note; it ran thus—

"My dear old Chap,—Don't turn round any more, he (the master) is looking at you all the time, and you'll get into a row if you do. "Tuus Robinus."

Johnny placed the note carefully in his pocket-book, in order to preserve the remembrance of an action at once generous and plucky on the part of Robins, who had run a great risk to do him a service. Johnny thenceforth not only had Robins' name always on his lips, but he could think of nothing but his friend.



# THE LOST RIFLE; OR, SCHOOL BOY FACTION.

## A SECOND TALE OF NETHERCOURT.

BY THE REV. H. C. ADAMS, M.A.

### CHAPTER XI.—THE LAST STRAW.

"HA, a letter from my father, I declare," exclaimed Marshall, as one which had just arrived by the mid-day mail was put into his hand. "I didn't expect it so soon, but that doesn't matter."

"What is it, Jack?" asked Walters, looking up from a note which had arrived for him by the same post. "Have you got notice that you are to leave Nethercourt—is that it?"

"That's it, my boy," answered Marshall, folding up the paper, which he had just finished reading. "My father writes me word that I am to leave at once. It is a long way, you see, to Tunis, and the communication with it is rather irregular; so I am to go up at once to my cousin's in London, and sail by the first vessel in which I can secure a passage."

"At once?" repeated Paget. "Not to-day, I suppose, Jack? Why, you really take one's breath away! And what are you going to do when you get out there? Fancy being in Africa, among the ruins of Carthage, perhaps, in another week. That seems wonderful, even in these days."

"I shan't have much to do with Carthage, or Rome either, Fred," returned Marshall. "'Spect my acquaintance with those chaps will come to an end when I leave Nethercourt. My father means to take me into his office. There is a vacancy, he writes word."

"I wish some one would take me into anything, so that I got out of this place!" exclaimed Lane. "I am heartily sick of it, I know that!"

"So am I," said Paget. "I think it gets more disagreeable every day. I shall try to get taken away at Christmas."

"I should do the same if I were you," said Marshall, "only I should like to have it out with those Scots before I went."

"Ditto, say I," cried Lane, "their insolence gets greater every day. There was Huntley only this morning insinuating that we shirked out of that volunteer match after all; that it was one of us who wrote that letter to Captain Wortley which made him break it off."

"And how does he account for Campbell's refusing to show Captain Wortley's answer, then?" asked Paget.

"There's something very odd about that answer," observed Snow. "It was read out to half a dozen of Campbell's friends on Tuesday evening, and ever since then they have been continually practising in the Rifle-ground. I thought at first it was only that they were anxious to win the belt among them, but I am sure there is something more in it."

"I think so too," said Lane. "I chanced to hear Cartwright and Lightfoot saying to one another yesterday, that if they only continued to improve as they were then doing, they would make a good show after all. I couldn't think what they meant."

"But I can tell you," said Walters. "I have got a note here from old Miles. I had asked him to find out anything about the volunteer match at Wortley Park, thinking something he said might explain the mystery that's puzzling us. He writes me word that he will be prevented from coming here for some days, and therefore sends me a letter. This is it:—

"'MR. WALTERS,—SIR,—The Captain will want me at the Park to-morrow, and perhaps on Monday, so I write to tell you all as I've heard. Your party, it seems, isn't to come to the match on Wednesday, but on the Saturday afterwards. I know that, because Mr. Edward says to me to-day, that,

from all he've heard, there's very likely to be a better match 'twixt Mr. Campbell's party and his side, than any they'd have on the great day. I don't understand why the change have been made, but I dare say you do.—From your humble servant,

'J. WELCH.'"

"Campbell and his party going over to Wortley Park after all!" exclaimed Lane.

"How in the world has that been managed?" cried Marshall.

"By shameful trickery!" burst out Paget. "I couldn't help suspecting something or other was brewing, though I could not have believed Campbell would have done anything so mean and underhand as this. But it's only too clear. He must have written to Captain Wortley to say that the four fellows who came first on the list didn't want to shoot, or weren't fit to shoot, or whatever other lie it may have suited him to write; but that he himself would bring a party to the Park who would be glad to come."

"That is it, depend on it," assented Lane; "that accounts for their continued practising. Their four are—Campbell, Irving, Huntley, and Cartwright, and Lightfoot to score. Abominably mean, I must say!"

"I quite agree in that," said Walters. "But can't we do anything to prevent it?"

"What could we do?" asked Lane.

"Well, we five might at least go up into the Rifle-ground, and give them a regular good thrashing," suggested Marshall. "Man for man, I'll be bound we should do it thoroughly. I'd tackle Cartwright; he's just about my size. Jerry here could take Huntley."

"Please, leave Huntley to me, if it is to be done," exclaimed Paget and Walters in the same breath. "I should like nothing better than bestowing a regular sound licking on him," added Walters.

"It wouldn't be a bad afternoon's work, certainly," asserted Lane; "and I beg to say I entirely approve of Jack's arrangements. Besides, if Paget were to take Huntley in hand, who's to handle Campbell?"

"Aye, there's the difficulty," said Walters. "If we are to pitch into the Scots—and I'm sure I'm game to do that as soon as ever you like—but if we are to do it, it must be at some time when Campbell is out of the way."

"Why so?" asked Paget.

"Because he would be sure to refuse to fight, on the ground of being Chief," said Walters, "and would go straight to the Doctor if we tried it on. Why, you heard him say so, Fred, the other day yourself. You can't have forgotten it, surely."

"I haven't forgotten that, or one or two other things either," replied Paget. "The question is, whether he will be able to carry out all that he professed."

"Depend on it he would," returned Walters. "He is as proud as a peacock, and as obstinate as a mule. He said he would go to the Doctor if one of the first class should be struck; and go to the Doctor he would."

"I know his pride and his obstinacy too," returned Paget. "But his pride shall have a fall, I am determined of that. As for obstinacy, perhaps I may happen to be as obstinate as he is. I tell you," he continued, raising his voice still louder, "that I *will* humble him, I don't say thrash him, for he is no doubt plucky enough, and knows how to fight better than most. But fight he shall, if he won't beg pardon!"

"You'll be expelled if you hit him, and he goes to the Doctor," said Snow.

"I don't care if I am," cried Paget; "come along, the sooner this is over the better."

He walked off as he spoke. The other Picts followed, as did also a great many of the other boys who had gradually gathered round him.

Meanwhile the Scots were assembled in the Rifle-ground in great good humour with themselves. Old Welch's information was quite correct. Captain Wortley's note had contained an invitation to Campbell personally to come over to the Park, and bring any of the boys, who might like to shoot in a private match with his sons and nephews,

since it appeared that some of the regular champions of the school were unwilling to take part in the public match on the 3rd. This postscript Campbell had intended to communicate to the whole school; and in all likelihood, if Paget had met him in a friendly spirit, he would have been one of those invited to accompany him.

But the quarrel which had broken out, after the reading of the Captain's letter, together with Paget's violence, and refusal to give a complete explanation, had determined Campbell to have no more to do with him, or the other chiefs of the Picts; whom he regarded with great and growing dislike. No sooner, therefore, had he got his own immediate followers into a place where they could not be overheard, than he read out the invitation, asking them whether they wished it to be accepted or not. Huntley and the others caught eagerly at the notion. It was particularly welcome to them for more than one reason. In the first place, a party at the Park was at all times pretty sure to be good fun for all present. In the next, they would have an opportunity of redeeming the credit of the Nethercourt Corps, which, it was felt, had suffered somewhat through the refusal of the challenge. Above all, it would mortify and provoke their adversaries to the utmost.

It was at once resolved that the invitation should be accepted; and in order to prevent any attempt to upset their plans, the strictest silence was to be observed respecting the party, Campbell undertook to speak to the Head Master, and obtain his leave, on the day before the party. They then went to work with a will to prepare for the encounter. For two or three days everything seemed to favour the scheme. The Picts, disgusted for the time with Rifle-shooting, and fancying that the only object of their antagonists in practising so continually was to win the belt from Paget, left them in uninterrupted possession of the Rifle-ground, amusing themselves indeed entirely with cricket, for which the weather was still sufficiently mild.

The practice of the Scots progressed most satisfactorily. The Chief's shooting seemed to improve every time he took his rifle in hand. On the Wednesday and Thursday his average was higher than it had been on any previous occasion; on the Friday it was equal to the highest score made by Marshall any day that year. Irving also shot his best; and even Cartwright's and Huntley's performances were not unworthy of their colleagues. When they entered the Rifle-ground on Saturday for their fourth day's practice, they were in the highest possible spirits.

"If we only go on like this," cried Huntley, as the clear ringing sound was heard, which credited another bull's eye to Campbell's account, "the fellows here will have no right to complain of us as their representatives. I compared the total score yesterday with those of the four who were to have shot in the original match, and they were very nearly the same. I must say, Archie, I don't think Paget did you any very great harm in hiding your rifle away after all!"

"Or in writing to Captain Wortley to get the match stopped either," added Cartwright.

"What, you think he really did do that, do you?" asked Lightfoot. "No doubt he and Walters wrote the letter, which old Miles took. I saw them writing it myself; and, indeed, I don't think they ever denied it; but I can't understand what could have been Paget's motive. The Picts were quite hot about going over to Wortley Park, and very savage when they found that a stopper had been put on it. Paget was as savage as anyone."

"All acting," said Huntley. "He knew by that time that he had been seen by Dunning on Wednesday night carrying off the rifle; and he was afraid if the party went over to Wortley Park, that the Captain might ask questions and get hold of the truth. Depend on it."

"I wish you would say nothing about Paget," interposed Campbell; "he has behaved shamefully, no doubt. But I would give almost anything not to be obliged to believe it."

"Well, I won't say any more about it," said Huntley; "only I think you take it too much to heart. It is Paget who ought to be ashamed, not you."

"To do him justice, I think both he and the other Picts *are* heartily ashamed of themselves," said Cartwright. "They have kept carefully out of our way ever since the row took place, and I expect mean to do so."

"More's the pity," said Huntley. "I only wish they would come and see our shooting. It would do them good, I think."

As if in answer to his words, the door of the Rifle-ground was thrown open at this moment, and the four chiefs of the Picts, followed by a considerable number of boys, entered.

"You have your wish sooner than you expected," muttered Irving to himself, as the boys approached. "What now, I wonder! There is going to be another blow up, I judge. When will a quiet man be allowed to be at peace again?"

The three Scots were evidently of Irving's opinion; and the prospect of a row appeared to be even less agreeable to them than to Irving. They tried hard to preserve their composure, but in general with very doubtful success. Huntley, whose turn it was to shoot, sent his bullet altogether wide of the mark, instead of striking the centre, as he had done with both his previous bullets. Cartwright and Lightfoot, though they kept their ground, evidently wished themselves a dozen miles off; and the juniors who had attached themselves to the Scot faction, looked on, half in awe, and half in anger at the approaching row between their elders. Campbell alone did not exhibit the slightest discomposure. He stepped into Huntley's vacant place, levelled his rifle, and scored his bullseye, as quietly as though he and his adherents alone had been present. Paget paused for a few moments, expecting perhaps that the Chief would take some notice of his evident wish to address him; but finding that the former, to all appearance, wholly ignored his presence, he was obliged to commence the proceedings himself.

"Campbell," he said, "there are some questions which I and the other fellows wish to ask, and which we think you are bound to answer."

"Indeed," said Campbell, shortly.

"Yes, indeed," repeated Paget, his eye kindling as he noticed the contemptuous calmness of his former friend's demeanour.

"Do the questions concern my office as Chief?" asked Campbell. "If so, I should not refuse to answer them; if they concern you personally, I must decline to have anything to do with you."

"I and the other fellows do not care a straw about your office. We think you have pretty nearly lost your senses with your absurd pride, since the Doctor made you Chief. The matter is altogether a personal one, and we are determined——"

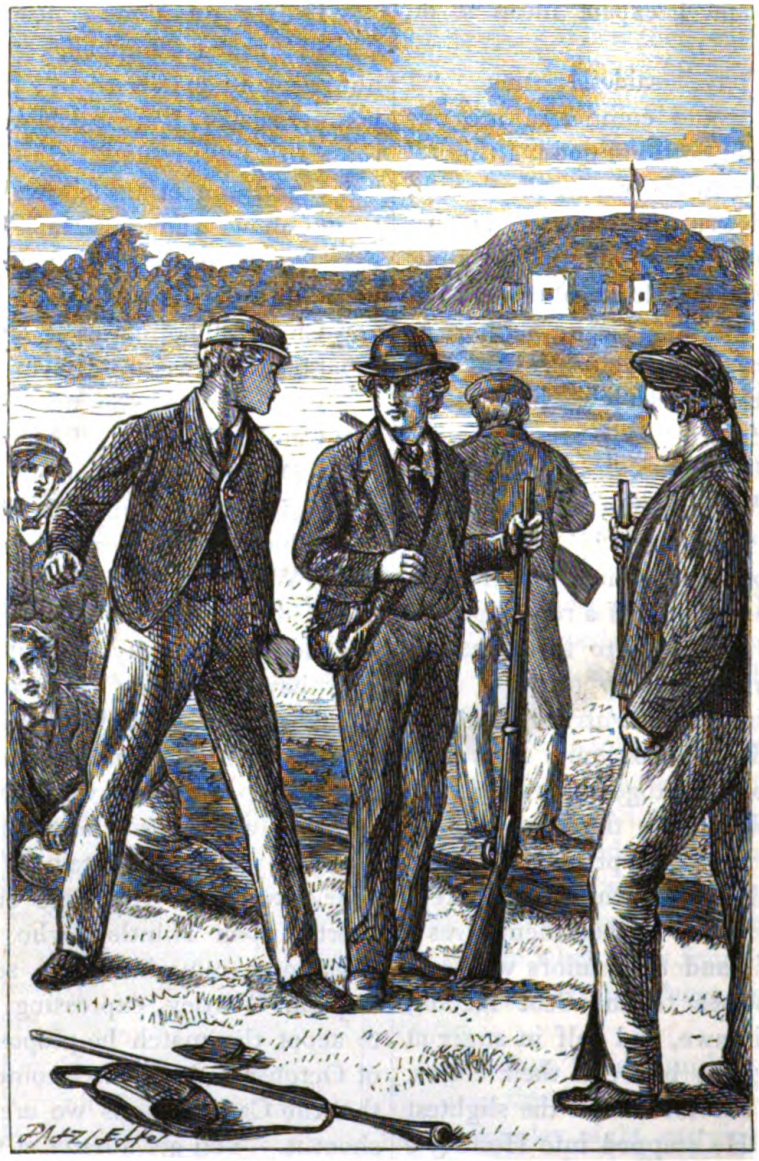
"In that case, you need say no more," said Campbell, coldly. "After what I learnt from Dunning on Monday, I have quite resolved to have no more to do with you."

"What did you learn from Dunning?" asked Walters.

"It does not signify," interposed Paget. "It does not signify what it was. As for your having nothing more to do with me, Campbell, you need not trouble yourself to say that. I had quite come to the same resolution. But that won't help you here. We have a right to know what has passed between you and Captain Wortley. Hold your row, will you," he added, turning shortly upon Huntley, who was about to offer some remark. "We sent a letter to Captain Wortley, expressing our readiness to shoot the match he proposed on the 3rd of October. An answer comes back saying that the Captain finds we are unwilling to shoot it. You get a letter at the same time from him, which you refuse to communicate to the school. We, believing, in spite of everything—at least, I, at all events, so believed—that you would not be guilty of a mean and shabby trick, let the matter pass. I really fancied myself that the Captain and his sons wished for some reason to avoid the match. Now we find, that so far from this being the case, he is going to have you

Huntley, and Cartwright, and either Irving or Lightfoot to shoot the very match to which we had been invited. It is impossible for anybody not to suspect that there has been underhand dealing here. And we have a right to demand that the letters which have passed between you and Captain Wortley should be produced. When that has been done, I am sure I, for one, have no wish to have anything more to do with you."

"Very well," said Campbell. "Now I think I have heard all you have to say; and it is easily answered. If everything had been straightforward and above-board on your part, I should have read out to you the postscript of Captain Wortley's letter last Tuesday. As it is, I think the conduct of you and your friends has altogether forfeited any right you might have had to an explanation; and I refuse once and for all to say anything more on the subject. Now, if you please, we will go on with the practice."



"He stepped forward as he spoke."—(See page 325.)

"Wait a bit, not just yet," said Paget. "Campbell, you declared a day or two ago, when I was going to thrash Huntley for his impertinence, that you would go to the Doctor to prevent me from doing so, if I

tried it on. I just wish to ask you whether you mean to persist in that."

"Certainly," said Campbell, "I shall not allow any of the first-class to be thrashed."

"Not even yourself," continued Paget.

"Myself," exclaimed Campbell, with more anger in his tone than he had shown before. "What do you mean, Paget!"

"I mean that you have treated me meanly and shabbily," said Paget, "and you will fight me if you have not sunk to be a downright coward."

Campbell hesitated. He was evidently taken completely by surprise, and his indignation at Paget's language struggled hard with his sense of duty. Huntley hastened to interfere. "You will not of course fight, Campbell," he said. "Such a thing has never been heard of in the school, and that Paget knows quite well, or he would never have ventured to propose it."

"You are right, Harry," said Campbell, recovering himself, "only the thing took me quite by surprise. Yes," he resumed, turning to Paget, "I do refuse. As for your calling me a coward, I shall treat that, or anything else you may say with the contempt it deserves."

"I thought as much," said Paget, scornfully. "But you will not find it quite so easy to get out of what I may *do*." He stepped forward as he spoke and struck the Chief a heavy blow on the side of the head. The latter, unprepared for the assault, staggered back several paces, and would have fallen, if Irving had not caught him.

The Scots broke out into furious anger. "Go to Dr. Glanville, Campbell," shouted Huntley, in a voice hoarse with passion. "You can't fight him, and that he knows well enough. If you won't go to Glanville, I will. Come along, Cartwright, we'll go together. I don't care if Paget is expelled; it will serve him right."

"Hold hard, young fellow," said Marshall, seizing him by the collar, while Walters, in like manner, fastened upon Cartwright. "There is no hurry about this. If you are going to play the sneak, which suits you particularly well, at all events you shall have the sneak's wages, and have them before you go, in order to make sure of your having them."

Huntley and Cartwright struggled to cast off the hold of their schoolfellows. The other Scots rushed up to the rescue, and a battle royal would have ensued, if Campbell had not shouted to them to desist.

"Let no one go to Dr. Glanville, until this is settled. After that, I will go to him myself. Walters, I told you and Marshall the other day, that I did not mean to be driven into resigning the Chiefship by anything you could say or do; and I repeat that now. But this is a different matter. I can't put up with being openly called a coward, and struck in the face by Paget; nor do I want to get him expelled by complaining to the Master; I know that, as Chief of the school, I have no right to fight. But take notice that I now resign the Chiefship, and will tell the Doctor so presently. Be quiet, Harry," he added, as Huntley would have offered some remonstrance. "He struck me—that is enough."

Not a word more was said. The boys with pale faces, and frightened looks, moved in a dense mass to the spot, which for many generations past had been marked out as the school fighting ground anxiously anticipating the coming encounter between the two champions, whose prowess and skill had long divided the admiration of Nethercourt. The combatants stripped and prepared for action, each evidently resolved to inflict the severest punishment in his power on his antagonist. Time was called, and they stepped out to meet in the centre of the ring. But before a blow had been struck, the door of the Rifle-ground was thrown open, and old Miles, followed by two gentlemen, made his appearance.

## Chapter XII.

### Explanations.

"Hallo, Archie, my lad," shouted the cheery voice of Captain Wortley, as he came in sight of the boys; "Archie and Fred

Paget, come and shake hands with me. I have been intending to come over for some time past. Hallo, what now," he added, as he approached nearer. "What boxing, eh; I used to be fond of that myself." He paused as he uttered these last words; for the faces of the boys, as well as the absence of the boxing gloves, showed plainly that it was no friendly encounter that was about to take place. Archie Campbell was the first to recover himself. He took his coat and waistcoat from Huntley's charge, and quietly put them on; after which he went up to shake hands with the Captain.

"There has been a quarrel between Paget and me," he said, "which we are going to fight out presently; that's all."

"And that's more than I like to hear, my lad," said the Captain; "I know you fellows will fight sometimes, and there is no use in trying to prevent you. But you and Paget, who have been such friends for so long—I don't like to hear of it. Of course I am only here as a visitor, and I suppose I had no right to come in this way at all. I shan't presume to meddle, if you don't like it. But I should like to make friends between you two, I must say, if I could. May I ask what has been the matter?"

"Paget hit the Chief a blow, sir," said Huntley, coming forward. "Such a thing has never been heard of in the school before. Campbell ought to go to Dr. Glanville, and he would have done so, if it had been anybody in the first class but himself that had been struck, or any one but Paget that struck him."

"He only struck him," said Walters, "because Campbell has treated him and all of us most shamefully, and has refused to give any explanation at all of what he had done."

"What had Campbell done, which required to be explained?" asked the Captain.

"Well, sir," returned Walters; "you were kind enough, you know, to ask us to take part in the rifle match at your house next week."

"Yes, to be sure, my boy," said the Captain, "and I was very sorry to find there was some hitch in the way."

"That's just it, sir," said Walters, eagerly; "there was no hitch at all, that any of us know anything about. Somebody wrote to tell you that there was one, when there wasn't. We all think that it must have been Campbell who did it; because we find that he is going with a party out of his own set, to shoot at Wortley Park after all. He wouldn't give any explanation of any kind as to what had passed between you and him; and he was so overbearing and insolent, that everyone wonders Fred did not strike him long before."

"Campbell refused to answer, because Paget had hidden away his rifle, just when the trial matches were beginning," said Huntley, "in order to prevent Campbell from taking part in the match at your house."

"Paget did nothing of the kind," broke in Lane. "You chose to charge him with it; but you hadn't the slightest proof, and no one but you and your set would believe him capable of it."

Captain Wortley had suffered the boys to proceed without interruption, aware that that would be his best mode of learning the true particulars of the quarrel; but he now addressed Campbell and Paget.

"My lads," he said, "I understand something about this matter, and, if you will let me, I think I can set it right." He looked appealingly at the boys, but they were both too deeply offended to listen readily to his overtures.

"You are very kind, Captain Wortley," said Campbell, "but Paget has struck me; and unless he begs my pardon before the whole school, I had rather not hear anything more."

"I shall not do that," said Paget. "If it had been proved that I was wrong, that would be a different thing; but I am not going to beg anyone's pardon, where I believe myself to be right."

The Captain shrugged his shoulders. "Then," he said, "I suppose there is nothing for it but for me to take myself off again. Of course I am not going to go and

tell this matter to your masters. I came in here merely as a friend, and it would not be honourable of me to make use of the information, which I have only learnt quite by an accident. I must leave you to yourselves. When you boys get to be my age, you will be wiser than to quarrel with your friends, when a few words of explanation might set all right; but you must buy your own experience. Come, Ned, we must be going."

"Just stop one moment, sir, if you please," said his son. "I quite concur in what you say, and have no wish to interfere between Campbell and Paget; but, before we go, there is one thing I should like to have explained, and there may not be another opportunity for explanation. I see a face here, which I have been for a long time on the look out for—I, and Hardy, and some others. I think I am not mistaken," he continued, turning to Marshall as he spoke, "in believing that I saw you on the race-ground at Rookesden, when the row with the thimble-rig men took place?"

All eyes were turned upon Jack Marshall, who was looking particularly uncomfortable in the furthest corner, under the Rifle-shed. He had had his back to the gate when the Wortleys entered, and was not aware of their vicinity until he heard the sound of the Captain's voice. He turned round in surprise, and his face grew pale as ashes as he caught sight of Edward. He would have slunk away into the house, if it had not happened that the Captain was standing directly in the doorway, and he could not pass him without drawing attention on himself. He withdrew, however, as much out of sight as possible behind a group of second-class boys. He was in hopes that Edward Wortley had not observed him, and his sudden challenge came upon him as a very uncomfortable surprise. For a moment or two he made no answer; then, as he saw that all eyes were fixed upon him, he answered sullenly, "I don't know where you may have seen me, I am sure."

"But I do," exclaimed Ned. "Father," he continued, turning to the Captain, "this is the gentleman about whom there has been so much difficulty—whom the thimble-riggers assaulted, and whom they accused of cheating."

"Well, their accusations are not good for much," observed the Captain; "only it is a pity that he did not come forward and answer the charges. Perhaps, however," he added, kindly, "he might not have known that anyone wanted him. How was that, my lad?"

Marshall hesitated a moment. His best hope was in denying any knowledge that he had been sought after, and he was just on the point of assuring the Captain that such was the fact, when he caught sight of old Welch's face, and remembered his conversation with him at the play-ground gate. Clearly, it would not do for him to deny all knowledge of the inquiry that had been made after him by the police. He stammered and hesitated, and at last broke down altogether.

Captain Wortley looked at him in doubt and surprise. "It was certainly a pity," he said, "that you did not attend before the magistrates, if you did hear what the thimble-rig men alleged respecting you; but that is of little consequence now. They were released some days ago, and no doubt before this are far out of reach. There is no good, Ned, in saying anything further on the subject now. Welch, will you call up the servant with our horses?"

"But I have not asked my question yet, sir," said Edward Wortley. "Will you just wait one minute more. May I ask," he resumed, again turning to Marshall, "whether you were to have been one of those chosen to shoot on the third?"

Marshall again did not answer, and at last Paget was obliged to speak for him.

"Yes," he said, "Marshall would certainly have been one. In fact, he is the best shot we have."

"Indeed! Then possibly his unwillingness to meet me may have something to do with the difficulties referred to in the letter."

"I do not understand what you mean,"

said Paget. "In the letter which Tom Walters and I wrote, nothing was said about Marshall's difficulties, or about any difficulties at all."

"If so there is some strange mistake. Perhaps it will be better if I read the letter aloud. I happen to have it here in my pocket-book."

He took out a letter accordingly and read—

"NETHERCOURT, Monday, Sept. 24, 18—.

"DEAR SIR,—We have now finished our trials, and the names of the four best shots have been agreed on among ourselves. But perhaps you will permit me privately to say that some of them would rather not come to Wortley Park on the 3rd, if you will not be offended. They are not used to shooting before a large party, and there are other difficulties besides——"

"I never wrote that," exclaimed Paget, who had been listening in astonishment, hardly able to trust his ears.

"Nor I, either," added Walters. "The letter which Fred and I wrote was not the least like that."

"It professed to come from you, at all events," said Edward Wortley, handing him the letter. "You will know, I suppose, whether it is your handwriting or not."

The two boys eagerly grasped it, and the moment their eyes rested on it, they exclaimed, "Jack Marshall's hand. Why, Jack, whatever induced you to do this?"

Marshall turned sullenly to bay. "I did it," he said, "because you insisted on my going over to Wortley Park, and I didn't want to go."

"Didn't want to come across me, I suppose?" suggested Edward.

"Exactly, I didn't want to come across you. I heard you'd been busying yourself with what didn't any way concern you, that I can see, and had no fancy to get into a bother with those thimble-rig vagabonds before the magistrates and Dr. Glanville. That was my reason for writing the letter, if you want to know. I don't know that there was any such dreadful harm in my writing, for it was quite true that one of the party, at all events, didn't wish to go to the Park. But, at all events, I am not going to be plagued about it any more now. It is time for me to go and pack up my things. I'll trouble you to let me pass."

Way was made for him, and he walked sullenly off to the house. No one seemed to regret his departure.

"Campbell," said Paget, stepping forward and holding out his hand, "I have to ask your pardon for my unjust suspicions. I see plainly that I have done you injustice."

But Campbell did not take the hand offered him.

"I must remind you," he said, coldly, "that although the suspicions you may have entertained of me are removed, those against yourself remain. Marshall could have had nothing to do with hiding away my rifle."

"That is hardly spoken like yourself, my lad," said the Captain, interposing to prevent an angry retort from Paget, "hardly like the idea, that is to say, that I have always conceived of you. But I have a word or two to say respecting that same missing rifle. It is about that, in fact, that I came here to-day. I heard from Richard Welch here, quite by accident, that one of the boy's rifles had been stolen, or at least could not be found. Edward and I fancied that the loss of this rifle, might be one of the 'difficulties' in in the way of the visit to my house, mentioned in the letter. Was it you, Archie, whose rifle was lost?"

"Yes, sir," said Campbell.

"I think I can tell you what became of it."

The boys pressed eagerly round at this announcement, and the Captain went on.

"Last night, a man was seriously hurt in my preserves. His gun had burst, while he was out poaching, and the keepers found him so badly wounded that they took him up to the house. I saw him this morning. He was a gipsy, I found, and his name was Benjamin Morden. He believed himself to be dying, and made a long confession to me of things which were on his conscience. Among other things he mentioned having stolen a rifle, belonging to one of the young

gentlemen of Dr. Glanville's school, and hidden it in a hollow tree, at the bottom of the school field. He said he had been asked to go down to Nethercourt by one of the young gentlemen, to help play off a trick upon one of his schoolfellows. Do any of you here know anything about it?" continued the Captain, looking round him.

Benson came forward, looking particularly sheepish.

"Yes, sir," he said, "I do, and I wish I didn't. I persuaded him to come down here and frighten Tom Hall by his ventriloquist tricks. How he could have stolen the rifle, I can't think, for the shed was locked."

"So it was," rejoined the Captain, "but these gipsy fellows are very clever—too clever to make it wise for you to have any dealings with them; and let me advise you, my lad, not to try any prank of that kind again. I could tell you a story of what happened on board the first ship, in which I sailed as a midshipman, which would be quite enough, I'll be bound, to prevent your ever playing off any tricks about ghosts. There was a poor young fellow, an only son too, who went out of his mind, and was confined for years in a madhouse, in consequence of just such a joke as you were trying on. I don't know which was more to be pitied—the poor lad's mother, or the author of the mischief. He never held up his head again, and we all felt it was a great mercy when he was killed in the action at Beyrout."

"I don't think I shall feel inclined to try anything of the kind again, sir," said Benson, who was a good deal moved by the Captain's words. "I didn't come very successfully out of this, as it was. The fellows have been badgering me about it ever since; I am sure I have wished a dozen times that Ben Morden had been at the bottom of the sea, instead of in Worsford Wood, when I had the ill luck to meet him."

"Well, my lads, you must drop the matter now," said the Captain, looking about him good-naturedly. "But to go on with what I was saying; these gipsy fellows are wonderfully clever with their fingers. This man, while he was hanging about the rifle-shed, waiting for you to come out, contrived to pull off a loose slate, and to replace it again so cunningly, that no one could have detected him. He saw a rifle, so he told me, within reach of his hand, just under the slates, and he got it out, intending to carry it off with him after he had finished your job. In fact, he did carry it as far as the bottom of the field; but there he saw, or fancied he saw, somebody on the look-out, and was afraid the white of his smock frock would be seen."

"Ay, that was Tom Dunning, no doubt," said Huntley. "That just corresponds with what he told us."

"Well," pursued Captain Wortley, "the gipsy was obliged to hide the rifle in the hollow of an elm. He meant to go back on the following night and take it away, as well as to get paid for the trick he had played off."

"He never came back," said Benson; "I had the eighteenpence ready for him."

"I don't doubt it, my boy; but the gipsy couldn't come back for either purpose. There was a row with them on the second day of the races. They were charged with having pillaged some farm-houses in the neighbourhood, and warrants were granted against them. They took themselves off, as fast as they could to a wood some miles off; and it was partly to spite me who had signed the warrants, that this man Morden went out to kill my pheasants. But he is very penitent now, and anxious that you, Campbell, should get your property back again. I suppose, as the man has never been near the place again, the rifle is still hidden in the tree."

"No, Captain Wortley, that is not so," said Campbell. "It was found by some of the juniors two or three days after the gipsy had hidden it. But you are right in thinking that the loss of this rifle, together with my own unfounded suspicions about it, has been the main cause of all our trouble—of the quarrel which was going on, when you came in just now. I can only say I am heartily sorry for

my share in it. Fred," he continued, walking up to Paget, "my old friend, I refused your hand just now. I was wrong, quite wrong. Will you forgive me, and take mine now?"

"I am at least as much to blame as you, Archie," said Paget, warmly grasping the hand extended to him. "I declare I don't know how I could have brought myself to believe that you had played the shabby trick I charged you with. Somehow I never could have believed it in my heart."

"I am sure I may say the same, Fred. It seems so strange now, that I can't think whatever tempted me to treat you as I have done."

"I think I can tell you," said Irving. "It is all this making up parties, and giving ourselves party names, which has been going on in the school all this half. Here is one set who have been calling themselves Picts, and another who have been calling themselves Scots: and a Pict couldn't turn in his bed, without a Scot believing that he was up to some dodge; and a Scot couldn't change his shoes, without a Pict fancying that he was going to do him and the others some mischief. I declare, if you fellows had gone on another month in this way, one half of you would have believed that the other half meant to poison them. I think we had all best drop these stupid names once and for all, and just call ourselves Nethercourts, as we have always been used to do."

"Bravo, my lad!" said the jolly Captain, administering a hearty clap on the back to Dick Irving. "I dare say you will make many good speeches in the course of your life, but I should doubt your ever making a much better one than that. I don't know whether you are likely to be made what you call Chief here, when my friend Archie gives it up, but it is my opinion that you wouldn't make a bad one."

"No, Captain," said Irving, with a laugh, "I am never likely to be Chief, I am particularly glad to say."

"I don't know that," said Campbell. "Anyhow, I am not fit to be Chief. I meant to have gone to the Doctor, and resigned my office, as soon as my fight with Fred was over. I am glad to think there will be no fight, but I ought to resign, nevertheless. There has been nothing but quarrelling, as Irving rightly told us, ever since I was made Chief."

"We have all been to blame," said Paget. "Dick is quite right there, and I most to blame of any; but you mustn't think for a moment of giving up, Archie. I am sure no one would take the office, nor would the Doctor accept your resignation."

"Stick to the Chiefship, Campbell," said Irving, "we are not likely to get a better to fill it; and if I am not much mistaken, you will be henceforth not the Captain of the Scots only, but what you ought to be, the Chief of the school."

"Well said once more," said Captain Wortley. "The Picts and Scots were sad barbarians, you know, and this little island of ours was never at peace until we were well rid of both. And now let me see if I can't say something in my turn worth listening to. You have lost one of your champions, it seems, and no one, I think, regrets him; but you have four capital marksmen, by all accounts, still left in the school. Why shouldn't Campbell, Paget, Walters, and Irving come over to the Park on the third, and take their chance of the prize along with the others? Why shouldn't Huntley and Cartwright accompany them as the scorer and the supernumerary? What do you say to that, my lads?"

A cheer broke forth which made the old walls of Nethercourt ring again.

"We accept your invitation most thankfully, sir," said Campbell.

"That's hearty," said the Captain. "I hope we shall have a jolly day, and why shouldn't we have one? I make no doubt every one of the four will distinguish themselves. You, Archie, in particular, will have a famous opportunity of proving the merits of the "Lost Rifle."

# THE FIELD OF ICE.

BY JULES VERNE.

## CHAPTER XIII.—THE MINE.

NIGHT drew on, and the lamp in the sitting-room already began to burn dim for want of oxygen.

At eight o'clock the final arrangements were completed, and all that remained to do was to make an opening in the roof.

They had been working away at this for some minutes, and Bell was showing himself quite an adept in the business, when Johnson, who had been keeping watch in the sleeping room, came hurriedly in to his companions, pulling such a long face, that the Captain asked immediately what was the matter?"

"Nothing exactly," said the old sailor, "and yet ——"

"Come, out with it!" exclaimed Altamont.

"Hush! don't you hear a peculiar noise?"

"Where?"

"Here, on this side, on the wall of the room."

Bell stopped working, and listened attentively like the rest. Johnson was right; a noise there certainly was on the side wall, as if some one were cutting the ice.

"Don't you hear it?" repeated Johnson.

"Hear it? Yes, plain enough," replied Altamont.

"Is it the bears?" asked Bell.

"Most assuredly."

"Well, they have changed their tactics," said old Johnson, "and given up the idea of suffocating us."

"Or may be they suppose we are suffocated by now," suggested the American, getting furious at his invisible enemies.

"They are going to attack us," said Bell.

"Well, what of it?" returned Hatteras.

"We shall have a hand-to-hand struggle, that's all."

"And so much the better," added Altamont; "that's far more to my taste; I have had enough of invisible foes—let me see my antagonist, and then I can fight him."

"Ay," said Johnson; "but not with guns. They would be useless here."

"With knife and hatchet then," returned the American.

The noise increased, and it was evident that the point of attack was the angle of the wall formed by its junction with the cliff.

"They are hardly six feet off now," said the boatswain.

"Right, Johnson!" replied Altamont; "but we have time enough to be ready for them."

And seizing a hatchet, he placed himself in fighting attitude, planting his right foot firmly forward and throwing himself back.

Hatteras and the others followed his example, and Johnson took care to load a gun in case of necessity.

Every minute the sound came nearer, till at last only a thin coating separated them from their assailants.

Presently this gave way with a loud crack, and a huge dark mass rolled over into the room.

Altamont had already swung his hatchet to strike, when he was arrested by a well-known voice, exclaiming—

"For Heaven's sake stop!"

"The Doctor! the Doctor!" cried Johnson.

And the Doctor it actually was who had tumbled in among them in such undignified fashion.

"How do ye do, good friends?" he said, picking himself smartly up.

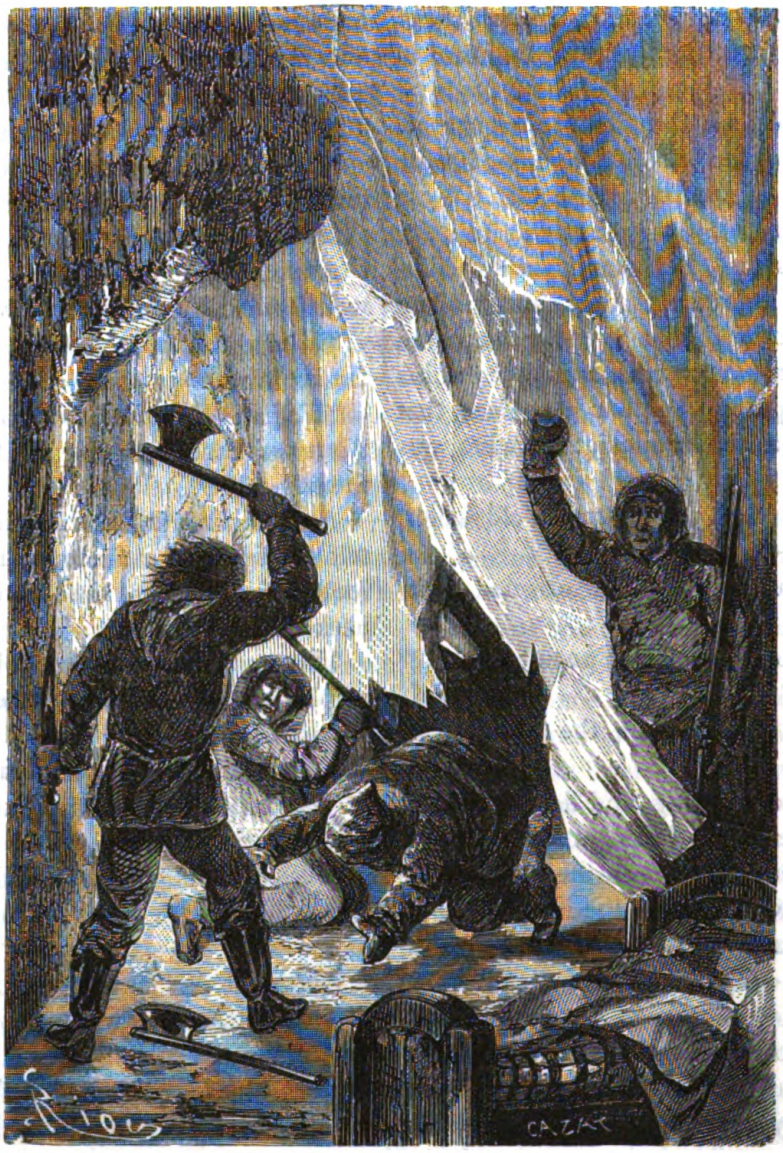
His companions stood stupefied for a moment, but joy soon loosened their tongues, and each rushed eagerly forward to welcome his old comrade with a loving embrace. Hatteras was for once fairly overcome with

emotion, and positively hugged him like a child.

"And is it really you, Mr. Clawbonny?" said Johnson.

"Myself and nobody else, my old fellow. I assure you I have been far more uneasy about you than you could have been about me."

"But how did you know we had been attacked by a troop of bears?" asked Alta-



mont. "What we were most afraid of was that you would come quickly back to Fort Providence, never dreaming of danger."

"Oh, I saw it all. Your repeated shots gave me the alarm. When you commenced firing I was beside the wreck of the *Porpoise*, but I climbed up a hummock, and discovered five bears close on your heels. Oh, how anxious I was for you! But when I saw you disappear down the cliff, while the bears stood hesitating on the edge, as if uncertain what to do, I felt sure that you had managed to get safely inside the house and barricade it. I crept cautiously nearer, sometimes going on all-fours, sometimes slipping between great blocks of ice, till I

came at last quite close to our fort, and then I found the bears working away like beavers. They were prowling about the snow, and dragging enormous blocks towards the house, piling them up like a wall, evidently intending to bury you alive. It is a lucky thing they did not take it into their heads to dash down the blocks from the summit of the cone, for you must have been crushed inevitably."

"But what danger you were in, Mr. Clawbonny," said Bell. "Any moment they might have turned round and attacked you."

"They never thought of it even. Johnson's Greenland dogs came in sight several times, but they did not take the trouble to go after them. No, they imagined themselves sure of a more savoury supper!"

"Thanks for the compliment!" said Altamont, laughing.

"Oh, there is nothing to be proud of. When I saw what the bears were up to, I determined to get back to you by some means or other. I waited till night, but as soon as it got dark I glided noiselessly along towards the powder magazine. I had my rersons for choosing that point from which to work my way hither, and I speedily commenced operations with my snow-knife. A famous tool it is. For three mortal hours I have been hacking and heaving away, but here I am at last tired enough and starving, but still safe here."

"To share our fate!" said Altamont.

"No, to save you all; but, for any sake, give me a biscuit and a bit of meat, for I feel sinking for want of food."

A substantial meal was soon before him, but the vivacious little man could talk all the while he was eating, and was quite ready to answer any questions.

"Did you say *to save us?*" asked Bell.

"Most assuredly!" was the reply.

"Well, certainly, if you found your way in, we can find ours out by the same road."

"A likely story, and leave the field clear for the whole pack to come in and find out our stores. Pretty havoc they would make!"

"No, we must stay here," said Hatteras.

"Of course we must," replied Clawbonny, "but we'll get rid of the bears for all that."

"I told you so," said Johnson, rubbing his hands. "I knew nothing was hopeless if Mr. Clawbonny was here; he has always some expedient in his wise head."

"My poor head is very empty, I fear, but by dint of rummaging perhaps I——"

"Doctor," interrupted Altamont, "I suppose there is no fear of the bears getting in by the passage you have made?"

"No, I took care to stop up the opening thoroughly, and now we can reach the powder-magazine without letting them see us."

"All right; and now will you let us have your plan of getting rid of these comical assailants?"

"My plan is quite simple, and part of the work is done already."

"What do you mean?"

"You shall see. But I am forgetting that I brought a companion with me."

"What do you say?" said Johnson.

"I have a companion to introduce to you," replied the Doctor, going out again



into the passage, and bringing back a dead fox, newly killed.

"I shot it this morning," he continued, "and never did fox come more opportunely."

"What on earth do you mean?" asked Altamont.

"I mean to blow up the bears *en masse* with 100 lbs. of powder."

"But where is the powder?" exclaimed his friends.

"In the magazine. This passage will lead to it. I made it purposely."

"And where is the mine to be?" inquired Altamont.

"At the furthest point from the house and stores."

"And how will you manage to entice the bears there, all to one spot."

"I'll undertake that business; but we have talked enough, let us set to work. We have a hundred feet more to add to our passage to-night, and that is no easy matter; but as there are five of us, we can take turns at it. Bell will begin, and we will lie down and sleep meantime."

"Well, really," said Johnson, "the more I think of it, the more feasible seems the Doctor's plan."

"It is a sure one, anyway," said Clawbonny.

"So sure that I can almost feel the bear's fur already on my shoulders. Well, come, let's begin then."

Away he went into the gloomy passage,



followed by Bell, and in a few moments they had reached the powder-magazine, and stood among the well-arranged barrels. The Doctor pointed out to his companion the exact spot where to begin excavating, and then left him to his task, at which he laboured diligently for about an hour, when Altamont came to relieve him. All the snow he had dug out was taken to the kitchen and melted, to prevent its taking up room.

The Captain succeeded Altamont, and was followed by Johnson. In ten hours—that is to say, about eight in the morning—the gallery was entirely open.

With the first streak of day, the Doctor was up to reconnoitre the position of the enemy. The patient animals were still occupying their old position, prowling up and down and growling. The house had already almost disappeared beneath the piled-up blocks of ice; but even while he gazed a council of war seemed being held, which evidently resulted in the determination to alter the plan of action, for suddenly all the five bears began vigorously to pull down these same heaped-up blocks.

"What are they about?" asked Hatteras, who was standing beside him.

"Well, they look to me to be bent on demolishing their own work, and getting right down to us as fast as possible; but

wait a bit, my gentlemen, we'll demolish you first. However, we have not a minute to lose."

Hastening away to the mine, he had the chamber where the powder was to be lodged enlarged the whole breadth and height of the sloping rock against which the wall leaned, till the upper part was only about a foot thick, and had to be propped up to prevent its falling in. A strong stake was fixed firmly on the granite foundation, on the top of which the dead fox was fastened. A rope was attached to the lower part of the stake, sufficiently long to reach the powder stores.

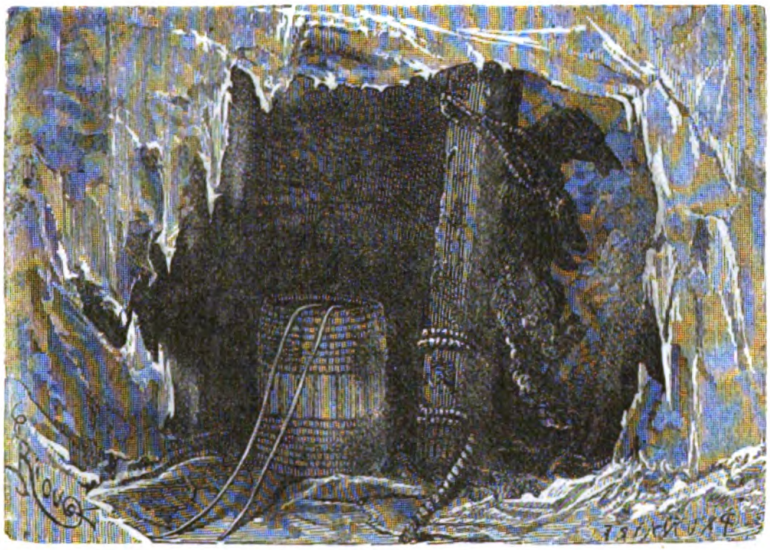
"This is the bait," he said, pointing to the dead fox, "and here is the mine," he added, rolling in a keg of powder containing about 100 lbs.

"But, Doctor," said Hatteras, "won't that blow us up too, as well as the bears?"

"No, we shall be too far from the scene of explosion. Besides, our house is solid, and we can soon repair the walls even if they should get a bit shaken."

"And how do you propose to manage?" asked Altamont.

"See! By hauling in this rope we lower the post which props up the roof, and make



it give way, and bring up the dead fox to light, and I think you will agree with me that the bears are so famished with their long fasting, that they won't lose much time in rushing towards their unexpected meal. Well, just at that very moment, I shall set fire to the mine, and blow up both the guests and the meal."

"Capital! Capital!" shouted Johnson, who had been listening with intense interest.

Hatteras said nothing, for he had such absolute confidence in his friend that he wanted no further explanation. But Altamont must know the why and wherefore of everything."

"But Doctor," he said, "can you reckon on your match so exactly that you can be quite sure it will fire the mine at the right moment?"

"I don't need to reckon at all; that's a difficulty easily got over."

"Then you have a match a hundred feet long?"

"No."

"You are simply going to lay a train of powder."

"No, that might miss fire."

"Well, there is no way then but for one of us to devote his life to the others, and go and light the powder himself."

"I'm ready," said Johnson, eagerly, "ready and willing."

"Quite useless my brave fellow," replied the Doctor, holding out his hand. "All our lives are precious, and they will be all spared, thank God!"

"Well, I give it up!" said the American. "Ill make no more guesses."

"I should like to know what is the good of learning physics," said the Doctor, smiling, "if they can't help a man at a pinch like this. Haven't we an electric battery, and long enough lines attached to it to serve our purpose? We can fire our mine whenever we please in an instant, and without the slightest danger."

"Hurrah!" exclaimed Johnson.

"Hurrah!" echoed the others, without heeding whether the enemy heard them or not.

The Doctor's idea was immediately carried out, and the connecting lines uncoiled and laid down from the house to the chamber of the mine, one end of each remaining attached to the electric pile, and the other inserted into the keg of powder.

By nine o'clock everything was ready. It was high time, for the bears were furiously engaged in the work of demolition. Johnson was stationed in the powder magazine, in charge of the cord which held the bait.

"Now," said Clawbonny to his com-



panions; "load your guns, in case our assailants are not killed. Stand beside Johnson, and the moment the explosion is over rush out."

"All right," said Altamont.

"And now we have done all we can to help ourselves. So may Heaven help us!"

Hatteras, Altamont, and Bell repaired to the powder magazine, while the Doctor remained alone beside the pile.

Soon he heard Johnson's voice in the distance calling out "Ready."

"All right," was the reply.

Johnson pulled this rope vigorously, and then rushed to the loop-hole to see the effect. The thin shell of ice had given way, and the body of the fox lay among the ruins. The bears were somewhat scared at first, but the next minute had eagerly rushed to seize the booty.

"Fire!" called out Johnson, and at once the electric spark was sent along the lines right into the keg of powder. A formidable explosion ensued; the house was shaken as if by an earthquake, and the walls cracked asunder. Hatteras, Altamont, and Bell hurried out with the guns, but they might spare their shot, for four of the bears lay dead, and the fifth, half roasted, though alive, was scampering away in terror as fast as his legs could carry him.

"Hurrah! Three cheers for Clawbonny,"

they shouted and overwhelmed the Doctor with plaudits and thanks.

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## Chapter XIV.

### An Arctic Spring.

The prisoners were free, and their joy found vent in the noisiest demonstrations. They employed the rest of the day in repairing the house, which had suffered greatly by the explosion. They cleared away the blocks piled up by the animals, and filled up the rents in the walls, working with might and main, enlivened by the many songs of old Johnson.

Next morning there was a singular rise in



the temperature, the thermometer going up to 15° above zero.

This comparative heat lasted several days. In sheltered spots the glass rose high as 31°, and symptoms of a thaw appeared.

The ice began to crack here and there, and jets of salt water were thrown up, like fountains in an English park. A few days later, the rain fell in torrents.

Thick vapour rose from the snow, giving promise of the speedy disappearance of these immense masses. The sun's pale disc became deeper in colour and remained longer

above the horizon. The night was scarcely longer than three hours.

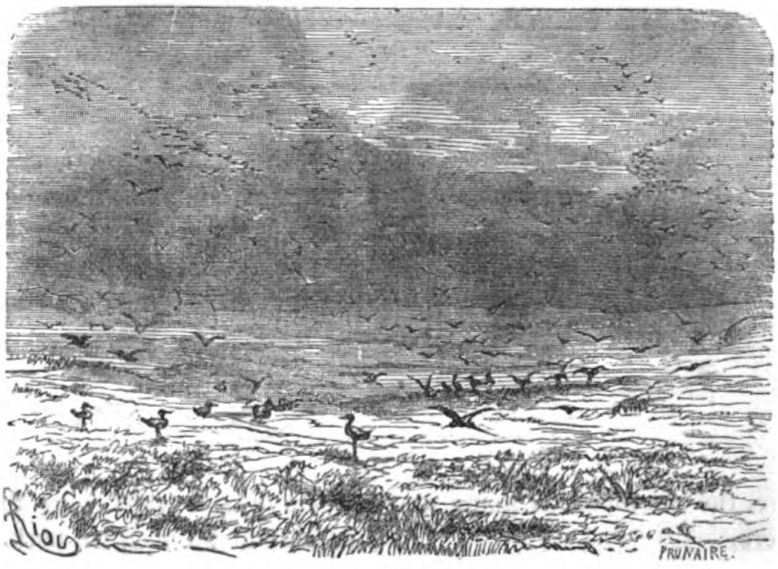
Other tokens of spring's approach were manifest of equal significance; the birds were returning in flocks, and the air resounded with their deafening cries. Hares were seen on the shores of the bay, and mice in such abundance that their burrows completely honeycombed the ground.

The Doctor drew the attention of his



companions to the fact, that almost all these animals were beginning to lose their white winter dress, and would soon put on summer attire; while nature was already providing mosses, and poppies, and saxifragas, and short grass for their sustenance. A new world lay beneath that melting snow.

But with these inoffensive animals came back their natural enemies. Foxes and wolves arrived in search of their prey, and



dismal howls broke the silence of the short night.

Arctic wolves closely resemble dogs, and their barking would deceive the most practised ears; even the canine race themselves have been deceived by it. Indeed, it seems as if the wily animals employed this ruse to attract the dogs, and make them their prey.

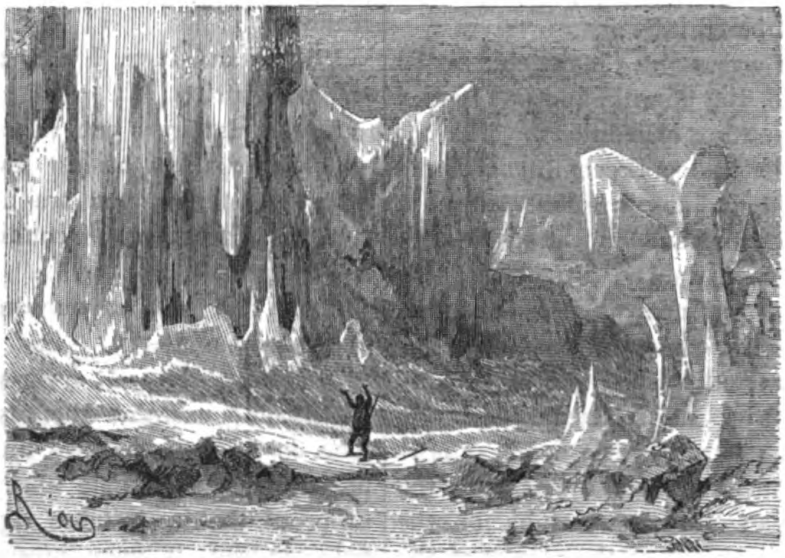
Several navigators have mentioned the fact, and the Doctor's own experience confirmed it. Johnson took care not to let his Greenlanders loose; of Duk there was little fear: nothing could take him in.

For about a fortnight hunting was the principal occupation. There was an abundant supply of fresh meat to be had. They shot partridges, ptarmigans, and snow ortolans, which are delicious eating. The hunters never went far from Fort Providence, for game was so plentiful that it seemed waiting their guns, and the whole bay presented an animated appearance.

The thaw, meanwhile, was making rapid progress. The thermometer stood steadily at 32° above zero, and the water ran down the mountain sides in cataracts, and dashed in torrents through the ravines.

The Doctor lost no time in clearing about an acre of ground, in which he sowed the seeds of anti-scorbutic plants. He just had the pleasure of seeing tiny little green leaves begin to sprout, when the cold returned in full force.

In a single night, the thermometer lost nearly 40°; it went down to 8° below zero. Everything was frozen—birds, quadrupeds,



amphibia disappeared as if by magic; seal-holes reclosed, and the ice once more became hard as granite.

The change was most striking; it occurred on the 18th of May, during the night. The Doctor was rather disappointed at having all his work to do again, but Hatteras bore the grievance most unphilosophically, as it interfered with all his plans of speedy departure.

"Do you think we shall have a long spell of this weather, Mr. Clawbonny?" asked Johnson.

"No, my friend, I don't, it is a last blow from the cold. You see those are his dominions, and he won't be driven out without making some resistance."

"He can defend himself pretty well," said Bell, rubbing his face.

"Yes; but I ought to have waited, and not have wasted my seed like an ignoramus; and all the more as I could, if necessary, have made them sprout by the kitchen stoves."

"But do you mean to say," asked Altamont, "that you might have anticipated the sudden change?"

"Of course, and without being a wizard. I ought to have put my seed under the protection of Saint Paucratius and the other two saints, whose fête days fall this month."

"Absurd! Pray tell me what they have to do with it? What influence can they possibly have on the temperature?"

"An immense one, if we are to believe horticulturists, who call them the patron saints of the frost."

"And for what reason?"

"Because generally there is a periodical frost in the month of May, and it is coldest from the 11th to the 13th. That is the fact?"

"And how is it explained?"

"In two ways. Some say that a larger number of asteroids come between the earth and the sun at this time of the year, and others that the mere melting of the snow necessarily absorbs a large amount of heat, and accounts for the low temperature. Both theories are plausible enough, but the fact remains whichever we accept, and I ought to have remembered it."

The Doctor was right, for the cold lasted till the end of the month, and put an end to all their hunting expeditions. The old monotonous life in-doors recommenced, and was unmarked by any incident except a serious illness which suddenly attacked Bell. This was violent quinsy, but, under the Doctor's skilful treatment, it was soon cured. Ice was the only remedy he employed, administered in small pieces, and in twenty-four hours Bell was himself again.

During this compulsory leisure, Clawbonny determined to have a talk with the Captain on an important subject—the building of a sloop out of the planks of the *Porpoise*.

The Doctor hardly knew how to begin, as Hatteras had declared so vehemently that he would never consent to use a morsel of American wood; yet it was high time he were brought to reason, as June was at hand, the only season for distant expeditions, and they could not start without a ship.

He thought over it a long while, and at last drew the Captain aside, and said in the kindest, gentlest way—

"Hatteras, do you believe I'm your friend?"

"Most certainly I do," replied the Captain, earnestly; "my best, indeed my only friend."

"And if I give you a piece of advice without you asking, will you consider my motive is perfectly disinterested?"

"Yes, for I know you have never been actuated by self-interest. But what are you driving at?"

"Wait, Hatteras, I have one thing more to ask. Do you look on me as a true-hearted Englishman like yourself, anxious for his country's glory?"

Hatteras looked surprised, but simply said—

"I do."

"You desire to reach the North Pole," the Doctor went on; "and I understand and share your ambition, but to achieve your object you must employ the right means."

"Well, and have I not sacrificed everything for it?"

"No, Hatteras, you have not sacrificed your personal antipathies. Even at this very moment I know you are in the mood to refuse the indispensable conditions of reaching the pole."

"Ah! it is the boat you want to talk about, and that man——"

"Hatteras, let us discuss the question calmly, and examine the case on all sides. The coast on which we find ourselves at present may terminate abruptly; we have no proof that it stretches right away to the pole; indeed, if your present information prove correct, we ought to come to an open sea during the summer months. Well, supposing we reach this Arctic Ocean and find it free from ice and easy to navigate, what shall we do if we have no ship?"

Hatteras made no reply.

"Tell me, now, would you like to find yourself only a few miles from the pole and not be able to get to it?"

Hatteras still said nothing, but buried his head in his hands.

"Besides," continued the Doctor, "look at the question in its moral aspect. Here is an Englishman who sacrifices his fortune, and even his life to win fresh glory for his country, but because the boat which bears him across an unknown ocean, or touches the new shore, happens to be made of the

planks of an American vessel—a cast-away wreck of no use to anyone—will that lessen the honour of the discovery? If you yourself had found the hull of some wrecked vessel lying deserted on the shore, would you have hesitated to make use of it, and must not a sloop built by four Englishmen and manned by four Englishmen be English from keel to gunwale?"

Hatteras was still silent.

"No," continued Clawbonny; "the real truth is, it is not the sloop you care about, it is the man!"

"Yes, Doctor, yes," replied the Captain. "It is this American I detest; I hate him with a thorough English hatred. Fate has thrown him in my path."

"To save you!"

"To ruin me. He seems to defy me, and speaks as if he were lord and master. He thinks he has my destiny in his hands, and knows all my projects. Didn't we see the man in his true colours when we were giving names to the different coasts? Has he ever avowed his object in coming so far north? You will never get out of my head that this man is not the leader of some expedition sent out by the American government."

"Well, Hatteras, suppose it is so, does it follow that this expedition is to search for the North Pole? May it not be to find the North-West Passage? But anyway, Altamont is in complete ignorance of our object, for neither Johnson, nor Bell, nor myself, have ever breathed a word to him about it, and I am sure you have not."

"Well, let him always remain so."

"He must be told in the end, for we can't leave him here alone."

"Why not? Can't he stay here in Fort Providence?"

"He would never consent to that, Hatteras; and, moreover, to leave a man in that way, and not know whether we might find him safe when we came back would be worse than imprudent: it would be inhuman. Altamont will come with us; he must come. But we need not disclose our projects; let us tell him nothing, but simply build a sloop, for the ostensible purpose of making a survey of the coast."

Hatteras could not bring himself to consent, but said—

"And suppose the man won't allow his ship to be cut up?"

"In that case, you must take the law in your own hands and build a vessel in spite of him."

"I wish to goodness he would refuse, then!"

"He must be asked before he can refuse. I'll undertake the asking," said Clawbonny.

He kept his word, for that very same night, at supper, he managed to turn the conversation towards the subject of making excursions during summer for hydrographical purposes.

"You will join us, I suppose, Altamont," he said.

"Of course," replied the American. "We must know how far New America extends."

Hatteras looked fixedly at his rival, but said nothing.

"And for that purpose," continued Altamont, we had bettter build a little ship out of the remains of the *Porpoise*. It is the best possible use we can make of her."

"You hear, Bell," said the Doctor, eagerly. "We'll all set to work to-morrow morning."



# THE KINGFISHER.

The common Kingfisher is by far the most gorgeously decorated of all our indigenous birds, and can bear comparison with many of the gaily decorated inhabitants of tropical climates.

It is a sufficiently common bird, although distributed very thinly over the whole country, and considering the great number of eggs which it lays, and the large proportion of young which it rears, is probably more plentiful than is generally supposed to be the case. The straight, glancing flight of the Kingfisher, as it shoots along the river-bank, its azure back gleaming in the sunlight with meteoric splendour, is a sight familiar to all those who have been accustomed to wander by the sides of rivers, whether for the purpose of angling, or merely to study the beauties of nature. So swift is the flight of this bird, and with such wonderful rapidity does it move its short wings, that its shape is hardly perceptible as it passes through the air, and it leaves upon the eye of the observer the impression of a blue streak of light. This straight, arrow-like course is that which is generally adopted by the bird, but on some occasions the Kingfishers will become very playful, and sport with each other in the air, turning and wheeling with much adroitness as they mutually chase or avoid each other in their game.

The food of this bird consists chiefly, though not exclusively, of fish, which it takes, kills, and eats, in the following manner :—

Seated upon a convenient bough or rail that overhangs a stream where the smaller fish love to pass, the Kingfisher waits very patiently until he sees an unsuspecting minnow or stickleback pass below his perch, and then, with a rapid movement, drops into the water like a stone and secures his prey. Should it be a small fish, he swallows it at once ; but if it should be of rather large dimensions, he carries it to a stone or stump, beats it two or three times against the hard substance, and swallows it without any trouble.

The Kingfisher is sometimes given to hoarding, and having caught more fish than he can eat, will take them to his secret storehouse, and there hide them until he is able to eat them. In one such case, of which an account has been forwarded to me, the bird seemed to employ its storehouse for the reception of fish which it had caught, and which were too large for it to swallow. The treasury chosen by this individual was a crevice formed by the roots of a willow-tree that grew close to the water's edge, and it usually contained one or two fish. Sometimes there would be five or six fishes lying in the hole, some of them so large that they have been removed and cooked. The bird must sometimes have found a great difficulty in getting its prey fairly ashore, as the tracks were evident on the soft mud of the bank where the fish had been dragged, and the bird's feet had trodden. Young trout were the general occupants of the storehouse, and in every case the fish had been killed by a bite across the back of the head or neck.

Sometimes the bird has been known to meet with a deadly retribution on the part of his prey, and to fall a victim to his voracity. One such example I have seen. A kingfisher had caught a common bull-head, or miller's thumb, a well-known large-headed fish, and on attempting to swallow it had been baffled by the large head, which refused to pass through the gullet, and accordingly choked the bird. The kingfisher must have been extremely hungry when it attempted to eat so large a morsel, as the fish was evidently of a size that could not possibly have been accommodated in the bird's interior. Several similar examples are known ; but one, which is recorded by Mr. Quekett, is of so remarkable a kind, that it is worthy of notice. The bird had caught and actually attempted to swallow a young dabchick, and,

as might be supposed, had miserably failed in the attempt.

The most complete instance of poetical justice befalling a kingfisher is one which occurred in Gloucestershire, and was related to me by an eye-witness. The narrator was sitting on the bank of a favourite river, and watching the birds, fish, and insects that disport themselves upon and in its waters, when some strange blue object was seen floating down the stream, and splashing the water with great vehemence. On a nearer approach it was seen to be a kingfisher, from whose mouth protruded the tail and part of the body of a fish. The struggles of the choking bird became more and more faint, and had well-nigh ceased, when a pike protruded his broad nose from the water, seized both kingfisher and fish, and disappeared with them into the regions below.

The same person who related this tragical story, and who has always felt an ardent love for birds, beasts, and things that enjoy the blessings of life, and to whom I have been indebted for much curious information and many valuable specimens of natural history, also tells me that kingfishers are greatly susceptible of music, provided that it be played in a slow and solemn strain like the old ecclesiastic chants. There was an organ in the house placed in a room that looked toward the stream which the kingfishers frequented, and it was observed by the household that whenever music of such a character was played upon the organ, the kingfishers would soon make their appearance at the bottom of the garden, and sit as if enchanted with the strains. Quick and lively airs seemed rather to disconcert the birds, a fact which was not discovered until after many experiments and the consumption of much time.

With the fish it generally feeds its young, being able to disgorge at will the semi-digested food which it has swallowed, after the manner of most birds of prey. Fish, however, do not constitute its sole nourishment, as it is known to eat various insects, such as dragon-flies and water-beetles, and will often in cold weather pay a visit to the sea-shore for the purpose of feeding upon the little crabs, shrimps, and sandhoppers that are found upon the edge of the tide. Still, by far the greatest portion of its diet is composed of fish, and I have never yet found any fragments of insect anatomy among the débris which forms the nest.

The nest of the kingfisher is always made in some convenient bank, at the extremity of a hole which has previously been occupied and deserted by the water-rat or other mining quadrupeds, and been enlarged and adapted for use by the kingfisher. Now and then the nest of this bird has been found built in the deserted hole of a rabbit-warren. It is always found that the tunnel slopes gently upward, and that the bird has shaped the extremity into a globular form in order to contain the parent bird, the nest, and eggs. Sometimes the nest is placed in the natural crevices formed by the roots of trees growing on the water's edge. In many cases it is easily detected, for the birds are very careless about the concealment of their nest even before the eggs are hatched, and after the young have made their appearance in the world, they are so clamorous for food and so insatiable in their appetite, that their noisy voices can be heard for some distance, and indicate with great precision the direction of their home.

Some writers say that the interior of the burrow is kept so scrupulously clean, that it is free from all evil scents. My own experience, however, contradicts this assertion, for, after introducing the hand into a kingfisher's nest, I have always found it imbued with so offensive an odour that I was fain to wash it repeatedly in the nearest stream. As the kingfisher is so piscatorial in its habits, it would naturally be imagined that the nest would be placed in close connection with the stream from which the parent birds obtained their daily food. I have, however, several times seen a kingfisher's nest, and obtained the eggs, in spots that were not within half a mile of a fish-inhabited stream. The bird is greatly attached to the burrow in which it has once

made its nest, and will make use of the same spot year after year, even though the nest be plundered and the eggs stolen.

The eggs are from six to eight in number, rather globular in form, and of an exquisitely delicate pink in colour while fresh, changing to a pearly white when the contents are removed. As soon as the young are able to exert themselves, they perch on a neighbouring twig or other convenient resting-place, and squall incessantly for food. In a very short time they assume their yearly plumage, which is very nearly the same as that of the adult bird, and soon learn to fish on their own account.

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# UNCLE JOHN'S ADVENTURES IN PRAIRIE-LAND.

BY MRS. SALE BARKER.

## Chapter VI.—The Footprints Accounted For.

Some days passed before I thoroughly recovered from the effect of my partial burial alive, though the suffering I had gone through was mental rather than physical. I had wished for adventures, and there can be no genuine adventure unless some element of danger enters in; but two such narrow escapes from death in one night were more than I had bargained for. The risk of death from the bite of a rattlesnake was bad enough, though the danger lasted only a minute, and the agony of fear or suspense continued no longer, but to be stuck in that dreadful swamp, to know yourself absolutely helpless, to feel that you are sinking every minute, and approaching gradually nearer and nearer to a horrible death—to pass a quarter of an hour or more in this way, is just the kind of thing, I should say, to drive a man mad; and I trust in Heaven I shall never pass such a quarter of an hour again.

My account of the footprints, and of the flying figure which I was pursuing when I stuck in the swamp, caused no small surprise to my companions. Why should a solitary Indian thus haunt our encampment? Was he acting the part of spy? My description of the smallness of stature of the fugitive did not make much impression in any way; Jan Bunk dismissed it as a point of little importance, merely saying—

"By the 'tarnal airthquake, them thar Injuns are raised of all sizes; and I'm dog-goned if the smallest ain't the wickedest."

We had been accustomed, during the early part of our expedition, to have one of our party always on the watch during the night, but this practice had been discontinued of late. Now we resolved to return to it, and that the watcher should keep concealed, so as to lie in wait for our midnight visitor, in case he returned again.

The circumstance that seemed most to impress Mike in my night's adventures was the entrance of the rattlesnake into the tent. He did not like the look of the creature, even after it was dead.

"Shure," said he, "and it's twinty villains of Injuns, as I'd rayther hev to do wid, thin one av thim snakes. Och! the varmints, bad luck to them, ye can niver fale shure av where they'll be heving yez; maybe in yer bed, or boot, or some undiskivered place that their jist waiting to kim out av to giv ye yer death. Och, but be St. Patrick, I wish meself away out av this."

To all which Jan Bunk, indignant at what he considered little better than cowardice, replied with a threat that he'd be "dog-goned" but he'd make the Irishman eat a rattlesnake if he said any more, and further declared that, barring the head, which contained the poison, rattlesnake was beautiful food. Then he appealed in support of his assertion to old Bill, who, as a matter of course, winked and blinked, and answered, "Blessed if it ain't."

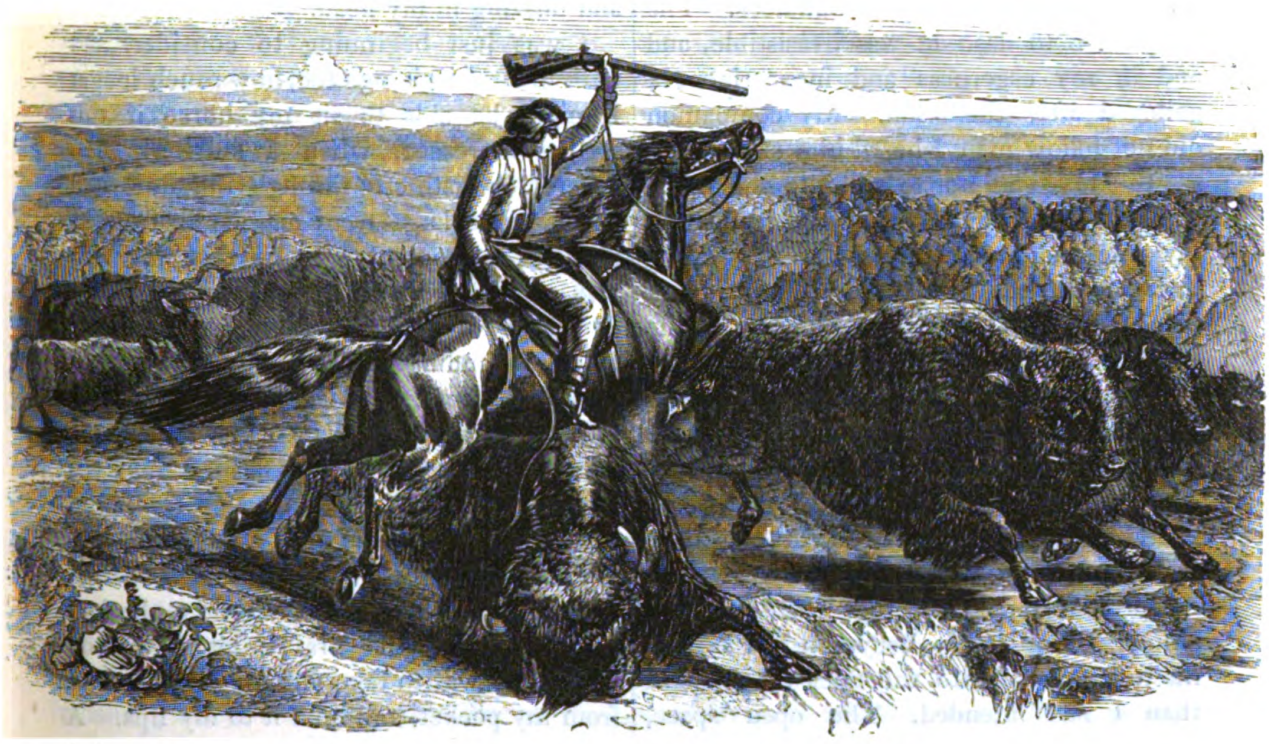
As soon as I was all right again, we began

to talk once more of going to Santa Fé, to pass just the coldest month or two of the winter. Hunters are not particular about the weather, except, indeed, poor frozen-out fox-hunters in old England; still we thought it would be pleasant, by way of a change, to sleep in beds again for a little while, and we made up our minds that we would strike our tents and start on the journey in a couple of days. But before those two days had expired, important events occurred; we met with more adventure, and dangerous adventure too.

The first morning after we came to the resolution to start so soon, we had not yet left our tent when Penryhn, who was standing at the entrance, exclaimed—

"There is an immense herd of buffaloes moving across the prairie in the distance. Let us mount and get round to the other side of the wood and shoot them as they pass. You may be sure they are going down to the river."

Our encampment was upon high ground, and in one direction we could see the level prairie extending to the horizon. Looking



"Clearing the buffalo in splendid style."—(See next page.)

over Penryhn's shoulder I saw, at a distance of two or three miles, a herd of buffaloes—the creatures being scarcely distinguishable through the cloud of dust—tearing away at headlong speed. The largest herds are the most apt to indulge in these wild gallops across the prairie. How or why the buffaloes first set off on these mad gallops it is difficult to tell; but once started, it is evident there can be no halting unless the idea of doing so could enter the minds of all simultaneously. No single buffalo, unless he were quite an outsider, could attempt to stop without being borne down and trampled to death by those behind him, and they tear along till they either meet with some obstruction from the nature of the ground, or till the whole herd becomes completely exhausted.

We called to Mike and Jonson to saddle our horses quickly, and in another minute we were galloping down the hill and through the wood which skirted the open prairie. We halted on the other side just under

cover of the trees, and watched the buffaloes as they tore past us. Seen so near, they appeared to form an interminable undulating mass spreading over the prairie, and the thundering sound of their hoofs was almost deafening.

"We had better keep under cover of the wood," said Penryhn, "or we shall be swept away; when they are past, we'll gallop after and pick off the stragglers."

The advice was good, but unfortunately, at that moment an enormous bison-bull, the biggest I had ever seen, passed by us, galloping along in the midst of a small open space comparatively clear of buffaloes. The temptation to dash in was irresistible, and and in my eagerness and inexperience I galloped after the bison. My companion did not follow me; I heard him shout after me to "take care not to get into the midst of them." Nearing the bison I unslung my rifle and fired. The beast staggered a little way, halted, and turned, glaring with blood-shot eyes; then partly sinking to the ground, put down his enormous head to receive Benjamin as he came on. It was too late to pull up or turn aside, the horse must either go on to the bison, or over him. A touch of the spur, a word of encouragement, and the brave horse rose to the leap, clearing the buffalo in splendid style.*

Turning to look after the wounded animal, I found that Benjamin had carried me much more into the thick of the herd than I had intended. The open space, which I had taken advantage of to cut in, had become terribly contracted; hundreds of buffaloes were coming up behind me, and I did not dare to turn back. There was no alternative—on, on, I sped with the rest. The creatures did not seem to be astonished at my presence among them; but I was a prisoner; they crowded up behind me and on either side.

Away we galloped, those in the rear pushing and hurrying on those in front. Mile after mile was got over, and there was no slackening of speed. How was it ever to end? I began to feel like a wild demon huntsman, condemned to ride on for ever in some spectral chase. Benjamin was already distressed, and I cannot deny that his master was still more so. Perhaps I had not thoroughly recovered from the shock of being so nearly swallowed up in the morass. Certainly neither my nerves nor strength were quite as usual, for I felt myself growing giddy with this wild gallop; the dark forms around me were becoming confused and indistinct; the thundering sound of the buffaloes' hoofs grew more deafening and more monotonous, till it seemed as if a thousand wheels were turning and buzzing in my head.

I was just beginning to consider, and with great misgivings too, how much longer I might be able to sit my horse if this feeling increased, when I suddenly discovered, indistinctly through the dust and steam, some large trees directly in front of me. In a moment I knew that my ride was coming to an end; here was a harbour of refuge for me. It was merely a cluster of trees standing alone in the prairie, and a few of the beasts rushed in among them; but the great herd divided into two, some going on either side. I dashed into the midst of the trees, and pulled up Benjamin under the friendly shelter.

Poor Benjamin stood panting as if he had just finished a long run with fox-hounds, while the first thing I did on pulling up was to take out my brandy-flask from my pocket, and hold it to my lips. A sip of brandy and the cessation of my gallop soon set me right, and I watched the remnant of the herd pass on towards the Arkansa, which I knew flowed a short distance further on, and where, no doubt the herd would come to a stand still. I had no curiosity to follow them, and thought only of getting back. I thought how anxious Penryhn would be, and I imagined to myself how they would all think that I had a happy knack of getting into more difficulties and dangers than anybody else. I wondered myself how it happened, but it certainly had been so of late.

According to my estimate, I had galloped

* See illustration.

in the company of the buffaloes at least a dozen miles; but we had not come exactly in a straight line, and I thought that, without keeping to the track of the herd to find my way back, I might reach the encampment by a shorter cut. I knew the direction in which it lay, and I began to make my way slowly towards it on my tired horse.

The course I took soon led me off the level prairie into the wooded and hilly country, and I had not gone far—not, in fact, more than half the distance, as I calculated it, on my way back—when I observed, rising up in the still air above some trees in the distance, a thin column of smoke, like that produced by a camp-fire. The place where the smoke appeared was not in my direct route, and it needed no second glance at the country round to convince that it could not possibly come from our own encampment. Either there must be Indians in the neighbourhood or another party of hunters, and at this time of the year the former supposition was the most likely to be right.

The smoke rose, at a distance of about half a mile, in a little valley or dell, from which I was separated by some rising ground covered with trees. I determined at once to reconnoitre, and rode into the wood, where, through an opening among the trees, I saw—what, indeed, I had almost expected to see. Down in the valley below, sitting or standing round a fire, were about twenty Indians. They were evidently out on the war-path, for their faces and breasts were covered with paint, which consisted chiefly of patches of bright red. They were naked down to the waist, to make the more show apparently of their war-paint, the rest of the person being clothed, as Indians usually are, in leggings and mocassins, made of prepared hide of deer or antelope. They wore also a sort of mantle of buffalo-hide hanging down from the shoulders behind, though in some instances it was wrapped about them for the sake of warmth. Their hair was drawn together at the crown of the head, twisted or plaited, and gay-coloured feathers were fastened into it. Not far from the fire were a few small rude tents, constructed of buffalo-skins stretched out upon sticks or poles stuck upright in the ground, and beyond these I could see some horses picketed.

Apart from more important reasons for feeling interested in this scene, I was struck by its picturesque effect. There, in the little green valley, surrounded by hills and trees, with the thin blue smoke rising up in the midst, appeared this group of curious figures, in their red paint and gay feathers, showing like bright spots of colour against the green background.

I should have remained longer to take in more details of the picture, but I observed that Benjamin was looking in the same direction as his master; gazing with eager eyes and ears pricked forward. Although he was a sensible and well-disposed beast, still as he did not know his master's motive for concealment, it occurred to me that he might very likely take it into his head to salute the strange horses he was gazing at with a friendly neigh. So I thought it wise to turn his head at once, and rode off to make known my discovery to my friends.

There was a great deal to puzzle me in what I had just seen. Naturally I connected these Indians with the spy who had been lurking about our encampment; yet the diminutive figure I had chased by moonlight was not among those sitting or standing round the fire: they had appeared generally to be tall, fine men. Then again, their paint, and the absence of women among them, signified that they were out on some warlike expedition; yet the fact that they had pitched their tents on that spot, seemed to imply that they were remaining stationary there for a short time at least.

Puzzling over all this, I reached our own encampment just as Penryhn also rode up to it. He and the rest had followed in the rear of the buffalo-herd for a few miles. They had had excellent sport, and the others were still out, taking off the hides, and collecting the tongues and other tit-bits of meat, from the animals that had been shot. Penryhn was very glad to see me

safe; though he laughed and rallied me upon my rashness, and, what he called, the impetuosity of youth. I was obliged to confess with shame that I had not bagged a single buffalo, though I had been riding in the midst of thousands.

Then I told him of my discovery of the Indian encampment; and the rest of the party returning soon after, we all discussed the matter together. The trappers were too much accustomed to meet with Indians, and even to have dealings with them—often exchanging knives or pipes or tobacco for skins—to feel either surprise or uneasiness from the mere fact of there being an encampment of Indians so near us; though they admitted that when these gentlemen have on their war-paint they are always more dangerous than at other times. The glory of the Indian warrior, when he returns from war, depends very much upon the number of scalps that he brings home; consequently, if he has failed to obtain the scalps of his enemies, he is strongly tempted to collect others how and where he can.

Jan Bunk expressed his opinion as follows:—"When them there Injuns is once out on the war-trail, they ain't noways purtiklar whose hair they raise; they ain't."

"Wal, no; I guess they ain't," chimed in old Bill.

The mystery of the footprints, and of the midnight visitor to our camp, was still unexplained; though the general opinion seemed to be that he must belong to this party of Indians; and that his object in spying about the camp most likely was to find out if it would be easy some dark night to steal our mules and horses. We determined to keep good watch and ward that night, though it promised to be clear and moonlight, and we thought of starting for Santa Fé on the following day.

When our party round the camp-fire were separating for the night, and we were retiring to our blankets or bear-skins, Jan Bunk good-naturedly volunteered to remain at the camp and keep the first watch of the night for us. As sleep stole upon my senses, the last object I beheld was his tall figure visible through the half-opened fly of the tent as he stood outside.

I remember that my dreams were of times past, and people far away. I wandered off in spirit over sea and land back to the old home. I fancied myself and your mother, children, boy and girl once more: we were together in the fields, and I was holding Mousey, our pony, by the bridle; for we used to ride and tie in our expeditions. I leant across a ditch to pick some blackberries, which she with her little fat arms had tried in vain to reach. I was still holding Mousey's bridle while I did so, when the pony gave a plunge, and almost wrenched my arm out of the socket. I woke suddenly; my dream gave place to reality; and I found Penryhn shaking me violently by the arm, as he shouted in my ear—

"Jan Bunk is off in pursuit of some one; don't you hear him calling to us to follow?"

Penryhn rushed out of the tent as he spoke; and pulling on my boots, and seizing my rifle, I followed quickly after him.

On issuing from the tent, I saw Jan Bunk running towards a clump of trees at no great distance, into which he disappeared. Before Penryhn or I could reach him, the object of his pursuit, who no doubt had first taken refuge among the trees, broke covert, and went bounding away over the open. It was the same small figure I had pursued before; those were the feet that had left the foot-prints. Whether it were man, woman, or child, it ran wonderfully fast; but Jan, with his long legs, strode like a giant in pursuit, and there could be no question how the chase would end.

I felt almost sorry for the diminutive figure, running so wildly as if for very life, and chased by three strong men. At the moment I almost wished he might not be caught; but there was no escape for him. Jan gains upon him rapidly; he reaches him; the chase is over, and the fugitive lies prostrate at the feet, and at the mercy of his pursuer.

We watch the trapper as he bends over the prostrate form. He is holding him

down with one hand, while with the other he is feeling in his own belt. I think of the bright keen blade which I know Jan always carries there; and a horror comes upon me lest he should be going to kill the small slight creature. Thank Heaven, no! he is merely unwinding a coil of rope he always carries about him; and as we reach the spot, he is busy tying the boy's arms and legs, in spite of his struggles and resistance.

For a boy it evidently was of some twelve or fourteen years of age, though his face was smeared with blood from a wound he must have received in falling. Having bound him so that he could struggle no longer, the trapper lifted him across his shoulder as if he had been a bundle, and we all returned to the tent. As Jan strode along in the moonlight, you might have fancied him the giant Blunderbore carrying home a victim to his castle to be cooked for supper.

Jan laid down his burden in the bright moonlight just outside the entrance of our tent, while we brought out a bottle of water and a lantern in order to wash and examine the wound on the boy's forehead. As Jan Bunk washed the blood from the little face, he burst out with a volley of exclamations.

"Geehoshaphat! Wal! By the tarnal airthquake! I'm dog-goned, I am! If this hyur leetle Injun ain't been and turned white, I'll be whipped. Look, and judge for yerselves, sirrees."

And it was true; the handsome, sullen, young face was that of a boy of European race. It was easy to see that the skin, though sunburnt, was naturally fair; the eyes were hazel, and the hair, which was drawn together into a scalp-lock at the top of the head, and adorned with a gay ribbon and a bunch of feathers, was of a bright chestnut colour. But the expression of the face—the sullen, resolute, vindictive look—was that of a savage.

The white children and women, who are sometimes met with among Indian tribes in those parts, are usually captives who have been carried off from outlying Mexican settlements. Acting upon this supposition, Jan Bunk, who knew some words of Spanish, began to address the boy in that language; but he answered neither by word nor sign. I spoke to him in English. He only seemed to press his lips tighter together as if to strengthen his resolution to be silent. Then we unbound him, and led him into the tent. We offered him food, which he turned away from. We spread a blanket on the ground, and pointed to it as his couch. He threw himself down at once and closed his eyes as if in sleep; though more probably pretending to sleep and watching for an opportunity to escape.

We all felt the importance of keeping him a prisoner till we could find out his object in acting the spy upon us; and we agreed that one of us should remain awake to watch him during the night.

When morning dawned, and the boy woke up, or appeared to wake up, from sleep, he had improved in temper, and was willing to talk. Perhaps he had been indignant over night at the rough treatment he received from Jan Bunk; or possibly he was agreeably surprised, now that he had been our prisoner some hours, to find that there was no sign of any intention to torture him, as the Indians so often do their prisoners. He evidently did not understand either English or Spanish, but the trappers and Jonson had all some slight acquaintance with Indian dialects; so among them, and with the help of signs and much gesticulation, they contrived to hold a conversation with him, though certainly it was carried on under difficulties. We gathered by degrees the following information:—

He was the son, he said, of a chief; and the warriors of his village, with his father at their head, had come out on an expedition against the Yutaws, a tribe with which they were at war. This was the first time that his father had taken him with him on the war-path. They had halted at a place not far away—and he pointed in the direction of the Indian encampment I had seen—where they had appointed to meet the warriors of another branch of their own tribe, who lived in a distant village, and were to

join in the expedition. They had been waiting now several days, disappointed at the non-arrival of their allies.

It seemed that he had played the spy upon our camp simply through curiosity to see as much as he could of white men, whom he was of course conscious that he resembled. He had first seen some of us hunting one day, and had traced us to our encampment, then he had been accustomed to leave his own buffalo tent every night secretly to pay us a visit; and he declared that he had once been actually inside our tent, and had looked at us as we slept.

Now, when we first discovered that the boy was of European race, I had begun to speculate mentally as to the manner in which he might have fallen into the hands of the Indians; and the story recurred to me, which Penryhn told me long ago, of the massacre of his sister and her husband by the Arapahoes. I remembered too that he said the body of her baby-boy had never been discovered among those of the rest of the party.

Could this by possibility be the child?

As the thought crossed my mind I looked from him to Penryhn and back again, but though there was a general similarity of features, I could not persuade myself that I had found out a striking family likeness. Penryhn himself evidently had no thought of the kind in connection with the boy; and I did not like to suggest a possibility which had not crossed his own mind. But in the morning, when the boy's examination appeared concluded, I suggested that he should be asked what tribe of Indians he belonged to. They were the Arapahoes, he replied.

As he spoke the word, I saw Penryhn turn pale. I knew what he was thinking of. He bent down, and looked intently into the young face: then turning to me—

"How old," he said, "do you think that boy is?"

"Twelve or fourteen years," I replied.

"My little nephew," rejoined Penryhn, "would be now just thirteen, if he survived when his father and mother were killed by the Arapahoes. Can it be possible that Providence has given him back to me at last? But how could it be proved? How shall I ever find out whether this is my poor sister's child or not?"

Then our prisoner was questioned again. He was asked if he did not remember a white father and mother, before he became the adopted son of the Arapaho chief; but I suppose we were not able to make the question clear to him, for he continued to answer simply that he was the son of the chief.

Penryhn was terribly perplexed. The only plan he could think of was to get up some friendly intercourse with the Indians, and so learn the true history of the child. Meanwhile, our intention of starting that day on the journey to Santa Fé was, of course, set aside, and we endeavoured to interest and amuse our little prisoner by showing him our weapons and other things, so as to reconcile him to captivity. But he was not to be won over: if he was Penryhn's nephew, he had no instinctive affection for his uncle, at all events. He demanded to be let go back to his own people, and declared that if he did not return soon, they would find out where he was by following his trail, and would attack us to rescue him.

We did not think much of this threat at the time, or at least we considered the danger a remote one. We were destined, before many hours were over, however, to find out that the boy was right.

After dark that night we were sitting round our fire as usual, and had our prisoner in the midst of us, when one of the negroes, who had been wandering a little way by himself, came running up to Penryhn, looking as scared and as ghastly as a nigger well could look.

"Oh, massa! massa, oh! miserabobble sinners dat we are, de Injuns am come. Cho! we shall all be killed dead in bery little whiles."

As soon as he was calm enough to be coherent, we discovered that he had been walking near the cluster of large trees which grew on the high ground, as I have before

described, within less than a quarter of a mile of the camp; and there he saw an Indian peep from behind one of the trees. He was certain, he said, that he saw a head with feathers on it.

This news was alarming anyhow; but the head might belong either to one of a party come to attack us, or only to a solitary Indian come to spy. Jan Bunk at once started off to reconnoitre. He ran down the slope leading from our camp towards his own hut, which was on the side opposite to the cluster of trees; then he followed the course of a small stream which flowed through the low ground, the bed of the stream forming a sort of gully, and making a semicircular curve, so that he was able to emerge from it on to the high ground on the other side of the trees. In this way he could watch the Indian or Indians from behind, while they were busy watching us in front.

An anxious half-hour it was while the trapper was away, and we passed it in preparing our arms. At length he returned breathless, and gave us the information that beyond the trees, and hidden from us by them, he had seen standing some twenty or thirty riderless horses; no doubt the riders being concealed among the trees.

This was enough for us to know. We at once abandoned the tents, which were incapable of defence, and went down the slope to the trappers' hut. The boy, who did not seem to understand the reason of our change of quarters, made no resistance. We could but just squeeze into the little cabin; there were nine of us in all, including the boy and the two negroes.

The trappers showed themselves equal to the occasion; even Old Bill exhibited a degree of life in his battered old body, and a light of intellect in his wrinkled, scarred old face, which I had never given him credit for before. There was a small square hole on each side the door of the wooden hut, which were intended to serve as windows, and they now formed excellent loop-holes for rifles; nor did it take many minutes to cut out several more loop-holes in the wood with the long sharp blades of our hunting-knives.

These preparations made, we waited with anxiety, almost with impatience, the expected attack of the Arapahoes. The moon would rise, we knew, about midnight, and we felt sure that the Indians would attack while the comparative darkness might cover their approach.

We had waited more than an hour packed very closely together, and the silence outside seemed so intense, that you might have fancied there was no living thing within miles of us, when suddenly an Indian war-whoop sounded in the air. It was the signal for an outburst of such yells, and shouts, and cries, that it appeared as if a thousand demons had broken loose, and several shots were fired as if to increase the noise. The Indians had attacked the camp, and we could see upon the ridge in front of us, and in relief against the sky, dark figures flitting to and fro among the tents, brandishing spears and tomahawks.

Gradually the noise subsides, and in less than ten minutes from the outburst as complete a silence reigned over the place as there had been before.

When the war-whoop of the Arapahoes sounded, our boy prisoner became difficult to manage. He begged to be let go, and cried and shouted till we were obliged to direct one of the negroes to devote himself entirely to keeping the lad still and quiet; and at last Penryhn, most reluctantly I could see, arranged a gag across his mouth.

Another quarter of an hour of suspense; and the moon begins to rise above the horizon, just throwing her level rays upon the face of the slope rising up in front of us. The light reveals to us the fact that the Indians are coming down the slope; hiding themselves behind trees, or bushes, or inequalities of the ground; but every now and then passing rapidly from one shelter to another in their descent. They evidently quite understand the position of affairs; and, finding the camp deserted, are coming to attack the hut. I cover one of them with my rifle, whom I can just distin-

guish half-concealed behind a bush; but no blood had been shed as yet, and I shrink from the thought of being the first to fire. It would seem like giving the signal for the fight in which Heaven only knew how many lives might be sacrificed, how many souls might be sent to their account.

Close to me, at the next loop-hole, stands old Bill, who has no compunctious visitings of conscience about killing "Injuns;" and while I hesitate, I hear the crack of a rifle at my elbow. The die is cast; that shot is followed instantly by the discharge of half a dozen rifles including my own.

The smoke from our rifles renders everything outside invisible for the moment; but there rises once more the war-whoop of the Indians; again the chorus of yells and shouts, and a discharge of rifles from the other side. Both bullets and arrows strike the wooden wall of our cabin; then comes a rush of feet with blows of tomahawks upon our door. Through my own loop-hole the head of a spear is thrust, which I have the satisfaction of breaking off. But the discharge of our second barrels, and our reserve rifles, fired at such close quarters, soon sends our enemies scampering away. As the smoke clears, we can distinguish four or five bodies of dead or wounded lying about outside; but among ourselves not one is hurt. Luckily the walls of the cabin have been built so thick for the sake of warmth, that scarcely a ball has penetrated.

But now there comes back the same mysterious stillness—a stillness as if the Indians had gone miles away. It is broken only by the groans of a wounded man lying on the ground in front. But for those groans it might be thought that the scene of a minute before had been only a horrible dream. Whatever the Indians may be doing, they are at least taking great pains to keep quiet.

Another quarter of an hour of suspense, when we hear the crackling sound of burning wood. It comes from the shed at the back of the hut, between the hut and the stream, where the mules and waggon are kept. It is the weak side of our fortress; in that part is the chimney of the hut, and the wall there in consequence is built of earth. We could make no loop-holes through it. We know at once what is happening. We are going to be burnt or smoked out as hunters smoke coons from hollow trees. We can soon tell that the flames are lapping round to the wooden sides of the cabin, and through every crevice the smoke is entering. We have no alternative but to sally forth and encounter odds which may be three or four to one.

Penryhn first takes off the gag from his prisoner, who is left free to do as he pleases. We are likely to have enough to do to save our own lives and scalps without thinking about keeping him.

It is decided that on issuing from the hut we will make round to the side least exposed to the fire, and stand with our backs to the wall, so as not to be attacked behind. In this position we hope to keep the enemy at bay with our rifles: but Penryhn and I have also revolvers—then recently invented—which we know will be terrible weapons in a close encounter.

We have hardly time to take up the intended position when Indians appear to spring up in all directions as if they rose out of the ground. Again the war-whoop and the yells; and, in spite of the fire of our rifles, they make a rush upon us. A horrible confusion; a hand-to-hand fight. Groans, curses, shouts of triumph; shrieks of agony! A tall savage close to me has raised his tomahawk over Penryhn's head; I turn and fire my revolver into his face: as I do so, I feel a sharp pain between my shoulders; a sudden giddiness comes over me, and I fall senseless on the ground.

When I recovered consciousness, I was lying on my blanket, which was soaked with blood, in our own tent. Penryhn, Jan Bunk, Old Bill, and the Irishman, were all there, and in the place where Penryhn usually slept lay a wounded Indian, by whose side the boy was kneeling and weeping bitterly. Directly I moved I felt excruciating pain from the spear-wound in my back; and

the blood, which had been with difficulty stanched, began to flow afresh. It was some consolation, though, to hear that we had gained a complete victory. The skirmish had not lasted long, and the Indians took to flight, leaving nearly half their number on the field; the revolvers, it was said, had done terrible execution.

Among ourselves poor Jonson was the only one killed, or "rubbed out," as Jan Bunk expressed it; though most of us had flesh-wounds more or less severe, mine being the only dangerous one. The wounded Indians left on the ground would probably be cared for by their own friends, who might return when they saw the coast was clear; but the chief, whom the boy called father, and whom he had found among the wounded, was brought up to the tent. Penryhn hoped to obtain from him the history of the boy.

Nor did the wounded Arapaho chief hesitate to acknowledge that his possession of the child originated in his attack upon a merchant's caravan many years before; that he had massacred all except this baby, whom he had saved in order to replace a child of his own, of about the same age, who had died shortly before.

He did not survive many hours afterwards, and died with his head in the lap of his adopted son, who tended him and wept for him, scarcely realizing probably the idea that his affection was given to the murderer of his own father and mother. But afterwards he seemed willing to remain with us, and to accept Penryhn in the old chief's place.

The Arapaho warriors who had attacked us, formed, we knew, but a small portion of the tribe; we had not forgotten that the boy said that they were expecting to be joined by other warriors from a distant village. These would no doubt be eager for revenge. We all saw the necessity for starting off at once. I presented the only difficulty on account of my wound; but I eagerly declared my desire to risk the journey, and, after much consideration, a soft bed of bear and buffalo skins was prepared for me in the waggon.

To our surprise Jan Bunk hesitated to accompany us in our flight—for flight it really was. He swore that he would stay and rebuild his hut in spite of all "them skunking Injuns." But more prudent considerations at last prevailed, especially when he found that his friend and companion, Old Bill, was not anxious to remain with him and share the danger. Penryhn appealed to Old Bill on the subject—

"You won't stay here to be killed and scalped, Old Bill; will you?" said Penryhn.

"Blessed if I will," cheerfully answered Old Bill; and he fell a-winking, and a-blinking, and chuckled again and again, as if he had made a rare good joke.

I shall never forget my suffering on that journey. Often the waggon had to stop for an hour, simply to relieve me for a time from the excruciating pain of the jolting. However, we reached Santa Fé at last. As you see, I lived through it all, and here I am to tell the tale.

Thus ended my first great hunting expedition, and I fancy I have brought the story of it to a proper dramatic close with the recovery of the lost child. To-morrow, children, I am off upon fresh wanderings, and perhaps some day, if ever I return, I shall have some more wonderful adventures to tell you.

But I see you all want to know what has become of the boy. Penryhn treated him in every way as if he were his own son; and he has grown up as refined and accomplished a gentleman, as if, instead of living for twelve years among savages, he had been brought up at Eton or Rugby as you young gentlemen have been. You ask how old he is now? Well, I should say about five-and-twenty years of age. And you want to know, Miss Lucy, if he is married yet? Yes, he is. I heard of his marriage only the other day; so you see, my dear, there is no chance for you.

THE END.

# TYPES OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

After the harvest is over, during the autumn, and a certain portion of the winter, the peasant is principally engaged in thrashing his stock of corn—(every Russian peasant cultivator has his own allotment of land, which he tills himself)—and laying in a stock of firewood which he fetches from the neighbouring forest. Some of the peasants leave the village at this time of the year, as there is often not sufficient work to occupy them at home, and trudge on foot if they are very poor, to the towns of the interior, and the capitals, as represented in our engraving (fig. 3), and engage in all manner of work. Some of them find employment as weavers in factories; others, who are better off, start with their horses and sleighs to the various trading centres of the interior, hundreds of miles away, and engage themselves as carriers of corn and provisions, and other produce, from one town to another. With the first appearance of spring, before the winter roads break up, they return home again, very often with considerable savings. The Russian peasant woman shares the labours of the field with the man, and is certainly the most hard-worked of the two. Besides the common household duties, the women during the long winter evenings are engaged in spinning and weaving, for the patch of land which her husband has sown with hemp or flax has produced its crop, which has to be worked up into linen cloth, which is either used for the family or sold at the neighbouring market. The coarse, narrow linen stuff sold in this country, and known as Russian towelling, is mostly manufactured by these peasant women. It is noted for its extreme durability. The women manufacture also coarse cloth, used for peasants' coats, and knit socks, mittens, etc. This kind of work must be particularly tedious and trying to the eyes of the poor peasant women, when we consider the shortness of the winter days in Russia, and that in many villages even candles are not yet in general use. As a substitute they employ the luchina—long matches cut from the billets, which are used for firewood. The match is fixed on to a kind of a wooden stand, in the shape of a candlestick, about a yard high; it is lighted at one end; when nearly consumed another match is substituted; below is placed a vessel with water to catch the falling sparks. Besides being inconvenient, as may be imagined, the system is a dangerous one. Whole villages have been destroyed in Russia from the use of the luchina. But it is not all work in a Russian village.

As with us, Christmas time is the season chosen for merry-making, and the festivities or sviatki,* are kept up with great spirit in the villages as well as in the towns of the interior of Russia. In the country it is usual to make blinui, a kind of pancake, on the day before Christmas Day, when all the young girls of the village assemble to sing the Koliada song. This song is performed under the windows of the izbas, and the object is to get treated to the above delicacy. At the sound of the Koliada chorus the window of the izbà opens, and a dish of hot blinui is handed to the bevy of merry makers, who make short work of them, and hurry to the next house, where they are again regaled with the same dish, and so they go on from izba to izba, singing and eating until they have been all over the village. On Christmas Eve it is usual for the girls and young men to assume all sorts of disguises, but all of a very homely character. The costumes for these masquerades are all very simple, and always at hand. The young women dress themselves up as frightful old men, the young fellows as tottering old women, the girls as gipsies, etc., the principal thing is to make as grotesque and comical appearance as possible, and that the person should not be recognized. So the peasant's sheep-skin coat turned inside out, which is often formed

* From Zima Zaraiskago Krestyanina—the winter of the peasant of Zaraisk.—B. Selivanov.

of black and white skins sewn together, is called into requisition; the back is filled with straw to represent a hump, the face of the performer is decorated with a long beard made of tow, the head is covered with the same material to represent hair in a dreadful state of unkemptness and disorder, a thick stick is taken into the hand, and the frightful old man is ready. Some dress themselves up in old sacks, with their heads tied up with bast; others devise a fanciful costume, supposed to impart to the wearer a resemblance to the devil, and a thousand other contrivances are resorted to too numerous to mention. These maskers, who are much like our mummers, go from house to house, followed by a crowd of children, and perform all kinds of antics, with dancing and singing, etc.

Towards New Year's Day the young folks assemble again, to sing another song through the village in the same manner as before, called avsein, or oussein, the object like on the former occasion, is a treat, but it is expected to be of a more substantial kind, the serenaders are regaled with pies, roast meat, etc. New Year's Eve in a Russian village is devoted by the young girls entirely to divining their fortunes. This is done in different ways: a pig's tail is cut into small pieces and distributed among the lads and lasses who take part in the ceremony; each sticks the piece or joint of the pig's tail on to a skewer, which is inserted in the crevices of the wooden floor; when all are ready, a dog is let into the room. Whichever piece the dog seizes first, if it belongs to a girl, she is sure to get married in the ensuing year; if to a young man, he will not remain a bachelor. Then there is listening under the windows of the izbas to conversation going on within. If the word shirt should be mentioned, death is to be expected by the eavesdropper. If a horse collar be mentioned, the listener will surely have his horse stolen, and so on. Sometimes a young girl will go into the kitchen-garden, lie down full length on the fresh snow, getting up with the aid of a friend, without disturbing the imprint thus made by her body. If on returning next day the imprint is still intact, the girl is sure to get married; if it has been disturbed, or obliterated, she must expect all sorts of troubles. To divine the names of their future husbands is also a favourite amusement among the Russian village maidens at this time of the year. With this object a girl asks the name of the first man she meets in the morning; his name is to be the name of her intended. Some hang a long towel out of the window, to attract the notice of the passer-by, who is expected to give it a slight pull, and communicate his name to the inquiring damsel. All this, as may be imagined, occasions a great deal of fun among the young folks. In the plate (see page 249) is a representation of just such a village maiden who would be likely to perform all these tricks; her dress is a plain skirt of cotton or linen stuff, a cotton print apron, chemise with wide sleeves, and her hair is plaited in a single plait; a necklet of large amber-coloured beads with a cross suspended to it decorates her neck.

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## The Toilers of the Volga.*

In a country so backward in all mechanical arts as Russia, it is natural to expect an immense preponderance of manual labour in her internal economy. Among the scenes of such labour may be reckoned the extensive river systems of the country with their busy *pristans*, or inland parts, which during the open season—about five months in the year—afford employment to hundreds of thousands of individuals. The Volga, a river almost fifteen hundred miles in length, the great water way for the produce of an immense area of Russia, the great link of canal and river communication between the Caspian and the Baltic, is in this respect for Russia the most important of rivers. The Russian common man, the toiler on the Volga, has much affection for that majestic river: he sings her charms, and in his popular

* Taken from Bourlachestvo na Volgay.—P. Nebolsin.

songs and sayings calls her in the endearing terms of Matoushka Volga—Mother Volga, and Volga karmilitsa násha—Volga our benefactress. The men who navigate the barkas, or barges, on the Volga, are called Bourlaks.

The barka is a kind of barge of very primitive construction, and has probably preserved the same form and general arrangement which characterised it one thousand years ago. These vessels are of enormous size, flat-bottomed; very little labour, and that of the roughest description, being wasted in their construction. Some of them are able to carry a cargo of two thousand tons while drawing very little water. The so-called Belianas have sometimes a capacity equal to that of a ship of the line, and are particularly adapted for carrying the bulky produce of the country. The basis of these barges is the large trunk of the pine, of which the strongest side branches are left, and serve as ribs to the boat, the planks that cover the ribs are smoothed merely with the axe, and made fast with strong wooden pins, about three-quarters of an inch in diameter, and about seven inches long; this imparts elasticity to the body of the vessel, a quality which is found to be essential in the intricate navigation of Russian rivers.

Before proceeding with the description of the toilers of the Volga, it will be necessary to explain a remarkable Russian institution, which is not easily intelligible to the western public—the Artel. Whenever a number of Russians of the peasant class work together, they speedily form an organized body, with an elected chief, and with equal rights and duties for all its members. Such a body is called an *artel*, and breaches of faith of its members towards each other are so absolutely unknown, that they are considered impossible. Not only does this system prevail in all kinds of labour, but the same kind of organization is adapted even by convicts on their road to Siberia; and, strange to say, the same faithfulness which belongs to all artels also characterises those formed by the outlaws. Nay, when the members pledge their "word of honour" for each other, the promise may be safely relied on even by the officers who guard them. The elders (starostui) at the head of the convict artels administer the money, make all the necessary purchases, etc.

The Bourlaks repair to their five months of hard labour, certainly fit only for criminals, in the month of April, upon the opening of the Volga. The greater part of these bargemen are natives of the Great Russian provinces professing the orthodox faith. This occupation seems to attract principally peasants who are in great poverty, and mostly those who are unacquainted with any kind of trade. The chief motive for engaging in this calling, it would appear, is to earn sufficient money to pay the taxes, with which the Russian peasant has ever been so heavily burdened; it is, consequently, almost compulsory. The Bourlaks generally enter upon their arduous duties while very young; a boy of eleven years of age is considered already fit to be engaged as kashevar, porridge boiler or cook on board a barka, and many work till they are sixty years old. The Bourlak's artels are formed without any formal agreement between its members (the Artelschiks), who of their own free will undertake to perform each his allotted share of labour, and contributing his earnings to the general fund of the artel. The mutual relations of the members of the association are limited to this and nothing more. They all receive the same pay, including even the *Dessiatnik*, or elected chief of the artel. Some of these associations, employed on the large barges carrying a cargo of about fifty thousand puds (about eight hundred tons), number one hundred and fifty men. The dessiatnik buys in the provisions and looks after the interests of the crew in general. On the other hand, the interests of the owner of the cargo are represented on board by a man called the vodoliv, literally water-pourer. This vodoliv is entrusted with the whole of the cargo, for which he is responsible to the owner. His first duty, strange to say, is to bail or pump the water out of the vessel. He also acts as a coxswain

when the crew have to be taken ashore, to take the vessel in tow. The vodoliv likewise attends to the necessary repairs of the barka. For all this he receives double the pay of the common hands. In order to become a vodoliv, the Bourlak must have gained the especial confidence of the master. A well-conducted, sober man has the chance of being promoted to this post in one or two years. Cases of dishonesty among the vodolivs are found to be very rare indeed. The owners generally try to get men belonging to the same village, or at least men who are acquainted with each other. The artel is answerable to the owner in what they call the krougovayà Poròuka—the reciprocal bond in case of delinquency of any of its members; if a man happens to run away, or falls seriously ill, the artel is bound to hire another man in his stead on their own account. The Bourlaks are generally paid so much for the voyage, say, from Astrakhan to Nijegorod—which occupies from seventy to seventy-five days. A certain portion of the amount is usually paid them beforehand, which goes towards paying taxes and providing a few necessaries required on board. The benefit obtained by the Bourlak, with the exception of the advance money, is very uncertain, and depends upon a variety of circumstances which cannot be foreseen—such as the direction of the wind and the depth of the water, which varies very much in the Volga. The Bourlak has therefore to depend a good deal upon chance. This uncertainty of things has originated a saying among them, that the Volga is sometimes a real mother to them, and at other times a step-mother. The Bourlaks are constantly exposed to the weather; there is no sort of shelter provided for them when resting from their labours, fatigued and exhausted they lie about on the top of the cargo, their only covering being a bast mat. They get up very early in the morning, just before daybreak, they breakfast at eight o'clock. After breakfast they work till two o'clock, dinnertime. After dinner they work on till late in the evening. The time allotted for sleep to the Bourlak is measured by means of a burning candle, when half the candle has been consumed the vodoliv proceeds to wake the men out of their first sweet sleep, who rise unrefreshed to resume their daily task. They are often up to their waists in water, when crossing from one shore to the other, and while transhipping the cargo into boats, which often happens when the barka meets with obstructions, such as sandbanks, immense boulders, snags, etc. It is upon occasions such as these that the Bourlaks lose time, and what with contrary winds as well, all their earnings are expended on food long before their destination is reached. In this case they are supplied with rations at the owner's expense, the cost of which has to be worked off the next voyage, or the following season. Some idea may be formed of the hardships and vicissitudes these poor bargemen have to undergo from the manner in which the enormous Volga barkas are brought into motion against stream, sometimes with a contrary wind. There are two modes of propulsion against stream—towing and throwing out anchors. With a fair wind a square sail and oars are used.

When the barge has to be towed, a rope, of which one end is fastened to a mast, is carried on shore where the Bourlaks attach their liamkas to it. The *liamka* is a broad strip of leather, forming a kind of belt about seven yards long by seven inches wide in the middle; from this the Bourlaks are also called Liamotchniki. This belt is put on round the chest, and the men lean forward with the whole weight of their bodies in order to assist the movement of the feet; in this manner the barge is dragged slowly along, the Liamotchniki, stepping together in measured tread, following each other in a string. The heavier barkas have two rows or gangs of these men. In order that they should not groan under their heavy work, doze, or stumble from sheer fatigue, it is customary for the Bourlaks to encourage one another with all kinds of quaint sayings, but they mostly divert themselves with songs. Owing

to the immense weight they have to drag, the men are compelled to take very short steps, advancing only with the right foot forward, and dragging the left one slowly after it. Should one of them happen to get out of step this cannot escape the others, so instead of stopping to find out the delinquent, they suddenly break out in the middle of a song, and strike up the well-known refrain of Seno-Saloma, Seno-Saloma, Seno-Salomo (Hay and Straw); this continues until they all get into step again. The foremost man, who is generally the strongest of the gang, is called the Shishka, or Diadka; the last man is called the Kossoug; and his duty is to keep the towing-rope clear of trees and other obstructions. No harder work can possibly be imagined, than dragging an enormous barge against wind and tide, the vessel moving sometimes at the rate of only thirty miles in twenty-four hours. Sometimes squalls come on, which drives the vessel backwards, dragging the men with it. It is here that the poor Bourlaks have to exert their utmost strength, turning round and facing the barge, with their liamkas, shifted from their chests to their backs, they lean backwards, with all their might their feet buried deep in the sandy shore at every step, straining every sinew, to stop the career of the retreating barge. It is on an occasion like this that the whole of the patient nature the Russian muzhik asserts itself, for while being dragged along the shore, in spite of wind and rain, the Bourlaks will break forth in strains such as these—

> Oh! Matoushka* Volga, so wide and so long,
> Thou hast tost us about and knocked us about
> Till our strength is quite gone.

The greatest misfortune that can befall these men is illness, for no provision is made for them in case of accidents, and it often happens that the poor Bourlak is left on shore to die among strangers hundreds of miles away from his home. It requires a very strong chest to be able to stand the constant pressure of the liamka, which often leaves a blood-red stripe on the skin. Consumption is soon developed among the weaker men, while the strong ones are subject to rheumatism and cognate diseases. The poet Nikrasoff refers to this inhuman kind of labour, in a most beautiful and touching poem, telling the sorrowful tale of the life of the Bourlak, the toiler of Volga, reminding one of the "Song of the Shirt."

The other method adopted for moving the barkas up the river is a tedious process, and is as following: two small rowing-boats are engaged alternately in carrying and dropping an anchor ahead of the vessel; the Bourlaks attach their liamkas to the rope which they pull in walking the whole length of the vessel till they come to the other end of the rope. In the mean time the other boat has dropped another anchor, the rope of which is hauled in in the same manner, and so on. This method is used where the banks of the river are unusually steep, very high, or covered with forest.

It is not unusual for the Bourlak, on his return to Astrakhan, after so many privations, nights passed almost without sleep, unceasing labour, like the typical sailor to spend his slender earnings for which he has risked his life, in eating and drinking in a few days. Astrakhan offers them many temptations. As a rule, the countries where these men come from, produce nothing but corn; here fish is cheap, their favourite food; there are all kinds of fruit, wine, etc., to be had for very little money; this is why the Bourlaks call Astrakhan "Razbalui Gorodok," the townlet of indulgence.

It is a consolation to think for humanity's sake, that this barbarous method of navigating barges is being greatly diminished by steam towage, although the Bourlaks themselves look with no friendly eyes upon the steamers, which they regard as a kind of relation to the "devil's mare," as the locomotive is called in Russia, which they detest, as they did long ago even chaussé roads and like innovations, supposing them to interfere with their earnings.

Allied to the Bourlaks are another class of men who are also toilers on the Volga

* Mother, or motherkin.

these are the Krouchniki, so called from the word krouk—the hook which they employ in moving heavy loads into and out of the barges. These men are principally to be found at Ribinsk, the largest centre of the corn trade in Russia. The Krouchniki, who are engaged in carrying sacks, are called Gorbatchi, from gorb, a hump. These men are chosen for their strength, as they often have to carry sacks of flour weighing nearly three hundred weight. Three Gorbatchi are supposed to do the work of four ordinary Krouchniki. The artel principle prevails here also. The men are engaged by a person called a Batuir, a kind of contractor, who agrees with the owner of the cargo to provide a certain number of Krouchniki. He is the chief of the artel, and receives for his trouble a certain amount from the owner, and share of the pay of the artel, and very often works together with the other men. It is said that an artel of twelve men is able to load two barges in a single day, each of thirty tons' measurement.

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# PUZZLES

*Double Acrostics.*

1.

1. A sovereign.
2. A town.
3. A great work.
4. A many.
5. A great river.
6. A complaint.
7. A game.
8. A measure.
9. An injury.
10. A freeman.
11. A great river.
12. A quantity.

Initials and finals read downwards give two celebrated painters.

2.

1. A German State.
2. A Spanish town.
3. A mountain range.
4. An English town.
5. A French river.
6. A frozen bay.
7. A Chinese town.
8. A Prussian state.
9. Indian province.
10. An Australian gulf.

Initials and finals read down give two ancient localities in England.

3.

1. An English river.
2. A Scotch town.
3. An Australian harbour.
4. An Italian name.
5. A French town.
6. A Canadian lake.
7. A French bishop.
8. A Syrian town.
9. A foreign town.
10. An American mountain.
11. As above.

Initials and finals read down give a celebrated statesman.

4.

1. An Indian district.
2. An Indian town.
3. An Australian town.
4. A German town.
5. A Russian river.
6. An American hill.
7. An Irish town.

My initials give a rank in the army and my finals one in the navy.

5.

1. An ornament.
2. An exclamation.
3. A toy.
4. Part of the head.
5. Tint (transposed).
6. An English river.
7. Cries.
8. A pronoun.
9. A West Indian island.
10. A battle.
11. Affection.
12. Insects.

Initials and finals read down will name proverb.

6.

1. Part of your body.
2. A bird.
3. A tree.
4. A colour.
5. A lady's name.
6. A bird.
7. A fish.

Initials and finals read downwards will name two poets.

*Transpositions.*

7. Pearl ring nor wishes.
8. Terrier cartel.
9. Unreal gile Annette.
10. Live in netband.
11. One rack blunder.
12. Brow takes K.
13. Sew shrimp caste.
14. Count a cant a duti.
15. Crows peer in gess.
16. Am most gallant paint.
17. Choke, feed, rich tank. P.
18. High lot use perkee.

*Proverbs.*

19.

So o setg nt gilr a oln soe ahr n ms.

20.

Dl if o rvn re Tifan hat ee wn ar ay.

*Square Words.*

21.

| | |
|---|---|
| A thought. | To win. |
| Loved. | An Italian river. |

22.

| | |
|---|---|
| Quiet. | Exhibition. |
| An answer. | An inhabited place. |

23.

| | |
|---|---|
| An open space. | Wander to. |
| A plant. | Sharp. |

24.

| | |
|---|---|
| Birds. | Improve. |
| A response. | Finals. |

# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

*On pp.* 303, 304.

1. Dr. S. Johnson. Dictionary.
2. Ironclad Steamram. 3. Clovis. Alaric.
4. A Sewing Machine.
5. Solomon. Soliman. 6. Chosroes.

7.

And say to Robin a kind word, and tell him not to fret,
There's many worthier than I, will make him happy yet.
If I can I'll come again, mother, from out my resting place,
Although you cannot see me, I shall look upon your face.

8.

Not in her little bed,
Cradled by mother's care,
In peace to lay her head,
A maiden died; not there.

But on the mighty wave
Mid'st terror, grief and death,
Her little life she gave,
And yielded up her breath.

9.

The sky at eve is dim with cloudy grey,
The wind the farmer loves; the western wind
Rises with sounding wings the leaves behind,
And thins the rifting clouds. The ark of day
Sails in the azure on its homeward way.
But there behind a grove of branching oaks,
Its beams entangled beautifully ray
Into a silver wheel of countless spokes.

10.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.

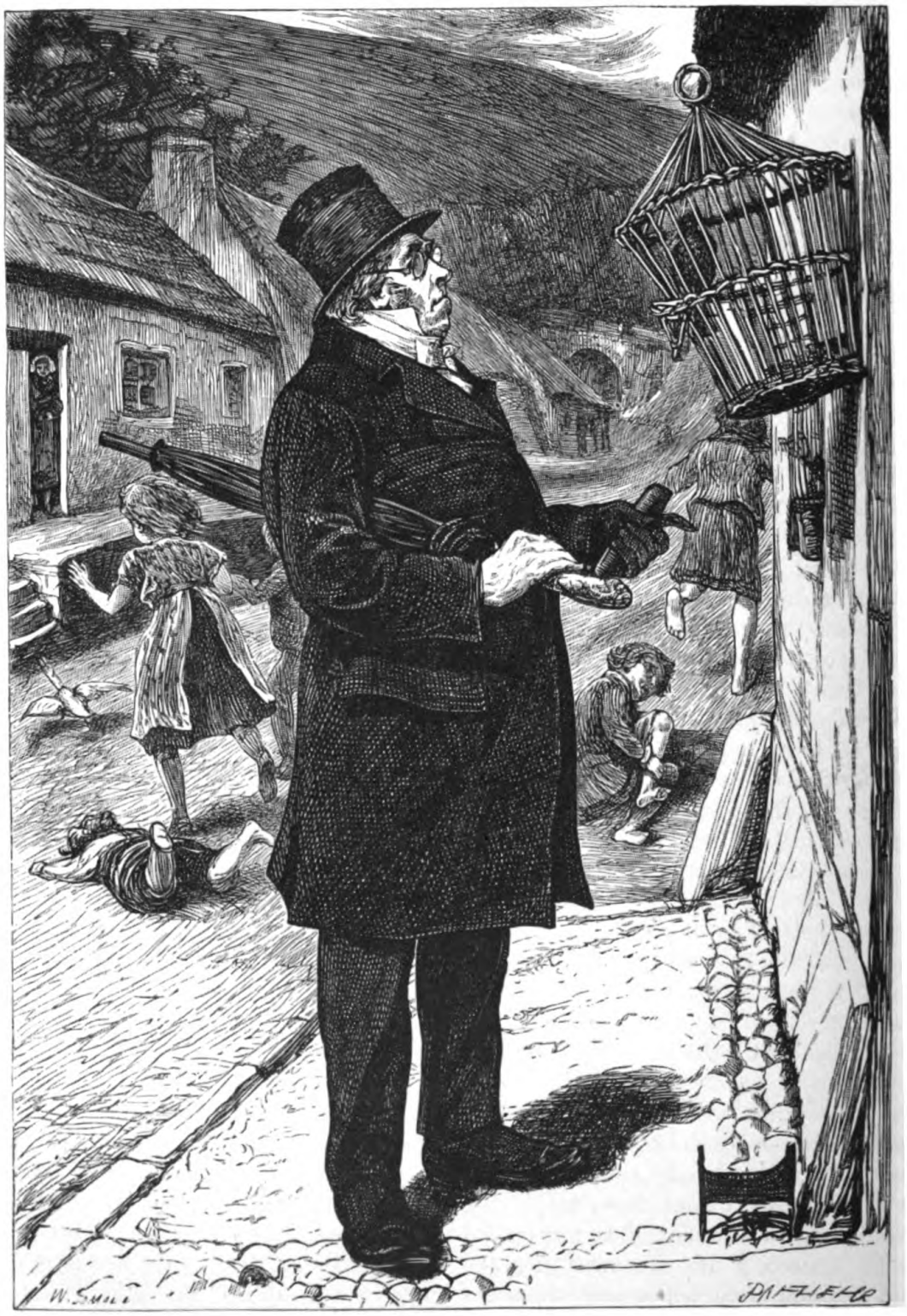
11.

In the hollow tree, in the grey old tower,
The spectral owl doth dwell!
Dull, hated, despised in the sunshine hour,
But at dusk he's abroad and well:
Not a bird of the forest e'er mates with him;
All mock him outright by day;
But at night, when the woods grow still and dim,
The boldest will shrink away;
Oh, when the night falls and roost the fowl,
Then, then is the reign of the horned owl.

12.

Two children in two neighbour villages
Playing mad pranks along the healthy leas;
Two strangers meeting at a festival;
Two lovers whispering by an orchard wall;
Two lives bound fast in one with golden ease;
Two graves grass-green beside a grey church tower,
Washed with still rains, and daisy blossom'd;
Two children in one hamlet born and bred:
So runs the round of life from hour to hour.

13. The Giant's Causeway.
14. The Falls of Niagara.
15. Fingal's Cave, Staffa.
16. Rock of Gibraltar.
17. The Maelstrom Whirlpool.
18. Volcano of Vesuvius.
19. The Iceland Geysers.
20. Burning Lake, Trinidad.
21. Put yourself in his place. Reade.
22. Thaddeus of Warsaw. Porter.
23. Adventures of Dr. Brady. Russell.
24. The Pottleton Legacy. Smith.
25. Danesbury House. Mrs. Henry Wood.
26. Heir of Redcliffe. Yonge.
27. Happy Thoughts. Burnand.
28. Mansfield Park. Austen.



29. "It's a gey an' queer bird, that, Sir."

# THE LOST LOCKET.

BY BARBARA SEMPLE.

ALTHOUGH I have very little vulgar curiosity in my disposition, and am quite content to remain in ignorance of the name of my next door neighbour, I must confess that I have always been very fond of studying the various characteristics of my fellow-men. Indeed, a lengthened experience has proved to me that ignorance of human passions and motives is one of the greatest disadvantages that we have to contend against in our way through life. Of course I am aware that there are a great many people who take a strong interest in the indirect study of man. They will read and compare history, in order to make themselves acquainted with the actions and progress of nations; they will peruse biographies, in the hope of learning something of the inner life of noted persons; they will pore over antiquarian lore, with a desire to gain an insight into the manners and customs of the past; they will wade through tomes, in order that they may arrive at a fair estimate of Greek philosophy, or at a sound knowledge of Roman law; and they do not grudge spending evening after evening in listening to the discussions of anthropologists on the subject of "man's place in nature and his relations to the inferior forms of life." But with all these opportunities, all these advantages, how few even of such people have any knowledge of the real characters of those persons whom they constantly meet with in everyday life! The truth is that hardly any of us think it worth while to study the minds and dispositions even of our most intimate acquaintances; hence the misapprehensions and estrangements that so constantly arise among us. For my own part, I think every man's character worthy of a certain amount of careful study. Indeed, I am convinced that the more we know of our fellow-men, the wider will be our sympathy, and the greater will be our charity. In the course of my life I have seen so much that is strange, contradictory, and even inexplicable in human nature, that I now hear with little surprise of noble traits among the depraved, or of acts of meanness among the virtuous. The experience of Burns may have been similar when he said—

> "I'll no say men are villains a';
> The real, hardened wicked,
> Wha hae nae check but human law,
> Are to a few restricked."

At any rate, the incidents I am about to relate, though perhaps not very creditable to my own powers of perception, go far to support my opinions in this respect.

Several years after my marriage, I became the father of twin sons; but, alas! ere many months elapsed one of them was taken from us in an attack of croup. How dear to us our sole remaining child became, only those who have suffered the same kind of bereavement can thoroughly understand.

For some time all went well with the little one, and when it had reached its fourth birthday I began to look forward to the time when my son would be able to go to school; indeed, I had already begun to form plans for his careful education, and had pictured to myself a noble career for him. All these hopes were suddenly destroyed! My poor boy lost his life through the culpable carelessness of a nurse, who allowed him to crawl out of an open window. However great my anguish at this period, it was excelled by that of my dear wife, who would sit for hours with a curling tress which I had cut from his head, clasped in her hand.

One morning, when I was about to leave my residence at Southport, with the intention of proceeding by railway to Liverpool on business, Ellen placed a locket in my hand containing some of the hair of the first child that we had lost. This locket had been expressly made for the purpose, and was enamelled outside with the monogram

L. B., while within was engraved the date of the death.

"I want you," she said, taking from her bosom a tiny packet, "to get the two locks of the brothers entwined; and, oh, Lionel," she added, with touching earnestness, "be sure to tell the jeweller to take care that he doesn't lose them."

I put the locket, together with the little packet of hair, into a morocco purse, and kissed her in silence.

When I took my seat in a second-class carriage of the train, there was but one other occupant, a well-dressed young man of clerical appearance, with closely-shaven face, and wearing a white cravat; but just as the whistle of the guard sounded and the train was about to move, the door was hurriedly opened, and a porter said—

"Get in there, sir, the third-class is full."

The person who entered was probably about forty, and his physiognomy at once struck me as being by no means pleasing. His short, but very thick, nose was turned up in a way which I always associate with an aggressive disposition, while his clay-coloured hair and beard, both of which were long and untrimmed, gave him something of a truculent appearance. If I say that he looked at us, as he sat down, with a defiant air suggestive of his being at war with society in general, I merely indicate a manner which I confess myself unable to describe.

For a short time we proceeded in silence, but at length my fellow-traveller in the white cravat folded up a newspaper he had been reading, and placed it in a small black bag, to the handle of which was tied a card, inscribed "Rev. J. J. Macdonald."

"Any further news about the forgeries, sir?" I asked, by way of opening a conversation.

"Nothing further has been discovered," he answered, promptly. "A most scandalous and cruel fraud! What are the police about that they don't catch some of the fellows? What's the use of paying rates and taxes if this kind of thing can be done with impunity?"

I was a little surprised at the indignant tone in which he spoke, and something in his accent made me think that he was not a clergyman of the Church of England.

"It is reported," I said, "that the culprits must be men of considerable education, and if they are so their guilt is the more inexcusable."

"Why so, sir?" suddenly demanded the traveller of unprepossessing appearance. "Why more inexcusable? Is it not a fact that it is much more difficult for a man of good education to earn his living than it is for a common labourer to do so?" Observing that I made no answer, he went on to say, after a moment's pause, "To a ploughman bred in penury, coarse fare—even semi-starvation—is not so hard to bear as it is, say to a penniless barrister who, in all likelihood, has been accustomed in early life to every luxury. Then, again, a peasant is not ashamed of his poverty, but a gentleman is."

"It's a poor kind of shame that makes a man blush for poverty and not for crime," I ventured to reply.

"I entirely agree with you, sir," observed Mr. Macdonald, the clerical gentleman, with emphasis.

"Poverty, for the matter of that, is regarded as a crime by many people," remarked he of the defiant air, with a short bitter laugh. "But a gentleman, also, blushes for crime, particularly when he is found out."

"I think you are mistaken in your application of the word gentleman," said I. "No gentleman would be guilty of fraud."

"Cer-tain-ly not," remarked Mr. Macdonald, separating every syllable by way of giving greater weight to what he said. Then he added, "I have no sympathy with the sentimental tone at present adopted towards criminals. The law is already too lenient. Far from being inclined to make excuses for men of education, when they commit frauds or thefts, I would punish them much more severely than the rough, whose neglected youth has made him what he is."

"Dear me, what a merciful judge you would make!" replied the other, sarcastically. "You seem unaware that the object

of punishment is to deter offenders; now as such offences are quite exceptional among gentlemen, it is scarcely necessary to legislate specially for them, or even to strain the existing law. Besides, the loss of caste which a single conviction on a criminal charge will occasion a man of that class, is in itself the most severe punishment: it is banishment for life from society."

"Not in every case," replied Mr. Macdonald, adjusting the folds of his white neckcloth. "I know of a lawyer who was convicted twenty years ago of cruelty of the most aggravated kind to his child, and was imprisoned; but he is now making a very good living by his profession, and is rather popular with a certain class."

"He would never have been popular with any class if he had stolen a loaf of bread to feed the child," observed his fellow-traveller, in a tone of contemptuous irritability.

"You are right, sir, in what you say," I remarked, mildly. "Society is terribly severe with all those who infringe the rights of property, while it is too lenient with offences against the person."

The train had stopped at a road-side station, and at this point in the conversation several other persons entered the carriage. My unprepossessing fellow-traveller found it necessary, therefore, to move close to myself; and then I noticed that his once black coat had lost much of its original colour by long wear and exposure to all kinds of weather. I sat by him in silence, and speculated on the probability of his being one of those whose case he had pleaded. Again I looked at his somewhat attenuated form, and glanced at his frowning face with its sunken eyes, and my impression became strong that he was, poor fellow, one who had by some misconduct become a social pariah. Such was the current of my thoughts when he suddenly rose from his seat on the train stopping at another station, as if he had nearly forgotten that he had to alight there, and left the carriage without a word.

"A hang-dog-looking fellow, and very lax in his moral views, I think," observed Mr. Macdonald, when the door had once more closed. "With your permission I will take his seat; for the wind gets colder, and I am on the wrong side of the window for shelter."

"I hope he has not been tempted to commit any acts of the kind we have been talking about," I said.

"Tempted to do wrong! My dear sir, the great mass of criminals have been so from their childhood, and commit such acts, in most instances, from mere force of habit consequent upon bad example. In the exercise of my profession I have seen a good deal, for instance, of the ways of thieves; and really I—I—haven't a single word to say in their favour. They are a bad lot—a *very* bad lot."

"But they are not so bad as to be without a good quality of some kind or other. A man may be guilty of a dishonest act, yet be a very kind father and a very affectionate husband. On the other hand, he may be of the strongest probity, and yet be the absolute terror of his children and the source of constant unhappiness to his wife."

Instead of a rejoinder from the young man he relapsed into silence, and ere long his eyes closed as if in sleep. At last, the train having once more slackened its speed, he put his hand outside the window and began to unfasten the door, saying, as he slowly twisted round the stiff handle, "I had better get out here instead of going on to Liverpool. This station is nearer for Kirkdale. I have enjoyed my chat with you very much; but you really are too lenient to dishonest people. Good morning; should we ever meet again, which is unlikely, I hope your opinion on this subject may coincide with my own."

He took up his black bag, sprang lightly on to the platform, and passed out of the gate leading to the road, along which I saw him, a moment after, making his way with a rapid and elastic tread.

In a few minutes I reached the terminus in Tithebarn Street, and having made my way on foot to the neighbourhood of the Custom House, I proceeded to engage the

services of Mr. Shellock, a customs agent, to take out of bond a case of cigars, which I had imported direct from the famous house of Cabana in the Havannah, and had agreed to divide with a friend. Mr. Shellock made the necessary calculations as to the amount of duty payable, after which I put my hand into my coat pocket and sought for my purse. I could not find it, and for a very good reason—I had been robbed of it! The possibility of my having dropped the purse never occurred to me, as I knew that I had placed it at the bottom of an outside pocket in the breast of my coat, and had put a new white handkerchief on the top. From the moment that I left home to that when I entered the room in which I was now standing, I distinctly remembered that I had not touched the contents of that pocket; yet both handkerchief and purse were gone! It was clear, then, to me that my pocket had been picked. The loss of six five-pound notes, the numbers of which I did not know, and could not therefore hope to trace, was vexatious enough; but it was completely forgotten in my distress of mind on recollecting that the hair of both our lost little ones was in my purse, together with the locket. What should I say to my poor wife when I returned, and how should I attempt to console her!

But who was the thief? As I had walked rapidly, and without a moment's pause, from the terminus to the place where I was now standing, it was quite impossible that my purse could have been abstracted since my arrival in Liverpool. That it was certainly in my possession when I entered the railway carriage at Southport I well knew, therefore the thief must have been one of my fellow-passengers. Then the disagreeable visage of the man who sat next to me for some time, recurred to my mind, and my previous suspicions of him quickly became a settled conviction. It could be no other than he who had caused this cruel loss! No sooner had I arived at this conclusion than I began to think that hitherto I had, indeed, taken too lenient a view of such offences, and that Mr. Macdonald, after all, was by no means too sweeping in his denunciation of all thieves. It is the way of human nature—

"He jests at scars, that never felt a wound."

Until that moment I had never suffered from the dishonesty of others, and now, the very peculiar circumstances of the case embittered me against the culprit to a degree which it gives me, at this moment, some regret to recall. I hastened to make known my loss to the police, and at their suggestion handbills describing the locket were sent round to the various pawnbrokers throughout Lancashire, where it was very probable the thief would try to dispose of it.

Months passed by, but no trace of my lost property could be found. My wife's continued dejection began at last to affect her health, and the doctors recommended change of air. While undecided where to go, our attention was attracted by an advertisement offering a furnished house on the borders of Perthshire, near the adjoining county of Stirling. The bracing air of the North promised to be beneficial to the invalid, and as I knew something of that romantic district, from the graphic description in the poems of Sir Walter Scott, thither we departed.

The view which spread out before me, as I stood at the door of my Highland dwelling on the morning after my arrival, was so charming that I congratulated myself on the judgment of my selection, and looked across the tranquil lake to the great mountains beyond with a feeling of exhilaration which I had not experienced since the loss of my only remaining son. One summer evening I was taking a stroll in the clachan, as a hamlet is called in Scotland, when my attention was attracted to a magpie in a cage suspended outside the window.

"It's a gey an' queer bird that, sir," * observed a decently-dressed man, who came to the door.

There was, indeed, something very droll and old-fashioned about the bird, and I said so. This led to a conversation which was only interrupted by large drops of rain be-

* See Illustration.

ginning to fall, accompanied with the rumble of distant thunder.

Tweedie, as I afterwards learnt his name to be, courteously invited me to take shelter in his house, an offer which I readily accepted. Seated by a peat fire, which is kept burning by the peasantry throughout the whole year, was a woman whose countenance beamed with geniality and contentment. With surprise I learned that she was blind; for except the want of intelligent expression there was nothing in the appearance of her eyes to denote sightlessness. The happy and even bright aspect of one so severely afflicted was remarkable enough to constrain one to allude to it.

"An' what for should I no' be cheerful?" she demanded. "It's them that has the fash o' me that has a richt to compleen. I hae a leddy's life, wi' naething to dae, bit sit i' the ingle neuk an' work my stockin'. Jone, I'm feared I hae drappit a stitch," she said, putting her knitting into her husband's hands. As he took it from her he explained to me that she had only lost her sight two years previously, and consequently had not that adroitness with her fingers possessed by those who are born blind. He also told me that he himself had been unable for the previous eighteen months, to pursue his trade, which had been that of a stone-cutter, or, as he called it, a mason, The minute particles of stone inhaled in the course of his work, had penetrated his lungs, and induced a pulmonary affection; so he now remained at home, and waited upon his sightless partner. They had one son, I learnt, clerk in a Manchester house, by whom they were now supported. His occasional visits constituted the great joy of their life.

On taking a further survey of the room, I was surprised to find a book-case filled with volumes, some of which were in old and well-worn bindings, while others were in better condition. Many of them were works of theological controversy. One well-worn volume in half calf, for instance, was a "Treatise on Baptism," another, the date of which, on examination, testified to its being almost a century old, was entitled "Three Discourses on Predestination." "The Pilgrim's Progress," "Paradise Lost," and Burns's "Poems," were to be seen on the same shelf with Hitchcock's "Religion of Geology," and "The Old Red Sandstone."

"Do some of those books belong to your son?" I asked, thinking it scarcely likely that the simple peasant before me would be likely to understand such a work as I had heard 'The Old Red Sandstone' to be, though, indeed, the author himself was originally but a working mason.

"Na, na, they're jist my ain books," was the quiet reply. "Hae ye ever read this ane, sir?" he added, putting his hand on Hugh Miller's volume. I was obliged to confess that I had not. "Weel, I would recommend it to ye. It's on a very inter-*est*in' subjeck, but maybe ye would be as weel to read Hitchcock's first."

It was a slight trial to my self-love to find that this Scotch peasant presumed to direct my reading. My advantages, I naturally thought, were much greater than his, living, as I did, near a great city, and having all the opportunities for mental cultivation which a moderate competency can afford. I had common sense enough, however, to subdue the unworthy feeling, so, accepting the loan of the book and finding the storm had passed away, I took my leave.

In this way I became acquainted with Tweedie, who, it subsequently appeared, was not a Highlander by birth, but a native of one of the southern counties of Scotland: hence his broad dialect.

In time the disadvantage of living among the mountains began to manifest itself in the frequency with which the clouds broke over them, and poured down a drenching rain. It often happened that I was surprised by those heavy showers while taking a walk beyond the hamlet, and I invariably sought the shelter of the nearest cottage, which happened to be Tweedie's. Frequent conversations with him increased my respect for his character, and at last I was rather unwillingly obliged to confess to myself that his mental grasp of many subjects was firmer

than my own. Had he been more carefully educated, and had he been placed in a different position of life, I could not help thinking that he could have been a very valuable member of society, and on one occasion I ventured to tell him so.

"Hoot, I'm weel eneuch content wi' my ain position, bit I hae dune a' I could for my son to gie him a chance o' risin' i' the world. I let him bide at the schule till he got some Latin an' mathemawtics, an' was fit for a fine sitiwation in Glesca. Efter he was there awhile he gaed till Manchester, an' frae what he tells me he is gettin' on gran'. He micht be a partner in the hoose yet. Wha kens?"

The summer had passed and autumn was far advanced, but I still lingered in my Highland retreat. At last, however, the weather became so bad that I determined to limit my stay to the following week. I was passing Tweedie's door as I came to this resolution, and took the opportunity of consulting him as to the probability of the weather improving ere my departure. He was standing at the table when I entered, busied apparently in searching for something in a workbox. A few small articles lay in a heap upon the table, one of which at once attracted my attention.

"Why, this is my locket," said I, recognizing, to my very great surprise, the one I had lost.

"Your locket, sir? That canna be," replied Tweedie.

"It was my son's property," said his wife. "Ye maun be mista'en, sir."

"I am certainly not mistaken," I asserted. "This locket belongs to my wife, and was stolen from me; but doubtless the thief sold it at some shop, from which your son has happened to purchase it."

"Bit he got it made for himsel'," said Mrs. Tweedie, "and the hair is his sweetheart's, an' the initials is hers tae; so that ye really maun be under a mistak'."

Consideration for the feelings of this worthy couple prevented my saying more. I replaced the locket on the table, and, distressed by a painful suspicion, tried to change the subject; but he soon returned to it, saying—

"This is a very strange thing, sir; but my son's coming to see us, an' maybe he can throw some licht on the matter. Ye ken it's jist possible there micht be twa lockets sae like that ye couldna tell the tane frae the tither. It micht be, tae, that the initials on your locket, as weel as the date, were the very same as those on my son's. Yellow hair's no' an uncommon thing; an' I see naething to hinder twa folk departin' this life on the twalfth o' August, aughteen saxty-one; nae mair nor I see ony reason why twa folk shouldna hae the same initials. I'm quite ready to admit it's an unlikely circumstance—in fack, it's a decidedly remarkable coincidence that your locket, an' this ane, should be the same in every parteeklar," added Tweedie, shaking his head very doubtfully. "Unless," he continued, with a brightening face, "your freend *was* my son's sweetheart."

"The hair was that of my infant child," said I, gravely.

"Weel, sir, my son'll be here on Tuesday next, and I'll leave ye to mak' your own inquiries. I'll say naething to him till you've mentioned the subjeck to him yoursel'."

There was a slight tremor in the old man's voice, and an expression of wounded pride in his countenance, which it grieved me to have occasioned. The honour of his humble house was at stake, and he seemed to feel it as keenly as the proudest gentleman in the land.

I left the cottage with the intention of refraining from calling there again till the circumstances under which young Tweedie became possessed of the locket should be satisfactorily explained. But before my departure I learned the hour when the boat in which he was expected would arrive at our end of the loch; and I secretly resolved to meet him as he landed; for I had no doubt that I should at once recognize the man whose appearance had so unfavourably impressed me while travelling by train to Liverpool.

I stationed myself on the jetty, and

watched the approach of the little steamer with no small amount of anxiety. At length it was duly moored, and the passengers, chiefly tourists, began to come ashore; but I looked in vain for him I expected to meet, and it was with a feeling of positive relief I prepared to return home.

There were still two passengers who had not landed; and the face of one of them, carrying a black bag, seemed familiar to me; but I could not, for the moment, remember where we had last met. As he passed me, however, with one hand stroking a well-grown beard, I recognized Mr. Macdonald, my fellow-passenger in the clerical garb, on the day when the locket was stolen. He was now dressed in a different style, and wore a light-coloured overcoat. The white cravat, too, had given place to a dark-blue scarf, in which was stuck a somewhat large breastpin. It was a curious circumstance that I should encounter him at the very place where I expected to meet his fellow-traveller of the defiant air. Impulsively I hastened after the man, and expressed my belief that we had met before.

"I have no recollection of it," he replied, in a tone more repellent than the occasion justified.

"If I am not greatly mistaken, your name is Macdonald, and you travelled with me about twelve months ago from Southport to the outskirts of Liverpool."

"Never was at Southport in my life," he answered, curtly.

Being positive as to the man's identity—for I perceived that he spoke with the same accent which I had noticed on the first occasion of our meeting, I said,

"Don't you remember that we had a conversation about thieves, Mr. Macdonald?"

"This is the first time I ever exchanged words with you," he answered, "and allow me to say that my name is not Macdonald, it is Tweedie."

A new light broke in upon me! It was then my fellow-passenger in the white cravat who had robbed me, and the man was now before me. Confused at the discovery, and pained to find that it was indeed the son of poor old Tweedie who was guilty, I allowed the young man to continue his way; contenting myself with keeping him in sight until he disappeared in Tweedie's cottage.

That evening I wrote to the father and informed him of my discovery, telling him at the same time that, for his sake and his helpless wife's, I should refrain from prosecuting the thief.

Early the following morning a small parcel containing the locket was left at my house. It was addressed to me in the handwriting of old Tweedie.

I left the neighbourhood without again calling at the cottage of the stone-cutter; and some years passed ere I once more visited that part of Perthshire. Upon inquiry I found that poor old Tweedie did not long survive the discovery of his son's dishonesty, and that his wife, within a month of his decease, was laid in the same grave. The minister of the parish, who gave me this sad information, added that the son, long ere my first meeting with him, had been discharged from his situation at Manchester, owing to certain trifling defalcations in his accounts which had excited grave suspicions; that his employers very naturally had declined, under such circumstances, to testify to his honesty; and that he had lived for some time after by various petty robberies. All this while his parents were led to suppose that he still held his clerkship, and it was a curious fact that for nearly two years he had sent, at regular intervals, a sum of money for their support. Only a few months after my last meeting with him, he had been convicted of forgery, and was now undergoing a long term of penal servitude.

Our conversation in the railway carriage recurred to my memory, and I wondered if he still considered the law "too lenient" towards the dishonest. For my own part, I was confirmed in my opinion that even the depraved are not without some element of good in their dispositions; but I remembered with a feeling of humiliation my mistaken estimate of the two men who had been my fellow travellers from Southport.



# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter XIX.

The old Judge, since his retirement, had got into the habit of coming in from his country house to Chatillon twice a week. On those occasions, before he paid his usual visit to Mrs. Ironsides, he went about to glean the latest news, and get up the latest political intelligence. He then proceeded to the Rue du Heaume, carrying to Johnny suggestions concerning such passages as he might read, for Johnny was passionately fond of study; but, as the old Justice remarked, it was not everything that was good to read, and one ought to read only the best authors.

"As you know everything," said Mrs. Ironsides to the Judge one day, "can you tell me who this young Robins is with whom Johnny is so smitten?"

"Although I do know everything, I don't know that," said the Judge; "but as you seem to wish that I should find out, I will do so." And he did so.

Having made himself acquainted with the business, as he expressed it, he declared himself in a position to answer all questions.

"Is Robins a fit associate for Johnny?" asked Mrs. Ironsides.

"Well, somewhat rustic," was the reply; "but he is clever, ingenuous, and true. He lost his mother when he was quite a child."

"Then, according to your notions," replied Mrs. Ironsides, "he has been badly brought up, inasmuch as he was not educated by his mother."

"Oh!" said the Judge, "if there are mothers who accomplish nothing, there are, on the other hand, aunts who are as good as mothers. Aunt Emma, peasant though she be, has educated this lad extremely well. His father was the Mayor of Chenevotte, an excellent yeoman too, whose great desire it is to see his son a doctor."

"Johnny tells me that Robins' father has scarcely ever time to come into Chatillon, and that therefore Robins' half-holidays are wearisome to a degree."

"Johnny is a great diplomatist; that is his innocent way of suggesting that you should ask Robins to spend his half-holidays at your house. Do you see anything objectionable in it?"

"Objectionable! Oh, dear no; on the contrary. But I cannot go and ask leave from the principal without having first obtained Mr. Robins' permission."

"If that's all, I'll undertake to do it," said the Judge, and he obtained permission.

Mrs. Ironsides accordingly went up to the college to see Robins.

The college porter was an old soldier, who, on account of certain old wounds, drank a good deal. For my part, I do not exactly see the connection existing between dram-drinking and old wounds, but, at any rate, one or the other had lent a rich purple tone to his nose, which, of large size and of the composite order, was quite delightful to behold. His forefathers had bestowed upon the soldier the name of Sapiaux, which he had rendered famous in the army, having, after fourteen years' service, been promoted to the rank of serjeant. The mischievous talent inherent in the boys had altered the man's name to *Scipio*, to which was naturally added the surname *Naso*, in honour of his nose. Scipio Naso arrogated to himself a number of functions, the most lucrative of which was the sale of tarts and cakes to the scholars, with a small profit to himself of about fifty per cent. He also used to summon the boys into the parlour when any relative or friend called to see them.



On these occasions he would advance into the centre of the playground, and stand there quite oblivious of interruptions.

"Am I wanted, or I?" the boys would shout as they kept jumping around him. They might, with equal chance of a reply, have put the question to the Sphinx! If he had not reached the very centre of the ground, he would not open his mouth even for a bottle of brandy; at least it seemed so. When he had reached the desired spot, he closed his left eye, and shading the other with his hand—even if there were no sun—shouted out the name of the boy who was wanted, and at once retraced his steps to the house. This order of proceedings was never varied; he had evidently arrived at it after long study. Suppose that Granville were wanted. He never cried out "Granville:" that would have been too curt and too familiar. But he never shouted for *Mr.* Granville either: that would have been too formal. So he compromised the matter by invoking "Young Mr. Granville."

This, then, was the important personage who presented himself to Mrs. Ironsides.

"Can I see Master Robins?" she asked.

"Master Robins?" replied Scipio, with a reflective air.

"Yes, Master Robins!"

"Oh!" said the purple-nosed individual, with a sudden accession of intelligence; "I must go and see."

One would almost have fancied from his manner that it was a question of searching for Robins in the wilds of Siberia.

He immediately departed rapidly, and kept up the same pace until he reached the centre of the play-ground. Here some "peripatetic philosophers" were walking quietly up and down beneath the shade of the lime-trees; some were dozing lazily in corners or in the sun-light. Others, utterly unmindful of their dignity, were wallowing in the dust, while others again were being wildly chased across the yard, their hair flying in the breeze, uttering cries like frightened birds; some were playing leap-frog.

But Scipio Naso took no notice of all this. Suddenly his voice was heard above the Babel of sounds—

"Parlour!" thundered the sonorous voice. Then, he added, "Young Mr. Rob-bins!" And Scipio departed.

Robins, surprised in the middle of a game of "rounders," did not get out of the way quickly enough, and received the ball right on his nose. Mechanically he covered his face with his right hand, while he proceeded to find his jacket among a lot of other old clothes, which had been thrown pell-mell into a corner.

"Now, who can this be?" thought Robins, as he donned his jacket. Still pondering upon this question, he wended his way towards the house.

Johnny met him, and taking both his hands, told him that Mrs. Ironsides had come to see him. Robins felt very much

ashamed, and somewhat put out of countenance, but made a great effort to ask Mrs. Ironsides how she did. Not knowing what to say or do further, he turned towards Johnny and began to giggle.



But Mrs. Ironsides possessed great tact and talent for putting people at their ease. In about five minutes, therefore, Robins found himself chatting away as freely as with his Aunt Emma, and telling Mrs. Ironsides all his little personal interests, as he would have done to an old friend.

Johnny was delighted. He was proud of his mother and also of his friend, and was very happy to see them get on so well together. He had always been certain that Robins would be delighted with his mother, but by no means so certain that his mother would like Robins.

When Mrs. Ironsides opened the subject of the half-holidays, Robins showed some little uneasiness.

"You see," he began, "I have always been brought up in the country, and have not been much accustomed to meet with—with—In a word, I am afraid that my manners are not quite those of good society." He gazed as he spoke at his large red hands and thick shoes, which appeared to have taken a dislike to the blacking.

Mrs. Ironsides smiled; this display of modesty pleased her. What a pleasant smile that was! Robins felt all his scruples vanishing into thin air.

"Do not be alarmed," she said. "Johnny is very much attached to you, and I see that we shall soon become excellent friends. Next Sunday then!"

And she held out her hand in such an encouraging and so friendly a manner, that Robins had not space to think what a "paw" his appeared beside that of Mrs. Ironsides. What would Mr. Ironsides think of the new guest? Robins while out walking had occasionally encountered his friend's father. In the boy's mind Mr. Ironsides was a combination of a proud and stiff manner, well-starched shirt collar, the appearance of a well-to-do gentleman, and an overbearing disposition. This was not very encouraging on the whole, but he felt supported by Johnny and Mrs. Ironsides.

To tell the truth, Mr. Ironsides at first was of opinion that Robins had something of the farm-servant about him. He said nothing however, but sat rather reserved and was distant in manner. Robins did not know how to hold his fork; his napkin bothered him, and although he was very hungry he only dared eat a very little. He attempted to do as Johnny did, but he made many mistakes. During the first part of luncheon everybody was ill at ease.

Robins having upset the wine over the cloth, attempted to laugh it off, but was terribly put out of countenance by this incident. Johnny was on thorns all the time. At length Robins "pulled himself together," and said to Mrs. Ironsides—

"Indeed, madam, I am very much vexed at being so awkward. I hope that you won't think badly of me on that account. I will ask Johnny what to do, and I hope that in future I shall behave better. At home at our farm each one eats as he chooses, and at school they do not take very much notice of us. That my education is still incomplete, I have learnt to-day to my cost; and also at the cost of the cloth," he added, looking at the stain he had made.

As he continued speaking his confidence returned. So long as he had endeavoured to hide his awkwardness, so much the more visible and offensive it became. But from the moment he made that candid confession his position became easy and comfortable. Everybody understood him, and all were thankful to him for having broken the ice with so good a grace.

Mr. Ironsides changed his tone at once, and smilingly made signs of approbation to his wife. Mrs. Ironsides and Martha smiled in return. As for Johnny, he admired his friend's pluck and spirit, and his heart swelled with pleasure.

"My dear boy," said Mrs. Ironsides to

Robins; "with good sense and spirit as you possess, you should always get on in the world. There is nothing wonderful nor discreditable in not knowing things which you have never had an opportunity of learning. Since you wish to learn, any one here will, I am sure, have great pleasure in assisting you."

"Quite so, quite so," said Mr. Ironsides, nodding his head up and down as he spoke.

At this moment the servant placed a finger-glass before Robins, who, looking at Johnny, began to laugh, and begged him to tell him the use of it, as he had never seen one before.

Johnny soon made him understand its object. Mr. Ironsides, delighted with his guest, grew more amiable than before, and was about to tell him an anecdote of a timid person, who fancied it was correct to drink the contents of the bowl, when the door was opened roughly, notwithstanding the protestations of the parlour-maid and the cook, who attempted to speak.

"Sir," began the parlour-maid, "this man has come in notwithstanding our efforts. Peter is out, and we have not been able to prevent the man's entrance."

The intruder was a workman without a coat, and with his waistcoat unbuttoned, who pushed his way in, his cap on his head, from beneath which two little curls hung down on his ears. Mr. Ironsides recognized him as one of his men, whom he had been obliged to discharge on the previous day, in consequence of bad behaviour and inflammatory language. He spoke thickly, and his eye was glassy; he was evidently drunk.

"How dare you come in here?" cried Mr. Ironsides, half choked with indignation.

"Because I dare," replied the man in a surly tone.

"Leave the house at once," roared Mr. Ironsides, pointing to the door.

"I ain't in no hurry," said the man, with cool impertinence; "you are too pressing; there is a little account for us to settle. When a party comes in a polite, genteel manner——"

"With his cap on," said Mr. Ironsides.

"And what of that?" cried the man, attempting to look fierce, but failing, signally dropped his eyes again.

Robins, without a word, got up, and taking off the cap with just the tips of his fingers, flung it out of window.

The drunken artisan was so completely astounded at this proceeding that he made no remark. He even smiled tipsily. But he quickly got noisy, declared that he had been insulted by the robbery of his cap, and that there was still another account to be paid off for that. "But," he added, "that is not the question at present. I do not intend to leave here until I have been told why I have been dismissed from work, or until I have smashed something, I tell you."

Mr. Ironsides had never before witnessed such intolerable insolence. His hands shook with rage, and could scarcely speak.

The tipsy man drew himself up as well as he could, crossed his arms over his chest, and half-closing his eyes, grinned at the assembled family.

Johnny rose hastily.

"No, not you," said Robins, rising, "this is not a question of coming to blows. The fellow must be carried out. Look here, this is the way to deal with him."

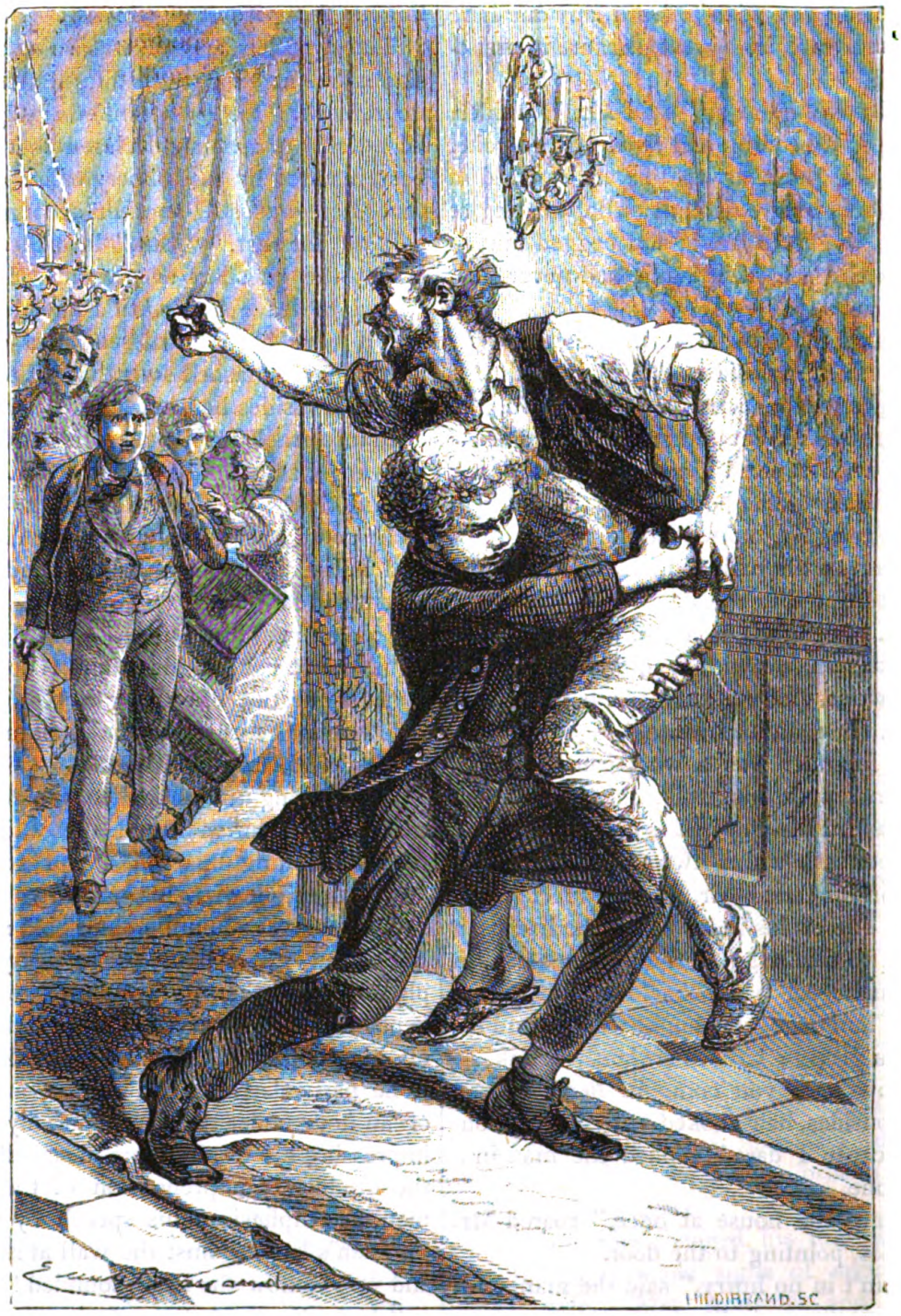
And suiting the action to the word, he took the workman round the waist, and, notwithstanding his cries and struggles, carried him out of the apartment. So long as he was in the house Robins said nothing, but when he reached the court-yard he placed his burthen up against the wall, and kept him there by pressing his hands firmly on his shoulders. Robins then asked him if he particularly wished to pass a quarter of an hour under the pump, and, by way of impressing his words more decidedly upon the muddled comprehension of the workman, he emphasized his speech by rapping the man's head against the wall at intervals, and very hollow the head sounded!

"I don't want the pump, nor water neither," said the fellow, who, under the above treatment, had become as quiet as a lamb. "Be easy, will you? let me off, and I'll promise that I'll go quietly. Where's

my cap?" he added, with all the insinuating tenderness of a drunkard.

"Justine," cried Robins, "bring me the tongs, please."

So Justine brought the tongs, and, at the sight of this formidable weapon, the workman uttered cries for mercy, saying that it was not fair play. Robins, however



"He took the workman round the waist, and carried him out of the apartment."

without arguing the point, took up the dirty bundle of rags which the man termed his cap, and held it out to him with the tongs at arm's length. The fellow took it, and, with trembling hands, put it wrong side foremost on his head.

"Now, then," cried Robins, "why don't you thank me?"

The man, completely cowed, murmured, "Thank you."

"Well, thank you, what?"

"Thank you, sir."

"All right; now——" and he pointed to the gate.

The workman went off without a word until he reached the gate, when he turned round, and shaking his clenched fist at Robins, said, "You shall pay dearly for this."

"We shall see about that," replied Robins, calmly, as he re-entered the house.

The brave youth was surprised to find that the family were astonished at what he had done.

"In the country," said he, "we are often obliged to do so. There are plenty of lazy vagabonds prowling about the farm."

In the course of the afternoon, the two "chums" walked over to Labridun to pay Mr. Aubry a visit, in order to tell Uncle John how his friend was getting on, as the Captain was not yet able to go so far, except with great difficulty. So long as the lads were in the town Robins behaved in a most exemplary manner, but once they reached the open country, he declared that the scent of the newly-mown hay had got into his head. He made such jumps over the haycocks and uttered such shrill cries, that Johnny almost believed that something *had* "got into his head." Sometimes he would stop and converse with the haymakers in their own dialect, and extract from people previously unknown to him all their little family details, their prospects of harvest, cattle, etc. He was so well acquainted with the details of country life, that the good people were fairly astonished.

Having formally introduced Robins to the Aubrys, Johnny told them the adventure with the tipsy workman. Mr. Aubry was so struck with admiration of Robins' prowess, that he suggested to his wife that now or never was the opportunity to drink a bottle of beer in the "kiosk" summer-house. So the bottle of beer was opened and drank, and likewise a second of the same. Indeed, Mr. Aubry, carried away by his enthusiasm, had even commenced to hint very plainly at a third; but his guests declining any further refreshment, he consented to wait for another occasion, but said that the adventure deserved better than that.

Johnny recalled the episode of Philip and his discomfiture at the lecture, but Mr. Aubry modestly replied that "that adventure couldn't hold a candle to the other;" and perhaps he was right, always supposing that adventures are in the habit of holding candles to each other.

"Never mind," said Aubry, as he stroked his chin. "Young man, you are an honour to your college, and I say so!"

The Lawrences, young and old, very soon heard of the adventure from Uncle John.

"It is as well to know how to make yourself respected," said Lawrence, sententiously, as he puffed away at his pipe.

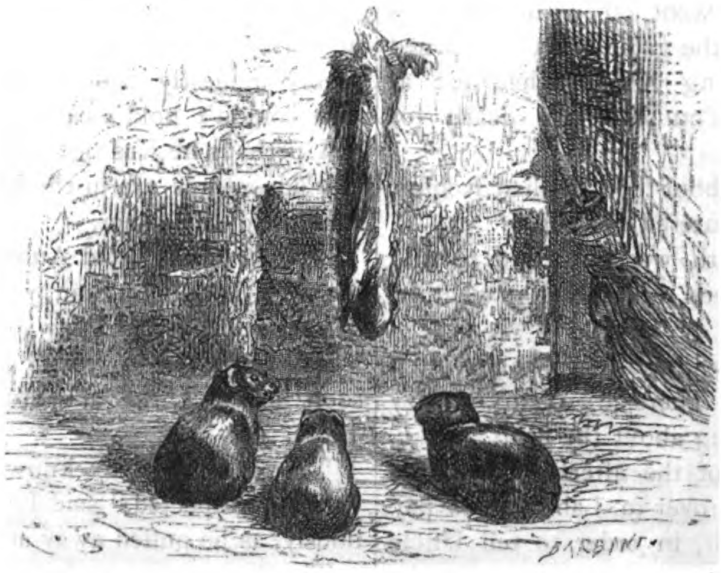
The two youngest Lawrences played at Robins all the remainder of the day. Each in turn represented Robins and the workman. Not a single incident was omitted, from the taking up and the placing against the wall, to the cap and the pincers.

The two babies were delighted, and their shouts of laughter made the back-yard ring again, without enlivening the guinea-pigs nevertheless, which had become even more morose as they had grown older. One was dropsical, the other two were martyrs to rheumatism. Besides, they had become very cunning in their old age. They perceived how greatly they had fallen in the esteem of the family since they had been ousted from the triangular sitting-room. They no longer shared the family meals, nor went to bed on the school-books or copies. And then the sudden disappearance of "Rigolo," the rabbit, into a stew one fine day, had given them much food for reflection.

All great reforms, even those most necessary and desirable must clash with, and at times lead to, a sacrifice of individual in-

terests. The guinea-pigs were aware of this, they did not find fault with it, but their faces wore a very cold and reserved expression. The Captain while observing this with regret could not help thinking of himself, as he murmured "Such is life!"

"Bah,' he exclaimed philosophically; "one cannot have his cake and eat it. Everybody has his chance in the world." And thus the worthy man consoled himself for the lost power of his limbs and of his memory, as he reflected that Johnny was a fine lad, and that the older he grew the more proud of him his mother might well be.



## Chapter XX.

A large letter with a red seal, which Mr. Nay received one morning, brought with it a change in the occupation of Theodore. Like a monkish writer of the Middle Ages, he for long hours pored over a masterpiece of caligraphy with which he expected to astonish everyone.

This work well and thoroughly accomplished he examined minutely, and at a distance, to get its general effect. When he thought it perfect, and could find nothing to add to it, he suspended it in one of the windows which looked out over the high-road. The passers-by stopped to read the placard, written in the most beautifully-executed style :—

"Country-house to be Let, with immediate Possession, Garden and Pasture-ground attached. Magnificent View over the Seine."

The sign-painter of Caudebec, who happened to pass on his way to Villequier to execute a design for a new public-house, stopped in astonishment, and studied the placard for a long time, whistling thoughtfully.

He perceived a rival in the unknown author of the writing. His face darkened, and he was melancholy for the remainder of the day.

Idle people chatted of it in the *café*. "Do you know that the inhabitants of the *Pavillon Barre-y-Va* have left it?" And the quidnuncs chattered about this sudden departure amid the clatter of the billiard balls, the clink of the dominoes on the marble table, or of the rattle of the dice in the box, as they threw them one after the other, in their turn at the game.

Pretended amateurs of house-building took advantage of the occasion to visit the pavilion, hoping to get some notion respecting the furniture thereof, or to surprise the tenants in their own rooms. But they were much disappointed. The only tenant in possession was Theodore, who, with his coat off, was bustling about in the midst of

a chaos of cases, trunks, and portmanteaus, tying up, nailing down, packing, and, above all, whistling as loudly as possible, and blithe as a lark. Mr. Nay, his wife and child had previously taken their departure. Theodore had a confidential duty of importance left to him, of which he was even more proud than of his splendid penmanship. When he could no longer pack, nail, or tie up, nor even whistle, he locked up the doors, put the keys in his pocket, which for greater assurance of safety he secured with a pin, and departed. From the road he threw a glance of much satisfaction at his writing, and proceeded to take his meal at the little inn of Barre-y-Va, which was a house of call for Custom House officers and sailors.

Of course he was surrounded and questioned on all sides, and he desired nothing better; for after he had permitted himself to be entreated for a time (just for appearance' sake), he launched into a history of the grandeur, the exploits, and the virtues of his patron's family. The sailors learnt with satisfaction that Mr. Nay had finished his work on the Lower Seine, and found that another engineer could in future be trusted to carry on what had been so well begun. From this time forth Mr. Nay had more important business to attend to.

"We shall soon go to Spain to survey a railroad, thence to Italy, afterwards it is uncertain whither. As during the time we shall be obliged to live rather a wandering life, Madame will go and stay with her mother, where she will be doubly welcome, inasmuch as the second daughter is about to leave home to enter a convent."

Theodore also discovered amongst his audience a sailor, who had once touched at Gibraltar. It is true that Gibraltar is in the south, and Mr. Nay and he were bound for the North of Spain. But Theodore did not trouble himself about that circumstance, which was not of much importance in his eyes, and he questioned the sailor closely. He learnt with surprise that Gibraltar belonged to the English, and inquired why the Spaniards allowed it to remain in their possession.

"Probably because they cannot help it," replied the sailor.

Theodore was contented with the explanation, and returned to the pavilion thinking over what he had heard. As the sailor had informed him that the end and aim of Spanish life was smoking, he applied himself to cigarettes morning and night, so that he might acquire a foretaste of Spanish life.

As he passed the mirrors he glanced at himself, and at last fancied he could detect some little "foreign" appearance which pleased him mightily. Foreign, certainly, but not anything Spanish, for one can with difficulty picture a hidalgo with tow-like whiskers, and a complete constellation of red spots upon a pale, doughy countenance.

Theodore who now began to get rather bored amid his packing-cases, smoked with all the greater zest, and would have inevitably have ruined his constitution had not the waggons opportunely arrived to relieve him from his guard.

Just as they had commenced to load them with the packing-cases, a very conceited and self-sufficient person, followed by his livery-servant, entered the pavilion. The servant on every occasion replied to the gentleman's remarks, "Yes, my lord," or "No, my lord," in the manner of a child repeating a lesson. Theodore opened his eyes in sheer astonishment. He got an idea somehow that the Baron was not a true baron, nor was the servant anything but just an "occasional" domestic. Little by little his doubts, if he had any, disappeared. He remembered his insolent visitor very well, but he was quite upset by his coolness and impertinence. He might never had betrayed his knowledge had not "the Baron" said, in the hearing of the porters, that the house was a wretched hovel, and would not suit him at all.

"Oh! come now, Mr. Charles Littlejohn," cried Theodore, "don't you be so jolly proud. The people who lived in this house are better than you any day. I mean no offence, of course."

The Baron reddened with anger, and bit his lips, but made no reply. The servant laughed behind his hat, and the porters grinned openly. The Baron turned away, and with hasty steps set out in the direction of Caudebec.

"Now, I wonder how that young man has become a Baron," said Theodore to himself, as he rolled another cigarette.

He had become a Baron in a very simple manner. He had a great taste for speculation, and had made some very lucky hits on the Stock Exchange. Chance had made him the creditor, and to a very large amount, of a certain German diplomatist, accredited by the little state of Munchausen. This envoy had had the hardihood to expect to make his fortune on the Stock Exchange. Charles Littlejohn, who was rich and vain, generously cancelled the debt on the condition of being made a Baron. This title the diplomatist succeeded in obtaining for him "for services rendered." This title Charles had at first assumed as a joke, but now he gave it out generally as his recognized appellation.

He had come from Paris to Rouen with the object of doing a little on the races, and indeed had won a considerable sum. He had then conceived the idea of making little ex-



cursions along the banks of the Seine, with the object of finally reaching Etretat; but with the inherent taste of the true speculator, he could not help trying to bargain for mansions and villas along the route, in the hope of some "good thing" turning up. As he had sent his own body-servant on before him to prepare his quarters at Etretat, he had hired a servant at Rouen for the time being, for the ostensible purpose of being addressed by him as "My lord" before strangers.

After he had been so rudely met by Theodore, he retired precipitately to the "Golden Eagle," and ordered his post-chaise immediately. He burned to arrive at Yvetot, whence he could take the train to his destination, and so separate himself all the more quickly from the servant who had had the temerity to insult him so grossly.

Having seen the waggons loaded, Theodore had no more to do than to reach Paris *en route* to Chatillon. Although he had plenty of time when he arrived at the St. Lazare terminus, he hurried across Paris to the other station at almost racing pace. There he was kindly informed that if he went in the train just about to start he would have to stay for three hours at the junction, and that he had much better wait for the train following; but he thought he knew his business best, and so installed himself, with his valise containing all his correspondence at his feet, in a third-class carriage.

One circumstance astonished him some-

what, and that was the calmness and apparent indifference of his fellow-travellers. Some began to eat, others chatted on common-place topics, some slept, and some even snored, as if it were possible to sleep soundly when returning to Chatillon. Joyful anticipation banishes sleep as well as hunger. The departure had been very noisy, for some soldiers who were going on furlough had begun singing, and kept laughing and quizzing each other, and playing tricks on the slumberers, who had every prospect of passing a most agreeable and wakeful night in consequence. Nevertheless, in proportion as the stations were passed the singers got weary, the jokers became quiet, those who had been quizzing the sleepy ones themselves succumbed to the drowsy god. They made themselves comfortable by degrees, stretched themselves along the seats, and at length subsided; so that the more the engine snorted, puffed, and "fizzed," the greater became the silence in the carriages. At length Theodore was the only person in the compartment who was not asleep. In the uncertain gleam of the lamps, the slumberers were jolted about with a weird and fantastic movement, shadows advanced and receded, and faces came boldly out of the semi-darkness to fade away again into the shadowy void!

Opposite to Theodore reclined an old workman, with a grey beard, who displayed his teeth as he slept, and appeared to wear a ferocious smile. As Theodore continued to gaze, a sudden jolt would transform the ferocious grin into a patriarchal expression; and then——Well, then Theodore started as he heard the name of the station called out at which he was to alight, and perceived, with a sensation of shame, that it *was* quite possible to go to sleep on the way to Chatillon.

Theodore, hardly awake, had a vague notion that he was guilty of some terrible crime; at any rate, if he had sinned, he had done penance without hesitation. It was three o'clock in the morning; the train for Chatillon did not leave until six. The baggage-guard suggested that he should leave his portmanteau in the cloak-room until six o'clock; but our traveller did not like the suggestion, and sharply demanded his luggage. The man accordingly gave it up to the owner, who carried, or rather dragged, it to the door. The door was shut; the lamps were extinguished. The night was fine, but cold, and the stars seemed to shiver in the pale blue sky. The traveller, chilled to the bone, paced up and down in a vain attempt to get warm; but his promenade was necessarily limited, for he dared not lose sight of his trunk for a moment. There might have been some one in hiding who only awaited the moment the owner's back was turned to make a raid upon his property. Theodore could have reconciled himself to the loss of his linen and other garments, but this particular trunk was filled with little knick-knacks which he had brought home to distribute amongst his numerous correspondents as *souvenirs* of his travels. There were boxes made of shells from Havre, pretty pebbles gathered from the beach, four dried "sea-horses," some little pictures of flowers composed of sea-weed, and, above all, a large collection of photographs.

During his monotonous promenade, whenever Theodore got a little further away from his trunk than usual, he turned round quickly, under the impression that he should catch somebody in the act of stealing his precious portmanteau; so he nearly dislocated his wrists with it, for thenceforward he would not quit it for a moment. At length a grey streak announced the approach of day; houses began to stand out gradually from the mass of buildings amongst which they had been hidden. An inquisitive dog came up to smell the portmanteau—one living thing at last! Then some workmen came by with their spades and picks on their shoulders, who gazed at our traveller in astonishment, while he regarded them defiantly in his turn.

At length the "Railway Coffee-house" opened one eye—that is to say, a window—and Theodore was delighted to perceive through the glass a cheerful fire burning;

so he again harnessed himself to his valise, and entering the house placed the baggage within reach of his hand on one of the tables, and settling himself in a cosy nook by the fire, called for something warm for breakfast.

"We have got nothing hot," replied the half-sleeping proprietor, brusquely.

"Well, then, get it," said Theodore.

"So I would if I had anything to make warm, I dare say," said the man, without looking at Theodore.

"Got no soup?" he inquired.

"We had some yesterday; but we have none now, and that's a fact."

"Any cutlets?"

"Well, you see the butcher only kills once a week. We have had no mutton since the day before yesterday, but we shall doubtless have some the day after to-morrow."

"Have you got any chocolate, then?" cried Theodore, who was fast getting desperate.

"I'll go and see," was the reply, "there may be some left." He returned in a few moments with the cheerful intelligence that "there was none left."

The tone in which he said this might almost be regarded as congratulatory, and, resting his hands on the table, he began to whistle, regarding Theodore fixedly all the while. He appeared as if he were defying him to discover something somewhere or other. When he saw that Theodore drooped his head, he thought that he had worried him sufficiently by his refusal.

"You see," he said, "this is not an eating-house,th is is a coffee-house merely, and that makes all the difference. But what do you think, now, of a little onion-soup, or an omelette with bacon? Eh! what do you say to that?"

"I should say that it makes my mouth water," said a gruff voice at the door. The big voice belonged to a big man, who was so wrapped up that nothing of his face was visible but his eyes and nose. The rest of his person was enveloped in an immense great-coat. His neck was wrapped round with about half-a-dozen handkerchiefs, and the flaps of his immense cap were pulled down over his ears and cheeks. He wore enormous knitted mittens of green wool, and supported himself with a long-handled whip on which he leaned as he was speaking.

"B-r-r-r," said the big man, advancing to the fireplace, "it has been a cold night."

"Here," said the coffee-house-keeper to Theodore, "here, this is the driver of the Chatillon omnibus."

Theodore immediately conceived the brilliant idea of conciliating this important personage by a tip. His isolation, moreover, weighed upon him, and he determined within himself to offer a share of his breakfast to the new-comer. The driver accepted the offer at once; the breakfast was soon ready, and a very nice little breakfast it was.

At length they heard the sound of a a guard's horn and the puffing of the engine; the ground trembled, and then the train from Paris drew up. Theodore was already on the omnibus by the side of the driver. The traveller got in, and the baggage was piled up on the roof under the tarpaulin. At the last moment a young man of fair complexion and light-brown beard got up, and took his seat at Theodore's side. He wore his fair hair long, and at every movement of the diligence it rose and fell in long locks over the collar of his over-coat. Although he was of a "spare" figure, there was something stiff and ungainly in his appearance. At the first glance, Theodore remarked the enormous size of his feet. He was no sooner seated than he settled himself into a corner, encroaching as he did so upon Theodore's place, without taking any notice of his companions, and began to smoke. When he had finished his cigar, he lit another at its ashes, and continued to smoke. When Theodore saw this, he began rolling cigarettes like a very Castilian, and the driver drew from his pocket a broken pipe, which, to judge from its appearance, had seen more than one summer.

The first stage of the smoking mania over, the driver and Theodore began talking. The fair-haired individual said nothing, but he appeared to listen attentively. Whenever either of the speakers turned to him to ask his opinion he smiled, without removing his cigar from his lips, and that was all. At length the driver couldn't stand this any longer, and addressing himself pointedly to the young gentleman, asked if he were a stranger. The other nodded, blushed, and smilingly replied with a strong German accent, "Ah! yes, I am a stranger—I'm a German!"

The two friends, despairing of getting any more out of him, began to speak of their own concerns. In about a quarter of an hour, the German, having been ruminating in the meantime, broke in upon their conversation with the interesting observation that he "understood French very well, but did not speak it very easily."

Having delivered himself of this remark, he lit his sixteenth cigar from the dying end of the fifteenth, and began to observe with curiosity the fields, meadows, woods, and the people who passed the diligence. As soon as he had finished smoking he began to whistle unceremoniously, to the great disgust of Theodore. When he had whistled the same tune for the sixtieth time, he yawned, and when he had yawned loudly and long enough, he stretched his arms out, and in doing so nearly sent Theodore's cap off into the dusty road. At last he took a map from his pocket and began to study it, whistling and yawning by turns as he did so. When he came in sight of Labridun—

"Is that Labridun?" he asked, extending his hand in the direction of the village, which could be just seen peeping out of its hedges and orchards.

"Yes," replied the driver and Theodore at the same time.

"What is its population?"

"Don't know," replied the driver, and "touched up" the leaders as he spoke by way of punishing them for his ignorance. Theodore was struck dumb with surprise at the idea that the stranger could have any interest in knowing how many inhabitants Labridun possessed.

The German made an effort to compose another sentence, and asked—

"Rich country?"

"You have only to look at the ground," replied the driver, pointing with his whip towards a newly-tilled field. "That is good land, if you like. Is the soil in your country good?"

"Sand!" replied the German.

"Then the potatoes ought to be content to stay there," replied the driver, with a loud laugh.

The German looked puzzled, and endeavoured to make out the joke which he did not at first understand. When he was sure that he had taken it in, he laughed as loudly as the driver.

"Very good, capital; potatoes should be contented. Ha! ha! ha!" *

At last Chatillon was reached. The diligence made a horrible rumbling as it passed through the narrow streets of the faubourg, while the inhabitants hastily drew out of the way, and watched the coach as it passed.

As soon as he alighted, Theodore gave his portmanteau to the care of the waiter at the inn with orders as to its disposal, and then started to the Rue du Heaume as fast as his legs would carry him.

He had been in the house scarce a quarter of an hour, when he perceived his German acquaintance of the diligence approaching the house followed by a commissionaire, bending beneath the weight of a trunk about as big as a sentry-box. When the porter had put down the trunk in the hall, he wiped his temples with the back of his left hand, and extended his right hand for payment. The young man deposited therein the large sum of twopence. Deaf to the entreaties of the commissionaire, and perfectly regardless of the taunts of the people who had assembled, he inquired whether Mr. Ironsides was at home. He handed in his card, on which the servant could read the name of

* This little joke is not translateable; the point is invisible, and the German was laughing at the driver.—Trans.

Karl Schirmer. Mr. Schirmer who had been highly recommended by a correspondent of the house of Ironsides and Co., had come to France to be taught the process of making cloth. Mr. Ironsides had written to his correspondent to send the young man to him, and offered to accommodate him in his own house, until he could establish him comfortably. The family were then quite alone, for they liked nothing better than to pass the last few days of Martha's stay under the paternal roof. The young German, therefore, arrived somewhat inopportunely; he had been in too great a hurry. Nevertheless, Mr. Ironsides did not for a moment feel any ill-will towards him; it had been understood that he should receive him, and he did receive him; besides, under what circumstances can we render services to people without putting one's self out a little?

Mr. Karl was, therefore, presented to the whole family. Although he was scented like a rustic bridegroom, and though his manner had something bustling and obsequious in it which worried one, still his eyes were so blue and candid in their expression, and his fair hair was of such an angelic tint, that they all found him very pleasant—for a German.



## Chapter XXI.

So young Mr. Schirmer was somewhat of a bore—not to say a great bore—to all the worthy people who not having very much longer time to enjoy each other's society, would have been very glad to have been by themselves. But he did not seem to notice that he was in the way. He had a habit of smiling when any approached him, even from a distance of twenty paces, that you would have been disarmed at once by his artless vanity. He evidently believed that his presence added a charm to the household. Otherwise he was so gentle, so humble, so obliging; so gay when others were gay, and so sad when they were unhappy; so full of tenderness and admiration for the whole family in general, and for each member of it in particular, that they sometimes wished that he would become troublesome for a change.

When anyone spoke to him of his father, his mother, or his sister, he turned his eyes up to the ceiling as if inspired, the fair curls trembled with tender emotion, tears started to his eyes (particularly after dinner) and he celebrated, in broken French, the praises of his "most saintly father," his "highly venerated mother," and of his "dearly loved sister!" Frequently (after the champagne)

he would speak of his mother and sister as "angels upon earth." He also appeared to be seized with an amazing affection for the Ironsides family, all of whom, without exception, were "angels on earth" too.



Besides all this, he lost himself sometimes in a cloud of German sentimentality, and very regularly came down again, at dinner-time! He had an excellent appetite for such a poetically inclined young gentleman, it was quite a pleasure to see him do such honour to Justine's culinary efforts. Indeed, the Ironsides fancied that he never had seen the like, though their table was really very modest as became their resources. Perhaps he had no other object in view save self-instruction, and was anxious to initiate himself into the refinements of French cookery, so as to be able to speak ill of them with full knowledge of the subject in the name of German simplicity! In any case his behaviour seemed to be regulated on the principle that he was to get from a journey all the intelligence and all the benefit possible, not knowing what might turn up.



Johnny knew very well that his father was a rich man, but he never knew the amount of his income or whence it was derived; but Mr. Schirmer found out at the end of a few weeks, and knew as much about it as Mr. Ironsides himself. He possessed the spirit of observation to such a degree that he pryed into every corner of the house, no doubt with the object of making himself acquainted with the plan of French dwellings. Frequently, also, wishing to gain some idea of the arrangement of a French cellar, he did not disdain to accompany Peter on his visits thither, and to pester him with questions, which always astonished and frequently embarrassed that worthy. The visitor could scarcely believe his eyes when he saw so many bottles of champagne all at once, and he declared, with earnest tears in his eyes, that the house was indeed blessed by Providence!

Uncle John made a great friend of the young German, as he found him an indefatigable and insatiable auditor. When one has told all his stories about everybody he knows, however much he may like it himself, he does not like to repeat them for fear of boring his audience; but not only did the German listen with an inexhaustible patience, but he made the Captain relate certain incidents two or three times over, and appeared always to take great pleasure in the repetition. He begged Uncle John to show him his brevet of the Legion of Honour. When he had gazed at it for a long time, he put his hand over his heart, and made the Captain a profound, if a somewhat stiff, bow.

When he had seen the records of the Captain's services, he was seized with enthusiasm, and, taking the brave soldier's hands in both his own, he pressed them for such a length of time that Uncle John began to think that he meant to keep them altogether as a present.

On other occasions the German would put a host of questions respecting the armament, equipment, camp-life of the French soldier, and the management of his weapons. The history of Lieutenant Taragne made him shudder, the story of the ape which had eaten the captain's linen, when he quite understood it, threw the German into such fits of laughter, that the Captain might well have began to think that his powers as a narrator had been hitherto quite unappreciated; but if the Captain were too modest to go so far as this, he could not help liking it, and going on prosing in a way so well calculated as it was to produce such pleasant emotions.

And then you should have heard the tone in which the enthusiastic Karl spoke of the brave French army and the mighty

French nation; to hear him you would believe she was the empress of the world. The Captain's heart rejoiced; the worthy man was ready to kill himself when he reflected how greatly he had disliked strangers.

When the Ironsides family went to conduct Martha to the convent, the tender heart of Karl was sadly wrung during all the time his host was absent; so much so, indeed, that at times he knew neither what he did nor said. Left by himself in the house with the request to "make himself at home," he ate quite mechanically, and it was also quite mechanically that he drank the champagne. Champagne makes sad people lively sometimes, you know. On some of these occasions the sweetness of his disposition appeared somewhat altered. The exterior symptoms of this mental affection were an extraordinary redness of the nose, a quivering of the eyelids, and evident thickness of utterance. At these times he would bully Peter, or, again, as if seized with a sudden access of affection for him, would treat him in confidence to long tirades on the corruption of the word *Welches* (without telling him what Welches was), upon the powerful *Vaterland*, or upon the sublime destiny and heaven-sent mission of the



German race. But he did not behave thus except when the attacks were sharper than usual, and he soon recovered himself. He was very assiduous in the workshop, and learned slowly, but surely; and so great was his modesty, that he never confessed that he had picked up many little secrets of the trade which it was never intended he should know. The workmen disliked him; he meddled, as they said, with what did not belong to him.

When he had the opportunity, Karl delighted in taking long walks into the country, he loved "nature" so dearly; but he was ever as mundane as poetical. He made inquiry respecting the state of the country, the yield of certain soils, and the markets for them. After a few months of such excursions, he was as well acquainted with the resources of the district as the prefect who was paid to acquire the information.

One day the prefect, in returning from a tour of inspection, lost himself at a cross-road. The story was in everybody's mouth. This high functionary was accordingly obliged to seek refuge at a farm-house, and make his bed in the hay for that night. The adventure was related in Karl's presence. He listened attentively as usual, and when all had given their opinions, no one could tell exactly the road by which the prefect

should have returned; but Karl told them at once, and with the greatest precision, the direction he should have followed. When he was complimented upon his knowledge of the locality, he first blushed, then began to laugh, and pretended that he had once passed that way by accident, as he was going to see a ruined castle. But in this Karl did himself an injustice, for he knew not only that road, but all the others as well; and it was no doubt his modesty that he pleaded ignorance, and spoke of his knowledge as "accidentally" acquired.

On another occasion, one of the carters from the manufactory was ordered to fetch some fuller's-thistle from a distance. A foreman gave him his instructions. The carter told him that he would take a certain road which he mentioned. He did not add that he chose this particular route because of the great number of public-houses it could boast. The foreman would certainly have forgotten this little circumstance, had not Karl called his attention to it.

The carter muttered between his teeth something about people minding their own business, and departed in a passion by the road upon which public-houses were fewer. So Karl made an enemy that afternoon. As this was against his principles, he determined not to meddle with other people's affairs—at least so long as it compromised himself.

Usually when anyone spoke to him with reference to his protracted absences, Karl very willingly gave them to understand, without exactly saying so, that he was engaged on a poem.

The family soon returned, and the "sacrifice" had been offered. Karl never hinted at leaving the house, perhaps he believed that his presence, in a measure, softened the sorrow of his hosts. But if he did think so he was mistaken. Indeed, if truth be told, they were getting rather tired of his hackneyed consolations, periodically produced in an inflated and sentimental fashion.

One day Mr. Ironsides obligingly offered his assistance in procuring lodgings, but Karl was terribly confused while thanking his host, calling him a "sublime personage," and postponed the subject as much as he possibly could.

At length he took his departure, and found a lodging at fifteen shillings a month, attendance included, considerably devoid of furniture, although it professed (on the notice) to be furnished. This room overlooked the tan-yard. Karl declared that the smell did not inconvenience him; on the contrary!

After many excursions to find an eating-house, he pitched upon an hotel rejoicing in the sign of the "Mermaid," whose table d'hôte was frequented by commercial travellers, amongst whom he hoped to pick up all kinds of information.

When he had quitted Mr. Ironsides' house he had made his *adieux* to the family "like a book," and went away to his lodging, followed by Peter carrying the great trunk. By way of rewarding this good fellow for the trouble, he permitted him to sit down upon one of the chairs, and to admire the prospect of the tan-yard, after which treat he shook hands with him, and calling him his good friend, dismissed him.

So soon as the door was closed, Peter was seized with such an immoderate fit of laughter, that he was fain to sit down on the staircase to recover his breath. As for the ingenuous Karl, he was delighted to have made a profession of friendship serve instead of the usual "tip," for the former cost nothing; and he sat down in good humour to write to his venerated sire.

He told him the circumstances which had led to his taking the lodging which, although not by any means cheap, was really not extravagant for the country. He told him that he husbanded his money (this was true), that he had been compelled to live at a rather dear hotel, but then he would get fully the worth of his money in knowledge and useful information of various kinds.

However, he had already stayed long enough under the Ironsides' roof to practise the virtue of saving to a considerable extent. The "venerated sire" replied that he was delighted to find that he possessed such

good principles, that he ought never to lose an opportunity of storing his mind and making the most of his purse.

He trusted, above all things, that Karl would not permit himself to be contaminated by French manners and customs. He sent him, besides his blessing, a few thalers, and a recommendation to make them last as long as thalers honestly came by should last.

On Sunday Robins had been dining in the Rue du Heaume. M. Schirmer was one of the guests. After dinner the two school-friends, leaving Mr. Ironsides and the German deep in a discussion respecting raw material and the "drawback," went out arm-in-arm for a turn in the garden.

"Ouf," said Robins, as they left the house.

"What is the matter?" inquired Johnny, anxiously.

"Oh! there is such a weight on my chest!"

"What!"

"That fellow Schirmer. Now don't pretend to be astonished. Confess now that you are as sick of him as I am; even more, since you have known him so much longer."

"What have you to say against him?"

"I? Nothing; only—do you remember Margeval? No? Well, then, he had finished his course of philosophy when you entered college. Did you but know what a perfect head that fellow possessed. At any rate you know what a blackguard he has turned out since."

"No doubt about that. Well?"

"Well, it was all on account of that magnificent head and that manner of his. I may be mistaken, but I don't expect much good from our friend Schirmer."

"You are wrong," said Johnny, "to judge a person at first sight."

"Margeval!" said the other, coolly.

"My father and mother esteem him highly.

"Margeval!"

"He is exceedingly fond of us all," continued Johnny.

"He is only pretending, and what proof have you of it? Margeval, I tell you."

"Yes, 'Margeval.' What an excellent argument! Why don't you say 'tarts and cream,' it would be just as conclusive. In any case," added Johnny, "don't tell the others what you have hinted to me."

"Why not?"

Why not! Johnny, in his confusion, could not give any reply more to the point than this. Without going so far as Robins, he by no means loved Mr. Schirmer, who loved him so much; and he had no desire to love him either. That is the reason why, not being able to defend his father's guest logically, he was driven to take his part somewhat warmly.

At this moment Mr. Schirmer advanced towards the lads, a smile on his lips as he approached.

"How I should like to smash something," muttered Robins between his teeth. Then, perceiving the beseeching look of his companion, he advanced to meet the German, and said with ironical politeness—

"What a lovely evening it is."

"Everything is lovely," replied Mr. Schirmer, in a tone of deep feeling.

After this lively commencement there was rather an awkward pause. Mr. Schirmer was mentally constructing a sentence which would take some time ere it saw the light. Robins maliciously let him go on, and when he perceived that the sentence was ready, broke in ruthlessly with—

"You came out to smoke a cigar, perhaps? Pray do so, don't mind us; we don't object to the smell of tobacco, although we are not smokers ourselves."

Schirmer smiled, and drawing his cigar-case from his pocket, presented it open to the two friends, who declined the offer. Robins pressed Johnny's elbow and called his attention, by a whisper, to the very pressing way in which Mr. Schirmer had begged their acceptance of the cigars, which he knew they would decline. After a time Robins looked at his watch, and said it was time for him to go back to college.

"So soon!" said Schirmer, smiling.

"So soon is such a very flattering word, sir," replied Robins, bowing. "I am wretched at having to leave you so soon; I should have been so very glad to have seen more of you."

"Well," said he to Johnny, who accompanied him back, "was I not polite to your friend, eh? But all the same, old boy, I shall never see that man without thinking of Margeval."

Mr. Schirmer was invited from time to time, by some of his young friends, to pass the evening at the "Junior Frenchman's Club," and there he was always prudent and discreet. Nevertheless, on one occasion, after a long discussion respecting German music and philosophical topics, he so far forgot himself as to drink a whole bottle of champagne.

His companions, who were as excited as himself, only looked upon this as an amiable weakness; but that evening he was evidently evil-disposed, for his fine gentle eyes squinted horribly, his nose seemed to drop down over his moustache, while the moustache seemed to bristle up. He had all the unpleasant appearance of a bird of prey, and he was not very gracious to his companions.

"Romans of a declining empire," he stuttered, "pity me! Which of you is acquainted with Henry Heine, who has dared to slander the mighty German nation? Let me pass, that I may slay him with the sword of Arminius, and cut off his ears!"

The young men had the greatest difficulty to prevent him from jumping out of window to go in pursuit of Henry Heine. To keep him quiet, they were obliged to tell him that the gentleman in question would wait on him there, and was actually coming by the diligence that evening for the express purpose of being slain with the sword of Arminius, and of having his ears cut off.

The following morning, when Karl found himself fully dressed and lying outside his bed, he had a dim recollection of what had passed, and was afraid that he had betrayed himself by some unguarded word; but when he discovered that he had been brought home by some prudent fellow without any scandal, and that his companions of the previous evening had not been in a conditio to understand him in any case, he recovered all his usual serenity.



# CHESS.

## The Allgaier Gambit.

### Game the First.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. P to K R 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Kt to K Kt 5. | |

White's strongest move here is Kt to K 5, which constitutes the Allgaier-Kieseritzki Gambit (*see* Game the Third), but the move in the text requires great care in answering on the part of the second player.

5. P to K R 3 (best).
or see Variations I., II., III.

6. Kt takes K B P. 6. K takes Kt.

7. Q takes P.

This was formerly thought to be White's best play; but 7. B to Q B 4 (ch.), as advised by Walker, is now generally preferred. (See Game the Second.)

7. Kt to K B 3 (best).

Black can also play advantageously here 7. Q to K B 3, as recommended by De Labourdonnais; *e.g.*—

| | |
|---|---|
| 7. Q to K B 3 | 8. P to Q 4 / Q takes Q P |
| 9. Q takes P (ch.) / Q to K B 3 | 10. Q to K Kt 4 / Q to K Kt 3 |
| 11. K to Kt 2 | 12. Q to K B 3 / Kt to K B 3 |
| 13. Q Kt to B 3 / B to Q Kt 5 | 14. B to Q 2 / P to Q 3 |

and Black has the better game; but this mode of play is not considered so efficacious as that resulting from his playing 7. Kt to K B 3.

8. Q takes K B P. 8. B to Q 3 (best).

Any other move will allow White to equalise matters.

9. B to Q B 4 (ch.) (best).

If 9. Q to K B 3 / Q Kt to B 3 10. P to Q B 3 / Kt to K 4

11. Q to K 2 / Q Kt to K Kt 5 12. R to K R 3 / Q to K 2

13. P to Q 3 / P to Q B 3, etc.

If, secondly: 9. Q to K B 2 / K to Kt 2, followed by R to K B sq., with the advantage.

If, thirdly: 9. P to K 5 / B takes P, and wins.

9. K to Kt 2.

10. Q to K B 5. 10. B to K Kt 6 (ch.)

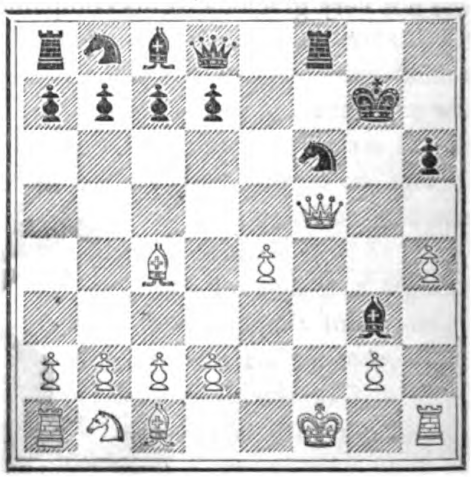
11. K to B sq. 11. R to K B sq.

and Black must win.

### Diagram

Showing the position after Black's eleventh move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

White's game in the above position is hopeless, on account of the situation of his King and Queen on the same file. Should he now move K to Kt sq., in the hope of avoiding the threatened danger, Black replies with the terrible move P to Q 4, which is obviously fatal.

### Variation I.

**On Black's fifth move.**

5. P to Q 4.

This move may be safely played for the defence, and ought to give Black a slight advantage in position; but P to K R 3 is pronounced by all the authorities to be his strongest move at this juncture.

| | (A) | (B) |
|---|---|---|
| 6. | P takes P (best). | 6. P to K R 3, or |
| 7. | Kt to K 4. | |

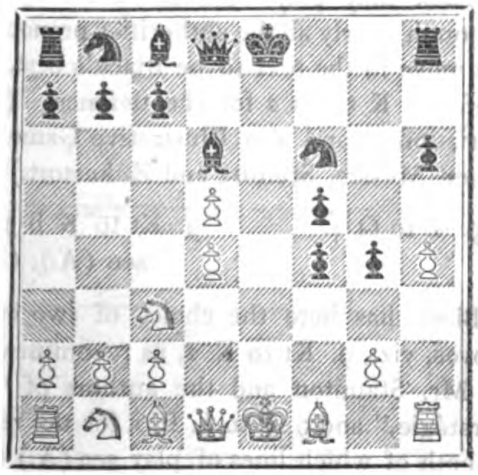
(If 7. Q to K 2 (ch.) / Kt to K 2 — 8. Kt to K 4 / B to K Kt 2 with the better game.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7. | | P to K B 4. |
| 8. | K Kt to Q B 3. | 8. B to Q 3. |
| 9. | P to Q 4. | 9. Kt to K B 3. |

and Black's game is to be preferred.

We append a Diagram of the position:—

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

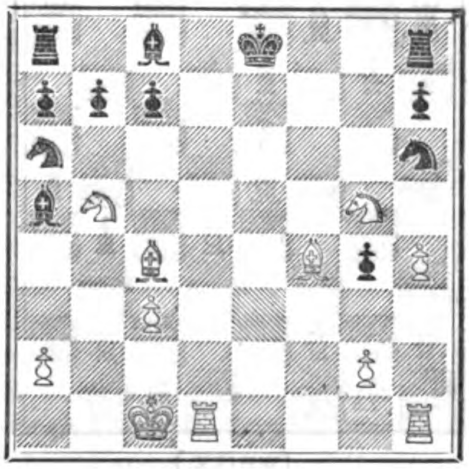
(A.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | | 6. Q takes P. |
| 7. | Q Kt to B 3. | 7. Q to K 4 (ch.) |
| 8. | Q to K 2 | 8. P to K B 3. |
| 9. | Q takes Q (ch.) | 9. P takes Q. |
| 10. | B to Q B 4. | 10. K Kt to R 3. |
| 11. | P to Q 4. | 11. P takes P. |
| 12. | Q Kt to Q Kt 5. | 12. Q Kt to R 3. |
| 13. | Q B takes P. | 13. B to Q Kt 5 (ch.) |
| 14. | P to Q B 3. | 14. P takes P. |
| 15. | P takes P. | 15. B to Q R 4. |

16. Castles (Q R), and White has the better game.

Diagram.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

(B.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | | 6. Kt to K B 3. |
| 7. | B to Q Kt 5 (ch.) | 7. B to Q 2. |
| 8. | B takes B (ch.) | 8. Q Kt takes B. |
| 9. | P to Q 4. | 9. P to K R 3. |
| 10. | Q to K 2 (ch.) | 10. Q to K 2. |
| 11. | Q takes Q (ch.) | 11. B takes Q. |
| 12. | B takes P. | 12. P takes Kt. |
| 13. | B takes P. | 13. Kt takes Q P. |
| 14. | B takes B. | 14. K takes B, |

and Black wins.

---

### Variation II.

**On Black's fifth move.**

5. P to K R 4

This is a bad defence, as will be seen.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 6. | B to Q B 4. | 6. Kt to K R 3. |
| 7. | P to Q 4. | 7. P to K B 3. |
| 8. | Q B takes P. | 8. P takes Kt. |
| 9. | P takes P. | 9. Kt to K B 2. |

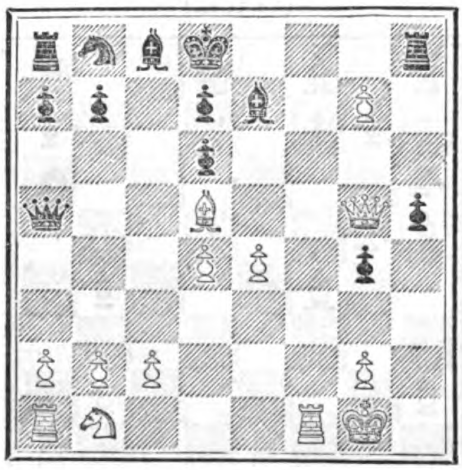
(If 9. Kt to Kt sq. — 10. B to K 5, etc.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 10. | P to K Kt 6. | 10. Kt to Q 3. |
| 11. | B takes Kt. | 11. P takes B (best.) |
| 12. | B to K B 7 (ch.) | 12. K to K 2. |
| 13. | Castles (best.) | 13. Q to Q R 4. |
| 14. | B to Q 5. | 14. K to K sq. |
| 15. | Q to Q B sq. | 15. K to Q sq. |
| 16. | Q to K Kt 5 (ch.) | 16. B to K 2. |

17. P to K Kt 7, and White wins.

DIAGRAM

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

VARIATION III.

On Black's fifth move.

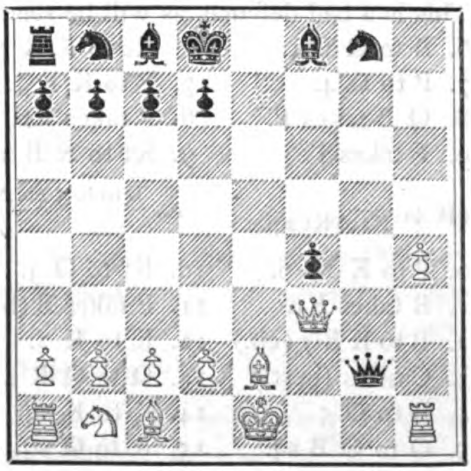
5. P to K B 3.

This again is a bad defence, and ought speedily to lose Black the game.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. Q takes Kt P. | 6. P to K R 4. |
| 7. Q to K B 5. | 7. P takes Kt. |
| 8. Q to Kt 6 (ch.) | 8. K to K 2. |
| 9. Q takes P (ch.) | 9. K to K sq. |
| 10. Q to K 5 (ch.) | 10. Q to K 2. |
| 11. Q takes R. | 11. Q takes P (ch.) |
| 12. B to K 2. | 12. Q takes Kt P. |
| 13. Q takes R P (ch.) | 13. K to Q sq. |

14. Q to K B 3, and White must win, having won the exchange, and having also a passed pawn on the King's Rook's file.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

GAME THE SECOND.

(The Allgaier-Walker attack.)

| BLACK. | WHITE. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. P to K R 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Kt to K Kt 5. | 5. P to K R 3. |
| 6. Kt takes K B P. | 6. K takes Kt. |
| 7. B to Q B 4 (ch.) | |

This move was first introduced into modern chess by Mr. Walker, and it is unquestionably stronger than taking Pawn with Queen, the consequences of which mode of play have been examined in Game the First of the present Chapter.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 7. P to Q 4 (best.) |
| 8. B takes P (ch.) | 8. K to K sq., or see Variation I. |

Black may play here K to Kt 2, and although nearly all the authorities pronounce the move in the text to be Black's best, we prefer 8. K to Kt 2 for the defence. (See Variation I., and also Illustrative Game between Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort.)

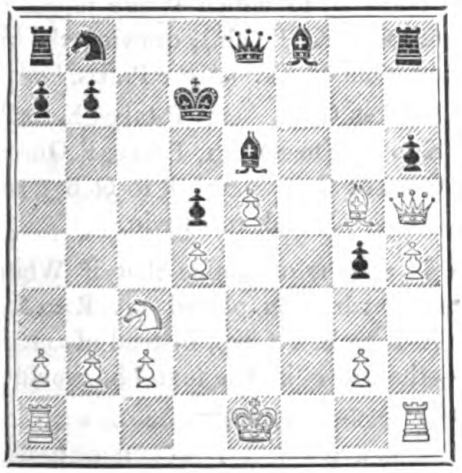
| | |
|---|---|
| 9. P to Q 4. | 9. Kt to K B 3, or see (A.), (B.) |

Black has here the choice of two other moves, viz., 9. Kt to K 2, as recommended by Mr. Staunton and the authors of "La Stratégie," and 9. P to K B 6, for the result of both of which lines of play see (A.) (B.) The move 9. Kt to K B 3 is recommended by Herr Falkbeer, in the "Chess Player's Magazine," with the following continuation, which is pretty and ingenious :—

| | |
|---|---|
| 10. Kt to Q B 3. | 10. Kt to K R 4. |
| 11. Q to Q 3. | 11. P to Q B 3. |
| 12. P to K 5. | 12. P takes B. |
| 13. Q to K Kt 6 (ch.) | 13. K to K 2. |
| 14. Q takes Kt. | 14. B to K 3. |
| 15. B takes P. | 15. Q to K sq. |
| 16. B to K Kt 5 (ch.) | 16. K to Q 2. |

And Black, with care, should win. The following Diagram shows the position.

(BLACK.)



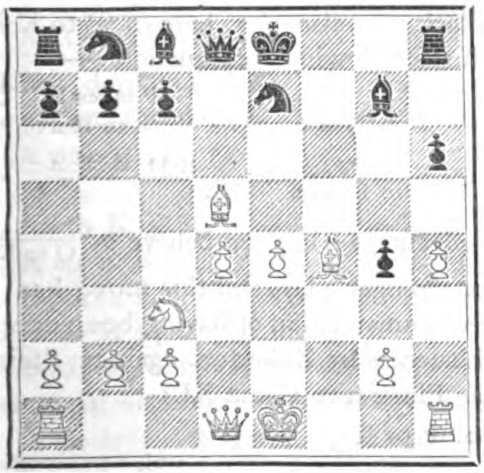
(WHITE.)

(A.)

| | |
|---|---|
| | 9. Kt to K 2. |
| 10. Q Kt to B 3. | 10. B to K Kt 2. |
| 11. Q B takes P. | |

Black has three moves at his disposal at this critical juncture, viz., 11. P to Q B 3, 11. Q Kt to B 3, and 11. Kt takes B. As the authorities are completely at variance as to which of these moves is Black's best play, and the position is very interesting, we give a Diagram showing the state of the game after White's eleventh move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

| | |
|---|---|
| Firstly, if— | 11. P to Q B 3. |
| 12. Q to Q 3. | 12. Kt to Q R 3. |
| (If 12. P takes B | 13. Kt to Q Kt 5 / Kt to Q R 3 |
| 14. Castles (K R) / P takes P | 15. Q takes K P / Q to Q 4 |
| 16. Q to K 2 / K to Q sq. | 17. R to K sq. / Kt to Q B 3 |
| 18. P to Q B 4 / Q to Q 2 | 19. Q to Q 2 / B takes P (ch.) |
| 20. K to R sq. / P to Q Kt 3, and the position is critical for both.) | |
| 13. B to Q Kt 3. | 13. R to K B sq. |
| 14. Q to K Kt 3. | 14. Q takes P. |
| 15. R to Q sq. | 15. Q to K B 3. |

16. Castles, and the game is rather in White's favour in the opinion of the authors of "La Stratégie."

| | |
|---|---|
| Secondly, if— | 11. Q Kt to B 3. |

(Let the reader refer to the last Diagram for this, the preceding, and the following Variation.)

12. B to K 3, followed by Q to Q 2, and Castles (Q R), and Black has a very difficult game.

| | |
|---|---|
| Thirdly, if— | 11. Kt takes B. |
| 12. P takes Kt. | 12. Q to K 2 (ch.) |
| 13. K to Q 2. | 13. Q to K B 3. |
| 14. Q to K 2 (ch.) | 14. K to Q sq. |
| 15. B to K 5. | 15. Q to K Kt 3. |

16. Q R to K sq., and the "Praxis" declares White to have a good game.

(B.)

| | |
|---|---|
| | 9. P to K B 6. |
| 10. P takes P. | 10. B to K 2. |
| 11. Castles. | 11. P to K Kt 6. |
| 12. P to K B 4. | 12. P to K R 4. |
| 13. K B takes Kt. | 13. R takes B. |
| 14. Q takes R P (ch.) | 14. K to B sq. |
| 15. Q to K R 6 (ch.) | 15. R to K Kt 2. |
| 16. P to Q B 3. | 16. K B takes R P. |
| 17. P to K B 5. | 17. B to Kt 4. |
| 18. B takes B. | 18. Q takes B. |
| 19. Q takes Q. | 19. R takes Q. |

20. Kt to Q 2, and Mr. Staunton is of opinion that White's Pawns look fully equivalent to Black's extra piece, especially as Black's Pawn at K Kt 6 must fall.

VARIATION I.

On Black's eighth move.

8. K to Kt 2.

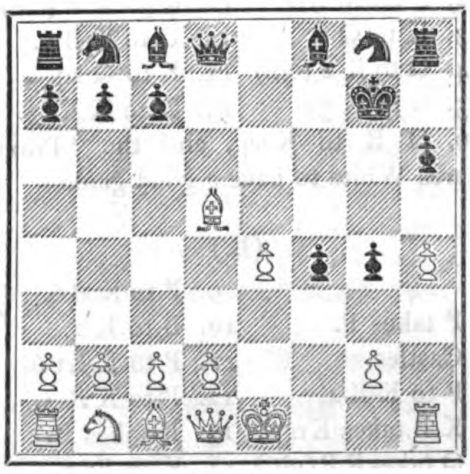
It has long been a moot point whether this move or K to his square is best for Black. Mr. Staunton says (*see* "Praxis," p. 316), "It is not, perhaps, quite so good as 8. K to K sq., as it allows White to equalise the game at once by

9. $\frac{\text{K B takes Q Kt P}}{\text{Q B takes B}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{Q takes K Kt P (ch.)}}{}$

and White draws by perpetual check."

With all deference to so eminent an authority, we differ entirely from him in opinion here, for, so far from White being able to equalise the game at once by 9. K B takes Q Kt P, he ought infallibly to lose by that course of play, as we will show. For the convenience of our readers, we give a Diagram showing the state of the game after Black's eighth move of K to Kt 2, White having to play.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

In the above position White has two moves at his disposal—viz., firstly, 9. K B takes Q Kt P; and, secondly, 9. P to Q 4.

If, firstly—

9. K B takes Q Kt P. 9. P to K B 6.

This is the move that gives Black the advantage, and which has been hitherto overlooked by most writers on this opening. Instead of this move, which decides the game in his favour, Black is made to play 9. B takes B, to which White replies with 10. Q takes Kt P (ch.), drawing the game by perpetual check. (*See* "Praxis," p. 316.)

10. B takes Q R. 10. P takes K Kt P.
11. K to B 2 (best). 11. P takes R, Queening
12. Q takes Q. 12. P to Q B 3, and

Black must win.

It is worthy of notice that, if White in the above variation played 11. R to K R 2 or 11. R to K Kt sq., instead of 11. K to B 2—the move in the text—he would lose equally—*e.g.*, suppose—

11. $\frac{\text{R to K R 2}}{\text{P Queens (ch.)}}$ 12. $\frac{\text{K to K 2}}{\text{Q takes R (ch.), etc.}}$

And if—

11. $\frac{\text{R to K Kt sq.}}{\text{Q takes K R P (ch.)}}$ 12. $\frac{\text{K to K 2}}{\text{P to K Kt 6}}$

13. $\frac{\text{Q to K sq.}}{}$ { If 13. $\frac{\text{P to K 5}}{\text{P to Q B 3, etc.}}$ }

13. $\frac{}{\text{P to Q B 3}}$ 14. $\frac{\text{P to Q 3}}{\text{B to K Kt 5 (ch.)}}$

15. $\frac{\text{K to Q 2}}{\text{B to Q B 4}}$ 16. $\frac{\text{R takes K Kt P}}{\text{Q to K Kt 4 (ch.)}}$

17. $\frac{\text{K to Q B 3}}{\text{Q to K 4 (ch.)}}$ 18. $\frac{\text{K to Kt 3}}{\text{B to K B 7}}$

and Black has a winning position.

Referring once more to the Diagram, if, secondly—

9. P to Q 4. 9. Q to K B 3.

Black may also play here 9. P to K B 6, with the following continuation:—

9. $\frac{}{\text{P to K B 6}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{P takes P}}{\text{B to K 2}}$

11. $\frac{\text{Castles}}{\text{P to K Kt 6}}$ 12. $\frac{\text{B to K B 4}}{}$, with

the advantage; but we believe 9. $\frac{}{\text{Q to K B}}$ to be stronger play, and this move has also the recommendation of having been adopted with success by Zukertort against Steinitz. (*Vide* Illustrative Game XI.)

10. P to K 5.

This, we believe, is stronger than 10. $\frac{\text{Castles}}{}$ which might be answered by 10. $\frac{}{\text{P to K B 6}}$

10. Q to K Kt 3.
11. P to K R 5. 11. Q to K B 4.
12. Castles. 12. P to K B 6.

| | |
|---|---|
| 13. Kt to Q 2. | 13. Kt to K 2. |
| 14. B to K 4. | 14. Q takes R P. |
| 15. Kt takes P. | 15. Q Kt to B 3. |
| 16. Kt to K R 2 (best). | |

(If 16. P to Q B 3 / B to K B 4 17. B takes B / Kt takes B 18. Kt to K R 2 / Kt takes K P, and Black wins.)

16. Kt to Kt 3,

and Black has the better game, but he must play with great care in order to maintain his advantage.

The following game, illustrative of this opening, was played in the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort, in August 1872 :—

GAME XI.

| WHITE. (Herr Steinitz.) | BLACK. (Herr Zukertort.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. P to K R 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Kt to K Kt 5. | 5. P to K R 3. |
| 6. Kt takes K B P. | 6. K takes Kt. |
| 7. B to B 4 (ch.) | 7. P to Q 4. |
| 8. B takes P (ch.) | 8. K to Kt 2. |
| 9. P to Q 4. | 9. Q to K B 3. |
| 10. P to K 5. | 10. Q to K Kt 3. |
| 11. P to K R 5. | 11. Q to K B 4. |
| 12. Castles. | 12. P to K B 6. |
| 13. Kt to Q 2. | 13. Kt to K 2. |
| 14. B to K 4. | 14. Q takes K R P. |
| 15. Kt takes P. | 15. Q Kt to B 3. |

Black dare not capture the Knight with Pawn, on account of White's rejoinder 16. R takes P, which must have been fatal

| | |
|---|---|
| 16. Kt to K R 2. | 16. Kt to K Kt 3. |
| 17. R to K B 6. | 17. K Kt takes K P. |
| 18. P takes Kt. | 18. B to Q B 4 (ch.) |
| 19. K to R sq. | |

K to B sq. might have led to some highly interesting variations, as follows:—

Suppose: 19. K to B sq. If 19. Q takes Kt
20. R to K Kt 6 (ch.) / K to B 2

{If 20. K to B sq. 21. R to K B 6 (ch.) etc.}

21. Q to Q 5 (ch.), and White wins. Apparently Black's best move, in answer to 19. K to B sq., would be 19. Kt takes P

| | |
|---|---|
| | 19. Kt takes P. |
| 20. R to B sq. | 20. B to K 3. |
| 21. B to K B 4. | 21. K R to K B sq. |
| 22. Q to K sq. | 22. B to Q 3. |
| 23. Q to K Kt 3. | 23. R to K B 3. |
| 24. R to K B 2. | 24. Q R to K B sq. |
| 25. Q R to K B sq. | 25. P to Q Kt 3. |
| 26. P to Q Kt 3. | 26. Q R to K B 2. |
| 27. P to Q B 4. | 27. K to B sq. |
| 28. B to Q B 2. | 28. K to K 2. |
| 29. B to Kt sq. | |

This is merely played to gain time, and is styled a "Coup de repos."

| | |
|---|---|
| | 29. R takes B. |
| 30. R takes R. | 30. R takes R. |
| 31. R takes R. | |

It is evident White could not take the Rook with Queen, on account of Black's rejoinder Kt to Q 2.

31. Kt to B 2.

Thus Black regains the exchange; this is a fine combination, all of which must have been foreseen by Black when he played his King to Bishop's square on his twenty-seventh move.

| | |
|---|---|
| 32. Q to K 3. | 32. B takes R. |
| 33. Q takes B. | 33. Q to K 4. |

Black could have now won the game off hand, by simply playing 33. P to K Kt 6, thus: 33. P to K Kt 6 34. Q takes P (ch.) / B to Q 2 35. Q takes K Kt P / Q to Q 8 (ch.) 36. Kt to B sq. / Q takes Kt (ch.) and wins, and it is strange that Mr. Zukertort should have overlooked such an easy road to victory. The move made gives White considerable resources.

| | |
|---|---|
| 34. Q takes Q. | 34. Kt takes Q. |
| 35. Kt to B sq. | 35. K to Q 3. |
| 36. K to R 2. | 36. K to Q B 4. |
| 37. K to Kt 3. | 37. K to Q 5. |
| 38. K to B 4. | 38. Kt to Q 6 (ch.) |
| 39. B takes Kt. | 39. K takes B. |
| 40. Kt to K 3. | 40. P to K R 4. |
| 41. P to K Kt 3. | 41. P to Q R 4. |
| 42. Kt to Kt 2. | 42. K to Q 7. |

| | |
|---|---|
| 43. Kt to K 3. | 43. P to Q R 5. |
| 44. P takes P. | 44. K to Q 6. |
| 45. P to Q R 3. | 45. B takes P. |
| 46. Kt to K B 5. | 46. B to K 3. |
| 47. Kt to K Kt 7. | 47. B to K B 2. |
| 48. Kt to K B 5. | 48. P to B 4. |
| 49. Kt to Q 6. | 49. B to K Kt sq. |
| 50. P to Q R 5. | 50. P takes P. |
| 51. Kt to Q Kt 7. | 51. P to Q B 5. |
| 52. Kt takes P. | 52. P to B 6. |
| 53. Kt to B 6. | 53. P to B 7. |
| 54. Kt to Q Kt 4 (ch.) | 54. K to B 6. |
| 55. Kt takes P. | 55. K takes Kt. |
| 56. P to Q R 4. | |

(The end game forms an interesting study. White would have gained nothing by playing

56. $\frac{\text{K to Kt 5}}{}$ on account of 56. $\frac{}{\text{K to Q Kt 6}}$

57. $\frac{\text{K takes P}}{\text{B to K 3}}$, winning easily.)

56. K to Q 6.

The speediest way to win the game.

| | |
|---|---|
| 57. P to Q R 5. | 57. K to K 7. |
| 58. P to Q R 6. | 58. B to Q 4. |

And White resigned.

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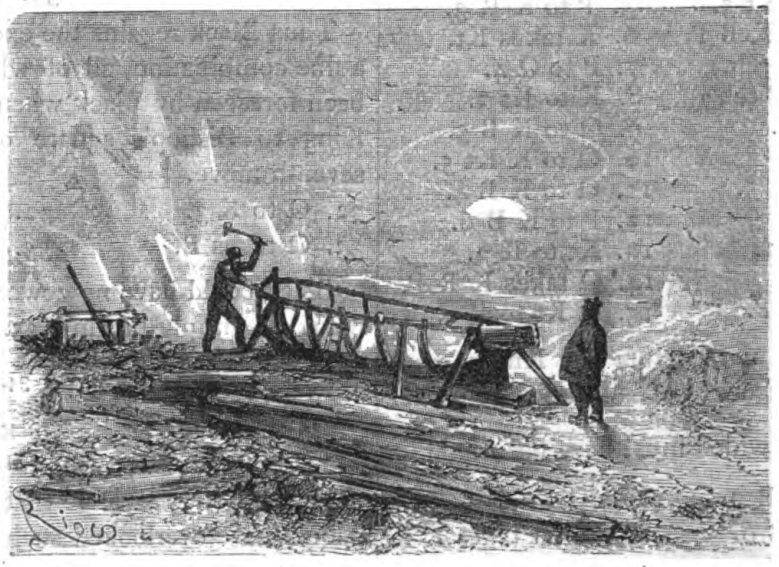
# THE FIELD OF ICE.

## BY JULES VERNE.

### CHAPTER XV.—THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.



NEXT morning, Altamont, Bell, and the Doctor repaired to the *Porpoise*. There was no lack of wood, for shattered as the old "three-master" had been by the ice-bergs, she could still supply the principal parts of a new ship, and the carpenter began his task immediately.

In the end of May, the temperature again rose, and spring returned for good and all. Rain fell copiously, and before long the melting snow was running down every little slope in falls and cascades.

Hatteras could not contain his delight at these signs of a general thaw among the ice-fields, for an open sea would bring him liberty. At last he might hope to ascertain for himself, whether his predecessors were correct in their assertions about a polar basin.

This was a frequent topic of thought and

conversation with him, and one evening when he was going over all the old familiar arguments in support of his theory, Altamont took up the subject, and declared his opinion that the polar basin extended west as well as east, But it was impossible for the American and Englishman to talk long about anything without coming to words, so intensely national were both. Dr. Kane was the first bone of contention on this occasion, for the jealous Englishman was unwilling to grant his rival the glory of



being a discoverer, alleging his belief that though the brave adventurer had gone far north, it was by mere chance he had made a discovery.

"Chance!" interrupted Altamont, hotly. "Do you mean to assert that it is not to Kane's energy and science that we owe his great discovery?"

"I mean to say that Dr. Kane's name is not worth mentioning in a country made illustrious by such names as Parry, and Franklin, and Ross, and Belcher, and Penny, in a country where the seas opened the North-west Passage to an Englishman—McClure!"

"McClure!" exclaimed the American.

"Well, if ever chance favoured anyone it was that McClure. Do you pretend to deny it?"

"I do," said Hatteras, becoming quite excited. "It was his courage and perseverance in remaining four whole winters among the ice."

"I believe that, don't I?" said Altamont, sneeringly. "He was caught among the bergs and could not get away, but didn't he after all abandon his ship, the *Investigator*, and try to get back home? Besides, putting the man aside, what is the value of his discovery? I maintain that the North-west



Passage is still undiscovered, for not a single ship to this day has ever sailed from Behring's Straits to Baffin's Bay!"

The fact was indisputable, but Hatteras started to his feet, and said—

"I will not permit the honour of an English captain to be attacked in my presence any longer!"

"You will not permit!" echoed Altamont, also springing erect. "But these are the facts, and it is out of your power to destroy them!"

"Sir!" shouted Hatteras, pale with rage.

"My friends!" interposed the Doctor, "pray be calm. This is a scientific point we are discussing."

But Hatteras was deaf to reason now, and said angrily—

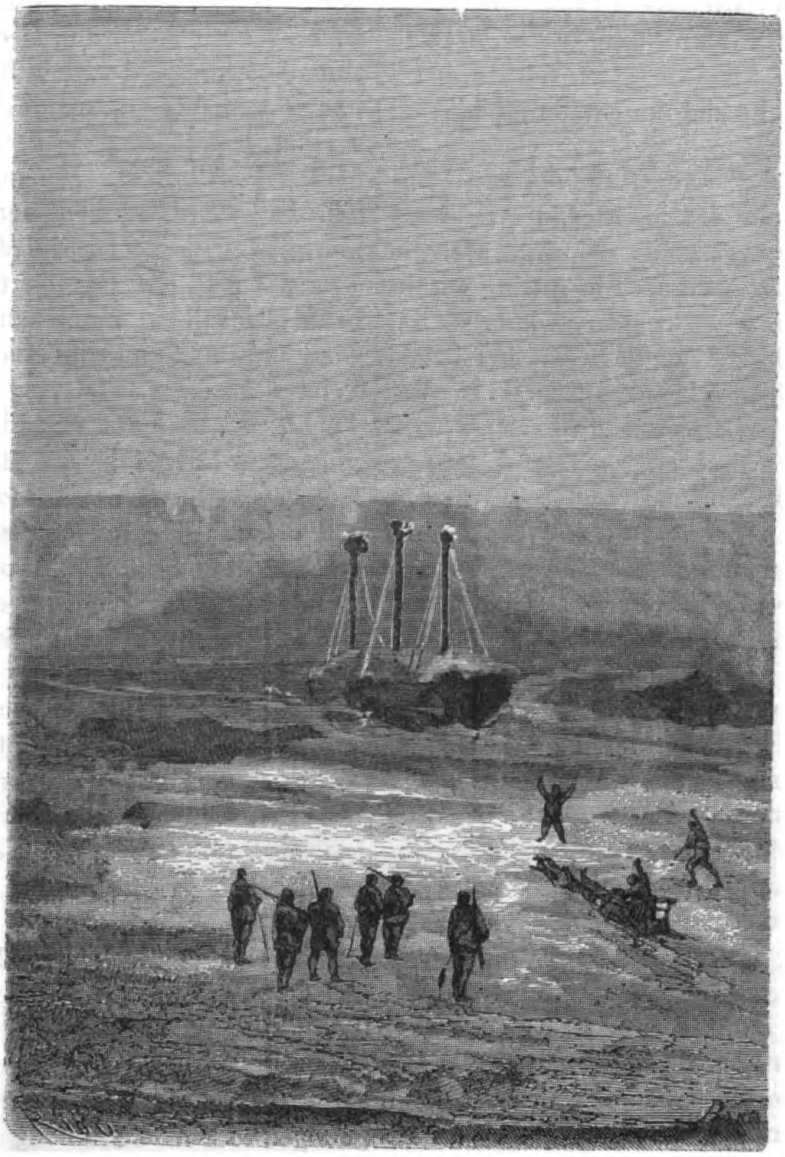
"I'll tell you the facts, sir."

"And I'll tell you," retorted the irate American.

"Gentlemen," said Clawbonny, in a firm tone; "allow me to speak, for I know the facts of the case as well as and perhaps better than you, and I can state them impartially."

"Yes, yes!" cried Bell and Johnson, who had been anxiously watching the strife.

"Well, go on," said Altamont, finding himself in the minority, while Hatteras



simply made a sign of acquiescence, and resumed his seat.

The Doctor brought a chart and spread it out on the table, that his auditors might follow his narration intelligibly, and be able to judge the merits of McClure for themselves.

"It was in 1848," he said, "that two vessels, the *Herald* and the *Plover*, were sent out in search of Franklin, but their efforts proving ineffectual, two others were despatched to assist them—the *Investigator*, in command of McClure, and the *Enterprise*, in command of Captain Collison. The *Investigator* arrived first in Behring's Straits, and without waiting for her consort, set out

with the declared purpose to find Franklin or the North-west Passage. The gallant young officer hoped to push north as far as Melville Sound, but just at the extremity of the Strait, he was stopped by an insurmountable barrier of ice, and forced to winter there. During the long, dreary months, however, he and his officers undertook a journey over the ice-field, to make sure of its communicating with Melville Sound."

"Yes, but he did not get through," said Altamont.

"Stop a bit," replied Clawbonny; "as soon as a thaw set in, McClure renewed his attempt to bring his ship into Melville Sound, and had succeeded in getting within twenty miles, when contrary winds set in, and dragged her south with irresistible violence. This decided the Captain to alter his course. He determined to go in a westerly direction; but after a fearful struggle with icebergs, he stuck fast in the first of the series of straits which ends in Baffin's Bay, and was obliged to winter in Mercy Bay. His provisions would only hold out eighteen months longer, but he would not give up. He set out on a sledge, and reached Melville Island, hoping to fall in with some ship or other, but all he found in Winter Harbour was a cairn, which contained a document, stating that Captain Austin's lieutenant, McClintock, had been there the preceding year. McClure replaced this document by another, which stated his intention of returning to England by the north-west passage he had discovered, by Lancaster Sound and Baffin's Bay, and that in the event of his not being heard of, he might be looked for north or west of Melville Island. Then he went back to Mercy Bay with undaunted courage, to pass a third winter. By the beginning of March his stock of provisions was so reduced in consequence of the utter scarcity of game through the severity of the season, that McClure resolved to send half his men to England, either by Baffin's Bay or by McKenzie River and Hudson's Bay. The other half would manage to work the vessel to Europe. He kept all his best sailors, and selected for departure only those to whom a fourth winter would have been fatal. Everything was arranged for their leaving, and the day fixed, when McClure, who was out walking with Lieutenant Craswell, observed a man running towards them, flinging up his arms and gesticulating frantically, and on getting nearer recognized him as Lieutenant Pim, an officer on board the *Herald*, one of the ships he had parted with in Behring's Straits two years before. Captain Kellett, the Commander, had reached Winter Harbour, and finding McClure's document in the cairn, had dispatched his lieutenant in search of him. McClure accompanied him back, and arranged with the Captain to send him his batch of invalids. Lieutenant Craswell took charge of these and conveyed them safely to Winter Harbour. Leaving them there he went across the ice four hundred and seventy miles, and arrived at Isle Beechy, where, a few days afterwards, he took passage with twelve men on board the *Phœnix*, and reached London safely on the 7th of October, 1853, having traversed the whole extent between Behring's Straits and Cape Farewell."

"Well, if arriving on one side and leaving at the other is not going through, I don't know what is!" said Hatteras.

"Yes, but he went four hundred and seventy miles over ice-fields," objected Altamont.

"What of that?"

"Everything; that is the gist of the whole argument. It was not the *Investigator* that went through."

"No," replied Clawbonny, "for, at the close of the fourth winter, McClure was obliged to leave her among the ice."

"Well, in maritime expeditions the vessel has to get through, and not the man; and if ever the North-west Passage is practicable, it will be for ships and not sledges. If a ship cannot go, a sloop must."

"A sloop!" exclaimed Hatteras, discovering a hidden meaning in the words.

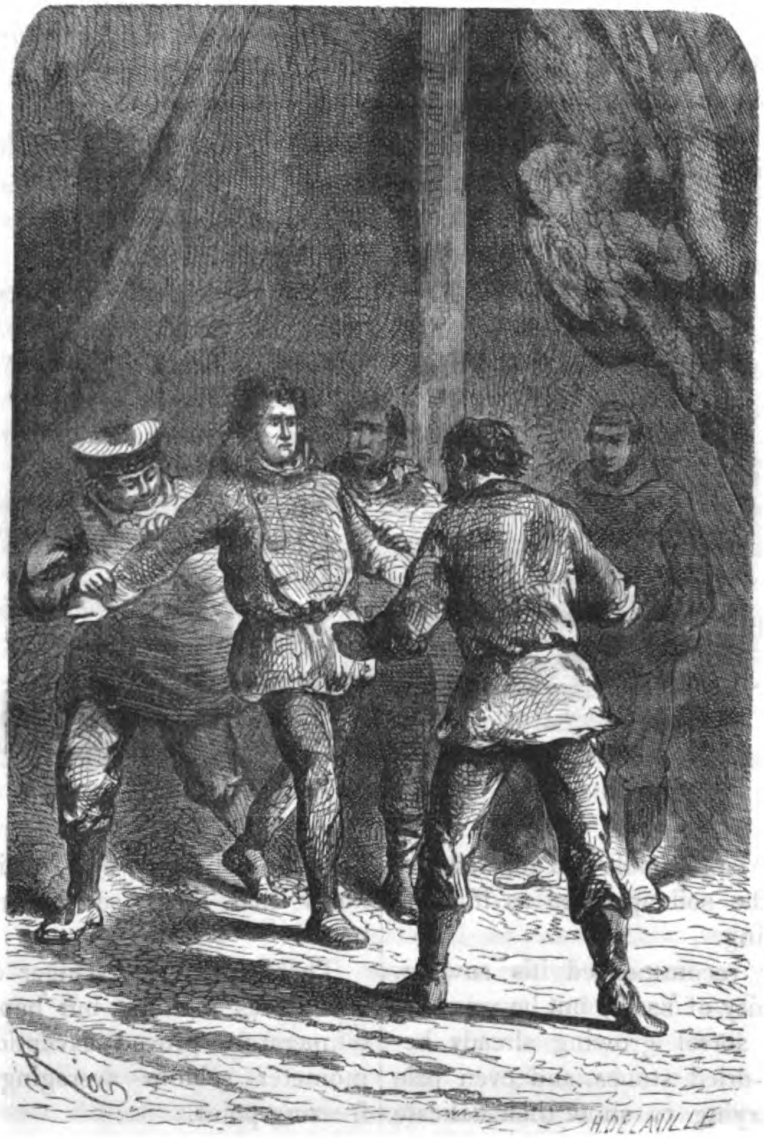
"Altamont," said the Doctor, "your distinction is simply puerile, and in that

respect we all consider that you are in the wrong."

"You may easily do that," returned the American. "It is four against one, but that will not prevent me from holding my own opinion."

"Keep it and welcome, but keep it to yourself, if you please, for the future," exclaimed Hatteras.

"And pray what right have you to speak to me like this, sir!" shouted Altamont, in a fury.



"My right as Captain," returned Hatteras, equally angry.

"Am I to submit to your orders, then?"

"Most assuredly, and woe to you if——"

The Doctor did not allow him to proceed, for he really feared the two antagonists might come to blows. Bell and Johnson seconded his endeavours to make peace, and, after a few conciliatory words, Altamont turned on his heel, and walked carelessly away, whistling "Yankee Doodle." Hatteras went outside, and paced up and down with rapid strides. In about an hour he came back, and retired to bed without saying another word.

## Chapter XVI.

### Arctic Arcadia.

On the 29th of May, for the first time, the sun never set. His glowing disc just touched the boundary line of the horizon, and rose again immediately. The period was now entered when day lasts twenty-four hours.

Next morning there was a magnificent halo; the monarch of day appeared surrounded by a luminous circle, radiant with all the prismatic colours. This phenomenon never lost its charm for the Doctor, however frequently it occurred, and he always noted carefully down all particulars respecting it.

Before long the feathered tribes began to return, filling the air with their discordant cries. Flocks of bustards and Canadian geese from Florida or Arkansas came flying north with marvellous rapidity, bringing spring beneath their wings. The Doctor shot several, and among them one or two cranes and a solitary stork.

The snow was now fast melting, and the ice-fields were covered with "slush." All



round the bay large pools had formed, between which the soil appeared as if some product of spring.

The Doctor recommenced his sowing, for he had plenty of seed; but he was surprised to find sorrel growing already between the half-dried stones, and even pale sickly heaths, trying to show their delicate pink blossoms.

At last it began to be really hot weather. On the 15th of June, the thermometer stood at 57 above zero. The Doctor scarcely believed his eyes, but it was a positive fact, and it was soon confirmed by the changed appearance of the country.

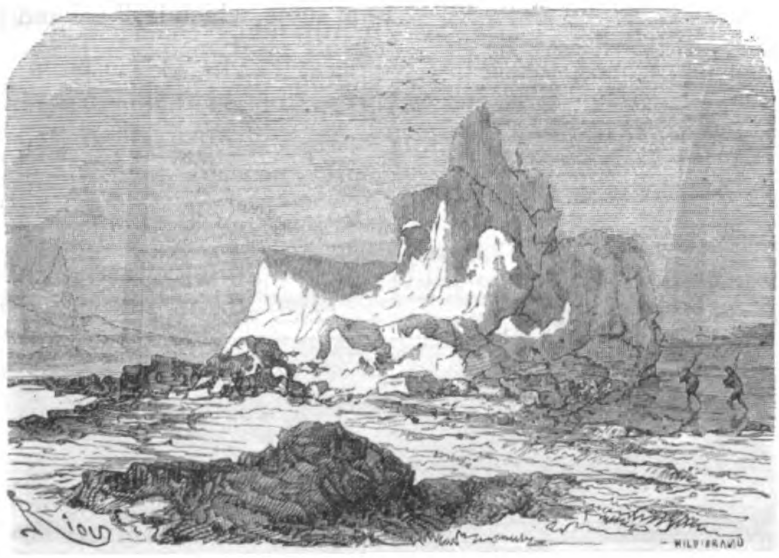
An excursion was made to Isle Johnson, but it turned out to be a barren little islet of no importance whatever, though it gave the old boatswain infinite pleasure to know that those sea-girt rocks bore his name.

There was some danger of both house and stores melting, but happily this high temperature proved exceptional, the thermometer seldom averaging much above freezing-point.

By the middle of June, the sloop had made good progress, and already presented a shapely appearance. As Bell and Johnson took the work of construction entirely on themselves, the others went hunting, and succeeded in killing several deer, in spite of its being difficult game to approach. Altamont adopted the Indian practice of crawling on all fours, and adjusting his gun and arms so as to simulate horns and deceive the timid

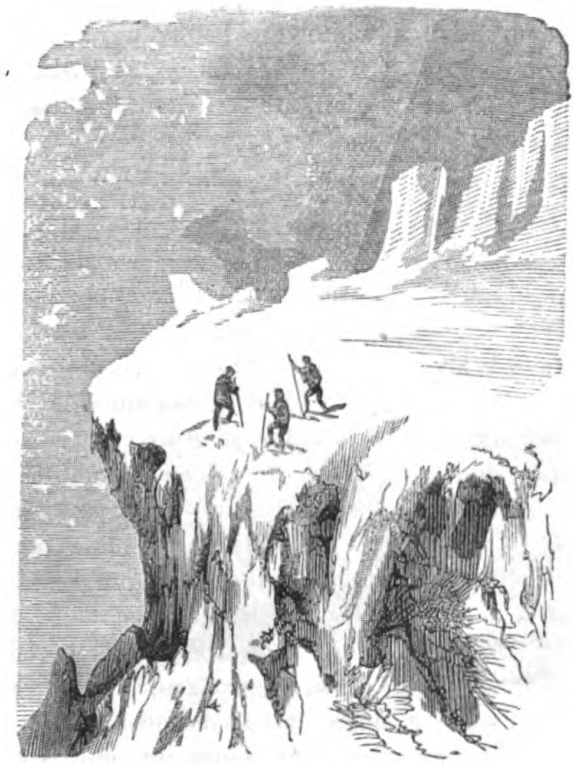
animal, till he could get near enough to take good aim.

Their principal object of pursuit, however, was the musk-ox, which Parry had met with in such numbers in Melville Island; but not a solitary specimen was to



be seen anywhere about Victoria Bay, and a distant excursion was therefore resolved upon, which would serve the double purpose of hunting and surveying the eastern coast.

The three hunters, accompanied by Duk,



set out on Monday, the 17th of June, at six in the morning, each man armed with a double-barrelled gun, a hatchet and snow-knife, and provisions for several days.

It was a fine bright morning, and by ten o'clock they had gone twelve miles; but not a living thing had crossed their path, and the hunt threatened to turn out a mere excursion.

However, they went on in hope, after a good breakfast and half-an-hour's rest.

The ground was getting gradually lower, and presented a peculiar appearance from the snow, which lay here and there in ridges



unmelted. At a distance it looked like the sea when a strong wind is lashing up the waves, and cresting them with a white foam.

Before long they reached a sort of glen, at the bottom of which was a winding river. It was almost completely thawed, and already the banks were clothed with a species of vegetation, as if the sun had done his best to fertilise the soil.



"I tell you what," said the Doctor, "a few enterprising colonists might make a fine settlement here. With a little industry and perseverance wonders might be done in this country. Ah! if I am not much mistaken, it has some four-footed inhabitants already.

Those frisky little fellows know the best spots to choose.

"Hares! I declare. That's jolly!" said Altamont, loading his gun.

"Stop!" cried the Doctor; "stop, you furious hunter. Let the poor little things alone; they are not thinking of running away. Look, they are actually coming to us, I do believe!"

He was right, for presently three or four young hares, gambolling away among the fresh moss and tiny heaths, came running about their legs so fearlessly and trustfully, that even Altamont was disarmed. They rubbed against the Doctor's knees, and let him stroke them till the kind-hearted man could not help saying to Altamont—

"Why give shot to those who come for caresses? The death of these little beasts could do us no good."

"You say what's true, Clawbonny. Let them live!" replied Hatteras.

"And these ptarmigans too, I suppose, and these long-legged plovers," added Altamont, as a whole covey of birds flew down among the hunters, never suspecting their danger. Duk could not tell what to make of it, and stood stupefied.

It was a strange and touching spectacle to see the pretty creatures they flew on



Clawbonny's shoulders, and lay down at his feet as if inviting friendly caresses, and doing their utmost to welcome the strangers. The whole glen echoed with their joyous cries as they darted to and fro from all parts. The good Doctor seemed some mighty enchanter.

The hunters had continued their course along the banks of the river, when a sudden bend in the valley revealed a herd of deer, eight or ten in number, peacefully browsing on some lichens that lay half-buried in the snow. They were charming creatures, so graceful and gentle, male and female, both adorned with noble antlers, wide-spreading and deeply-notched. Their skin had already lost its winter whiteness, and began to assume the brown tint of summer. Strange to say, they appeared not a whit more afraid than the birds or hares.

The three men were now right in the centre of the herd, but not one made the least movement to run away. This time the worthy Doctor had far more difficulty in restraining Altamont's impatience, for the mere sight of such magnificent animals roused his hunting instincts, and he became quite excited; while Hatteras, on the contrary, seemed really touched to see the splendid creatures rubbing their heads so affectionately and trustfully against the good Clawbonny, the friend of every living thing.

"But, I say," exclaimed Altamont, "didn't we come out expressly to hunt?"

"To hunt the musk-ox, and nothing else," replied Clawbonny. "Besides, we shouldn't know what to do with this game, even if we killed it; we have provisions enough. Let us for once enjoy the sight of men and animals in perfect amity."

"It proves no human beings have been here before," said Hatteras.

"True, and that proves something more, these animals are not of American origin."



"How do you make that out?" said Altamont.

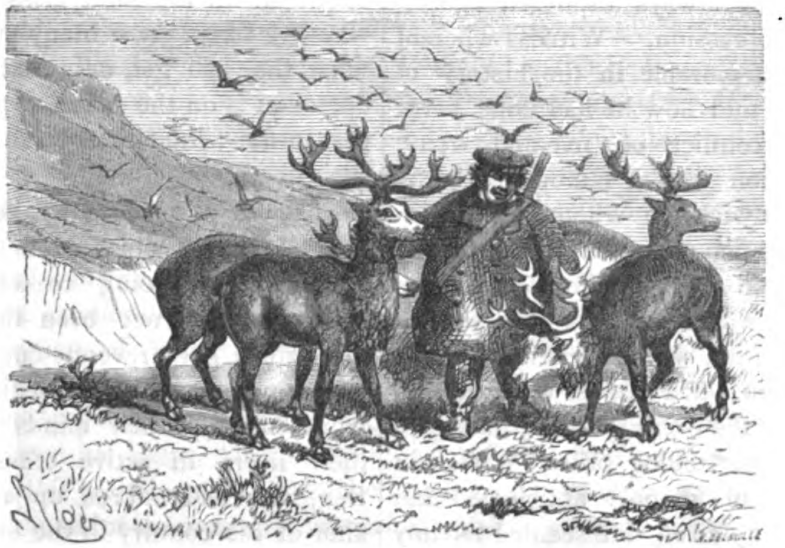
"Why, if they had been born in North America they would have known how to treat that mammiferous biped called man, and would have fled at the first glimpse of us. No, they are from the north, most likely from the untrodden wilds of Asia; so, Altamont, you have no right to claim them as fellow-countrymen."

"Oh! a hunter doesn't examine his game so closely as all that. Everything is grist that comes to his mill."

"All right. Calm yourself, my brave Nimrod! For my own part, I would rather never fire another shot than make one of

these beautiful creatures afraid of me. See, even Duk fraternizes with them. Believe me, it is well to be kind where we can. Kindness is power."

"Well, well, so be it," said Altamont, not at all understanding such scruples. "But I should like to see what you would do if you had no weapon but kindness among a pack of bears or wolves! You wouldn't make much of it."



"I make no pretensions to charm wild beasts. I don't believe much in Orpheus and his enchantments. Besides, bears and wolves would not come to us like these hares, and partridges, and deer."

"Why not? They have never seen human beings either."

"No, but they are savage by nature," said Clawbonny, "and ferocity, like wickedness, engenders suspicion. This is true of men as well as animals."

They spent the whole day in the glen, which the Doctor christened "Arctic Arcadia," and when evening came they lay down to rest in the hollow of a rock, which seemed as if expressly prepared for their accommodation.

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# AFTER LOCK-UP.

BY DOUGLAS STRAIGHT.

Evening brought round George Lethbridge's turn at the storytelling, and it was pretty generally agreed that unless he had enlisted help from some quarter or another to aid him to put his ideas into intelligible shape, he would cut but a sorry figure: for he was one of your untidy, easy-going fellows, whose boots were never properly blacked, let alone laced, and whose knowledge of literature was almost entirely confined within the limits of Captain Marryat's shilling novels. From his own account, his principal amusement when at home for the holidays was sailing about in the man-of-war's gig, belonging to the old coastguard ship that his father commanded at one of the south-western ports, where he himself had been born and bred. He was

a rough, somewhat uncouth, but withal thoroughly good and honest lad, and was treated for the most part with indifference by his compeers in age and standing in the school, at the same time being much put upon and taken advantage of by his juniors, whose cause he always espoused against tyranny and oppression. Witness whereof an instance memorable in the history of Longden, that told how he had done fierce battle in a conflict of five-and-twenty minutes' duration with a famous bully by name Bos Fenwick, to whom, in the interests of a much-put-upon youngster he had administered a lesson more forcible than pleasant. He was liked with that sort of negative popularity, which securing for him general sufferance had almost warmed into interest against the evening when, having to undergo his story-telling ordeal, it was in the most agreeable manner anticipated that he must make a *fiasco*. He seemed terribly nervous and uncomfortable as with a clumsy shamble he blundered into the warden's desk, aggravating the difficulties of his position by upsetting the bottle of water set there for his refreshment, and blurring his manuscript with the contents. At last, however, he managed to make a start, and plunged headlong into his story, which he announced as

"Le Diable Noir."

There is a quaint old fishing village on the South Coast, not a hundred miles distant from Brighton, that despite its having failed to advance in the strides of civilization and progress after the example of some of its metropolis-imitating neighbours, has seen a good deal of life in its time; and if experience went in this world for qualification should at least have a mayor, corporation, and two Members of Parliament, all to itself. But as with men, so with places; the race is not always won by him who best deserves it, nor is the battle to the bravest and most enduring; luck goes a good deal by contraries, and Beachmore remains now pretty much what it was sixty years ago. There are the same, or nearly the same, fishermen's cottages close down by the sea, the same old church with its rickety tower, wherein the ringers practise every Saturday night on the asthmatical bells with as much energy and disregard for all tune as their fathers and grandfathers did before them, the same class of inhabitants, who live like a good many other people on what they can get, only that their field of operation is on the broad expanse of ocean, that in the winter time washes almost up to their doors.

It was a good many years ago, how many I should not like to say, when the matter I am going to tell of occurred. Railways had not been thought of, and smuggling gave revenue-cutters and coast-guardsmen plenty of exhausting and exciting work to keep their minds employed, and their livers in active order. My Uncle Ben, who had offered up a pledge at the altar of his country in the shape of an arm blown off at the Battle of St. Vincent, had been rewarded by a grateful government with the charge and command of the preventive Station on the cliffs, some mile and a half from Beachmore, whence on a perpetual look-out for kegs of brandy, making unholy pilgrimages from the French coast, he had abundant time to reflect upon the grand results that await human ambition. His only companion was his son Walter, a smart, active lad, just turned sixteen, who could sail a boat, or handle a cutlass with equal facility, and who always participated in the adventures and expeditions of the eight or nine brawny, well-seasoned coast-guardsmen attached to the station. They were tough, sturdy fellows, who bore traces of the rough services they had undergone, and promised unpleasant consequences to those who might have the misfortune to come in contact with them. No men could have been more devoted to their chief or he to them, and there was a mutual understanding between him and them, already many a time put to practical test, that each would go through fire and water for the other.

It was a [nice, agreeable season of the year, to wit, the month of November. A

dreary, drizzling day had been succeeded by one of those foggy nights, when your eyes almost fail to discover the top of your nose, and you learn thoroughly to appreciate the peculiar characteristics of the climate of your dear pleasant old England. The smoke of a thousand factories might have been compressed into the narrow compass of a few square feet, so thick and impenetrable was the atmosphere, which, not content with making itself disagreeable outside, crept in through crevices of door and window, and finding its way into Uncle Ben's parlour, among other places, got into his eyes and down his throat, causing him to blink and cough in a most astounding fashion, to the terrible interruption of Walter, who was reading aloud to him.

"I'm blessed, my boy," spluttered the old fellow, between his gasps, "if this ain't the worst night I've seen for years. It will be uncommon awkward for the outward bounds making down Channel, unless they've been pretty sharp in bringing up." Then, after a pause, he went on; "I wonder if any of those smuggling vagabonds will be trying to make a run of it. It's just like their impudence if they do, for danger don't seem to be a thing they think about!"

The words were scarcely out of his lips, when there came a knock at the door, which upon the immediate invitation to come in, opened, and Silas Brown, one of the coastguardsmen, muffled up in worsted comforter, thick pea-jacket, and high boots, stepped in.

"Captain," said he, "the Spy's outside, and wants to see you at once very partikler; he's got some information for you, so he says, and it's valuable and important."

In an instant Uncle Ben was on his legs, and in shorter time than it takes to tell, the visitor thus announced had been called in. He was a small, stunted lad, whose age it was difficult to guess, with a sharp, ferret-like look, and a keen, intelligent expression of face that would have been engaging, but for the treacherous twistings about the corners of his mouth, which never seemed to remain quiet for a moment. His clothes, bitter night though it was, would have disgraced the most disreputably clad scarecrow; while his hair, damp with the moisture of the heavy sea fog, hung in a tangle over his shoulders. His voice sounded harsh and unnatural as, never moving from the mat just inside the door, he grated out, rather than spoke as follows:—

"Mounseer Jack is a-going to try a run to-night at Black Eagle Gullet. He gave Joe Burnham the office, by the skipper of a Rye smack as met him cruising yesterday, and the Family are on the look-out now; so there ain't no time to lose."

"Oh they are, are they?" exclaimed Uncle Ben; "we'll see if we can't give Joe Burnham and the Family something more to look out for than they expect. Silas, turn out the men, and, mark you, be sharp."

But a few minutes sufficed for all to be in readiness, and eight sturdy coastguardmen stood waiting the word of command to start upon their venture. On the right was Silas Brown, holding the Spy at arm's length, an expression of contempt on his face by no means complimentary to that young gentleman, whose appearance was scarcely calculated to engender confidence in his guidance. He had, however, on one or two former occasions proved faithful, and Uncle Ben had not allowed himself time to reflect whether he was or was not to be trusted in the present instance.

Walter begged very hard to be allowed to accompany the expedition, but was satisfied to remain behind, when he had been assured that it was necessary for him to remain in charge of the station, and to keep watch and ward there. He was enjoined to observe a sharp look-out, and to be armed and prepared in case any of the smugglers should happen by chance to make in that direction.

In less than ten minutes from the first arrival of the Spy, Uncle Ben and his chosen band had departed on their errand, and Walter found himself enjoying the sweets of solitude, and endeavouring to guess in his own mind, whether anything would happen so far as he was concerned, and if so, what it was likely to be. The fashion of life in which he had been nurtured had made him

a hardy and resolute lad, for he had been trained up by his father with a kind of schooling that, if it had not to any great extent developed his intellectual powers, left him without the word "fear" in his vocabulary. He proceeded to arrange matters with the most complete *sang froid* and precision. First investing himself in long boots, thick jacket, and fur cap, he next ooked carefully to see, that his two pistols were in working order, and then examined with a critical eye and touch the edge of the half hanger, half cutlass, he had buckled round his waist. Satisfied with the investigation of the condition of these useful and important companions, he damped down the fire, blew out the candles, and then made his way out on to the cliff in front of the station. The fog was thicker than ever, and a deathly stillness reigned on land and sea. For a stranger it would have been perilous work to walk a dozen steps in the impenetrable gloom, for within a few yards there was a yawning abyss, whose bottom was among the boulders and chalk stones two hundred feet below. But to Walter there was no danger, he knew every inch of the ground, and without stumble or hesitation made his way to a seat in the headland, where in fine weather he and his father passed many an hour together, watching vessels passing up and down channel. Only a short distance from where he sat himself down was a pathway, or, to speak more correctly, rude staircase roughly cut in the cliff for the purpose of giving the coast-guardmen access to a small sheltered bay below, where their yawl and galley were kept hauled up, but handy for use when required.

The silence continued unbroken by a single sound, the heavy air even made the chiming of Beachmore church-clock inaudible; but amid all this gloomy stillness Walter's ear was on the *qui vive*, and his attention strained in the direction of Black Eagle Gullet, that lay some half-a-mile distant to the eastward, whence he expected every moment to hear some sign that his father and his companions had met with th smugglers. Two hours had passed, and the intense quiet was growing almost wearisome, when suddenly he was startled by a faint sound from the beach below as of the bow of a boat grounding on the shingle. Almost at the same instant he heard a footfall from the direction of the top of the pathway already mentioned, and had only time to conceal himself behind the seat before the indistinct form of a man appeared stealthily creeping up on to the cliff. In a moment it flashed across him that the Spy had played the traitor, and that his father and the men had been drawn away from the Station to enable the smugglers to run their cargo just at the very last spot they would have been expected to attempt it. It was equally plain to him that the intruder had been sent to reconnoitre and report whether the coast was clear, for as soon as he had paused for a moment he made off in the direction of the Station. There was no time for reflection, and Walter did not pause to reflect; perhaps had he done so he would have hesitated before committing himself to so perilous an enterprise. As it was he crawled noiselessly to the top of the pathway, and rapidly commenced to descend. Never had the distance to the beach appeared so long before, the rough steps seemed interminable, and every moment he knew was precious. At last, however, he found his feet on the shingles, only to be startled, in spite of himself, by the sound of voices engaged in conversation in a hoarse whisper so close to him that he could recognize one of the speakers as Joe Burnham. For a moment he thought he was discovered for there was a sudden pause; but great was his relief to hear the talking renewed. Walter listened with straining ears, and caught the following words from Joe Burnham:—

"Curse him and his drinking; he always is drunk when there's work to be done. If I'd got him here I'd sober him with a bit of cold lead, the blundering Johnny!"

"Oh, never mind that, Joe," replied the other, "if he ain't any use he ain't no harm; he's down in the cabin of the cutter fast

asleep, and sound enough to last till to-morrow morning. If he ain't good at the landing game here, he knows how to get the stuff away the other side. But, I say, Joe," continued the same speaker, as if glad to change the subject, "the Reefer's a long time gone on his job. I hope it's all right up above, and that the Spy ain't broke his promise."

"Broke his promise, not he; he knows it's more than his life is worth, the young varmint, for I promised him something if he didn't get 'em out of the way, and he knows I keep my word. But there wouldn't be no harm in our going up and having a look round, just to make sure. The lads are all right in the shed, with plenty of 'Old Pale,' to keep 'em quiet; and as this ere fog's safe to last till daylight, a quarter of an hour, more or less, won't do no harm. So come on."

All this Walter had heard while his brain, working with frenzied activity, brought him to a realization of the state of affairs. It was plain to him as the nose on his face, that the redoubted "Mounseer Jacques's" cutter was close off the beach, that that worthy himself was on board drunk, and that the crew, who had come ashore, were waiting for orders in the little shed in which the coastguardsmen kept their own sails and odds and ends, regaling themselves meanwhile with a refreshment that inebriates as well as cheers. So occupied was he with these reflections, that had Joe Burnham and his companion but turned their eyes in his direction as they proceeded to ascend the pathway, they must have seen him. Fate, however, willed it otherwise, and so earnestly were they talking to one another, that they passed close to him without observation. It was a difficult moment to know what to do, half-a-dozen steps and the crackling shingle might betray him; and yet if he could only make his way to the fringe of sand that the ebb-tide had left behind it, he might find the boat that had come off from the cutter, and accomplish the purpose that had entered his mind. It was a desperate task, but in youth we seldom calculate possibilities or probabilities; we make up our minds on the instant, and dare the consequences. In after time we pause and reflect, and balance chances often to miss a *grand coup*, or sacrifice a triumph that almost stares us in the face. Stealthily Walter crept down to the water's edge, then, groping his way along, presently stumbled up against the object of his search in the shape of a small ship's gig, that showed signs of severe service and the rough work on which it had been used. As luck would have it, it lay handy for launching, and, without noise or difficulty, he soon managed to get it afloat.

But now arose a perplexing question, how was the smuggler's cutter to be discovered in the dense fog that still hung over everything in an impenetrable pall? As he pushed noiselessly off Walter felt how utterly he was without bearings to guide him on his short but perilous voyage. Yet he flattered himself with the satisfaction that he had deprived the smugglers of their immediate means of communication, for when they had discovered their loss, it must take them some time to make the coastguard boat available for use. As he turned over in his mind what course he had best make, the tide slowly drifted him out to sea, and he was just about to take to the oars, when close on his starboard bow he caught a glimpse of what his practised eye at once recognized as the well-known outline of the rakish craft of which he was in search. In a few seconds he got alongside, and quickly making fast the painter, clambered like a cat over the bulwarks and stood upon the deck of the cutter. *Le Diable Noir*, as she was called, was as small, trim-built a model of a spirit-runner as ever in those days gave the preventive service trouble. Little over fifty tons, she could show her heels to all pursuers; and from a long career of impunity, had come to be regarded as an impossible capture. With a look of admiration at her well-ordered arrangements, Walter crept on tiptoe towards the after hatchway; that, as he surmised, led into the cabin, where "Mounseer Jacques" was enjoying his repose. He had not incorrectly

reckoned, for sure enough he found that worthy wrapped in a heavy slumber; and from his heavy breathing and anything but melodious snore, he guessed that for the present at least there was not much fear of his awakening.

The sleeping smuggler was not an agreeable or encouraging spectacle to gaze upon; his face bespoke his desperate and determined nature; and even his dreams appeared to be of violence, as now and then he beat the air with his hands, and rolled restlessly on the floor of the cabin on which he was lying. Instinctively Walter clutched the pistol by his side, and nerved himself for the worst. It was a desperate game he was playing, and this man once aroused, he knew his chances of escape from death were small indeed. But he had made his cast, and there was no withdrawing from the enterprise on which he had embarked now, and so, with a muttered prayer, he ascended the steps of the companion-way and went toward the cutter's bow. Still fortune seemed to favour him, for to his delight he discovered that the *Diable Noir* was only held to her anchorage by a slender hawser. In an instant he had parted it with his knife, and the little vessel, freed from her restraint, floated with the tide away from her moorings.

A half-hour passed, and meanwhile Walter had time to realize his position, the growing dangers and difficulties of which presented themselves strongly before him. How long would Mounseer Jacques' drunken sleep last, and how soon would the smugglers on shore be before they had discovered what had befallen them and their vessel? Above all things, would the fog hold?

Presently there came just the faintest breath of wind, that for a few moments filled the clewed-up mainsail, and the *Diable Noir* answering on the instant to its influence, moved more rapidly through the water. Those who know in what a short period a sea-fog will disappear, will appreciate how, in less than a quarter of an hour, the breeze improving, swept away the heavy mist, and as if to make a striking contrast, disclosed a glorious moon, riding in a wide expanse of blue heaven, that lit up the silent sea, and at once made Walter acquainted with his whereabouts. Half a mile astern was the bay, in which he had left the smugglers, while close on his port bow was the rocky headland, just round the corner of which lay Black Eagle Gullet, whither his uncle and the coastguardsmen had gone. There was but one course open to him, and that to steer the cutter direct for their hiding-place; and so, hastening to the helm, he eased her head a point or so to the westward, and she, knowing nothing of the destiny awaiting her, responded in a moment, and hastened along. Not a moment too soon, for as Walter turned his eyes once more towards the bay, he saw the smugglers making superhuman efforts to get the coast-guard galley afloat.

By a lucky chance he cast a glance in the direction of the companion-way leading up from the cabin, and to his horror beheld the head and shoulders of the redoubted Mounseer Jacques. There was no time to parley or delay, but in a twinkling whipping his pistol from his waistband, Walter aimed a well-judged shot at the Frenchman, which sent that worthy downstairs more rapidly than he had ascended; and though, as after result showed, it did not kill him, effectually prevented him from interfering.

Meanwhile the *Diable Noir* gallantly held her course and sped through the glittering water straight for Black Eagle Gullet. As for Uncle Ben and his men, they not knowing what had transpired, watched her proceedings from their hiding place with astonishment, and were at a loss to explain the audacity of her conduct in thus driving right into the lion's jaws. Still she held on her way direct for the shore, like a horse with the bit in his teeth running away to break his head against a wall. What could it mean? In less than ten minutes she was stuck hard and fast in the sand some twenty yards from land, and then to the expressed amazement of Silas Brown, who was straining his eye through Uncle Ben's glass, a single person was seen to jump into the

boat that had been drawn alongside her, and to make for the shore. For a few minutes a passing cloud shrouding the moon, concealed the daring individual, and sheltered by the darkness the coastguardsmen and their commander crept down to the water's edge.

The mystery of the *Diable Noir's* strange proceedings was very soon cleared up, and it may readily be imagined that Walter was welcomed as a hero should be, though as soon as he had hurriedly recounted his exploit, a proper guard was at once sent off to take charge of the cutter and her contents, not excepting Mounseer Jacques, who was found lying at the bottom of the companion way in a condition that would have caused his friends and relatives considerable uneasiness.

To hasten to the end of my story, let me add, that the smugglers whom Walter had outwitted, realizing that discretion is the better part of valour, had declined to follow their captured craft into Black Eagle Gullet, and bent upon making their escape, rowed some two miles in an opposite direction, leaving the coastguard boat they had borrowed to mark the spot of their landing. All of them managed to escape apprehension with the exception of Joe Burnham, who had the melancholy satisfaction of taking his trial at the county assizes in the company of his old friend Mounseer Jacques, with whom he was also duly found guilty and sentenced. As for Walter, he was warmly complimented by the presiding judge, who told him that he would take care he was not forgotten, and he kept his word, for in little more than a month a letter with a large seal, "On His Majesty's Service," was delivered at the coastguard station, announcing that "His Most Gracious Majesty had been pleased to appoint Mr. Walter Lethbridge a Midshipman in the Royal Navy." It is needless to say the delight with which the communication was received, or to describe Uncle Ben's pride and satisfaction. As Walter had begun so he ended, and discovered his last resting-place with the many brave and unflinching hearts who, faithful to Queen and country, found their grave son the Crimean shore.

There was a hearty recognition accorded to George Lethbridge, as with a sigh of relief at the accomplishment of his task, he came down from the Warden's desk, and I believe he slept sounder that night than he had for some weeks before.

# TYPES OF RUSSIAN CHARACTER.

Our engraving* represents a Raznoschik, or pedlar, a class of dealer one so often meets with in Russia, near the bazaars of the capitals. He is a seller of peasants' Roukavitsi—gloves or mittens. They are not handsome, but, like the dress of the common people of Russia, are very comfortable, and admirably suited to the climate of the country. They form a double glove; the outside one is of leather, with a gauntlet, which reaches nearly to the elbow. In the inside is a warm mitten of coarse wool, which covers the hand and wrist, and is distinct from the leather glove. The reason for making them separate is, that the outer glove is worn by workmen in many crafts and trades when the weather does not require it. It is a curious fact that blacksmiths, bargemen, etc., work in these gloves, even in the summer time. This very useful, indispensable article of dress is manufactured in the villages of the interior. Gloves of a superior kind of the same shape are made at Torjok, a town in the government of Tver, and at Kazan. They are manufactured of a kind of morocco leather, and embroidered on the gauntlet with gold and silver. These fancy gloves are worn by gentlemen when sliding down

* See page 249.

the Montagnes Russes, or ice-hills, and are used for guiding the little sledge along the ice.

On cold, frosty days, our Raznoschik, with the warm mittens, is likely to attract the attention of a passer-by, between whom and the seller a conversation somewhat of this kind will take place.

*Buyer*, a Muzhik, or peasant. "And what is the price of these mittens, uncle or brother?" as the case may be.

*Seller*. "Forty copecks, fatherkin."

*Buyer*. "No, brotherkin of mine; you want too much. I'll give you twenty copecks."

*Seller*. "No, that wont' do at all; why, they cost me thirty-five copecks."

*Buyer*. "Don't you tell me that, I know better. Will you take twenty copecks?"

*Seller*. "I can't, indeed, 'pon my honour: you may do as you like."

The intended buyer goes away.

"I say, brotherkin," calls out the Raznoschik after him, "look here, you shall have them for thirty copecks."

The buyer keeps walking along, and takes no notice of the affair.

"Just stop a bit," calls out the Raznoschik, "you shall have them for twenty-five copecks."

This time the customer turns round, and waves his hand to the dealer as much as to say, "I won't have anything to do with you."

At last the Raznoschik bawls out at the top of his voice, for by this time the other has gone some distance, "Well, be it so, you shall have them for twenty copecks."

The buyer turns round, and the seller, meeting him half-way, hands him the pair of mittens, and receives the money.

It is not unusual for the itinerant trader, in course of time, to become a shopkeeper, and open an establishment of his own in the Gostinnoi Dvore, or bazaars of one of the principal towns. It is from this class of men that have originally sprung some of the largest mercantile and manufacturing firms in Russia. An active spirit of speculation may be said to have always characterized this class of individuals, mostly uneducated, unable even to read and write, and yet conducting operations with millions of money. There is a suppleness of address innate in the uneducated Russian, who is able to turn all things to account and turn a penny. In fact, the Russian common man seems to be far more adapted for this mode of obtaining a living than any other.

The great bazaars of a Russian town, where all the most important articles of commerce are united, are called Gostinnoi Dvore. These are mostly large buildings, with an arcade running round them, under which there are a multitude of shops, and even booths. The Gostinnoi Dvore is a *sine qua non* of every Russian town of importance; the extent of which may generally afford a very good criterion of the extent of the business transacted there. Not only are the dealers thus collected together under one roof, but the community thus formed is again split up in a variety of fashions: those who deal in similar articles keeping closely together. This holding of like to like seems almost innate with the Russians. The same custom prevails at the great Nizni fair, where are formed, as it were, separate markets, known under the name of riadui, or rows. The system of doing business with the shopkeeper of the lower-class bazaars is the same as with the Raznoschik, or itinerant dealer, to which the system called touting is added. One of the shopmen, or often the master himself, stands outside the shop-door recommending his wares, something after the following fashion:—"Ladies and gentlemen, please to walk in, we've got all kinds of ladies' boots, shoes, slippers, and goloshes; gentlemen's boots, goloshes, slippers, carpet-bags, trunks, etc. Please to walk in, ladies and gentlemen." All this is pronounced rapidly, with constant repetition, which is most annoying to a stranger unaccustomed to such noisy importunity. In some of the third-rate bazaars of St. Petersburg, the noise of these touters is perfectly unbearable; and let a passenger only take a peep at the window of one of the shops, and he is immediately surrounded on all sides by these touters—one bawling

out one kind of goods, another another, till he becomes quite bewildered. It's no use telling them you don't want anything; they know better. They have been known to pounce upon a hapless passenger, and actually drag him into the shop by main force; and at one time this practice had become so common as to call for the interference of the head of the police, who mulcted these energetic tradesmen in heavy fines. But even in the regular way of shopping in the respectable shops, neither tradesman nor customer can do without bargaining; it is the scene with the mittens over again. The customer has been twice on the point of going, has left the shop at last, and has gone already a considerable time, when "the boy" is sent after him at full speed, to tell him that his master agrees to the price offered, and that ruin stares him in the face in consequence. Naturally all this involves a great loss of time, but this is seldom considered in Russia. It is a custom in which, to all appearance, the buyer takes a certain amount of pleasure, and it certainly affords a kind of pastime for the ladies, who seem to delight in it.

The itinerant traders constitute a numerous class in Russia under different names, who travel with their wares through the interior over the wide expanse of the empire. Among these the most noteworthy are the so-called Ofenias, who resemble, in many respects, the itinerant merchants of the Middle Ages in England, of whom the pedlar is the only existing type.

The Ofenias are peasants principally belonging to the government of Vladimir. According to Karamsin, the historian, this class of men is of ancient origin in Russia, and the name of Ofenias is supposed to be a corruption of the word Athenians, as the Greek merchants from Athens were called, who settled in Russia in the fifteenth century. This supposition is the more probable since, in the artificial language employed by the Ofenias for business purposes, there are many words which have undoubtedly been derived from the Greek. Towards the year 1780, the trade of the Ofenias had reached extensive proportions, they formed themselves into companies, in which each member had a share.

About the year 1820 this trade began gradually to decline, owing to many of these peasant capitalists establishing themselves permanently as merchants in different parts of Russia, particularly in Siberia. At present the Ofenias still number some four or five thousand individuals, and the yearly return of this trade is estimated at about 6,000,000 roubles. The Ofenias obtain their goods at the Nizni fair and partly at Moscow, and start every year about the 20th of August, old style, on their journey, proceeding first to Little Russia, the Polish provinces, then to the Caucasus, and the most distant parts of Siberia, thousands of miles from their homes. Strange to say, the Ofenias, as a rule, are men who have no capital of their own, but who have succeeded, owing to their business capabilities and scrupulous exactness, in gaining the confidence of the merchants and manufacturers of Moscow. From the former they receive on credit all kinds of fancy goods, such as rings, buttons, pomade, perfumery, likewise books; from the latter, piece goods, such as cloth, cottons, etc.

Through the agency of the Ofenias some of the books go through several editions. Among the stock carried by these men one is sure to find dozens of copies of works, such as "The Fight between the Russians and Kabardintsi,"* "The Tale about the English My Lord George," "Anecdotes of Balakeref."† Another article which the Ofenia is sure to have by him are the so-called Loubochniya pictures, the name being derived, it is supposed, from the word Loub, the bark, or rind of a tree, on which, in ancient times these pictures were originally engraved. These pictures form among the common people of Russia what might be termed their picture-gallery and written language in one. The Loubochniya pictures have for their subjects religion, morality, history, and satire, but the religious

* A Caucasian tribe.

† Peter the Great's Court jester.

element prevails. A representation of the day of judgment appears to be a favourite subject among the peasantry. These productions are all printed and painted by self-taught peasants, and on very coarse, whitey-brown paper.

All the peculiarities of these pictures are retained and reproduced which characterized them in very ancient times: thus, horses are painted, or rather daubed, green; trees, violet; costumes, vermilion; buildings, blue. The beauties of heaven and the horrors of hell are depicted in glaring smears of the four primitive colours.

The Ofenia sells also Ikonas, or holy pictures; these are manufactured at the village of Kholoui, in the government of Vladimir, for which there is a great demand among the peasantry all over the country, for every orthodox peasant has a painting of this kind hung up in the corner of his room, representing some favourite saint whom he holds in great veneration. These productions are also of the most miserable kind. They are painted with great rapidity, some of the "artists" of Kholoui are able to paint six hundred faces in a week, and others can complete these pictures, twelve inches square, in the same space of time single-handed. Ikonas of this size are sold as low as six shillings per hundred; they are painted on boards made of the lime, fir, alder, and aspen. The Ofenias seldom stop in the towns, but there is not a single settlement or village, however distant or obscure, which they do not visit twice or at least once a year. It is interesting to see the Ofenias in a large village some thousands of miles away from their homes, with their carts full of all kinds of goods surrounded by the babui, as the village women are called, making their purchases. The buyers are sometimes short of cash; this does not in the least embarrass the Ofenia, for he is prepared to do a little bartering; he will take in exchange for his goods all sorts of things: linen cloth, raw flax, flax yarn, and even rags which he receives in this way in one village he will be able to dispose of in another with a handsome profit. The merchants and manufacturers not only entrust their goods to these traders, but pay their trade licences for them. The relation of the Ofenias to their masters being that of consignees, they have at the expiration of a certain term to return the goods which remain unsold, and to pay a certain price agreed upon for the articles disposed of, retaining for themselves the difference between the consigner's price and that obtained from the sales effected. The merchant and manufacturer have the advantage that in this manner they get rid of old stock articles that are out of fashion, and even damaged goods. It is worthy of remark, that transactions on this principle are very common in the interior of Russia, and the amount of confidence placed in illiterate peasants by their masters without any kind of guarantee is surprising. When the Ofenias return home again from their journey, the consigner of the goods appoints a certain day when they are to meet him to "square accounts." This day among the Ofenias is called the Duvan, or settling day. If the business transacted by them has proved profitable to the master, he gives his men a treat, a kind of fête is held in the open air, for which a fine day is chosen in some spot pleasantly situated. This fête continues for two days or more, with music, songs, and games.

A large number of women are engaged in the capitals as itinerant dealers in provisions of various kinds. Some of them come from the villages in the vicinity, who bring to town butter, eggs, milk, mushrooms, etc. Our engraving* (fig. 2) represents one of these women. The costume worn by them consists of a koutsavayka, or warm jacket without sleeves, a skirt of cotton print, and the head is covered with a kerchief, or small shawl tied under the chin. Others are employed in retailing provisions, which they purchase of the wholesale dealers in the markets, salt herrings for instance. Our illustration* (fig. 5) represents one of these herring sellers; the dress is similar to that described above.

* See page 249.

The national cafés, or traktirs, in the principal towns of Russia where, by the by, tea is the beverage consumed, not coffee, are very numerous, and can be always recognized by the large signs on both sides of the entrance to the zavedeniye, or establishment, as they are also called, representing huge tea-cups, tea-pots, and samovars, and square lumps of sugar piled up on gigantic saucers. One of the characteristics of the Russian retail trade is the abundance of pictorial illustrations that decorate so many of the shop fronts, or make known to the passenger that such and such articles may be had within. The butcher suspends in front of his establishment a couple of painted oxen, or perhaps a portrait of himself presenting a ruddy joint to a passing dame. The baker is sure to have a board over his door with a representation of every species of loaf offered for sale in his shop, while a gilt model of a gigantic "kringle"* is suspended in front; the tallow-chandler is equally careful to suspend portraits of his "moulds" and "long sixes," and bars of soap "mottled," or otherwise. It should be observed that these sign-boards are not limited to the shops patronized by the humbler classes alone. The optician announces his calling by a profuse display of spectacles and telescopes, and even the Court jeweller adopts the same plan. The traktirs are often very extensive establishments, frequently occupying the entire first floor of an enormous house, or forming entire houses of themselves. It is a great place for the resort of Russian tradesmen after the usual amount of bargaining and striking of hands. It is here that the well-to-do dealer, whose success in business seems symbolically expressed by protuberance of stomach and fatness of face, comes to clinch his bargains. Having entered the traktir he takes off his cap, turns to the holy picture in the corner, and makes the sign of the cross; this is done also by the friend he may have with him. They then sit down to a small table† (fig. 6), and the one who stands treat orders a "para tchayou," a "pair of teas," which consists of a small teapot of chubby aspect, with tea, a huge teapot with hot water, and two small saucers, with a few lumps of sugar. If the treat is to be of an extra kind, the samovar is ordered in with boiling water. The samovar is the Russian tea-urn; it is of the shape represented in the engraving, and made of brass. Inside is an iron tube, into which live charcoal is put which boils the water, and keeps it hot for a considerable time. The tea-urn is an indispensable requisite of every respectable household in Russia; for, next to ourselves, the Russians are the largest tea-drinkers in the world.

If our tradesman be in a particularly happy mood, he will order the "polovoi," or waiter, to wind up the organ. These organs form a peculiar feature of the large Russian traktirs; they are of enormous size, and play a great variety of tunes; as many as twenty instruments being represented in the mechanism, they form a complete brass band, with reed instruments, drums, cymbals, etc., and frequently cost from £1500 to £2000.

It is a curious fact, that the regular Russian tea-drinker seldom eats anything with his tea. It is to him a luxury to be enjoyed by itself, he uses neither milk nor cream; a slice of lemon is sometimes added to flavour it, and the sugar is not dissolved in the beverage as with us, but s eaten "vprikonskou," as it is called; *i.e.*, a small piece of sugar is put into the mouth, and the tea dissolves it while being swallowed. This method has the advantage of being exceedingly economical, for a very small piece of sugar goes a very long way; besides, the Russians of all grades never drink their tea very strong, the infusion is seldom darker than a light amber colour. The caravan tea made in this manner has a most delicious aroma, far superior to anything of the kind in this country.

On frosty days in the winter time the traktirs are crammed with tea-drinkers, from whose faces the perspiration may be seen rolling down in large drops as if in a vapour bath, the quantity of tea almost boiling hot, consumed by a Russian Muzhik at a

* Russian fancy bread.

† See page 249.

sitting must be computed by teapots full. It would be difficult to count the cups. The tea consumed in the common traktirs is naturally of an inferior quality, and the constant addition of hot water to the first brew makes the liquid very weak indeed; but the Muzhik has often only a few copecks to spare, and he no doubt consoles himself with the reflection that if he has not tasted and enjoyed the aroma of caravan tea, he has at least warmed the inner man. Hot tea is a favourite beverage of the Russian tradesman even while engaged in business.

As a rule, no fires are allowed in the Russian bazaars and markets, the dealers are consequently often exposed in the winter to intense cold, which, however, is provided against by wearing the shouba, or fur coat, both in and out of doors, there being very little difference between the two temperatures. But the shouba is not always sufficient to keep the blood in proper circulation, so recourse is had to relays of glasses of hot tea. We are afraid to say how many glasses are thus consumed, with the thermometer at 30° Reaumur, by a single individual; but considering that tea-drinking commences in the morning—the dealer stands glass in hand in front of his shop—and the brisk trade in boiling water, the number must be considerable. The establishments for selling hot water in the neighbourhood or inside the Russian markets, are quite peculiar to the centres of the retail trade, and afford a lively example of what can be done with enterprise, and cold water and fuel as the stock in trade. The traktirs also deal in hot water, large coppers are kept constantly boiling, which is a great accommodation for the poor, a large jug full of hot water costs under a farthing.

One will find that the traktirs are invariably kept by natives of the Government of Yaroslaf. They seem to be particularly adapted for this sort of business.

As railways extend, in Russia will gradually disappear a class of men called yamstchiks* (fig. 8), the drivers on the post roads of various vehicles, such as the malleposte diligence, the purely national tarantasse, and the winter conveyance, the sledge. The yamtschik knows but one duty in life—viz., to go from his own station to the next, and this he performs as if his soul were dependent on each single journey. He is lodged, fed, and clothed by the government, so he need have no thought for the morrow, and he has none. His normal state is on the road, and it is a matter of utter indifference to him whether he be called during day or night, fine weather or foul. He will sing unconcernedly at night to keep himself awake, or hold a chatty conversation with his horses. The yamstchik is a clever driver, and the way in which he manages his troika, or three horses abreast, has always excited the admiration of foreigners travelling through Russia.

They have a just appreciation of the doctrine of rewards, as carried out in their na tchai or na vadkou—*i.e.*, for tea or brandy—drink-money. The misfortune, however, is, that these fellows, once *en route*, care nothing about your bones nor the carriage which they are driving. The horses put to and everything in order, away they go at a canter, which, if mud permits, soon ripens into a gallop, sometimes *ventre a terre*. The post-horses in Russia are spirited little animals, and go at a rapid pace. Whirr go the wheels, and pleasant enough it is when the road is smooth; but woe be to the traveller who has to travel over miles and miles of ruts and shaky log bridges—not an uncommon occurrence in the interior of the country.

The travelling carriage used generally throughout Russia in districts where there are no railways, is the tarantasse: it is a four-wheeled vehicle with a body which resembles a broad, low-built boat, truncated at both ends. It is furnished with a leathern hood which closes it in, and has a coach-box in front capable of holding one passenger besides the yamstchik. There is no seat inside, and the passenger must sit on his luggage, or a bast sack filled with hay or straw. The peculiarity of the tarantasse

* See page 249.

is that it has no springs; the body is placed instead on several long poles, which reach from the fore to the aft axletree, and act, or are supposed to act, as a substitute. The tarantasse is generally purchased outright by the traveller, a good strong one costing about £25. The advantage of the tarantasse is that it can be easily mended when an accident occurs on the road, and little or no skilled labour need be exercised for that purpose.

In the reign of Catharine II., the yamstchiks of St. Petersburg obtained from their sovereign various privileges and immunities; they formed a kind of guild, land was allotted to them on the outskirts of the capital. This district bears up to the present time the name of Yamskaya, in which most of the wooden houses are owned by yamstchiks, the descendants of primitive settlers. In the winter time, when the sledge-roads in and around the capital have become permanent for the season, the town yamstchik is called into requisition. He is a different fellow to his brother of the highway. Winter picnics are the order of the day, and he plays no unimportant part in the proceedings. The picnic parties generally assemble towards the evening—a bright moonlight night, with the snow hard and crisp, being preferred for these excursions. These parties are formed often of as many as a dozen sledges, or troikas holding from six to eight people, and their destination is usually some large inn ten or twelve miles from the capital, where supper awaits their arrival, and where dancing and other amusements are carried on till early the next morning. Certainly nothing more exhilarating can be imagined than a drive to a Russian winter picnic. On these occasions the town yamtschik, who is often the owner of the turn-out, appears in his best fur-lined kaftan of dark-blue cloth, secured at the waist by a long worsted scarf; and, if it is very cold, he wears felt boots, his hat worn jauntily on one side, as represented in our illustration, decorated with numerous buckles, parti-coloured ribbons, or with artificial flowers, or a peacock's feather or two. It cannot be denied that standing upright in the sledge, with a fine troika before him, holding the reins with his arms stretched out at full length, he presents altogether a most picturesque appearance. The mode of harnessing the troika, or three horses abreast, is peculiar. The middle horse goes in shafts, over which is the douga, or bow so often described, with a bell attached to it. The outside horses are attached by traces and splinterbars. The driver has a double pair of reins, one of which is fastened to the off-cheek of the centre and off-horses, the other to the near-cheek of the centre and near-horses. The middle horse in a good team is never allowed to break his trot while the side-horses go in a canter. The great peculiarity is, however, that the outside horses go with their heads turned outwards. They are trained by being kept in the stable with their heads strapped round to one shoulder, and by being always driven so, to keep their heads arched round, so that their nostrils nearly touch their outside shoulder. Unnatural as this position is, they soon become accustomed to it, and it does not in the least detract from their speed. The effect, when the horses are going and the troika is driven at full speed, is strikingly picturesque; and, when the team is in condition and the harness good, it is quite classical. Allied to the yamstchik is the lekhkovoy izvostchik, the driver of public vehicles in towns. The dress worn by these men resembles in many points that of the former.

# PUZZLES.

*Two Fruits.*

1.

A dance.
To snare.
One holding a very high office.
To gather.
A house that none but the inhabitants dare enter.

*Buried Fruits.*

2.

When you go, Ada, tell him to come to me.

3.

Don't knock as if you were trembling, rap energetically.

4.

He thinks not; but I believe Demerara is in the North of South America.

5.

I left her alone in an unutterable grief.

6.

To see the sun rise from the top of the mountain repays you for having to get up early.

7.

I have heard of a jackdaw and a sparrow being tamed, but whoever heard of a tamed lark?

8.

You may have one or two bull's-eyes, and one acid drop each.

9.

After you have set the trap, plenty of oats must be thrown inside.

10.

They say a cherub is a kind of celestial spirit or angel.

*Transpositions.*

11. Each is my paint.
12. I do thee, Lot.
13. N. U. E. o'er it, man!
14. I cry, "Me paid."
15. A roly egg.
16. Dry Saxon.

*Battles and Sieges.*

17. A fresh injury.
18. Present fortune.
19. Hemp and a weight.
20. A number of trees.
21. A relation and an auction.
22. A measure.
23. A woman and counterfeit.
24. A commotion and four-fifths of language.
25. Three-fourths of an animal and a flower.
26. Half of "spoil" and a disease.
27. The sea and a game.
28. Four-fifths of a woman's name, a prizefighter, and an article.

*Celebrated Cricketers.*

29.

A, b, c, eeee, g, hhhh, iiii, l, m, nnn, ooo, p, rrrrr, ss, ttttt, y.

30.

A, b, ee, hhh, i. j, k, m, oooo, p, rrr, ss, t, w, y.

31.

Aa, c, ee, g, hh, iiii, mmm, nnnn, o, rrr, s, tttt, y.

32.

A, b, cc, eeeee, ggg, h, ii, ll, n, o, rrrrr, ss, tt, u.

33.

Aa, eee, hh, i, kk, ll, m, o, rrrr, ss, w, yy.

34.

Aa, b, dd, ee, g, hhh, iii, ll, mm, nn, o, p, r, ss, tt, uu.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES ON PAGES 359, 360.

1. Sir Noel Paton. Harrison Weir.
2. Stonehenge. Canterbury.
3. Napoleon III. 4. Captain.
5. Make hay while the sun shines.
6. Herbert. Tennant.
7. Senior Wranglership.
8. Letter-carrier.
9. Lieutenant-General.
10. Venetian-blind.
11. Blockade-runner. 12. Work-basket.
13. Screw steam ship.
14. Audit-accountant.
15. Crossing-sweeper.
16. Maintopgallant-mast.
17. Pocket-handkerchief.
18. Lighthouse-keeper.
19. A rolling stone gathers no moss.
20. Faint heart never won fair lady.
21. Idea. Dear. Earn. Arno.
22. Rest. Echo. Show. Town.
23. Park. Aloe. Rove. Keen.
24. Game. Amen. Mend. Ends.



30. A Reminiscence of a Night Watch.

# A REMINISCENCE OF A NIGHT WATCH.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW (LATE) I.N.

THOSE were jolly days we passed on board the old 18-gun sloop-of-war *Thunderbolt*. How thoroughly we youngsters enjoyed life, whether it was ashore or afloat; indeed, I don't know which we liked best, for out at sea we had the excitement of looking out for a slaver, and then the smart chase with or without success. There was also a gale every now and then, with lots of knocking about, and no end of discomfort. We did not mind that a straw, but took pleasure in watching the Captain's dinner washed out of the galley by a heavy sea, or the ward-room officer's soup well watered by a dash of spray, or, better still, sent flying through the lee scuppers just as the mess servants, after traversing the slippery deck in safety, were about to descend the "companion," with congratulations on their lips at their success in surmounting the dangers of the "middle passage." But vain are the hopes of man, and the truth of the saying of the wise man that "pride goeth before a fall," received a further confirmation when the soup, hitherto "all hot," was poured out as a libation to Father Neptune. It was at such times when he was bemoaning his sad fate, that we youngsters would greet the unlucky ward-room steward or cook with peals of derisive laughter, or facetious inquiries that would still further exasperate the unhappy menial, who anticipated a shower of invective, if not corporal punishment, when he announced to his expectant masters that there was no soup for dinner that day.

Blow high or blow low, it was a matter of indifference to us, for very soon after we put to sea the stock of beer would "give out," the fowls would all have gone the way of their kind, and the place of other luxuries would know them not. Of course the mess caterer was roundly abused, and threatened with a cobbing for the short allowance of everything beyond the regulated ship's allowance of necessaries, but when this much-abused individual had exposed the unreasonableness of demanding luxuries when he was put in possession of no funds to purchase them withal, nothing more could be said on the matter.

Being now reduced to rations of "salt horse" and "hard tack," or weevilly biscuits, we could afford to laugh at the bad luck of our shipmates in the ward-room. Some French philosopher (Montaigne, I think it was) says, "nothing gives us more enjoyment than to hear of the misfortunes of our best friends," and I suppose he was right, as he knew human nature well—all philosophers do, or fancy they do, which is oftentimes the same thing, for if you repeat a thing very often, or very dogmatically, you come to believe it yourself, and inspire belief in the minds of others.

When matters went thus hard with the ward-room dinner, there would be an exception occasionally among the jubilants in the person of the midshipman who had been invited that day to be one of the party. As this lucky fellow was preparing to follow the soup below, his radiant face would assume a blank look of dismay as he watched the broken particles of china madly dashing through an open gun-port, while the ecstacy of some mischievous youngster would rise to fever heat at this additional incentive to jocularity. I remember being myself sold on one occasion, in this way. I was escorting the "ship's cook's-mate" with mock solemnity, as he made a "tack" from the galley to the "spare booms," and then, "hanging in stays," made a second "board" to the "coamings" of the hatch. All danger had, I considered, been surmounted, and the secure haven of the ward-room, with its expectant inmates, already hove in sight, when the ship took a header, and

away into the lee scuppers flew the tureen, carrying with it the anticipations of mock turtle and the accompanying glass of sherry. On turning round to receive the condolences of my messmates who were gathered round a gun at the waist, taking advantage of the absence of their superiors to smoke a furtive pipe, I caught sight of the chubby face of young Samkins, who could not control his delight in perceiving the misfortune that had befallen the senior midshipman of his watch. It was my duty and privilege to retain in a condition of vassalage becoming his years and standing in the service, this said young Samkins, who performed at my behest any duties I considered too menial for my servant, and who shared with that individual the allowance of kicks (minus the half-pence) doled out with no stinting hand, or rather I should say, foot, by the writer of these reminiscences.

I offered chase to the offending youngster, but he eluded me on this occasion, taking refuge further forward, where no fear of a wet jacket deterred him from sheltering. As this consideration weighed with me under the circumstances, and as, were I to lose time, I might come in late for the more substantial part of the meal, for the reception of which I had, with midshipmanlike avidity, made due preparation, I retraced my steps, objurgating the ill-timed levity of the said youngster, and intimating my intention to "serve him out" at the proper time.

Well, that night it was my middle watch —twelve to four—and Samkins, who had studiously avoided me all day, appealed to me from afar, and in a voice that would have satisfied you he was the most penitent of mortals, to excuse him from the consequences of his disrespectful conduct.

After some conversation, he agreed to throw himself on my mercy, and approached sufficiently near to enable me to seize him by the ear. I now called into council my friend Sitwell, and we held a court of inquiry on the conduct of our refractory messmate. The only question we had some difficulty in solving was, whether we should punish him summarily with a certain number of blows inflicted by a belt, or adopt some other mode of chastisement. At length my associate in the inquiry hit upon a happy thought. Sitwell was hungry, and as Sitwell thought he would like something better to eat than the bone left from dinner, retaining upon it some small remains of beef—or the flesh of some other, perhaps extinct, animal, such as, we will say, the megatherium—so it occurred to Sitwell that Samkins would make a very good catspaw for the furtherance of his ends. His proposal was that the delinquent should "grill a bone for our supper."

It was, as I have said, a "happy thought," and I immediately concurred in it. As, however, I was more thirsty than hungry, I added a rider to the proposal, to the effect that it was desirable that a cup of coffee, in the absence of grog, should accompany the bone.

This was being carried *nem. con.*, when young Samkins broke in with—

"Grill you a bone! Where's it to come from? I only know of the *old horse* down below; there's bone enough there, but precious little meat."

He was "immediately checked," as the reporters say when people applaud in a court of justice, and warned of the consequences that would attend any attempt to argue the point. He was informed, however, that the *old horse* he referred to was not contemplated by either of us as sufficiently appetising to repay for grilling, or any other culinary treatment. The alternative of the non-production, within a stated time, of the supper, would be severe castigation. These were his instructions, and the bone or bones were to be found *somewhere*, as Sitwell indefinitely put it.

The youth turned away with a rueful face when my friend asked me, in a tone loud enough to reach his ears, whether the ducks that were served up for the ward-room mess that day were tender, or the reverse, and, without waiting for an answer, added, musingly, as if the query awakened a pleasing train of thought, "Grilled duck isn't so bad."

I expressed my agreement generally, and

mentioned that the ducks *were* remarkably tender. A second "happy thought" striking me just then, I recalled Samkins, and gave him to understand that the coffee, on this special occasion, must have milk with it.

"Milk!" he ejaculated; "where am I to get milk from? I suppose I am in for a licking, and that's why you tell me to do things that are impossible?"

Though the most docile of youngsters, he was roused to this exhibition of spirit by the imposition of what he regarded as an insuperable obstacle. The "bones" he could manage to evoke, if not from the "vasty deep," from the caverns of the ward-room pantry, but the milk appeared unattainable to aught of woman born. Hence this burst of indignant reproach. His appearance at this supreme moment reminded me of the American showman, who exhibited to his audience the smallest bird in creation. "This," said the exhibitor, taking up the feathered phenomenon between his finger and thumb, "is the celebrated 'Wistitits.' If it possessed the agility of the panther, the ferocity of the tiger, and the strength of the lion, it would be the most terrible animal in existence."

"Nothing," said I, "is impossible to a genius like you. What was the Captain's goat made for but to be milked? Absquatulate. *Verbum sap!*"

Samkins grinned and departed, having secured the assistance of one of his mess-mates, a mischievous young spark, who readily volunteered to milk the Captain's goat.

We "grave and reverend seniors," resumed the "calumet of peace," to use the figurative language of the author of "The Last of the Mohicans," and smoked on silently; while seated on the carriage of the 32-pounder carronade, one of the bow guns at which we always assembled when enjoying the forbidden, and therefore, of course, more highly-prized pleasures of "a smoke," and awaited the return of the pair of foragers.

After a short absence they were seen approaching, one bearing a plate and the other a small cup. Samkins was exultant, and burst out with, "I have the duck-bones, and where do you think I got them?"

"Enough," I said, interrupting him, "we don't want any explanations; let's see them."

The bones were duly displayed, and included, I remember, a leg and a wing.

"Very good," chimed in my friend. "Now you must grill them with some chutney on the galley fire."

It was about six bells (three a.m.), and our cook was generally turned out for an hour at that time to make us a cup of coffee, so that a capital opportunity offered for the preparation of the savoury dish. The two youngsters bustled away, and in about half-an-hour returned with a frying-pan, on which the bones were simmering and fizzing away at a fine rate. At the first glance I saw that one of the wings, which I had mentally marked for my own consumption, had been abstracted.

"You young spalpeen," said I, "where's the liver wing?"*

"That's it," he replied, with the utmost gravity.

"What, d'ye think I don't know a liver from a gizzard?" said I, justly enraged at such reprehensible conduct.

"Let's make him disgorge it?" exclaimed Sitwell, and, suiting the action to the word, he seized the young culprit by the throat, and compressed his windpipe until he turned almost as black in the face as the frying-pan, which I had taken the precaution to disengage from his failing grasp.

"Oh!" he gasped out, "let me go, and I will bring it."

Sitwell relaxed his hold, and his victim soon returned, bringing with him the missing wing, and the necessary adjuncts of plates and knives and forks.

Robson, who was inclined to play a trick of some sort, was overawed into a respectful frame of mind, and came with the necessary cups and a large pannikin of hot coffee, as well as the milk. We sat down once more on the "chase" of the gun, and, in the

* See illustration.

fulness of our generosity, directed the youngsters who had ministered to our wants to bring themselves to an anchor on a hawser which had been left coiled up on the deck while the "fore peak," where the hawsers were stowed, was being whitewashed.

Sitwell fancied a leg; I helped myself to the liver, the *teterrima causa belli;* and the youngsters were permitted to regale themselves on the remainder.

Now it was time to discuss the coffee; the allowance of milk was necessarily small, for it would have excited suspicion were the Captain's goat found to be dry in the morning. Sitwell accordingly, after peering into the tiny jug, without making any remark, divided the contents between his cup and mine.

"Quite so," said I, in approval of some expressive pantomime, denoting that it might disagree with our younger messmates. "Milk is very bilious stuff, and they are better without it."

"And now, you young rascal," called out my friend, after the supper had been discussed to our satisfaction, "I want to know where you came by that duck? *We* didn't have duck for *dinner*, and our coops are empty, and have been innocent of their feathered occupants for some days."

But Samkins had made himself scarce before his indignant interrogator had finished his sentence, and was very busy "heaving the log" with the quartermaster and one of the men of the watch, as he was in duty bound to do every two hours.

No more questions were asked, as I suggested the desirability of keeping silence on what might be a delicate subject. We heard, however, that on the following morning there was a row among the ward-room servants as to the mysterious disappearance of the remains of their masters' previous day's dinner. Also, both Sitwell and I remarked to each other and to the members of our mess, who very unaccountably received the announcement with peals of laughter, that we had enjoyed a very good supper that night of grilled duck; and this circumstance we all regarded as a singular coincidence. I may say that, in the unwritten annals of H.M.S. *Thunderbolt*, as distinguished from her office log-book, this coincidence was rumoured to have occurred both before and after the memorable occasion detailed in my story.

Something was also said about the usual quantity of milk given by the Captain's goat for his breakfast being below par, and I have an indistinct recollection of something or somebody receiving a "rope's ending;" but whether it was the boy whose duty it was to look after the goat or the animal itself that received the doubtless well-earned chastisement, my memory is too treacherous, after this lapse of time, to enable me to state with precision. Probably it was the biped, and not the quadruped, who "kissed the gunner's daughter," as sailors call a practical acquaintance with the degree of resistance afforded by the breech of a gun when a culprit is hauled over it, preparatory to receiving a dozen lashes.

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# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter XXII.

Martha at first had found it very strange and very sad not to see more of her relatives, and particularly of her mother, in the convent. After much reflection, she anxiously inquired of herself whether she had not been indeed mistaken, and whether she had strength of mind sufficient to overcome her griefs; but, as she was truly a good girl, with much firmness and courage, and having been always brought up to do her duty, she bravely wrestled with herself, and her regrets gradually gave way to a feeling of Christian resignation. Then time, which softens everything, came to her assistance, and there was also for her a never-ending albeit a sad pleasure in associating her dear absent ones with all her charitable functions, and to find sweet

memories of them all in the holy well of her daily prayers.

In every town whither an order from the Lady Superior had sent her on charitable missions, you would find golden memories of Sister Agnes, as she was designated.

To each new order directing her departure she showed implicit obedience, for is not the poor man everywhere truly the likeness of the Saviour? Are not sadness and suffering everywhere the same? Are not they ever in need of the same help and the same consolation? Was it not, then, consequently open to her to find a field wherein to cultivate that tender, never-dying charity which has its roots in the mysterious charm of sadness and suffering? The humble-minded "sister" would have been greatly surprised at the remarks made about her had she heard them—perhaps even a little shocked at the familiar manner in which those opinions were expressed. Those good people whom she had striven to assist in their attempt to rise out of their self-abasement and despair, had no idea of, nor any regard for well-turned sentences; but that did not prevent them from possessing thankful hearts.

But neither her delicacy nor her humility was ever wounded; no one ever dared to



say in her presence altogether what he thought of her, for she possessed such a fascinating and irresistible manner of checking at once any expression of admiration directed at herself. In other respects she retained all her former gaiety and animation, and if the gentle "check" referred to were not sufficient, she always could find a few words which hit home without injuring, and which taught delicacy and respect to those who before had not had the least notion of it.

The sick men in the hospital gathered round the stove or at the bedside of a companion, spoke of "Sister Agnes" with bated breath even when she was not present. Not one of them doubted that she was the daughter of a noble house; the more daring said she was a princess! But they all were convinced that she was not one of those who threw themselves in the arms of Heaven, because the world has despised or misunderstood them. Everyone was silent or changed his tone when she approached with firm and modest gait (her mother's dowry), while each side of her charming face was gently fanned, as if with downy wings, by the lappets of the large white head-dress she now wore. Her pure and gentle smile beamed like a ray of spring-tide sunlight amid the wintry corridors of the hospital. The most abandoned sinners,

those who took a fiendish pleasure in putting the clergyman out of countenance, ceased their swearing and their grumbling as she approached them. These highly-flavoured spirits, who believed in nothing and gloried in their unbelief, were some-



what ashamed of themselves for being so easily overcome by her, and excused themselves as well as they could amongst each other, by affecting to believe that she was a sorceress.

Martha's letters to her mother were full of

a happy contentment and a frank cheerfulness. Gaiety, people say, is the flower of the soul. It is equally the sign of a peaceable and unruffled conscience. Mrs. Ironsides felt that there was no necessity for her to scan her daughter's letters, to discover in them any hidden sense or concealed motive; there was no reason to read between the lines. In Martha's heart were no secrets, she was truly happy as a soul to which had been allotted the object of its most longed-for desire, and which had in the possession found neither disenchantment nor unhappiness. But of one thing Martha never spoke, and that was of the good she did and carried whithersoever she went.

Something of this now and then did come to the ears of her mother, who felt herself carried away by a feeling of pride, mingled though it was with both joy and sadness. When Johnny on these occasions saw a smile upon his mother's lips—a smile he well knew—he would get up from his chair, embrace her without speaking, and take her hand, which he would hold closely in both his own.

On these occasions they never spoke to each other, and there was no need for them to do so; they understood each other quite well without speech. Johnny had always loved and admired his mother; he knew now why he loved and admired her. A true grief, such as Martha's departure had caused her, is always a sort of apprenticeship to all the delicate workings of real feeling. The depth of sensibility which grief had raised in him gave him insight into his mother's heart, as well as into his own.

Uncle John, who waited daily, without daring to make any remark, to see the "Nun and Water" style of correspondence he anticipated, mingled with small mysterious sermons and special exhortations for each member of the family, was most agreeably surprised at beholding the frankness, the ingenuousness of those letters of "Sister Agnes," and, above all, the bright cheerfulness which had formerly made her so charming. The first time that Mrs. Ironsides gave the Captain one of her daughter's letters to read, he cried as he rubbed his spectacles—

"Thank goodness she is still our own darling girl; it does one good to see how happy she is."

And he then departed to communicate the good news to all whom he fancied it would interest.

Mr. Ironsides, by degrees, began to reconcile himself to the idea that Martha could be happy away from him and without his society.

Mrs. Nay, occupied with the necessary preparations for her husband's departure, and wrapped up in the contemplation of the education of her child, had not been able to dwell upon her regrets so much as the rest. Her baby was at once troublesome and delightful, imparting vivacity and animation to the whole household. He was much attached to his grandmamma, and always appeared to have some secret to confide to or some request to make of her.

"It is not a good thing to make little children sad!" Mr. Ironsides would say. That is the reason why, no matter what mental pain they experienced, he always beheld bright faces round him. Thus it was that the sacrifices made by each member of the family were a source of profit to all, and the house became even more pleasant and agreeable.

Such was the opinion of Robins at least, who one Sunday gave vent to this view while conversing with Johnny.

"I find everything extremely jolly here," he said. As Robins and his friend were alone, the former was unceremoniously lounging in a large easy-chair, while his legs were lazily extended on another.

"Do you *really* think so?" asked Johnny, gazing with an amused smile at the comfortable attitude of his friend.

"Oh, I don't refer to the easy-chair, although I confess it is soft and comfortable. I refer to the atmosphere of comfort that pervades everything. This is certainly a charming house, everybody is so good,

even down to that excellent Baptiste, who is so absurd with his "castles in the air."

"I believe," he continued, as he stretched his limbs in the most unblushing manner, "that it is your mother who makes everyone so comfortable and happy. Now, look at me for instance, here am I revelling in this arm-chair like a donkey in the dust of the highway. Well, I *am* ashamed of myself when I think how I am behaving in such a well-ordered household as this is; it is an advance, however, to be conscious of one's misdoings. Just push that chair under my legs a little more, it is slipping away. Thanks. It seems to my mind that, had I been blessed with a mother like yours, I should have at this moment been a very respectable young man, instead of lounging, as I am doing in this arm-chair. But at my time of life it is too late, one has become too old, the die is cast! What a jolly chair this is," he added, changing his tone, as he crept down further into its soft recesses. "But, joking apart, don't you think that I am improving a little?"

"I don't think you need to improve," replied Johnny, cheerily; "I know no fellow truer and better than you are!"

"O! thannk you, no end!" said Robins from the depths of his arm-chair. "As I have exactly the same opinion of you, I think we had better start a Mutual Admiration Society (Limited). You shall be the manager, I will be the secretary. Then you will find there will be no necessity for my changing. So much the worse for me, for I am aware that I am changing, and changing very much for the better. Just ask my school-fellows what they think. I assure you, that for the last twelve months I have fallen considerably in their estimation. Ever since I have been in the habit of coming to your house, I have been so afraid of doing something wrong, that I am becoming fearfully wise and circumspect. My class-master wonders what will be the result, and thinks that something very wonderful is sure to happen. Wait a minute and listen. You know that the greatest desire of my father's life is to see me a doctor, and my great wish is to live and die a farmer."

"Really? Well?"

"Well, all this has been altered. My whole desire was to live in the country, on horseback, in the open air. I don't quite know how, but now I have quite altered my ideas. Yes, I have changed my mind, and your mother has had something to do with my resolve."

"How?"

"She has never given me any advice upon the subject, it is true; she has never spoken about it; indeed, I cannot recall a single word that she has uttered in any way bearing upon my future prospects. But yet I know that had I not come here I should not have changed my mind."

"You are joking!"

"I am not joking, indeed. While speaking with her upon other subjects certain feelings have come over me which would never have taken possession of me had I been left to myself. To sum up in a word, I perceived that the pleasant existence I had been planning so nicely would only have been a regular selfish life, and nothing else."

"But, nevertheless, a large landowner can do a great deal of good."

"That never entered my calculations, and I know myself so well, that even now if I were to enter upon that life, I should soon think of nobody but myself, of nothing except of my own advantage and of my own ideas!"

"You are undervaluing yourself."

"I don't want to be interrupted at every sentence. If I study medicine, in the first place, I shall afford very great pleasure to my father, and I am ashamed of myself for not having thought of that before. Then I shall be obliged to do some good to the human race, since that is to be my profession. It is nothing—at least nothing dishonourable—that a doctor must go out 'rain or shine,' night or day; so I am to be a doctor, and, please goodness, my father will one day be a doctor's father."

"Have you written to your father on the subject?"

"Certainly; since I had taken my resolution I thought I would surprise him with the news on his birthday."

"And what did he say?"

"He merely replied that he was in no way surprised. Can you believe it? My little surprise fell flat. He said that he was certain that such a good son as I am would never wish to grieve his parents!"

"And so after all he is happy?"

"He did not say so, but he sent me twenty francs. Whenever my father is particularly pleased with me he gives me five francs; this time he sent me twenty. How many fives are there in twenty? Four? Well then, it follows that he is on this occasion pleased with me four times as much as usual."

As he was speaking Robins pushed back his chair, and sat upright. He pulled from his pocket the twenty-franc piece, and said—

"Look at that!" He then fitted the coin into his eye like an eye-glass. Then he spun it in the air, catching it sometimes on the palm and sometimes on the back of his hand. After these exercises he put it back in his pocket.

Johnny could not help laughing at the dexterity of the future doctor. "It seems to me," he said, "that you will make a first rate surgeon."

Robins did not deign any reply to this compliment, but continued the conversation as if nothing had intervened.



"He carried him down stairs."

"Less disinterested," he said, "than my future patron, Hippocrates, I have not refused the presents of Artaxerxes; and for two reasons: the first is, that by so doing I shall not grieve Artaxerxes; the second, because I am very glad to have this little sum in my possession."

Johnny here wondered whether his friend were not rather avaricious.

"When I see that I have become so abominably wealthy," continued Robins, "I keep asking myself what I shall do with such a large sum. My first notion was to treat the whole school to apple turnovers, and tarts and cream, by way of regaining somewhat of the popularity which my wisdom has deprived me of. But then I considered that my popularity is not worth twenty francs, and I determined to make better use of my money. After luncheon we will ask permission to go for a walk; we will then hire horses and go to Grenadière, the farm where my Aunt Emma lives. It is only about twelve miles off, and we shall be able to return in good time for dinner. I am very anxious to see my old aunt once again—it is so long since I have seen her—she is getting old and asthmatic,

and can no longer endure a carriage, so we do not see her over at Chatillon. She will be delighted to hear that I have made up my mind to become a doctor. She brought me up, and although up to the present time I must say I have not done her any great credit, she loves me just as dearly, and will be very glad to see me. But I don't care so much now that she will make your acquaintance. Do you think your mother will let us go?"

Before Johnny could reply, the luncheon-bell rang, Robins sprang to his feet, and began to arrange what he termed his disordered dress; retied the bow of his neck-tie, buttoned up his jacket in military fashion, and declared himself ready.

"After you, doctor," said Johnny, opening the door to let Robins go first.

"Come in the ambulance wagon," replied Robins, as seizing his friend he tossed him like a feather on his shoulders, and so carried him downstairs.

When they reached the hall he quietly dropped his burthen, and bowing with ostentatious respect, offered his arm to Johnny, to assist him into the dining-room, where no one had yet appeared.

Mrs. Ironsides gave permission to the two boys to undertake the projected excursion; but she begged Robins to look after Johnny. Robins began to laugh, and said that Johnny should rather look after *him*, but for once in his life he would play the Mentor, and he thought that Mrs. Ironsides had hit upon an ingenious plan to render him steady and wise.



## Chapter XXIII.

The equine race unquestionably needed regeneration in the parish of Chatillon. The two horses which the stable-keeper placed at the disposal of Johnny and Robins were living proofs of this.

"They don't look first-rate, certainly," said the stable-keeper, in reply to some critical remarks of Robins', "but they have plenty of 'go' in them."

And then delicately scratching his nose with his forefinger, he added that there was no choice, as all the rest of the stud were out, and these were the only two animals remaining.

"We must choose these, then," said Robins, who possessed a vein of humour, and was in good spirits.

Johnny's steed, without any great inconvenience, might have had a better furnished tail, certainly. This square root, reduced to a simple fraction, presented the miserable appearance of a rat's tail, cut short. As for the horse, he had but one fault, that of stopping suddenly before every bit of paper he perceived along the road, as if he had

made up his mind to read them all. For carefully shying at every morsel of paper which blew about the streets, he was a first-rate animal.

Robins' horse had a head like a grasshopper, large prominent eyes, and a villanous habit of grinning in and out of season at everything; that is to say, he was incessantly drawing back his lips and showing his teeth, which were long and yellow. They were not pretty, these teeth, as he ought to have known, for he had been told so sufficiently often, but he still would persist in displaying them. It was perhaps a nervous affection, or it may have been that as the poor beast was short-sighted, these grimaces were engendered by his efforts to see more clearly. Being of a poetic and romantic disposition, he had a tendency to avoid beaten roads and well-trodden paths to seek more solitary ways. On other occasions he liked to quit from time to time the main road for a little turn in the ploughed fields, or to make an excursion into farm-yards or mill-enclosures.

So long as the two horses felt the stones of Chatillon beneath their feet, they proceeded with all proper serenity and gravity. But as Robins said afterwards in relating the adventure,

"Scarcely had they left the gates of Træzen,"

when the horse ridden by Johnny began to investigate a number of the "Gleaner," which he discovered reposing gently in the dust; and he could not be persuaded to move on again until he had seen the state of the stock markets, and had read the editor's name.



Half a league further on Robins' steed, probably in consequence of his lack of sight, mistook a public-house for a farm-yard. He insisted upon entering the passage with his rider. But when he had got inside and perceived that he had made a mistake, he shook his great head with an air of disappointment and displayed all his teeth in a smile of intense bitterness. This smile was so awful to look upon, that the little son of the innkeeper took refuge behind the counter, where he uttered loud cries of distress. They had the greatest difficulty in the world in persuading him to come out, even when they assured him that "the beast had gone, and would not return unless he was a naughty boy."



Notwithstanding these little escapades they got over the ground, for the horses had something in them after all. The people they encountered stared at meeting riders of such good appearance mounted upon such sorry steeds. Robins saluted all these people with marked politeness, and they always returned his courtesy very foolishly. Suddenly a scruple seemed to have occurred to him.

"I was very nearly forgetting," said he to Johnny, "that to-day I am Mentor and you are Telemachus. Don't put yourself out, my friend; hold yourself up, and don't make faces at the passers-by; there is nothing so rude as making grimaces at the peasantry, particularly when you have the honour of being *en rhetorique*."

"I say, you, sir," he added, suddenly changing his tone and addressing a man who was standing by the side of the road with drooping hands and staring eyes; "I'll bet that you imagine this is a horse upon which I am riding!"

"A queer kind of horse, all the same," said the man, grinning. The horse here replied with such a fearful smile, that the man was struck dumb on the spot!

"Well," said Robins, "it isn't a horse at all; it is a llama which I am training for the government." And spurring on, they left the man stupefied with astonishment.

"It seems to me," said Johnny, "that Mentor is too young for his age, and that Telemachus has a very bad example set him."

"Here is indeed the youth of the present day fault-finding and quibbling, quibbling and finding fault," said Robins, with affected seriousness.

Johnny's horse here perceiving some bills stuck upon the hut of a road-mender, executed a sudden curvet, and cut short the dialogue unceremoniously. But when he had assured himself that the cause of his agitation was only the announcement of a sale of lucern, and of a trades union disposal of property, he came quietly to rejoin his companions.

The nearer they got to Valserre, the village where they branched off to get to Grenadière, the two friends passed numbers of people dressed in their Sunday clothes, who were all proceeding in the same direction. At length, they distinguished faintly the noise of a big drum, the braying of a trumpet, the roaring of an ophecleide, and the bursts of a trombone.

"It is fair-day in Valserre," cried Robins, almost leaping from his saddle with joy. Then suddenly becoming grave again, he turned towards Johnny, who had not spoken.

"Why, O Telemachus, all these vain demonstrations of a senseless joy? Do you think it is because we are approaching Calypso's Isle? Depart, fly, my dear son, from the numberless temptations which assail the frivolous youth in that isle of pleasure! Don't indulge in any foolish visions of learned apes, wooden horses, gingerbread, and merry-go-rounds, or where you may get gilt china images and 'daubs' to represent pictures. Do not let your nostrils be affected by the smell of open-air cooking. Moderate your transport, my dear lad; we have but a little time before us, let us avoid temptation, and—let us take this short cut."

Imitating the unpalatable but salutary proceeding of a true Mentor, who would throw Telemachus from the rock of expectation into the sea of disappointment, because his remonstrance alone would not have sufficed to draw him away from the fascinations of the island of Calypso, Robins turned sharply to the right through a little country road. Thus he left (on the left) the odours, the distractions—in a word, all the temptations of the fair.

"Don't you see," said Robins, "that we should have been taken for the proprietors of 'learned' horses? and the enthusiasm of the population would have made it impossible for us to have continued our journey."

The by-road, in its character of short cut, was strewn with great stones, and intersected by little pits, so that it was necessary to ride carefully, and consequently there was not much opportunity for conversation. Robins began to whistle a hunting-song, then to swear at the road, declaring that he laid the blame of this state of things to Mr. Schirmer, since he was so well "up" in the question of country roads.

But here was Grenadière at last, with its pointed roof showing above the great chestnut trees. Here was the fine courtyard, covered with weeds, full of agricultural implements and manure-pits, and completely deserted. The sound of the horses' feet, after a time, brought a farm-servant, who appeared at a stable-door, with sleepy eyes, his hair matted with hay, and chewing a straw to keep himself awake. Everybody had gone to the fair except "mistress," who scarcely ever went anywhere. The servant took the bridles of the horses, which he continued to regard with contempt, and the visitors, under his directions, set out to seek the lady of the house.

Grenadière was an ancient building, castellated, and very rustic, but in which space had been no object. The rooms, lofty and well-lighted, let in the summer sunlight through deep bay mullioned windows, with lozenge-shaped panes. Everything savoured of tidiness. Aunt Emma was not in the kitchen; they only found her spectacles placed upon her prayer-book by the side of her knitting. In all the rooms a faint smell of the stable was perceptible, and a smell of hay and iris. The "stable smell" was permanent on the side of the courtyard; that of the iris was more perceptible towards the garden.

When Robins opened the garden door,

the two visitors found themselves in the midst of a regular plantation of gillyflowers in full blossom. The garden was of great extent, and, in the old-fashioned manner, entirely filled up with flowers of that old-fashioned type which are now banished from modern gardens.

Johnny remarked, in the midst of a grove of lindens, the remains of a plaster image of a Faun, whose legs and part of his body still stood upright on the pedestal, while the upper portion had fallen headlong amid the rank herbage. A Nymph opposite, however, had evidently consoled herself for the untimely decease of her quondam partner, for she was still as lively and graceful as ever, although I will not take upon myself to declare that she was as young as she had been. The loss of a great part of her nose, and the wearing away of her eyes by long watching, perhaps tended to this impression. At the termination of the linden avenue was a group of chestnuts, and a cluster of lilac-trees with a "maze," with a hedge of yoke-elm.

A light blue smoke was rising from the midst of the maze, and the smell of tobacco was perceptible, even above the scent of the gillyflowers.

"Here is some one who can put us in the right track," said Robins, advancing deliberately in the direction of the smoker. As he reached the maze, he uttered an exclamation of amazement—the smoker was no other than his Aunt Emma; yes, his Aunt Emma, whom her medical attendant, finding her asthma growing more and more oppressive, had ordered to smoke.

After the first pause of astonishment, Robins embraced his relative warmly, and there ensued many long-protracted kisses, and questions to which no answers were returned. But after a time the kisses got less protracted, and the questions received replies, and then Robins suddenly recollected that he had not introduced his friend. Aunt Emma discovered at once that Johnny resembled his mother, and complimented him upon the likeness. Johnny, on his side, discovered that Aunt Emma resembled an over-ripe Ribstone Pippin, but took care to keep this discovery to himself.

She was one of the old peasantry, and her expressions were still flavoured with the old country dialect; but one could not help seeing at a glance that her ideas were not commonplace, and that she possessed an excellent heart. Indeed, she had such speaking eyes and such a pleasant smile, that at the end of about five minutes Johnny began to wonder at his having compared this truly worthy lady to a Ribstone Pippin!

As she suffered from shortness of breath, she was obliged to converse by short sentences and jerky questions.

"Well—my boy—so your father is quite well?—Glad of it.—He has arranged that business with the contractor?—Eh?—Good—!"

She then entertained Johnny with a "jumpy" and yet graphic account of Robins' infancy—of his great deeds, of his repartees, of his misdoings and successes. She apologized for her pipe in an off-hand manner, excusing herself for having been surprised with such an unfeminine appendage, on the ground that the cigarettes which the doctor had ordered her to smoke had got into her head so much that she could not distinguish an ear of corn from rye! So he had directed her to take to a pipe, which had proved successful.

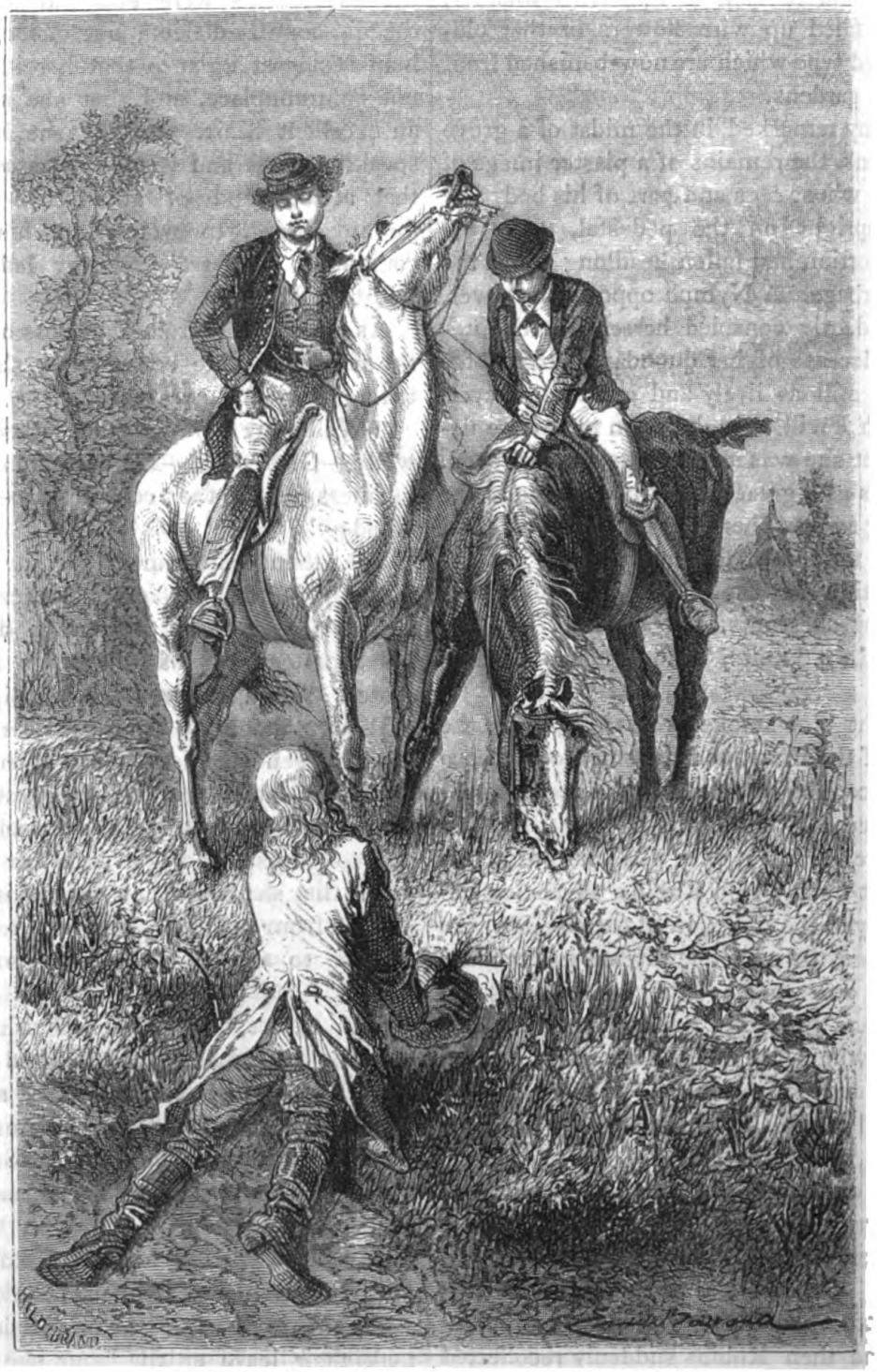
She expressed great astonishment at learning that her visitors had actually passed close to the fair without stopping! At their age, too, to deprive themselves of such enjoyment! Nonsense! So, willy-nilly, she insisted upon their leaving the house half an hour earlier than they had intended, to have a look at the fair. As no remonstrance on their part could prevail against this *Medio-Persica* decision, they took their leave at the hour she had appointed.

"It is really decided, then," she said, "that you are to be a doctor?"

"Quite, my dear aunt," replied Robins.

"Well," said she, "take this," and she

slipped a ten franc piece into his hand. "All our people," she continued, "are at the 'Smoking Dog,' Bridet's house. One of the farm-servants shall hold your horses while you walk through the fair. They won't require anything, and it is scarcely



"He placed his hat over the map so as to conceal it.".

worth while putting them up for such a short time, it would be only a useless expense!"

The horses created quite a sensation all along the road to Valserre. The friends made the most of the short time allowed

them. They passed quickly by the "*Living Phenomenon*," who had no attractions for either of them; but they pulled up at the merry-go-rounds, and put on horseback all the children who were, from want of money, contenting themselves by looking on. They fell in with the whole of the Lawrence family, who were enjoying with a rustic simplicity everything for which there was nothing to pay to see. Without knowing whom they had to thank or how it was done, the young members of the family suddenly found themselves laden with great whistles and "sugar-sticks." Meantime, Johnny and Robins had disappeared.

The horses, which had enjoyed their rest, wanted no spurring and went well. Indeed, Robins' horse took a jump towards a pigeon cote, thinking that it was a mill! Don Quixote, you must remember, took mills for giants. Robins gave the animal his head, and away they went at a slapping pace. Suddenly, as they were passing a little dip in the ground Robins descried Mr. Schirmer lying in the grass. He had a map spread out before him, and he appeared to be making notes upon it.

Surprised in this innocent occupation, he placed his hat over the map so as to conceal it, as if it were quite a crime to study geography in the open air. Robins, as he passed, inquired if Schirmer were writing verses on geography. The German turned a deaf ear to the question, and remarked that it was a very warm afternoon.

When the excursionists returned, there was someone in the drawing-room. So Robins went into the garden. There he found Theodore gazing at the gold fish in the tank. Robins liked Theodore very much, and Theodore entertained quite an affection for Robins. The only point on which they differed was that Theodore persisted in addressing Robins in the third person, which the latter declared to be useless and too ceremonious.

By way of amusing his companions, he stated the adventures they had had, the meeting with Mr. Schirmer, and how oddly he had endeavoured to conceal the map.

"Maps!" cried Theodore; "why, they are quite a mania with the poor young man. He seems to have something wrong here," he added, placing his finger on his forehead. His rooms are littered with maps, and he is always drawing. And he draws very well too, as I ought to know, for I have seen Mr. Nay's plans often enough, and Schirmer's are almost as good. Sometimes he has a great taste for the river Louette, and then he goes out in a boat with the sand-dredgers, and marks every hole and ford. A regular mania, I assure you!"

But this mania was by no means peculiar to Mr. Schirmer. A number of other Germans, old and young, who had come to France with very different views, were now it seemed so greatly charmed by the beauty of the country, that they made a study of the very smallest details of French life with surprising care. And they by no means limited themselves in their love for French institutions and in their regard for the country. Mr. Schirmer, for instance, knew quite as well as the tax-collector what sum was in the municipal treasury, and he also knew where the treasury-chests were kept; so that in the event of a fire he could have shown the firemen the proper direction in which they must seek them. He was as well acquainted with the resources of the district as M. Dionis was. M. Dionis, I believe, had absented himself during the time that Karl had kept the books. On his return M. Dionis had perceived no difference in them save in the handwriting. M. Dionis never cared for any but French penmanship, and regarded all else with disgust.

Robins asked Baptiste how he knew that Mr. Schirmer's rooms were full of maps.

"Well, you must know, sir, that Mr. Schirmer remarked that I wrote a good hand, and, as his own was a very bad one, he asked me to give him lessons.

"'Lessons!' I said; 'every one to his own business; and I am a valet, so naturally am not fitted to give lessons in writing.'

"'Well,' said he, 'suppose you don't give them as a master, but as a friend; that will make all the difference; and by way of setting your scruples at rest, I will not pay you anything.'

"There is the whole story. So it was arranged in that way. I showed him, from time to time, how he ought to write, and he is an excellent pupil. Indeed, he must have practised between whiles, for there was a marked improvement in the style; and I may say that, for a German, the young man is really not inexpert."

Robins reflected for a few seconds, and then muttered, loud enough to be heard—

"I wonder what that Schirmer expects to come to!"

"Come to know how to write, of course," replid Theodore, drily, apparently much surprised at the question.



## Chapter XXIV.

Johnny and Robins continued to dispute with each other for the first place in class; but Johnny kept ahead nevertheless, and Robins confessed, without any jealous feeling, that Johnny's Latin and French exercises were superior to his own.

"It is very natural," said this good fellow to his friend. "I will not say that you are more unaffected, for I see it, and you are acquainted with many things of which I am ignorant—only you appear to believe what you write, while I find it all very commonplace indeed. But certainly there is a great difference between one having been educated at college entirely and having been brought up by such a mother as yours."

Perhaps, in reality, with the worthy object of "forming" the mind as well as the brains of his pupils, the master of the school appealed to feelings of sentiment and admiration somewhat too frequently. Everything that is ancient is not necessarily to be admired; but the respect for what is Latin and Greek causes people to admire them somewhat indiscreetly, and in a general way. Many Roman heroes, according to the opinions of well-informed writers, have been little more than fanatics. The youth who bases his admiration upon the faith of his schoolmaster, after the first burst withdraws his little tribute of praise. He nurses the idea that he has been entrapped into this feeling, and that his masters only admire because they are paid to admire those heroes, just as they punish boys because they are paid to flog them, so to speak. This opposition increases with the pupil's age, and with his fear of appearing innocent. If a companion, in a copy of verses or in a French exercise, develop some of those generous fancies, in which

his mind, being well educated, is naturally wrapt up, the sceptical pupil will dub him a "muff" or a "spouter."

When the master was reading the work of one pupil aloud, another would go through the motion of applauding ironically, or of hammering upon a large desk, while he winked at his neighbour, and thrust his tongue into his cheek as he looked at him. The love of imitation is so great in the human race—in boys as well as grown-up people—that the next boy would reply with a knowing closing of his eyelid, so that the author of the exercise blushed with confusion, and inwardly vowed never again to give his class-mates food for laughter. Johnny had no such scruples, however.

That is why his exercises were better than those by Robins.

Mr. Nay at this time went to Spain, attended by Theodore. The latter was careful to keep on good terms with his late correspondents. Nevertheless, he found that he did not get a sufficient number of letters, and this failure he laid at the door of the Spanish post-office. Sometimes he



imagined that the Spanish Government, in order to satisfy a vain curiosity, had unjustly detained his correspondence.

In the Rue du Heaume Johnny continued to study, Mr. Ironsides to weave, Mrs. Nay to take care of her baby, and Mrs. Ironsides to look after them all. The great events in this peaceful household were Martha's and Mr. Nay's letters.

"Here's news from Spain," Margaret would cry, when she received one of her husband's eagerly-expected letters. She would immediately retire to her room to peruse it all alone, and subsequently she read it aloud to the family assembled. Embankments and levels, earthworks and tunnels, are by themselves technical terms which appeal but faintly to the imagination. But when these terms recal the efforts and the successes of a distinguished engineer who is in a fair way to make his fortune, and when the distinguished man is also brave and good, like Mr. Nay, *then* embankments and levels, earthworks and tunnels, are terms which appeal powerfully to the imagination, and are the mainspring of Heaven only knows what endless conversations in family conclave.

When his surveys were concluded, Mr. Nay intended to return to France, but not to be idle, for he had in his mind a plan for the establishment of swing bridges at certain points where the rivers were navigable for ships, so that they could pass up and down stream.

Each person in Mr. Ironsides' house fancied a swing bridge of his own—so many occupants—so many swing bridges were

there, and the only point on which they agreed, was that these swing bridges would each and all be models of elegance and solidity of workmanship.

Martha's correspondence was not so frequent as that of Mr. Nay, but was according to regulations. Her letters never plunged the family into interminable conversations, but they left in the mind of each member of the party, something soothing and pleasant. The term "duty" never once appeared in any of her letters, but the influence of the spirit of it pervaded them all. They might have felt somewhat saddened after the perusal of Martha's letters, but every one of the family felt also spiritually much refreshed, and more desirous to do right.

The remaining incidents in this quiet round of existence were the visits of the old judge and Mr. Schirmer, who took very good care not to let himself be forgotten.

One day, Mr. Dionis had a swimming in the head, since which time his sight had failed him. As he could not make up his mind to leave his ledgers, upon which he had been employed for forty years, he requested the assistance of a young man to whom he could delegate certain portions of his work, and whom he could initiate by degrees into the mysteries of his business.

By an extraordinary coincidence, it happened that just at this time, as if he had quite expected the situation to arrive, Mr. Schirmer senior wrote a letter to his son. The latter in a great state of anxiety carried this epistle to Mr. Ironsides. The letter was written in the French language, so that Mr. Ironsides was enabled to read it himself. It appeared that "the venerated Mr Schirmer" wishing to become rich all of a sudden, had not acted with his usual prudence, and had speculated. His broker had robbed him, and so he had lost his thalers. The venerable Mrs. Schirmer had been so affected by this untoward fate, that she wept on an average at various times quite four hours a day.

The sentimental youth who was engaged to the "idolized" sister having learnt that thalers had become somewhat scarce in the house, had all at once been seized with a great desire to travel, and report said that he actually started to seek Dr. Livingstone in the interior of Africa.

Under these sad circumstances, the "venerated" one begged his "beloved son" to make what use of his friends he could in Chatillon, so as to gain a livelihood.

As a "wind up" to all this, Mr. Karl Schirmer threw himself at the feet of Mr. Ironsides, and begged, with tears in his eyes, that he might be permitted to take his place as the assistant to Mr. Dionis. Mr. Ironsides would have preferred to reflect upon this proposition; and to gain time, he said, that Mr. Dionis ought to be consulted.

"He has been," cried Mr. Schirmer, suddenly ceasing his groaning and discarding for the moment his sentimental and pathetic tone. "He will agree if you will give permission." (Here was the crisis of tears and sighs.) Mr. Schirmer resumed in his natural voice, "My writing has really become quite French," and he drew from his pocket, as he spoke, a whole page of splendid copying.

"Oh, sublime man," he cried, seizing Mr. Ironsides' hand as he rose, so as to prevent his escape, "have pity upon an unfortunate family, and Heaven will bless you and yours; and your beloved country as well!" And he took Heaven to witness, by turning up his eyes until the whites were alone visible, while his curls of fair hair performed quite a melancholy saraband upon his neck.

Mr. Ironsides, bored and disconcerted, made some feeble attempts to disengage his imprisoned hand; then Mr. Schirmer with a theatrical gesture seized the other, and Mr. Ironsides was in a vice.

"Oh, nobly born and magnificent individual, say 'yes,' just 'yes,' you do say 'yes,' do you not?"

Now what reply can any one give to an individual who keeps hold of your hand, and will not let you go unless you bless him! A man whose father has moreover lost all his money, whose mother weeps for

four hours daily on an average, and whose sister has seen her affianced lover start off to the unknown African deserts! Mr. Ironsides consented, and was incontinently released.

Mr. Schirmer took his leave, retiring backwards, his hand pressed upon his heart, and regained his lodgings. Truly the young man's heart was one to rise above the waves of adversity! Scarcely had he turned the corner of the street when all trace of sadness disappeared from his countenance, and he actually whistled a lively air as he sat down to reply to the letter of his "venerated" father, and to tell him the result of his manœuvre.

In other respects Mr. Ironsides had no cause to regret the concession he had made. Mr. Schirmer worked hard, and very soon got accustomed to the business. Mr. Dionis began to talk seriously of retiring, feeling certain that his departure would not cause any serious inconvenience. One scruple required to be set at rest before he resigned his position. He took Mr. Schirmer aside and said—

"I fancy I have heard you say that in your country everyone is a soldier. Now, are you not afraid that you may be some day recalled suddenly, and be obliged to leave the books to their fate?"

"Oh!" replied Mr. Schirmer, blushing; "we can always obtain permission to remain abroad. I have got leave myself."

During the four years which followed, the only events which left any traces on the minds of the inhabitants of Chatillon were the lectures of the Abbé Plâtre on "Indifference," and the formation of a race-course.

In other respects each one went on much the same as usual (I mean those who took things quietly). There were some people whom the time that had passed had rendered quite four years older. Robins had taken a degree both in science and mathematics, and had commenced his medical studies. He often wrote to Johnny. Sometimes merely for the pleasure of writing, at others in order to tell him all the Paris news, and he kept him very well "posted" too.

Johnny applied himself to the manufacturing, with all his heart, and told Robins that it was a much more interesting occupation than he could have imagined. The aspirant for the liberal professions had actually become a candidate for the Polytechnic School. Aspirant No. 2 turned to the normal school, and was the literary genius of the family. The baby of former days had become aspirant No. 3, and the schoolfellow of Edmund Nay at Mr. Sombrette's academy.

Uncle John was not able to take any exercise except short walks in the sunshine. "His legs were not equal to it," he said. But still his heart was always in the right place, notwithstanding his infirmities, and he would declare to those who cared to listen to him that he still found life pleasant. Mrs. Ironsides also appeared to think so, and all round her gave all sorts of reasons for finding life good too. Mrs. Nay was enjoying a real triumph. Mr. Nay had now become quite a celebrated character, and his wife was very proud to be called Mrs. Nay; and whenever the little boy gave way to little fits of idleness or insubordination, she would tell him that no one calling himself Edmund Nay had any business to conduct himself in such a manner.

Mr. Sombrette had by this time gathered all his sisters round him, and found work for each. The elder scions of the Lawrence family still continued to go out with the rest on Sundays, although such a proceeding was not generally regarded as the "correct thing" by boys who had set up for themselves, and had become independent. Mr. Aubry was never heard to speak of his gout now.

Johnny's former acquaintances had turned out very grand young men, and proportionally stupid. Their parents began to ask with fear and trembling if their children were never going to bring forth those fruits which their precocious youth had promised. The formerly indecisive young gentleman had become a timid and undecided married man, and so thoroughly henpecked that he had

become accustomed to it. The pretty Hermione had begun to wield the sceptre of fashion and to give the tone to the town, she knew what duties made up this form of government, and her husband knew it too, poor wretch! The Receiver-General had become quite misanthropic and insupportable, so, out of spite, he married an indigent old cousin, so as to have some one to nurse him, and at whom he could grumble at pleasure.

It was into the midst of this sort of life that the sermons of the Abbé Plâtre fell. He was the incumbent of St. Lubin's Church, very talented and zealous; his sermons were directly addressed to young gentlemen, but ladies were, of course, admitted. The fashionable Hermione had announced her intention of attending, so it became "the thing" to go and hear the Abbé lecture.

The Abbé Plâtre spoke with a simple eloquence which went "home." At certain passages, which he dwelt upon and enunciated as if possessed by a spiritual force, he thrilled his congregation. Some wept without disguise, so greatly were they moved by his discourse; others with calm exterior felt inwardly touched and troubled—but these were the minority. For the greater proportion of his audience the lecture was an amusement, a fashionable distraction, and nothing more.

The youth of the "upper ten," experienced some tremors when certain truths were presented to them with an irresistible eloquence; but their nerves and not their hearts were touched. They would have blushed to appear impressed, and blushed to confess it. Once outside the church they revenged themselves by plunging into joking and punning more than ever.

One day after a sermon upon "Home influences," they did not attempt to hide their feelings so much, as it is good taste not to appear quite indifferent upon this subject. But not one of those young people was any the more respectful to his father, or deprived himself of a party to pass the evening with his mother. Johnny on the contrary felt that these accents of truth awakened an echo in his heart. Many things which he had hitherto dimly recognized now took shape, so to speak, like spectres recalled from another world by the magic words of the preacher. The excitement gained upon him, holy and cherished images passed before his mind. While listening to those powerful exhortations upon the blessings of doing right, upon the love of one's native land, and upon self-denial, he thought of his mother and sister, and of those who had done any great and good thing. Uncle John was thrilled at certain passages, even as if he had heard the trumpet sound the "charge"!

He was terribly annoyed when on leaving the church he overheard some beardless youths declare in a disdainful tone that "such preaching was all very well for old and 'used-up' people, but it was only declamation after all; and, besides, it was not the correct thing to set off upon a crusade or to turn Trappist in these days!" Upon that they went to the club to play cards, or to have a game of billiards "a hundred up." Thus the day passed, and it would be the same on the next. So their lives passed away.

Nevertheless the Abbé Plâtre had wasted neither his time nor his trouble. The good seed did not all fall upon stony ground and among thorns. There were in his large congregation many vacillating hearts which were turned into the right way. Into more than one the truth penetrated like a sword. These went on living for some time in their ordinary fashion until, one blessed day, they discovered at the bottom of their hearts the words heard so long before, and the world, which was not in the secret, was astonished at the change that had come upon them.

So long as these lectures continued they were "quite the rage," and nothing else was talked of, and when the course was finished they were still discussed; then after a time they became naught but a "memory," then even the remembrance faded away, except in the hearts of those whom the preacher had pierced unwittingly, and who bore their scars for life!

Subsequently a certain photograph was all the rage; then came the turn of the "Chatillon Races."

It was rather curious how these races came to pass at all when you consider that four stipendiary magistrates worked with "tooth and nail" to prevent them. Of course this is speaking metaphorically, for they took much more care of their nails than to put them to such uses. The question was solved as many others have been, namely, by time alone; who keeps himself occupied by engaging in the solution of difficult problems.

Meantime the Home Department had rewarded the administrative talents of Mr. de Tretan, by making him a county court judge. He was replaced by a stout, easy-going gentleman who looked on races much as a chicken might regard a carving knife—as something he might eventually come to from force of circumstances, but naturally avoided.

However, the scheme was matured, and only required to be taken up. The old town-councillors had been replaced by younger men, who at once pronounced the thing capital, feasible, easy, useful, and even, in some respects, necessary. So the first difficulties surmounted, the rest was "child's play." The first "meeting" took place in April, 1870, under a brilliant sun, which mitigated the severity of the chilling winds. To say that Chatillon was *glad* to see itself so cheerful and gay would be a faint metaphor—Chatillon was positively *delirious!* The editor of the "Gleaner" ran hither and thither, race-card in his hat, with an air of importance and anxiety, taking notes in all directions.

The most noted stables had sent horses, and for the first time Chatillon had the happiness to behold the stud of the Baron Littlejohn, who had hitherto not dared to show himself in his native town. He was wrong, though, for he immediately became immensely popular in the person of "Musk Rat," ridden by the celebrated "Cob," who carried off the "Blue Ribbon."

There was also a race for "gentlemen riders," in which Golightly and Balliol distinguished themselves by their "get up" and graceful riding. Balliol was the victor. Oh, where wert thou, Michael Tretan? Perhaps this rose might have been added to thy chaplet!

As for Johnny, almost lost in the crowd, he witnessed the triumph of his friend without any jealous feelings.

"Such applause and such enjoyment never had been heard and witessed," as the "Chatillon Gleaner" remarked next day. "All the sporting celebrities were present. What an honour this is for our little town!" The "Gleaner" had a civil word for everybody, and quite a firework display of "pretty sayings" for the ladies. "The crowd," said the editor, "was intoxicated by the sunny day, the blended tints of dress, the season, and the applause. People who were scarcely acquainted, nodded amicably, and shook hands as warmly as if they were congratulating each other upon some great victory."

The "popular" section of the assembly, that portion which the exigencies of a scant wardrobe and the obligation of payment kept away from the enclosure—took up their position along the race-course.

The boys instinctively placed themselves near the "brook," in the amicable hope of witnessing the "ducking" of some unlucky horseman. Nor were these expectations disappointed; "Parasol" failed, and fell in with his jockey Longlegs. Longlegs crawled out, sound in wind and limb, but dripping like a half-drowned cat! He was comforted with a round of applause bestowed with a bitter irony, to which he replied by an expressive contortion of countenance. Then the joy of the boys knew no bounds, and the success of the day was complete.

Then there was the band of the Fire Brigade and the rows of carriages to hear and see. "He who has never listened to the splendid band of our brave firemen," said the "Gleaner," "has heard nothing. And whoever has not witnessed the row of splendid equipages has never seen anything!"

The spectators were all covered with a "noble" dust—*pulverum olympicum!* As for the jockeys, and others on horseback, their riding was the theme of every tongue; they can be compared to nothing less than the Centaurs of old! Truly, the country wherein such feats are performed must be a great country indeed! Yes, and the people who can accomplish such things assuredly are a great people!

The young Frenchman's club was illuminated that evening.



# WOOD CARVING.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR THOMAS SEATON, K.C.B.

I PROMISED in my last paper to give one instance, out of many I have witnessed, of the ingenious way in which the natives of India produce great results by small and simple means—I might have said with great and perfect truth, innumerable, instead of many ingenious ways; for the natives of India are rarely at a loss for expedients, and much of what they have accomplished, and still do accomplish, seems to us the more extraordinary, because all is done without any of the machinery or appliances to which we are accustomed.

During the time I was at Agra, a friend gave me some very beautiful transparencies he had received from England. I was most anxious to mount one of these in a frame to stand in front of a door leading to the private apartments, so as to cut off all view into the apartments, yet allow the door to be left open for that free circulation of air so necessary to health and comfort in India. I borrowed from a neighbour a very handsome frame such as I desired to have, that had been turned and made up by an English workman in Calcutta, and I hoped to get a feeble imitation of it; so I bought the necessary wood, and sent to the Cotwal of the Bazar for a turner. Cotwal is the head of the police of the Bazar, and in fact the governor.

In two or three days two men walked up to my house, one of them with a frail, a carpenter's basket—and not a very large one either—over his shoulder.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"Huzzoor, your Highness," replied the foremost of the two; "I am the turner."

"Well, when can you do my work?"

"Hazzoor, tyar hoon. I am ready to do it."

"But where are your implements?"

"Oh, I have everything here."

With a "considerable of a stare," as our Yankee friends say, I looked at the man, who very coolly walked up to a large shady tree, made his man put down the basket, selected a spot, gave the man orders to clear away the leaves, and then came and asked me what he was to turn. I showed him the wood and the pattern frame; he gave a nod of approval.

"Can you make me a frame like that?"

"Oh yes, there is no difficulty in it." I stared again. "But your highness must tell your tent-pitcher to give me two long tent pins and two short ones."

These were soon given, and as I saw the man was intent on business, I deferred my own, and went out to watch his proceedings.

Squatting on the ground, he first took out of his basket what may be called the national implement; it is a short bladed adze, with a thick, heavy head, weighing from three to four pounds; with two cuts of this implement he made a small flat space at the side of the head of each tent pin. Then he took out a couple of old thick nails and a hammer, laid his adze down on its side, and making use of the head as an anvil, gave the nails two or three blows each, to knock them into the desired shape, then out of his basket he took a drill and bow, which were just a long stick with a thick bit of twine fastened to one end, and with this he drilled holes in the flat place he had cut in the pins. Into these holes he drove the nails, leaving about an inch sticking out, and with a roughly made file he soon brought these to a point.

Then he got the tent-pitcher to drive one of these pins upright into the ground to within eight inches of the head. Taking one of the pieces of wood to be turned, he cut off the proper length, laid it on the ground with the end just touching the pin, and at the extremity of the wood he made the tent-pitcher drive in the other pin. As soon as this was done, he cut the two smaller pins into the shape of wedges, then he took the wood to be turned, chopped it into shape with his adze, centered the two ends, made at the intersecting points a small hole, applied one hole to the nail point in one pin, and gave a little shove with the wood until he could get the other end of the wood on to the other nail point. When the wood was thus suspended on the nail points, he took the two wedges and drove them in the ground at the back of the tent pins until they were firmly wedged up. Then he tried if the wood could turn properly and freely, and as soon as he was satisfied on this point, he again put his hand into his basket and pulled out a bit of board of very hard wood, about a foot long, an inch thick, and eight inches deep, with a square hole in the middle; into the hole he inserted a piece of wood two inches wide and a foot long, fitted in such a way that it sloped downwards.

The edge of this board he placed against the wood to be turned, the end of the fitted piece he put down on the ground, placed his left foot upon it to keep it steady in position, and there was the rest for his tools.

Then diving his hand once more into his basket, he took out a long narrow leathern strap; twisting this twice round the wood to be turned, he threw the ends to his mate, who immediately began to turn the wood round backwards and forwards with long, regular strokes, and the lathe was complete and in perfect working order.

The turner now took out of his basket a rough pair of compasses, a bit of an English pencil, then a rough pair of callipers. Putting the pattern beside him, he carefully measured off and marked the different parts on the wood to be turned. As soon as this was done, he once more dived his hand into his basket and brought out two or three chisels and gouges, and a piece of fine sandstone.

Taking one of the gouges in his hand, he gave a look at the pattern, then at the gouge, and as the sweep did not seem to please him, he put it down on the head of his adze and began to hammer it to the shape required; this was soon done, he

then filed the inside smooth, ground the gouge by rubbing it on the bit of sandstone, and finished it on a bit of some smoother stone. All being ready, he gave the word to his man, who began to turn the wood round with the leather strap, and then applying the gouge he soon made the chips fly.

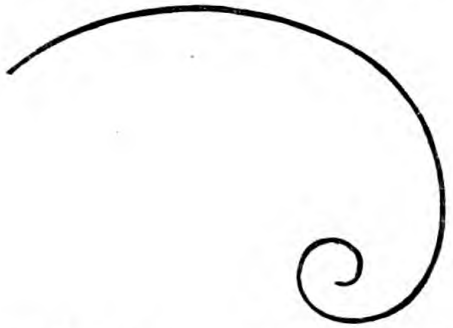
The man was evidently on his mettle, and whilst I stood by he finished a little bit of the most difficult part of the work. I went away to my own work perfectly satisfied with the man's capabilities; and I may conclude by saying that his work was quickly finished, and compared most favourably with the Calcutta pattern.

An English workman would look aghast if put down under a tree with a basket of tools and no lathe, and told to copy a nice piece of turnery work.

I tell my young friends this little anecdote as a fitting introduction to this chapter on Carving in the Solid, one of the higher branches of this beautiful art. I tell it that they may be encouraged to exercise their wits and ingenuity, and seek by simple means to overcome the many difficulties they must necessarily meet with. I address it more particularly to those who cannot afford or have not the opportunity to buy the numerous tools and appliances used by carvers to expedite their work.

And my advice to all my young readers who have not the advantage of taking lessons from an experienced carver is, not to spend too much money in buying all at once a multiplicity of tools, but to buy a few at a time, and to learn thoroughly all that can be done with those tools. I cannot repeat this advice too often or urge it too strongly: they will learn more from an experienced carver in a few lessons than can be acquired by months of study from the best book or treatise that ever was or will be written. But if they have not this opportunity, then let them follow my instruction as closely and diligently as possible; keep their minds constantly on the alert, and never neglect any opportunity of inspecting and studying any piece of good carving that may fall in their way, endeavouring to find out from any tool marks that may be left how it was executed, and storing up in their minds, for future use, any noticeable peculiarity of design, of detail, or method of handling. A beginner, if gifted with even moderate powers of observation, will derive some information from any form of tolerable carving that chance may throw in his way.

In respect to what I have said above, to buy a few tools at a time as they are wanted, and to learn thoroughly all that can be done with those tools, here is something for my young readers to think over and experiment upon. Some people would suppose that a set of gouges of the same sweep would make a perfect circle on a board if used in succession, each succeeding gouge (beginning with the largest) continuing the sweep marked by the preceding; but they would make a mistake, for instead of marking a circle, the set of gouges would mark a volute or figure of this sort :—



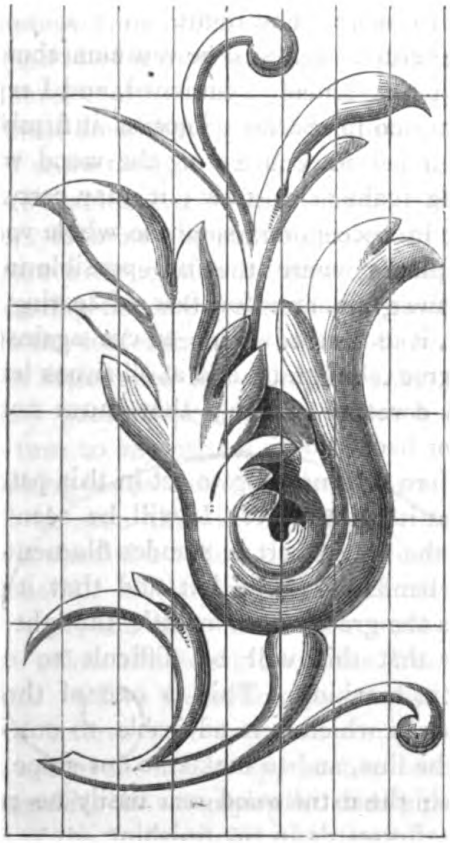
showing that the gouges, as they decrease in width, keep a proportionate depth, and that the smaller or narrower gouges of the set are not mere segments of the largest.

Take a set of gouges, stand the largest of the set edge upwards; put behind it the middle one of the set, and my meaning will at once be seen; my readers will find this a useful piece of information when they come to carve scrolls, and volutes, and leaves, diminishing proportionably in size.

However, any set of gouges will mark a series of circles one outside the other, the largest forming the outer circle, the next in size forming one inside it, and so in succession.

Now, without further preface, let us begin a piece of carving in the solid. I have

selected a pretty but simple pattern, that will convey some useful lessons. I have drawn the squares over it, to enable my readers to enlarge it at once; if they find any difficulty in doing so, any of the squares can be subdivided, and this will render it easy enough. I should recommend them to enlarge the pattern to double the size, so the squares must be enlarged accordingly.



When the pattern is enlarged, get a piece of walnut, or pear-wood, or sycamore, or lime, or any piece of wood that will not split easily; it must be three-quarters of an inch thick when dressed and smooth.

Paste the pattern on, and when dry, take a marking gauge and run a line all round the edge at a quarter of an inch from the bottom. Bore a hole at the back of the wood opposite to the spot where the leaf will be thickest, towards the bottom, and insert the carver's screw, taking care it does not run through far enough to be touched by the tools. Screw the work down to the table as tightly as possible and fix it more firmly by means of pegs put into the holes in the table, and bits of wood inserted between the pegs and the work.

Now commence the grounding, that is, cutting away all the wood outside the leaf, and out of the interstices of the leaf down to the level of the line marked by the gauge round the edge.

And first of all take a gouge whose sweep will fit the curve of the leaf in the part it is intended to commence upon, and placing the edge of the gouge just outside, but quite close to the line, and holding the tool quite perpendicular, give it a moderate blow with the mallet. Take care not to drive the gouge in too deep, but begin gently.

Continue the process, and where the curve of the leaf alters, the gouge must be changed; but before changing, apply the same gouge to any part of the leaf its sweep will fit, and thus avoid too frequent changes and consequent loss of time. It will be a little puzzling at first to find the proper fitting gouge, but this disappears as hand and eye become familiarized with the work.

Great care must be taken not to cut under the leaf, but let the cut be perfectly perpendicular. The reason for this is plain enough: if the leaf is undercut, then when it comes to be carved, its size and shape will be altered; and the deeper it is carved, the greater will be the alteration.

To cut down perpendicularly when setting in a piece of work, is a general rule; but there are many occasions when this rule must be set aside; and the cut, instead of being perpendicular, should slant outwards, away from the leaf, or whatever is being carved; and one of these occasions is when the carver has to outline or set-in the extremity of a finely-pointed leaf. If this leaf should be across the grain of the wood, the fine point would be certainly broken off if the gouge were held perpendicularly, and struck even a moderate blow with the mallet or palm of the hand. It is therefore much better and safer to slant the gouge outwards, thus widening the base of the leaf point, and giving it proportionate strength to resist the thrust of the tool. The extra wood at the base given by the sloping cut can be

pared away afterwards, when the leaf comes to be carved.

Look at the fine slender point near the top of this leaf to the left; it would be impossible to cut down perpendicularly on each side without breaking it hopelessly; but with the cut sloping outwards, there can be no fear of breaking it, and the extra wood can be pared away afterwards, when the leaf is being carved and finished.

Now to sink the ground all round the leaf, take a flat gouge, small for the interstices, larger for the outside, and commence in this way: place the gouge at a little distance from the leaf, and by a sloping cut meet the perpendicular cut already made; a section through the leaf will then have this appearance, the * * * showing the parts to be cut away.



With the gouge now cut down the wood, scooping it out gradually until it has been got down to the level of the perpendicular cut round the leaf. Whilst doing this pay attention to the grain of the wood, take care that the chips come out clean, and that the wood is not torn by cutting against the grain. It does not so much signify that the wood is torn if the ground has to be sunk deeper, except that it is quite as well to acquire a good habit. But when the ground has been sunk to nearly its proper depth, it is imperative that the wood should not be torn; therefore, in that case, if the grain dips away from the direction the gouge is cutting, and the wood tears, turn the wood or the gouge the other way, or cut across the grain, which in many cases is the easiest and most preferable way. Now repeat the whole process until the ground is sunk deep enough, going round the leaf with the perpendicular cut, meeting it with the sloping cut, and then clearing the wood away.

When the ground has been sunk to nearly its proper depth, great caution must be observed in two things: first, that the perpendicular cut does not go below the level of the ground, this leaves a very ugly unworkmanlike look, that is always difficult and in most instances impossible to eradicate, except by sinking the ground lower, which might spoil the whole work. A chance cut may be partly effaced by dropping a drop or two of water into the cut; this swells the wood, closes the cut, and renders it nearly invisible, but if there are many such cuts, the eye would at once detect them, though it might pass over a chance one here and there.

The second thing to be cautious about is what I have already mentioned, and I repeat the caution in order to impress it firmly on the mind—to avoid tearing the wood when cutting against the grain; it may carry the ground too deep, and spoil the whole work; so in places where it is not possible to cut with the grain, and for fear of tearing the wood, it is not advisable to cut against it, cut agross the grain, and at all times let the chips come out clean; they must not be torn or hacked out.

Before commencing to set in this pattern, look at it once more. It will be seen that from the upper part a slender filament-like point bends off to the left, and that it goes across the grain; a moment's thought will show that this will be difficult to carve without breaking. This is one of the instances in which it is advisable to cut outside the line, and to make the cut slope outwards; the extra wood can easily be pared away afterwards in the finishing.

Moreover, in all cases where a slender curved branch or stalk of a leaf has to be carved across the grain, the cut must invariably be made first on the concave side, and for this there is a good reason; if the wood is cut away on the concave side first, and afterwards on the convex side, the arched form of the branch or stalk on the convex side helps to resist the thrust of the tool, but if the converse takes place, and the wood is cut away from the convex side first, then when it comes to be cut away from the concave side, the thrust of the tool is very likely to burst up the arch of wood.

In all cases where the part to be carved is fine and delicate, plenty of wood must be

left, and the extra thickness can be cut away in the finishing, little by little.

When the ground has been got down to very nearly the proper depth, and the leaf has been "bosted," or *ebauché*, as the French carvers term it—that is, roughly cut to nearly its proper shape—get the ground nice and level with a flat gouge; the gauge line marked all round the edge will assist to guide the eye. Then take a firmer chisel, a common carpenter's chisel is not a bad tool, and level it as smooth as possible, but whichever tool is used, the corners of the tool must be slightly rounded off, otherwise it will score the ground with lines.

Now the leaf has to be finished. Let my readers look at the pattern carefully, and compare with it the roughed-out leaf, and the shading becoming a guide, let them see where the leaf can be improved by cutting away a little more here and there, by sinking any part deeper, or by giving a little more turn to any part of the leaf.

Looking once more at the pattern leaf, it will be seen that in the limb to the left there is shaded a hollow down the centre, a continuation of the depressions of the left upper part, and that the hollow terminates a little below the fourth cross-line from the bottom. Carve the hollow so as to lead the eye to believe that it passes round to the back, and as the hollow approaches the cross-line named, let it gradually rise with the swell of the leaf, and die away into it, as represented by the shading.

Again, where the left portion of the right-hand limb of the leaf, just below the fourth and fifth cross-lines, dips under the left limb, carry it well down, and let the covering portions of the left limb pass gracefully over it.

In finishing, the amateur must take care not to leave any rags or jags or threads of wood anywhere; he must at all times make his cuts clean, and clear out all the angles and corners of his work. If the amateur will take pains to acquire this knack, one of the most essential to good carving, it will soon become a habit, and he will, if he have any talent for this very beautiful art, become a neat and finished workman.

For the last touches to the leaf, level the ground as smooth as possible, and, if necessary, scrape it with the chisel. Go all over the leaf and smooth every part, and try to do without sand-paper, which is never used by any good workman: it obliterates all the finer touches of the tool; but if the amateur cannot get his leaf smooth without it, then let him consult my former instructions on this point.

The tools to be used in rounding off leaves, and the various parts of scroll or other work, are the flat and the moderately flat gouges, and the amateur will find it give great facility to bevel the gouge a little from the inside. I was long opposed to this method, as taking away the very hardest and best part of the tool, but the advantages are so great in the greatly increased facility it gives when rounding off leaves, or in curving the undulating portion of leaves or scrolls, that I have become convinced that the advantages are too great to be neglected.

It is a far better plan than having a set of gouges entirely bevelled from the inside,



because, amongst other reasons, the tool in hand can be turned over and worked either

way, to hollow out or to round, and the time is saved that would be lost in changing the



tool. Moreover, there are many delicate parts of scroll-work in the style of Louis Quatorze that can only be done neatly by the tool bevelled from the inside; and I may observe that these delicate touches would be utterly obliterated by the use of sand-paper.

I conclude this paper with a sketch of a rose, the proper size for carving, and a very pretty ornament of the same nature as the one above treated of. The rose itself should be carved half an inch deep at least—that is, the ground should be sunk quite half an inch. The petals on the right of the rose—that is, the outer petals—should be cut deep towards the inside; the centre petal of the three turns up a little in the middle. Outline the rose, mark with the gauge the position and shape of the three petals next to the outer ones, strike off the wood to the round form of the rose, then with a pencil the remaining petals must be outlined, and then marked with the gauge. See that the position of each petal is correctly placed, and before commencing to carve, ascertain it by careful measurement with compasses. The centre unopened petals of the rose must be carved as deep as the level of the ground.

Carve the leaves with a raised rib; and to vary the lay of each leaflet, let one point up a little, the end of another droop over, and so vary them that the *ensemble* may be pleasing, instead of tame and flat.

The other ornament should be carved with the same thickness of wood; the hole in the centre, the inside of the leaflets to the left and to the right, must be carved as deep as the ground will allow; and the lines drawn in the centre of each division of the leaf must be incised with the graining gouge.

I may some day resume these papers, and give a chapter on figure carving and animals, and an account of the various methods adopted by skilled carvers in sketching in their work; and if our friend the Editor thinks proper, I will give drawings to show my readers the three stages of carving an ornamental piece of work—the rough cut out, the various parts and features placed in position and bosted (*ebauché*), and the work finished.

My readers may like to have a good black stain, so I give one.

1.

| | |
|---|---|
| Gall nuts coarsely broken . | 2 ounces |
| Rain water . . . . | 1 quart |

Boil and reduce one half.

2.

| | |
|---|---|
| White vinegar . . . | 1 pint |
| Iron filings . . . . | 2 ounces |
| Antimony (powdered) . . | 2 „ |
| Vitriol . . . . . | 1 „ |

Logwood a small handful.

Infuse in bottle eight days, tying the cork down.

To stain a piece of wood, give the wood a coating of No. 1, it acts as a mordant; when nearly dry put on No. 2, let it dry quite, and then brush it over again with No. 2; keep down the fibre that may be raised, and then varnish.

A fine brown stain is procured as follows:—

Take a pound of the brown pigment called Terre de Cassel, put into a glazed pot with 4 quarts of rain water, boil until it is reduced one-half.

Mix 3 oz. (troy) of white potash with sufficient water to dissolve it, and mix with the Terre de Cassel.

This receipt was given to me by a French carver; what the brown pigment may be called in England, I do not know, but I will ascertain, and inform my readers; meantime, the colourmen in London may know, and my readers can possibly ascertain for themselves.

This stain must also be put on with a brush, two or even three times, according to the depth of shade required.



# THE FIELD OF ICE.

BY JULES VERNE.

## Chapter XVII.—Altamont's Revenge.

Next morning, as the fine weather still continued, the hunters determined to have another search for the musk ox. It was only fair to give Altamont a chance, with the distinct understanding that he should have the right of firing, however fascinating the game they might meet. Besides, the flesh of the musk ox, though a little too highly impregnated with the smell, is savoury food, and the hunters would gladly carry back a few pounds of it to Fort Providence.

During the first part of the day, nothing occurred worth mentioning, but they noticed a considerable change in the aspect of the country, and appearances seemed to indicate that they were approaching a hilly region. This new America was evidently either a continent or an island of considerable extent.

Duk was running far ahead of his party when he stopped suddenly short, and began sniffing the ground as if he had caught scent of game. Next minute he rushed forward again with extreme rapidity, and was speedily out of sight. But loud distinct barking convinced the hunters that the faithful fellow had at last discovered the desired object.

They hurried onwards, and after an hour and a half's quick walking, found him standing in front of two formidable looking animals, and barking furiously. The Doctor recognized them at once as belonging to the musk ox, or *Ovibos* genus, as naturalists call it, by the very wide horns touching each other at their base, by the absence of muzzle, by the narrow square chanfrin resembling that of a sheep, and

by the very short tail. Their hair was long and thickly matted, and mixed with fine brown, silky wool.

These singular-looking quadrupeds were not the least afraid of Duk, though extremely surprised; but at the first glimpse of the hunters they took flight, and it was no easy task to go after them, for half an hour's swift running brought them no nearer, and made the whole party so out of breath, that they were forced to come to a halt.

"Confound the beasts!" said Altamont.

"Yes, Altamont, I'll make them over to you," replied Clawbonny; "they are true Americans, and they don't appear to have a very favourable idea of their fellow countrymen."

"That proves our hunting prowess," rejoined Altamont.

Meantime the oxen finding themselves no longer pursued, had stopped short. Further pursuit was evidently useless. If they were to be captured at all they must be surrounded, and the plateau which they first happened to have reached, was very favourable for the purpose. Leaving Duk to worry them, they went down by the neighbouring ravines, and got to the one end of the plateau, where Altamont and the Doctor



hid themselves behind projecting rocks, while Hatteras went on to the other end, intending to startle the animals by his sudden appearance, and drive them back towards his companions.

"I suppose you have no objection this time to bestow a few bullets on these gentry?" said Altamont.

"Oh no, it is 'a fair field now and no favour,'" returned Clawbonny.

The oxen had begun to shake themselves impatiently at Duk, trying to kick him off, when Hatteras started up right in front of them, shouting and chasing them back. This was the signal for Altamont and the Doctor to rush forward and fire, but at the sight of two assailants, the terrified animals wheeled round and attacked Hatteras. He met their onset with a firm, steady foot, and fired straight at their heads. But both his balls were powerless, and only served still further to madden the enraged beasts. They rushed upon the unfortunate man like furies, and threw him on the ground in an instant.

"He is a dead man!" exclaimed the Doctor, in despairing accents.

A tremendous struggle was going on in Altamont's breast at the sight of his prostrate foe, and though his first impulse was to hasten to his help, he stopped short, battling with himself and his prejudices.

But his hesitation scarcely lasted half a second, his better self conquered, and exclaiming, "No, it would be cowardly!" he rushed forward with Clawbonny.

Hatteras full well understood how his rival felt, but would rather have died than have begged his intervention. However, he had hardly time to think about it, before Altamont was at his side.

He could not have held out much longer, for it was impossible to ward off the blows of horns and hoofs of two such powerful antagonists, and in a few minutes more he must have been torn to pieces. But sud-



denly two shots resounded, and Hatteras felt the balls graze his head.

"Courage!" shouted Altamont, flinging away his discharged weapon, and throwing himself right in front of the raging animals. One of them, shot to the heart, fell dead as he reached the spot, while the other dashed madly on Hatteras, and was about to gore the unfortunate Captain with his horns, when Altamont plunged his snow knife far into the beast's wide open jaws with one hand, with the other dealt him such a tremendous blow on the head with his hatchet, that the skull was completely split open.

It was done so quickly that it seemed

like a flash of lightning, and all was over. The second ox lay dead, and Clawbonny shouted "Hurrah! hurrah!"

Hatteras was saved.

He owed his life to the man he hated the most. What a storm of conflicting passions this must have roused in his soul! But where was the emotion he could not master?

However, his action was prompt, whatever his feeling might be. Without a moment's hesitancy, he went up to his rival, and said in a grave voice—

"Altamont, you have saved my life!"

"You saved mine," replied the American.

There was a moment's silence, and then Altamont added—

"We're quits, Hatteras."

"No, Altamont," said the Captain; "when the Doctor dragged you out of your icy tomb, I did not know who you were; but you saved me at the peril of your own life, knowing quite well who I was."

"Why, you are a fellow-creature at any rate, and whatever faults an American may have, he is no coward."

"No, indeed," said the Doctor. "He is a man, every inch as much as yourself, Hatteras."

"And like me, he shall have part in the glory that awaits us."

"The glory of reaching the North Pole?" asked Altamont.

"Yes," replied Hatteras, proudly.

"I guessed right, then," said Altamont.

"And you have actually dared to conceive such a project? Oh! it is grand; I tell you it is sublime even to think of it?"

"But tell me," said Hatteras in a hurried manner; "you were not bound for the Pole then yourself?"

Altamont hesitated.

"Come, speak out, man," urged the Doctor.

"Well, to tell the truth, I was not, and the truth is better than self-love. No, I had no such grand purpose in view. I was trying to clear the North-west Passage, and that was all."

"Altamont," said Hatteras, holding out his hand; "be our companion to glory, come with us and find the North Pole."

The two men clasped hands in a warm, hearty grasp, and the bond of friendship between them was sealed.

When they turned to look for the Doctor they found him in tears.

"Ah! friends," he said, wiping his eyes; "you have made me so happy, it is almost more than I can bear! You have sacrificed this miserable nationality for the sake of the common cause. You have said, 'What does it matter if only the Pole is discovered, whether it is by an Englishman or an American?' Why should we brag of being American or English, when we can boast that we are men?"

The good little man was beside himself with joy. He hugged the reconciled enemies to his bosom, and cemented their friendship by his own affection to both.

At last he grew calm after at least a twentieth embrace, and said—

"It is time I went to work now. Since I am no hunter, I must use my talents in another direction."

And he began to cut up the oxen so skilfully, that he seemed like a surgeon making a delicate autopsy.

His two companions looked on smiling. In a few minutes the adroit operator had cut off more than a hundred pounds of flesh. This he divided into three parts. Each man took one, and they retraced their steps to Fort Providence.

At ten o'clock they arrived at Doctor's House, where Johnson and Bell had a good supper prepared for them.

But before sitting down to enjoy it, the Doctor exclaimed in a jubilant tone, and pointing to his two companions—

"My dear old Johnson, I took out an American and an Englisman with me, didn't I?"

"Yes, Mr. Clawbonny."

"Well, I bring back two brothers."

This was joyous news to the sailors, and they shook hands warmly with Altamont; while the Doctor recounted all that had

passed, and how the American captain had saved the English captain's life. That night no five happier men could have been found than those that lay sleeping in the little snow-house.

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## Chapter XVIII.

### Final Preparations.

Next day the weather changed, the cold returned. Snow, and rain, and tempest came in quick succession for several days.



Bell had completed the sloop, and done his work well, for the little vessel was admirably adapted for the purpose contemplated, being high at the sides and partly decked so as to be able to stand a heavy sea, and yet light enough to be drawn on the sledge without overburdening the dogs.

At last a change of the greatest importance took place. The ice began to tremble in the centre of the bay, and the highest masses became loosened at their base ready to form icebergs, and drift away before the first gale; but Hatteras would not wait for the ice-fields to break up before he started. Since the journey must be made on land, he did not care whether the sea was open or not; and the day of departure was fixed for the 25th of June—Johnson and Bell

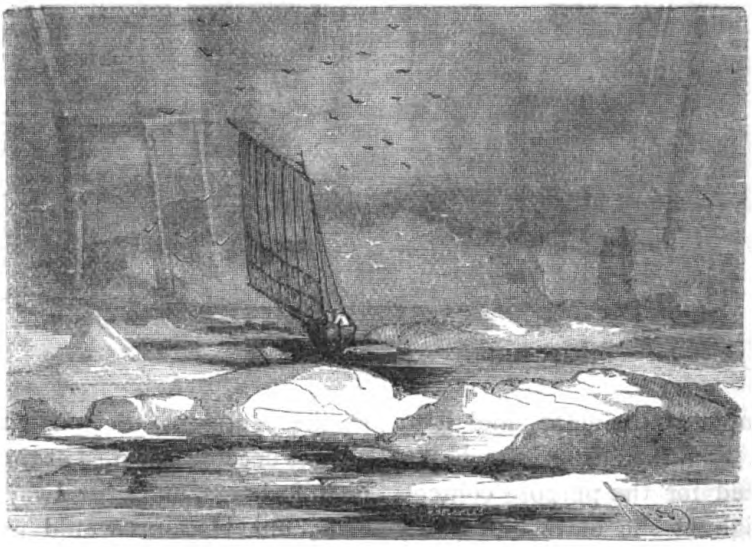
undertaking the necessary repairs of the sledge.

On the 20th, finding there was space enough between the broken ice to allow the sloop to get through, it was determined to take her a trial trip to Cape Washington. The sea was not quite open, but it would have been impossible to go across on foot.

This short sail of six hours sufficiently tested the powers of the sloop, and proved



her excellent qualities. In coming back they witnessed a curious sight; it was the chase of a seal by a gigantic bear. Mr. Bruin was too busily engaged to notice the vessel, or he would have pursued; he was intently watching beside a seal-hole with the patience of a true hunter, or rather angler, for he was certainly fishing just then. He watched in absolute silence, without stirring or giving the least sign of life.

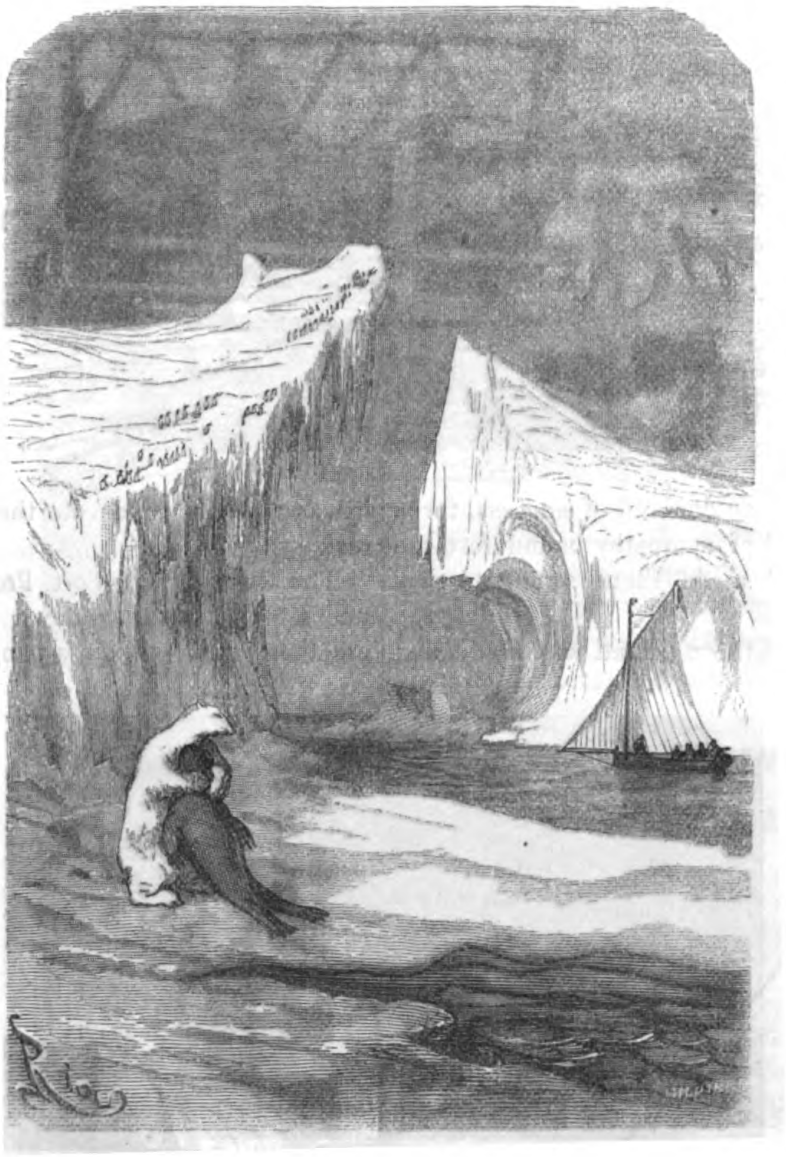


But all of a sudden there was a slight disturbance on the surface of the water in the hole, which announced the coming up of the amphibious animal to breathe. Instantly the bear lay flat on his belly, with his two paws stretched round the opening.

Next minute up came the seal, but his head no sooner appeared above the water

than the bear's paws closed about him like a vice, and dragged him right out. The poor seal struggled desperately, but could not free himself from the iron grasp of his enemy, who hugged him closer and closer till suffocation was complete. Then he carried him off to his den as if the weight were nothing, leaping lightly from pack to pack till he gained *terra firma* safely.

On the 22nd of June, Hatteras began to load the sledge. They put in 200 lbs. of salt meat, three cases of vegetables and pre-

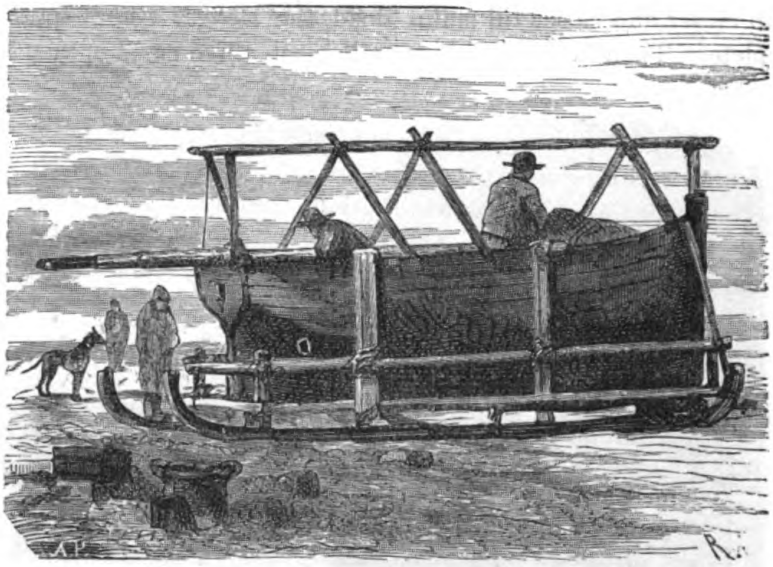


served meat, besides lime-juice, and flour, and medicines. They also took 200 lbs. of powder and a stock of fire-arms. Including the sloop and the Halkett-boat, there was about 1500 lbs. weight, a heavy load for four dogs, and all the more as they would have to drag it every day, instead of only four days successively, like the dogs employed by the Esquimaux, who always keep a relay for their sledges. However, the distance to the Pole was not 150 miles at the outside, and they did not intend to go more than twelve miles a day, as they could do it comfortably in a month. Even if land failed them, they could always fall back on the sloop, and finish the journey without fatigue to men or dogs.

All the party were in excellent health,

though they had lost flesh a little; but, by attending to the Doctor's wise counsels, they had weathered the winter without being attacked by any of the maladies incident to the climate.

Now, they were almost at their journey's



end, and not one doubted of success, for a common bond of sympathy bound fast the five men, and made them strong to persevere.

On Sunday, the 23rd, all was ready, and it was resolved to devote the entire day to rest.

The dwellers on Fort Providence could not see the last day dawn without some emotion. It cost them a pang to leave the



snow-hut which had served them in such good stead, and this hospitable shore where they had passed the winter. Take it altogether, they had spent very happy hours there, and the Doctor made a touching reference to the subject as they sat round the table at the evening meal, and did not forget to thank God for his manifest protection.

They retired early to rest, for they needed to be up betimes. So passed the last night in Fort Providence.

## Chapter XIX.

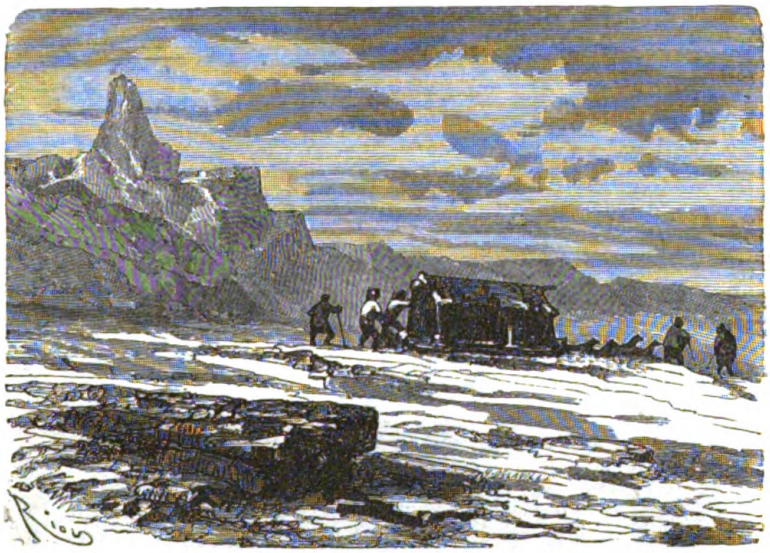
### March to the North.

Next day at early dawn, Hatteras gave the signal for departure. The well-fed and well-rested dogs were harnessed to the sledge. They had been having a good time of it all winter, and might be expected to do good service during the summer.

It was six in the morning when the expedition started. After following the windings of the bay and going past Cape Washington, they struck into the direct route for the north, and by seven o'clock had lost sight of the lighthouse and Fort Providence.

During the first two days they made twenty miles in twelve hours, devoting the remainder of the time to rest and meals. The tent was quite sufficient protection during sleep.

The temperature began to rise. In many places the snow melted entirely away, and great patches of water appeared; here and there complete ponds, which a little stretch of imagination might easily convert into lakes. The travellers were often up to their knees, but they only laughed over it, and, indeed,



the Doctor was rather glad of such unexpected baths.

"But for all that," he said, "the water has no business to wet us here. It is an element which has no right to this country, except in a solid or a vaporous state. Ice or vapour is all very well, but water—never!"

Hunting was not forgotten during the march, for fresh meat was a necessity. Altamont and Bell kept their guns loaded, and shot ptarmigans, guillemots, geese, and a few young hares; but, by degrees, birds and animals had been changing from trustfulness to fear, and had become so shy and difficult to approach that very often, but for Duk, the hunters would have wasted their powder.

Hatteras advised them not to go more than a mile away, as there was not a day, nor even an hour, to lose, for three months of fine weather was the utmost they could count upon.

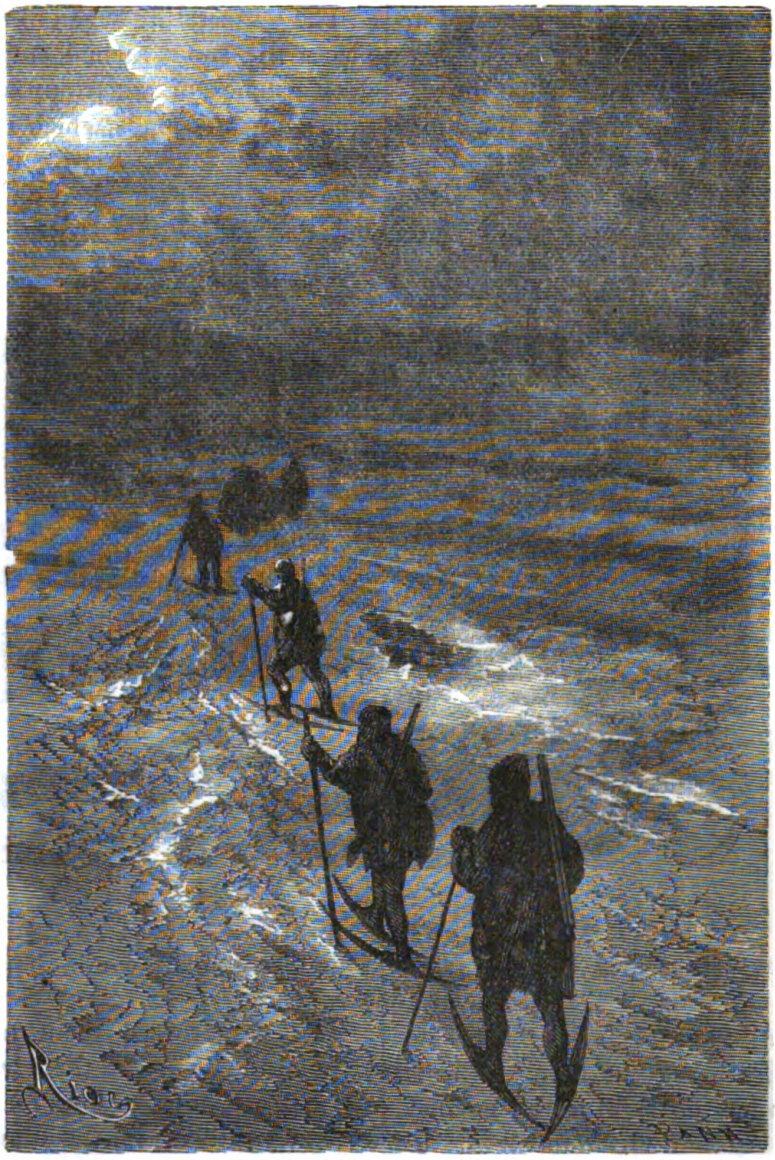
Besides, the sledge was often coming to difficult places, when each man was needed to lend a helping hand.

On the third day they came to a lake, several acres in extent, and still entirely frozen over. The sun's rays had little access to it, owing to its situation, and the ice was so strong that it must have dated from some remote winter. It was strong enough

to bear both the travellers and their sledge, and was covered with dry snow.

From this point the country became gradually lower, from which the Doctor concluded that it did not extend to the Pole, but that most probably this New America was an island.

Up to this time the expedition had been attended with no fatigue. The travellers had only suffered from the intense glare of



the sun on the snow, which threatened them with snow-blindness. At another time of the year they might have avoided this by walking during the night, but at present there was no night at all. Happily the snow was beginning to melt, and the brilliancy would diminish as the process of dissolution advanced.

On the 28th of June, the thermometer rose to 45°, and the rain fell in torrents. Hatteras and his companions, however, marched stoically on, and even hailed the downpour with delight, knowing that it would hasten the disappearance of the snow.

As they went along, the Doctor often picked

up stones, both round ones and flat pebbles, as if worn away by the tide. He thought from this they must be near the Polar Basin, and yet far as the eye could reach was one interminable plain.

There was not a trace of houses, or huts,



or cairns visible. It was evident that the Greenlanders had not pushed their way so far north, and yet the famished tribes would have found their account in coming, for the country abounded in game. Bears were frequently seen, and numerous herds of musk-oxen and deer.

On the 29th, Bell killed a fox and Alta-



mont a musk-ox. These supplies of fresh food were very acceptable, and even the Doctor surveyed, with considerable satisfaction, the haunches of meat they managed to procure from time to time.

"Don't let us stint ourselves," he used to say on these occasions, "food is no unimportant matter in expeditions like ours."

"Especially," said Johnson, "when a meal depends on a lucky shot."

"You're right, Johnson, a man does not think so much about dinner when he knows the soup-pot is simmering by the kitchen-fire."

On the 30th, they came to a district which seemed to have been upturned by some volcanic convulsion, so covered was it with cones and sharp lofty peaks.



A strong breeze from the south-east was blowing, which soon increased to a hurricane, sweeping over the rocks covered with snow and the huge masses of ice, which took the forms of icebergs and hummocks, though on dry land.

The tempest was followed by damp warm weather, which caused a regular thaw.



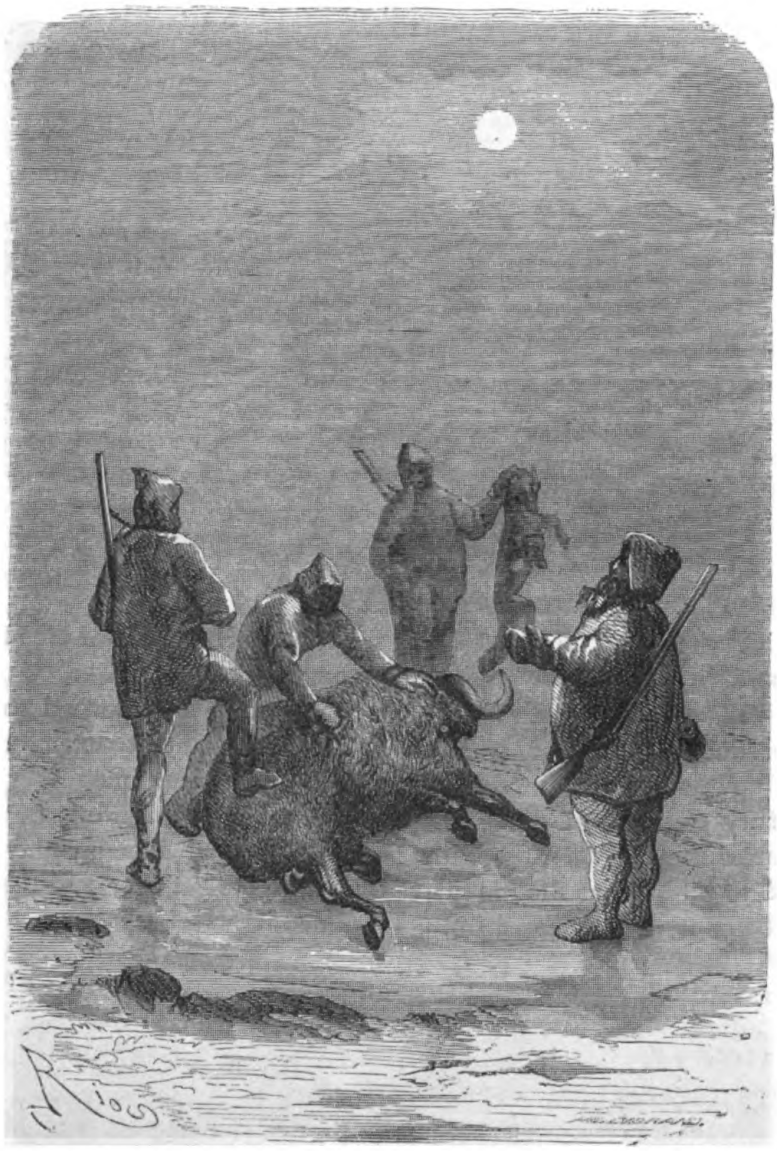
On all sides nothing could be heard but the noise of cracking ice and falling avalanches.

The travellers had to be very careful in avoiding hills and even in speaking aloud, for the slightest agitation in the air might have caused a catastrophe. Indeed, the suddenness is the peculiar feature in Arctic avalanches, distinguishing them from those of Switzerland and Norway. Often

the dislodgment of a block of ice is instantaneous, and not even a cannon-ball or thunderbolt could be more rapid in its descent. The loosening, the fall, and the crash happen almost simultaneously.

Happily, however, no accident befel any of the party, and three days afterwards they came to smooth, level ground again.

But here a new phenomenon met their gaze—a phenomenon which was long a



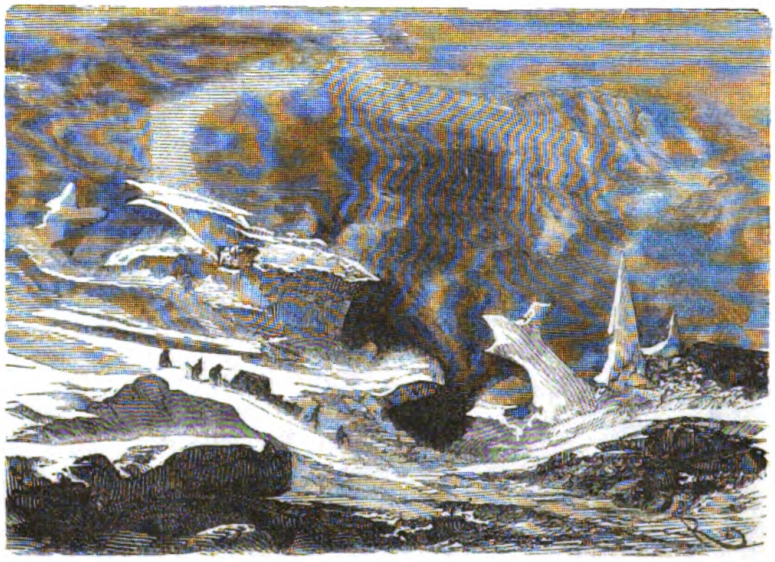
subject of patient inquiry among the learned of both hemispheres. They came to a long chain of low hills which seemed to extend for miles, and were all covered on the eastern side with bright red snow.

It is easy to imagine the surprise and half-terrified exclamations of the little company at the sight of this long red curtain; but the Doctor hastened to reassure them, or rather to instruct them, as to the nature of this peculiar snow. He told them that this same red substance had been found in Switzerland, in the heart of the Alps, and that the colour proceeded solely from the presence of certain corpuscles, about the nature of which for a long time chemists could not agree. They could not decide whether these corpuscles were of animal

or vegetable origin, but at last it was settled that they belonged to the family of fungi, being a sort of microscopic champignon of the species *Uredo*.

Turning the snow over with his iron-tipped staff, the Doctor found that the colouring matter measured nine feet deep. He pointed this out to his companions, that they might have some idea of the enormous number of these tiny mushrooms in a layer extending so many miles.

This phenomenon was none the less



strange for being explained, for red is a colour seldom seen in nature over any considerable area. The reflection of the sun's rays upon it produced the most peculiar effect, lighting up men, and animals, and rocks with a fiery glow, as if proceeding from some flame within. When the snow melted it looked like blood, as the red particles do not decompose. It seemed to the travellers as if rivulets of blood were running among their feet.

The Doctor filled several bottles with this precious substance to examine at leisure, as he had only had a passing glimpse of the Crimson Cliffs in Baffin's Bay.

This Field of Blood, as he called it, took three hours to get over, and then the country resumed its usual aspect.



# CHESS.

BY G. H. D. GOSSIP.

GAME THE THIRD.

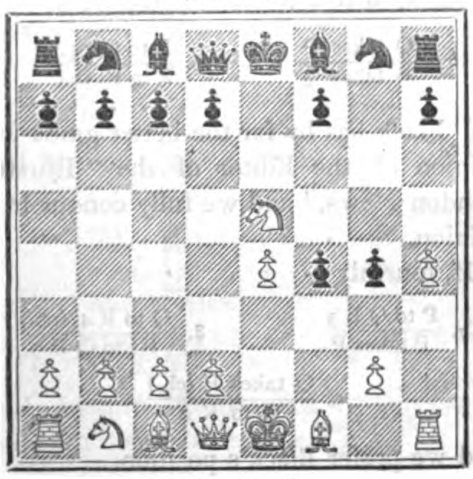
| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. P to K R 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Kt to K 5. | |

This is White's strongest move, and converts the game into what is commonly styled the "Allgaier—Kieseritzki" Gambit, this form of the opening having been much favoured by Kieseritzki, a celebrated Polish player, who considered that the first player could obtain the advantage by posting his Knight at his King's fifth square on his fifth move; for he writes: "On nous rendrait grand service, si on nous indiquait une défense suffisante contre ce Gambit." ("Anyone who could indicate a satisfactory defence to this Gambit would do us a great service.") Since Kieseritzki's time, however, *i.e.*, during the last twenty years, many important discoveries have been made in the opening by our leading theoreticians, and it is now proved that the attack, far from being irresistible as was formerly supposed, can be met quite satisfactorily; in other words, that the second player has several perfectly tenable modes of defence.

DIAGRAM

Showing the position after White's fifth move, Black having to play.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

Black, in this position, has no less than seven different moves at his disposal—viz., 5. B to K Kt 2, 5. Kt to K B 3, 5. P to Q 3, 5. P to Q 4, 5. P to K R 4, 5. Q to K 2, and 5. B to K 2. The first four are his best, while the last three are more or less inferior. It has long been an open question as to which was Black's best move, some leading players giving the preference to 5. Kt to K B 3, which move was first brought prominently into notice in the match between Messrs. Harrwitz and Lowenthal, whilst others preferred 5. P to Q 3, or 5. B to K Kt 2. Kolisch thinks P to Q 3 is Black's surest and safest defence (see "La Nouvelle Regence for 1860," p. 170), whereas Paulsen prefers B to K Kt 2, a move of his own invention. We consider this move to be the very best on the board, and, in fact, the only true defence to the Allgaier Gambit. With the best play on both sides, Black acquires a superior position. Some new variations that occurred in one of the games of the match between Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort throw an entirely new light on the opening, and prove conclusively the validity of the Paulsen—Zukertort defence to the Allgaier—Kieseritzki Gambit. We will now give the analysis of each of the seven defences above-mentioned in their turn, referring our readers to the above Diagram.

---

FIRST DEFENCE.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 5. B to K Kt 2. |
| 6. P to Q 4 (best) or (A). | 6. Kt to K B 3. |
| 7. B to Q B 4. | 7. P to Q 4 (best), |

(If 7. $\frac{\text{Castles}}{}$ 8. $\frac{\text{Q B takes P}}{\text{P to Q 3}}$

9. $\frac{\text{Kt takes K B P}}{\text{R takes Kt}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{B takes R (ch.)}}{\text{K takes B}}$

11. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}$ 12. $\frac{\text{Castles (K R)}}{}$

and White has a fine attacking position.)

8. P takes P. 8. Castles.
9. Q B takes P (best).

(If 9. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{\text{Kt to K R 4}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{Kt to K 2}}{\text{Q to K B 3}}$

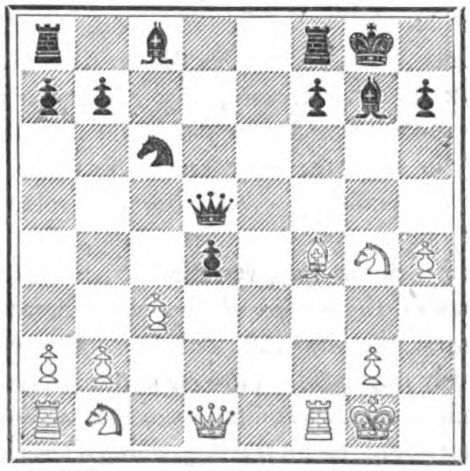
11. $\frac{\text{Castles.}}{\text{P to K B 6}}$, and Black wins.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 9. Kt takes P. |
| 10. B takes Kt. | 10. Q takes B. |
| 11. Castles. | 11. P to Q B 4. |
| 12. P to Q B 3. | 12. P takes P. |

Black may also play 12. P to K B 4, as advised by Herr Zukertort, with good effect.
13. Kt takes K Kt P. 13. Kt to Q B 3.

DIAGRAM.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

The above moves occur in a game played last August at the meeting of the "Counties' Chess Association" at Clifton, between Mr. Wisker and the Editor. We may add that the game in question was drawn. The same moves also occur up to Black's 13th move in a game between Messrs. Steinitz and Zukertort; but the latter, who played the defence, moved 13. Q to K 3, which is also a very good move, but in our opinion hardly so strong as the one selected by Mr. Wisker. In either case Black obtains a fine position. For further analysis of this branch of the opening, see Illustrative Games.

The above variations establish beyond cavil the validity of the defence of 5. B to K Kt 2.

(A.)

Variation on White's sixth move.

6. Kt takes K Kt P. 6. P to Q 4 (best).
7. P to Q 4.

White has four other moves at this point which must be noticed.

If, firstly—

7. $\frac{\text{P takes P}}{\text{Q to K 2 (ch.)}}$ 8. $\frac{\text{K to B 2}}{\text{B to Q 5 (ch.)}}$

with a winning position. This variation is overlooked by the Editor of the "Chess-player's Magazine" (p. 258), who merely gives for Black in answer to 7. $\frac{\text{P takes P}}{\quad}$ the tame moves 7. $\frac{\quad}{\text{Q takes P}}$, 7. $\frac{\quad}{\text{Kt to K 2}}$, or 7. $\frac{\quad}{\text{P to Q B 3}}$, remarking that White's game would be none the better for it, whereas the line of play which we suggest wins Black the game by force.

If, secondly—

7. $\frac{\text{P to K 5}}{\text{Q B takes Kt}}$ 8. $\frac{\text{Q takes B}}{\text{B takes K P}}$

9. $\frac{\text{Q to K 2}}{\text{Q to K 2}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{P to Q B 3}}{\text{P to Q B 4}}$

If, thirdly—

7. $\frac{\text{Kt to K B 2}}{\text{P takes P}}$ 8. $\frac{\text{Kt takes P}}{\text{Kt to K B 3}}$

9. $\frac{\text{Kt takes Kt (ch.)}}{\text{Q takes Kt}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{\text{B to K 3}}$

11. $\frac{\text{Q to K B 3}}{\text{Castles}}$ 12. $\frac{\text{B to K 2}}{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}$

13. $\frac{\text{Kt to K 4}}{\text{Q to K R 3}}$ 14. $\frac{\text{Q to K R 5}}{\text{Kt to Q 5}}$

15. $\frac{\text{Q takes Q}}{\text{B takes Q}}$ 16. $\frac{\text{B to Q sq.}}{\text{P to K B 4}}$

and Black has by far the better game in the opinion of the Editor of the "Illustrated London News," and we fully concur in that opinion.

If, fourthly—

7. $\frac{\text{P to Q B 3}}{\text{P takes P}}$ 8. $\frac{\text{Q to R 4 (ch.)}}{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}$

9. $\frac{\text{Q takes P (ch.)}}{\text{Q to K 2}}$

and we prefer Black's position.

To resume the main variation—

7. P takes P (best).

( If 7. B takes Kt — 8. Q takes B / B takes Q P
9. P takes P / Kt to K B 3 — 10. Q to K 2 (ch.) / Q to K 2
11. Q takes Q (ch.) / K takes Q — 12. B to Q B 4, etc. )

| | |
|---|---|
| 8. P to Q B 3. | 8. P to K 6. |
| 9. Q to K B 3. | 9. P to K R 4. |
| 10. Q to K 4 (ch.) | 10. Q to K 2. |
| 11. Q takes Q (ch.) | 11. Kt takes Q. |
| 12. Kt to K R 2. | 12. B to K B 4. |
| 13. B to K 2. | 13. Kt to K Kt 3. |
| 14. Castles. | 14. B to K R 3. |

And again Black has an undeniable superiority. We extract the above variation from the "Chess Player's Magazine."

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### Second Defence.

5. Kt to K B 3.

Let our readers refer once more to the Diagram, p. 459, showing the position after White's fifth move.

6. B to Q B 4 (or see Variations I., II.) — 6. P to Q 4 (best).

(If 6. Q to K 2 — 7. B takes P (ch.) / K to Q (sq.)
8. P to Q 4 / P to Q 3 — 9. B to Q Kt 3

{ If 9. Q B takes P / P takes Kt — 10. P takes P (dis. ch.) / B to Q 2
11. B to Q 5 / P to Q B 3 — 12. P takes Kt / Q to Q Kt 5 (ch.)
13. B to Q 2 / Q takes Kt P — 14. B to Q B 3 / B to Q Kt 5

and Black ought to win.}

9. P takes Kt — 10. P takes P (dis. ch.) / B to Q 2
11. P takes Kt / Q takes K P (ch.) — 12. K to B sq. / B to Q 3
13. Kt to Q B 3 / Q to K B 4 — 14. P to K B 7

and Jaenisch thinks Black's superiority in position insufficient to win.)

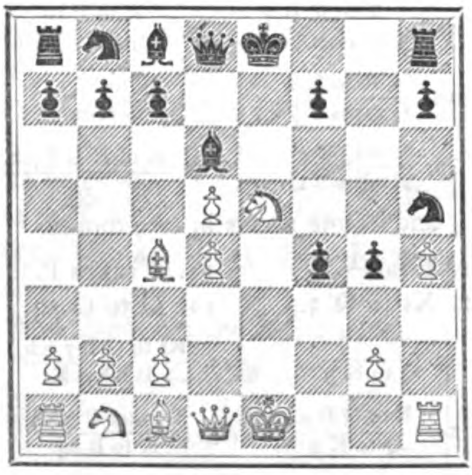
| | |
|---|---|
| 7. P takes P. | 7. B to Q 3. |
| 8. P to Q 4. | 8. Kt to K R 4. |

This move is considered best by Staunton and other authorities, but Lowenthal prefers Q to K 2 for the defence. We think Kt to K R 4 is Black's strongest play, but the transposition of moves is of little consequence, as the Knight will have to be played to K R 4 ultimately,

Diagram

Showing the position after Black's eighth move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

In the above position, White has the choice of several moves. He may play, firstly: 9. Kt to Q B 3, a move first introduced by Kieseritzki, and frequently adopted by Steinitz; secondly, 9. Castles, a line of play favoured by Anderssen; thirdly, 9. B to Q Kt 5 (ch.), a move condemned by the "Schachzeitung." We will now examine each of these moves in turn, commencing with the first method of continuing the attack—viz., 9. Kt to Q B 3.

Firstly: 9. Kt to Q B.

In this interesting position, Black has four moves—viz., Q to K 2, Kt to K Kt 6, Castles, and B to K B 4. The former is recommended as best by some authors, but we think it is unsound.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 9. Q to K 2 or (B), (C), (D). |
| 10. B to Q Kt 5 (ch.) | 10. P to Q B 3 (best). |

(If 10. K to Q sq. 11. Castles, B takes Kt
12. P takes B, Q takes R P 13. R takes K B P, Kt takes R
14. B takes Kt, P to K Kt 6 15. Q to K B 3, R to K Kt sq.
16. P to K 6, P takes P 17. B takes K Kt P,

and White wins.

Again, if:

10. K to B sq. 11. Castles, Q takes K R P
12. Q B takes P, P to K Kt 6 13. B to K R 6 (ch.), K to Kt sq.
14. R to K B 3, Q to K R 7 (ch.) 15. K to B sq., Q to R 8 (ch.)
16. K to K 2, Q takes P (ch.) 17. K to K 3, P to K B 3
18. B to Q B 4, P takes Kt 19. R to K B 8 (ch.)

and White mates in two moves.

11. P takes P. 11. P takes P.
12. Kt to Q 5. 12. Q to Q sq.

(If 12. Q to K 3 13. Kt to Q B 7 (ch.), B takes Kt
14. B to Q B 4, Q to K 2 15. B takes P (ch.), K to B sq.
16. B takes Kt, B takes Kt 17. P takes B, Q takes P (ch.)
18. Q to K 2, Q takes B 19. B takes K B P, B to K B 4
20. Castles (K R), and White has a winning position.)

13. K Kt takes Q B P. 13. Kt takes Kt.
14. B takes Kt (ch.) 14. B to Q 2.
15. B takes R. 15. Q takes B.

And although White has gained the exchange and a pawn, he has a difficult game to play.

(B.)

Variation on Black's ninth move.

9. Kt to K Kt 6.

10. Q B takes P. 10. Kt takes R.

11. P to K Kt 3, or Kt to K 4, and White has a fine position although minus a Rook. (See "Chess Player's Magazine," 1864, p. 17.)

(C.)

Another Variation on Black's ninth move.

9. Castles.

This move is considered by Signor Dubois to be the best at Black's disposal, and we concur in that opinion.

10. Q Kt. to K 2. 10. P to K B 3.
11. Kt to Q 3. 11. Q to K 2.

And Black has apparently a safe game. We have also seen the opening shaped thus:—

10. Q Kt to K 2. 10. Q to K 2.
11. K to B sq. 11. P to K B 3.
12. Kt to Q 3. 12. P to K B 6.
13. P takes P. 13. P takes P.
14. Q Kt to K B 4. 14. Kt to K Kt 6.
15. K to B 2. 15. Kt takes R (ch.)
16. Q takes Kt. 16. Q to K 5.
17. Q takes P. 17. Q takes P (ch.)
18. B to K 3. 18. Q takes B.
19. R to K Kt sq. (ch.) 19. K to B 2.
20. Q to K R 5 (ch.) 20. K to K 2.
21. R to Kt 7 (ch.) 21. K to Q sq.

and Black will escape with care.

(D.)

Another Variation on Black's ninth move.

9. B to K B 4.
10. Q Kt to K 2. 10. Q to K B 3.
11. Q Kt takes P. 11. Kt to K Kt 6.
12. Q Kt to K R 5. 12. Kt takes Kt.
13. Q B to K Kt 5. 13. Q to K Kt 2.

And Mr. Lowenthal pronounces Black's game to be past recovery. White's best move now seems to be 14. Castles, but we have not space for further analysis.

Let the student refer once again for this and the two succeeding variations to the Diagram, p. 461, showing the position after Black's eighth move.

Secondly:—

9. Castles 9. Q takes K R P
10. Q to K sq. 10. Q takes Q.
11. R takes Q. 11. Castles.
12. B to Q 3, or
12. Kt to Q B 3, and the game is even.

Thirdly :—

| | |
|---|---|
| 9. B to Q Kt 5 (ch.) | 9. P to Q B 3. |
| 10. P takes P. | 10. P takes P. |
| 11. Kt takes P. | 11. Kt takes Kt. |
| 12. B takes Kt (ch.) | 12. K to B sq. |
| 13. B takes R. | 13. Kt to K Kt 6. |

And Black has a fine game (see the "Schachzeitung," 1862, pp. 134—295; 1863, p. 7.) We think, however, that Black may play 12. B to Q 2 in the above variation, instead of 12. K to B sq. with even greater effect, thus :—

| | |
|---|---|
| 12. B to Q 2 | 13. B takes R / Kt to K Kt 6 |
| 14. K to B 2 / Kt takes R (ch.) | 15. Q takes Kt / Q to K 2 |
| 16. Kt to Q B 3 / Castles | 17. B to Q 5 / P to Kt 6 (ch.) |
| 18. K to B sq. / B to Q Kt 4 (ch.) | 19. Kt takes B, / R to K sq. and |

Black has a winning position. The above beautiful variation occurs in a game between Messrs. Hirschfeld and Kolisch; the former played the defence and won the game in five more moves. Checking, therefore, with the Bishop on White's ninth move is clearly bad play.

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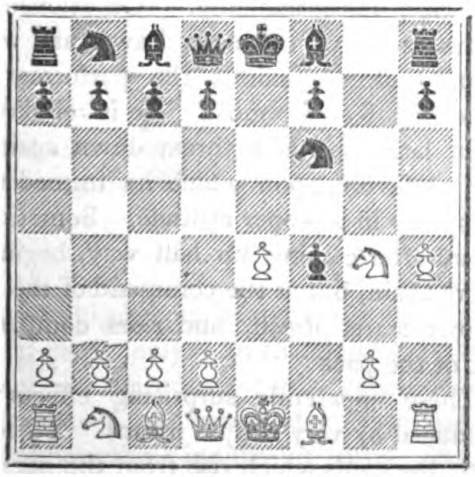
VARIATION I.

Beginning at White's sixth move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

6. Kt takes K Kt P.

This way of continuing the attack was much in favour about ten years ago, but B to Q B 4 is now generally preferred. Taking the Pawn with Knight leads, however, to some striking variations.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 6. Kt takes K P. |
| 7. P to Q 3. | 7. Kt to K Kt 6. |
| 8. Q B takes P. | 8. Kt takes R (best.) |

(If 8. Q to K 2 (ch.) 9. B to K 2 / Q to Q Kt 5 (ch.)

10. Q to Q 2 / Q takes Q (ch.) 11. Kt takes Q / Kt takes R

12. B to K 5 / P to K B 3 13. Kt takes P (ch.)

and White should regain the piece with a fine attack.

| | |
|---|---|
| 9. Q to K 2 (ch.) | 9. Q to K 2. |
| 10. Kt to K B 6 (ch.) | 10. K to Q sq. |
| 11. Q B takes P (ch.) | 11. K takes B. |
| 12. Kt to Q 5 (ch.) | 12. K to Q sq. |
| 13. Kt takes Q. | 13. B takes Kt. |
| 14. Q to K Kt 4. | 14. P to Q 3. |
| 15. Q to K B 4. | 15. R to Kt sq or K sq. |

And Black has the better game.

---

VARIATION II.

Beginning at White's sixth move.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. P to Q 4. | 6. P to Q 3. |
| 7. Kt to Q 3. | 7. Kt takes K P. |
| 8. Q B takes P. | 8. Q to K 2. |
| 9. Q to K 2. | 9. B to K Kt 2. |

With the better position.

In concluding our analysis of this branch of the "Allgaier—Kieserstzki Gambit," we mark that a considerable difference of opinion exists as to the validity or unsoundness of the defence in the position that occurs after Black's eighth move (see Diagram, p. 461). In the February Number of the "Westminster Papers" for 1873, we find the following note by Mr. Wisker :—

"The style of defence of which this and the three preceding moves are the essentials, was once deemed irresistible. Its popularity dated from the match between Messrs. Lowenthal and Harrwitz, in which the former employed it with decisive success,

and it lived in favour long after the publication of Staunton's 'Praxis.' It is now as completely exploded as the Sicilian opening, or the Damiano Gambit. The present game forcibly illustrates the inevitable triumph of the attack when properly conducted. Some advocates of this defence prefer to play Kt to R 4 first, and some the Q to K 2; but the result ought always to be the same."

The Editor of the "Chess Player's Chronicle," however, differs with Mr. Wisker on this point (*vide* "Chess Player's Chronicle" for July, 1873), believing that Black has a tenable defence.

In our next chapter we will give the analyses of the five other defences to the Allgaier—Kieseritzki Gambit, with also a new defence suggested by Mr. Steinitz, and some Illustrative Games.

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# MODERN MAGIC.

## BY PROFESSOR HOFFMAN.

THE RISING CARDS.—SEVERAL CARDS HAVING BEEN DRAWN, RETURNED, AND SHUFFLED, TO MAKE THEM RISE SPONTANEOUSLY FROM THE PACK.

This is one of the very best of card tricks. The performer advances, pack in hand, to the company. He invites three persons each to draw a card. When three cards have been drawn, they are replaced in different parts of the pack, which is thoroughly shuffled. The performer then places the pack in a tin box or case, just large enough to hold it in an upright position. This case is generally in the form of a lyre, open in front and at the top, and supported on a shaft or pillar, twelve or fifteen inches high. (*See* Fig. 42). He then asks each person in succession to call for his card, which is forthwith seen to rise slowly from the pack, without any visible assistance, the performer standing quite apart.

The ingenuity of different professors has added little embellishments of a humorous character to the trick. For instance, the performer remarks, addressing one of the persons who drew, "I will not even ask the name of your card, sir. You have only to say, 'I command the card I drew to appear,' and you will be obeyed." He does so, but no effect is produced; the cards remain obstinately motionless. The command is repeated, but with the same result. The performer feigns embarrassment, and says, "I must really apologize for the disobedience of the cards. I cannot tell how it is; they never behaved in this way before. I am afraid I must ask you to name the card, after all, when I will try my own authority." The card proves to have been a queen, say the queen of hearts. "Oh," the performer says, "that quite explains it. Queens are not accustomed to be ordered about in that peremptory manner. If we try again in becoming language, I dare say we shall be more successful. Let us try the experiment. Say, 'Will your Majesty oblige the company by appearing?'" Thus propitiated, the card rises instantly. Occasionally a knave is one of the cards drawn, and when summoned, scandalizes the performer by appearing feet foremost. He is rebuked in stern language, and thrust down again by the professor, upon which he immediately reappears in a proper attitude. Sometimes, a card after coming up half way, begins to retire again, but at the command of the performer starts afresh, and rises completely out of the pack.

These apparently surprising effects are produced by very simple means. To begin with, the cards which rise from the pack are not those actually drawn, but duplicates of them, arranged beforehand. The performer ensures the corresponding cards being drawn

by using a "forcing" pack, made up of repetitions of the three cards in question, which we will suppose to be the queen of hearts, the ace of spades, and the seven of diamonds, with some other single card at the bottom. The tin case, in the original form of the trick, has two compartments—the one to the front being large enough to hold a complete pack,



FIG. 42.

but the hinder one adapted to contain six or eight cards only. In this hinder compartment are placed six cards, three of them being those which are intended to rise, and the others three indifferent cards. A black silk thread is fastened to the upper edge of the partition between the two compartments, and is thence brought under the foremost card (which is, say, the queen of hearts), over the next (an indifferent card), under the third (the ace of spades), over the fourth (an indifferent card), under the fifth (the seven of diamonds), over the sixth (an indifferent card), finally passing out through a minute hole at the bottom of the hinder compartment. If now the thread be pulled, the three cards named will rise in succession, beginning with the hindermost—viz., the seven of diamonds. The three indifferent cards are put in as partitions, or fulcrums, for the thread to run over. If these partitions were omitted, the three chosen cards would rise all together.

The thread may be drawn in various ways. Sometimes this is done by the performer himself, standing behind the table; but this is a clumsy and inartistic method. Another plan is to have the thread attached to a small cylindrical weight within the pillar, which is made hollow and filled with sand. The weight rests on the sand until the operator desires the cards to rise, when, by moving a trigger at the foot of the pillar, he opens a valve, which allows the sand to trickle slowly down into a cavity in the base; and the weight, being thus deprived of its support, gradually sinks down, and pulls the thread. (The pillar in this case is made about two feet high, as the weight must necessarily travel six times the length of a card.) Others again draw the thread by means of a clockwork arrangement in the table, or in the pillar itself, answering the same purpose as the sand and weights. The arrangement which I myself prefer, where practicable, is to have the thread drawn by an assistant, who may be either placed behind a screen, or may even stand in full view of the audience, so long as he is at some little distance from the table. The silk thread is quite invisible, if only you have a tolerably dark background. The only portion of the thread as to which you need feel any anxiety, is that immediately connected with the cards. To conceal this, it is well, if you use a special conjuring-table, to have a small hole bored in the top, through which the thread may pass. The card-stand being placed imme-

diately in front of this hole, the thread will pass perpendicularly downward for the first portion of its length, and will thus be concealed behind the pillar. In default of a hole, a ring of bent wire attached to the table will answer the same purpose. The great advantage of having the thread pulled by a living person instead of a mechanical power is, that you can take your own time in the performance of the trick, whereas, if you use a weight or clockwork, there is always a danger of a card beginning to rise before you have called for it, or possibly not rising at all—either contingency being rather embarrassing.

In the latest and best form of the trick, the second compartment of the case is dispensed with, and the apparatus may be handed round for examination both before and after the trick. In this case three cards are forced, and returned as already mentioned; but the performer, as he reaches his table, adroitly exchanges the forcing-pack for another already prepared, and placed on the *servante* if a regular conjuring-table is used, or, if not, concealed behind some object on the table. This pack is arranged as follows: The last six cards are arranged with the thread travelling in and out between them, exactly as the six cards were in the hinder compartment in the older form of the trick. A knot is made in the silk thread, which is hitched into a notch an eighth of an inch deep, made in the lower edge of the *sixth* card. The knot prevents the thread from slipping, but does not interfere with its being instantaneously detached, when, the trick being over, you hand the whole apparatus, cards and all, to be examined.

Some performers use no stand or pillar for the card-case, but fix it by a short plug left projecting for that purpose on its under side, in a decanter of water on the table. Some, again, in order to destroy all apparent possibility of mechanical aid, fasten it on the top of a common broom-stick fixed in the floor of the stage, and broken over the performer's knee at the conclusion of the trick. To my own taste, the trick is best performed without any special card-case whatever, the pack being placed in an ordinary glass goblet with upright sides, first handed round to the audience for inspection. It is here absolutely self-evident that the glass can give no mechanical assistance, and, as the audience know nothing of the exchange of the packs, the immediate rising of the cards at the word of command appears little short of miraculous.

It only remains to explain the *modus operandi* of the little variations before alluded to. The offended dignity of the queen, declining to appear when summoned in too cavalier a manner, is accounted for by the fact that the performer or his assistant refrains from pulling the thread until the offender has adopted a more respectful tone. The phenomenon of the knave first appearing heels foremost, and then invisibly turning himself right end uppermost, is produced by the use of two knaves, the first (*i.e.*, hindermost) being placed upside down, and the second (with an indifferent card between) in its proper position. When the performer pushes the first knave down again, with a request that it will rise in a more becoming attitude, he does not push it down, as he appears to do, in the same place which it originally occupied, but slips it down among the loose cards forming the front of the pack, thus getting it out of the way, and allowing the thread to act on the second knave. It is hardly necessary to observe that for producing the desired effect the cards must be of the old-fashioned single-headed pattern. The alternate ascent and descent of a given card is produced by using a card at whose lower edge, between the back and front of the card, is inserted a very thin plate of lead. The card thus weighted sinks down of itself as soon as the pressure of the thread is relaxed, and may be thus made to rise and fall alternately, as often as the operator chooses, and, finally, by a quick, sharp jerk, to jump right out of the pack.

Another very telling incident is the transformation of an eight to a seven, or a

seven to a six. A seven of spades, say, has been one of the drawn cards, but when it is summoned an eight of spades appears. The performer apologizes for the mistake, and giving the card a touch of his wand, shows it instantly transformed to a seven. This is effected by sticking (with a little bees-wax) a loose spade pip on an ordinary seven of spades. The performer takes out the supposed eight with one hand, and thence transfers it to the other. In so doing, he draws off, with the hand which first held the card, the loose pip, and holding the card face downwards, touches it with the wand, and shows that it has apparently changed to the card drawn.



FIG. 43.

There is a mode of performing the trick of the rising cards entirely without apparatus, and without the necessity of forcing particular cards. The performer in this case invites a person to draw a card, and when it is returned makes the pass to bring it to the top of the pack. He then makes a false shuffle, leaving it on the top, and offers the pack to a second person to draw. When he has done so, and before he replaces the card, the performer makes the pass to bring the card first drawn to the middle, so that the second card is placed upon it, and then again makes the pass to bring both together to the top. The process may be repeated with a third card. The three cards are thus left at the top of the pack, that last drawn being the outermost. The performer now asks each person, beginning with the last who drew, to name his card, and holding the pack upright in his right hand, the thumb on one side and the third and fourth fingers on the other, with the face of the pack to the audience (*see* Fig. 43), he causes the cards to rise one by one by pushing them up from the back by an alternate movement of the first and second finger (which should previously be slightly moistened). If the face of the cards is held fairly to the spectators, it will be impossible for them to discover that the cards do not rise from the middle of the pack.

I have been more prolix than I could have desired in the description of this trick, but I could hardly have been shorter without omitting some detail, and these minute particulars are the very soul of conjuring. The experience of Horace, "*Brevis esse laboro, obscurus fio,*" applies with peculiar force to the magic art; and if I occasionally irritate the reader of quick apprehension by too great minuteness, he must remember that I have, as far as I can, to anticipate every possible question, and that a single point left unexplained may render useless an otherwise careful description.

THE JUMPING CARD-BOX. TWO OR THREE CARDS HAVING BEEN DRAWN, RETURNED, AND SHUFFLED, TO MAKE THEM JUMP OUT OF THE PACK.

This trick is somewhat similar in working to that of the rising cards as performed in the hand, which I have just described. The course of the two tricks is precisely similar up to the point when, the two or three cards having been drawn and returned, you have got them all to the top of the pack. Here however, the resemblance ceases. In the present case you drop the whole pack into an open-mouthed box, made for that purpose, and announce that, although the chosen cards have been replaced in different parts of the pack, and the whole have since

been thoroughly shuffled, you have only to blow upon them in order not merely to know them, but to separate them visibly from the rest of the pack. You blow upon the box accordingly, when the chosen cards instantly fly out of the pack, rising to a height of three or four feet, and fall on the table.

The secret of the trick, apart from the sleight of hand necessary to bring the chosen cards together at the top of the pack, lies in the box. It is in general appearance something like a miniature pedestal for a statue, but hollow, and open at the top, the

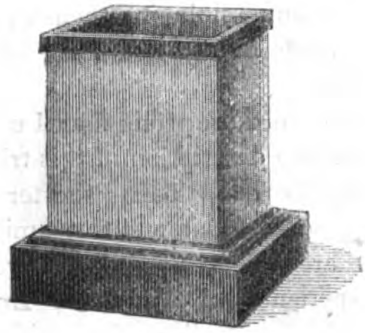

FIG. 44.

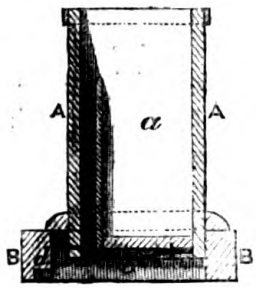


FIG. 45.

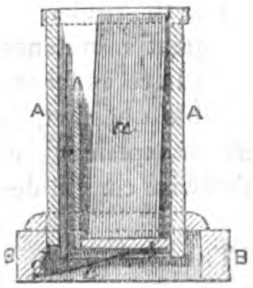


FIG. 46.

cavity being rather more than large enough to hold a pack of cards (*see* Fig. 44). It is divided longitudinally into two compartments, the foremost being large enough to hold a whole pack, the hindermost to hold only three or four cards, the partition between the two coming about half-way up the box. The bottom of the larger compartment is level with the top of the plinth, but the smaller is open to the whole depth, save that across it is a steel spring about half an inch in width. Fig. 45 represents a section of the apparatus; A being the upper part, of which *a* is the larger or front compartment, and *b* the smaller compartment at the back. B is the plinth. A is so constructed as to slide forwards on, or rather in, B, to the extent of about an eighth of an inch, but is prevented doing so, in the normal condition of the apparatus, by the spring *c*, which is screwed to the bottom of A, its free end pressing against the side of the plinth. If, however, the spring be pressed down from above so as to be below the level of the shoulder *d* (for which purpose a thin slip of wood is supplied with the apparatus), and A be at the same time pushed towards *d*, it will slide forward to the position indicated in Fig. 46, and the spring *c* will be held down beneath the shoulder *d*. This is the condition in which the apparatus is first exhibited to the audience. After turning it over to show that there are no cards already concealed in it, the performer places in it the pack, first, however, slipping his little finger between the chosen cards (which are on the top) and the rest of the pack, so as to enable him to drop the chosen cards into the smaller compartment at the back, where they rest upon the bent spring. (*See* Fig. 46.) Standing behind the box, and placing his hands around the plinth, as if to hold it steady, the fingers of each hand being in front and the thumb behind, he blows smartly upon the box, at the same moment pushing A forward with the thumbs to the position which it occupies in Fig. 45. The spring *c*, being drawn back with it beyond the shoulder *d*, is released, and instantly flies up to its old position, shooting out of the box the cards resting upon it.

This trick is sometimes, like that of the rising cards, worked with a forcing pack, duplicates of the forced cards being placed beforehand in the hinder compartment. This method, however, is very inferior to that above described, and would hardly be adopted by any performer who had acquired a competent knowledge of sleight of hand.

### TO MAKE A CARD STAND UPRIGHT BY ITSELF ON THE TABLE.

This is a little trick of hardly sufficient

importance to be performed by itself, but as an incident introduced, in the course of some more pretentious card-trick, produces a very good effect. A great deal of the sparkle of a conjuring entertainment depends upon the performer's readiness in what may be called "by-play," consisting of a number of minor tricks not supposed to form part of the settled programme, but merely introduced incidentally, and used, as it were, as a garnish to the more important feats. Thus, when a coin, an egg, or other small article is required for the purpose of a trick, the performer may, of course, fetch it openly from behind the scenes, or have it handed to him by his servant; but this is a commonplace proceeding. The higher class of performers prefer in such cases to produce the article from the hair or whiskers, or from the pocket of one of the audience; and in like manner, when the article has served its purpose, to make it vanish by some magic process rather than by the prosaic methods of every-day life. These little incidents serve to keep the audience on the *qui vive*, as they have constantly to be on the watch against a surprise, and they further assist materially in keeping up the *continuity* of an entertainment. In a thoroughly good performance, the audience should have no time to think; but should be led direct from the last feat to the contemplation of a new wonder.

The trick I am about to describe is of the class above alluded to. In the course of one or other of your card tricks, you have or make occasion to ask some person to go and place a given card on the table, or to examine a card already placed there. He does so, and is about to return to his place; but you check him. "No, sir, that won't do. I want everybody to see what card it is. Will you be good enough to stand it up on end, with its face to the company, so that everybody can see it." He looks foolish, and finally says that he can't do it. "Not do it?" you reply. "My dear sir, it's the simplest thing in the world. Allow *me*;" and taking the card from him, you place it upright on the table, and leave it standing without any visible support. Taking it up again, you hand it round to show that there is no preparation about it, and on receiving it back, again stand it upright, but with the other end upwards; or, if challenged, allow the audience themselves to choose a card, which you cause to stand up with equal facility.

The secret of the trick lies in a very small and simple piece of apparatus, being, in fact, merely a strip of tin or sheet brass, an inch and a half in length and five-eighths of an inch in width, bent at a shade less than a right angle—say 85°; its shorter arm being one-third of its length. On the outer surface of the longer arm is spread a



FIG. 47.

thin layer of beeswax (made more adhesive by the addition of a small portion of Venice turpentine), and to the inner surface of the shorter arm is soldered a small piece of lead, about an eighth of an inch thick. When you desire to perform the trick, you have this little appliance concealed in your right hand, the longer arm between the first and second fingers, and the shorter arm pointing towards the little finger. Picking up the card with the left hand, you transfer it to the right, taking hold of it in such manner that the fingers shall be behind and the thumb in front of the card. As you place the card on the table (which, by the way,

must be covered with a cloth), you press against it (*see* Fig. 47) the waxed side of the slip of tin, which will slightly adhere to it, and thus form a prop or foot for the card, the little lump of lead acting as a counterpoise against the weight of the card. You pick it up with the same hand, and as you transfer it to the other you will find no difficulty in removing, and secreting between the fingers, the little prop. If your wax is properly amalgamated, it should leave no mark on the card.

### Changing Card-boxes, and tricks performed with them.

The changing card-box in its simplest form is a small flat box in walnut or mahogany.

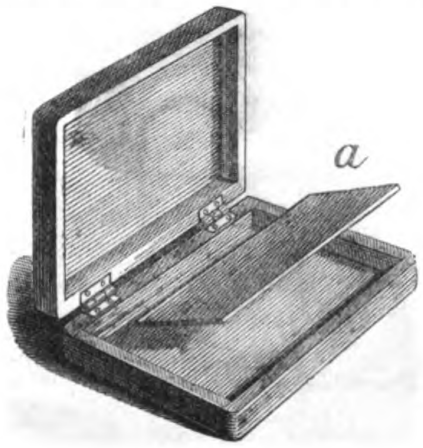


Fig. 48.

(*See* Fig. 48). Its outside measurement is four inches by three, and not quite an inch deep. Inside, it is just large enough to admit an ordinary-sized playing card. The upper and lower portions of the box, which are connected by hinges, are exactly alike in depth, and each is polished externally, so that the box, which when open lies flat like a book, may be closed either way up; and that either portion may, according as it is placed, become box or lid in turn. Thus, by using a card which, unknown to the audience, has two faces—*e.g.*, is an ace of hearts on the one side and an ace of spades on the other—and placing such card in one side of the open box, you have only to close the box with that side uppermost, or to turn over the box as you place it on the table, to apparently transform the card just shown into a different one. There is nothing in the appearance of the box to indicate that it has been turned, so to speak, wrong side up, and a very little practice will enable you to turn the box, as you place it on the table, without attracting observation.

There is a further appliance in connection with the box in question, which, however, may be used with or without it, as may best suit the trick you have in hand. This is a thin slab, *a*, of the same wood of which the interior of the box is made, of the thickness of cardboard, and of such a size as to fit closely, though not tightly, in either half of the box. When so placed, it has the appearance of the inside top or bottom of the box. When the box is closed in such manner that the part in which this slab is placed becomes uppermost, it falls into the lower portion, thus forming, in fact, a false bottom to whichever side happens to be undermost. If a card (say the ace of hearts) be secretly placed in either side of the box, and this slab placed on it, the box will appear empty. If now another card (say the knave of spades) be openly placed in either side, and the box closed in such manner that the portion containing the false bottom is undermost, no change will take place; but if, either in closing the box or subsequently, it is so placed that the side containing the false bottom becomes uppermost, the false bottom will at once drop into the opposite division, and on re-opening the box the ace of hearts will be revealed, and the knave of spades will in its turn be concealed by the false bottom. The effect to the spectators is as if the knave of spades had changed into the ace of hearts.

These card-boxes are frequently worked in pairs, as follows: The boxes are prepared by placing a different card secretly in each, say an ace of hearts in the one and a knave of spades in the other. The performer brings them forward to the company, each hanging wide open, and held by one corner only, with the first and second finger inside, and the thumb outside the

box, taking care, however, to hold each by the side containing the false bottom, which is thus kept in position by the pressure of the fingers. So held, the boxes appear absolutely empty. Having drawn attention to the entire absence of any preparation, the performer lays them open upon the table, and, taking up a pack of cards, requests two of the company each to draw one. They, of course, imagine that they are making a free choice, but in reality he forces (either by sleight of hand or by means of a forcing pack) the ace of hearts and the knave of spades. Again bringing forward the two boxes, he requests each person to place his card in one of them, taking care so to arrange that the person who has drawn the ace of hearts shall place it in the box already containing the concealed knave of spades, and *vice versâ*. Closing each box with the portion containing the false bottom uppermost, he now announces that at his command the cards will change places, which, on re-opening the boxes, they appear to have done. By again turning over the boxes, they may be made to return to their original quarters.

Numerous other good tricks may be performed with the aid of these boxes, which should form part of the collection of every conjuror. By placing a given card beforehand beneath the false bottom, and forcing a like card, you may allow the card drawn to be torn into twenty pieces, and yet, by placing the fragments in the box, or firing them at it from a pistol, restore the card instantly, as at first. In like manner, you may cause a given card to be found in the apparently empty box, or may cause a card openly placed therein to vanish altogether. The changing-box is also sometimes employed by those who are not proficient in sleight of hand, as a substitute for forcing, in the following manner: The performer requests some person to draw a card, and, without looking at it, to place it in the box for supposed safe keeping. The box is presently opened by the same or some other person, who is requested to note what the card is. He does so, believing the card to be that which was drawn, and which he had just before seen placed in the box, whereas the card he now examines is in reality one concealed beforehand in the box by the performer to suit his purpose, the card drawn being in its turn hidden by the false bottom.

## PUZZLES.

*Square Words.*

1.

One high in the land. A tyrant.
A notion. Where he should be.

2.

Light. Also.
High. A capital.

3.

A flower. We have toothed edges.
A stone. Besides.

4.

A cabbage. A metal.
Open. An animal.

5.

Report. Disposition.
Soon. Extremities.

6.

An English possession.
A Scotch loch.
Severe.
An island in the Mediterranean.
A disk.

7.

Part of an animal. A girl's name.
An instrument. A measure.

8.

An animal. A place of safety for ships.
Not long after. What every ship has.

*Proverbs.*

9.

Aaaa, d, eeee, g, h, ii, k, ll, m, n, o, sss, tt, u, w.

10.

Aaaa, d, ee, f, gg, h, i, n, ooo, ssss, t, u.

11.

A, d, eee, i, ll, n, p, rr, ss, tt, u, w.

12.

A, bb, d, eee, ii, k, n, p, ss, tt, uu, y.

13.

Cc, dd, eeee, h, i, m, n, ooo, rrr, ss, ttt, u.

14.

B, dd, eee, ff, iii, n, o, rr, ss, tt, u, w.

*Transpositions.*

15. Who'll use de gin?
16. Pool's day-trip to Erin.
17. Long quiet man.
18. "A tiny cup," replied R.
19. I notice a hut at N.
20. I can't stand Lent, ser.
21. Is my prince thin? Lo! I be.
22. Queer tastes.
23. Apt to err, Uri.
24. Howling names.

*Cryptographical Books.*

25.

Eoz nosgom mu ago nmgen noeatoltem ltntegej.

26.

16, 2, 2, 18, 5, 18, 6, 9, 5, 6, 11, 6, 9, 16, 19, 23, 3, 16, 2, 11, 1, 3, 9, 16, 8, 4, 16, 8, 18, 8, 11, 3, 12, 8, 6, 11, 18, 6, 8, 6, 9, 3, 26, 1, 18, 7, 18, 11, 18, 16, 8.

27.

Yrh eceyohh trrd rc hheycahe eceshe sop cocheye.

28.

I am a word of seven letters, and am frequently seen in books expressed by a sign.

My 2, 1, 1, 7 is much used in schools.
My 6, 1, 4, 3 is part of the foot.
My 5, 6 is part of the verb "to be."

29.

J ume r vjeem pseerlm ljgv,
Fkm brf mjlke ymrgf svo, fkm frjo;
Kmg krjg brf ejkpw bjek urty r pdgv,
Ekre pvdfemgmo gsdto kmg kmro:
Fkm kro r gdfejp bssovrto rjg.
Rto fkm brf bjvovy pvro;
Kmg mymf bmgm nrjg, rto cmgy nrjg,
Kmg qmrdey urom um lvro.

*Towns.*

30. Male animals and an entrance.
31. To stop and a weight.
32. An earth and a foreign title.
33. Keenness and an article for sale.
34. To cut into small pieces, a place of confinement, and the hip.
35. A tree, a part of a plant, and a weight.
36. A forest and to cross a river.

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## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

*On pp.* 303, 304.

1. Peach. Apple.
2. Date. 3. Grape. 4. Raisin.
5. Nut. 6. Pear. 7. Medlar.
8. Peach. 9. Apple. 10. Orange.
11. Metaphysician. 12. Theodolite.
13. Mountaineer. 14. Pyramidical.
15. Gargoyle. 16. Sardonyx.
17. Newburn. 18. Lucknow.
19. Towton. 20. Sevenoaks.
21. Kinsale. 22. Acre.
23. Evesham. 24. Stirling.
25. Harfleur. 26. Prague.
27. Waterloo. 28. Saragossa.
29. Robert Christopher Tinley, Nottinghamshire.
30. Joseph Rowbotham, Yorkshire.
31. Martin MacIntyre, Nottinghamshire.
32. Mr. Gilbert Grace, Gloucestershire.
33. Mr. Ashley Walker, Yorkshire.
34. Samuel Biddulph, Nottinghamshire.



31. GOING IN FOR HONOURS.

# GOING IN FOR HONOURS.

BY BARBARA SEMPLE.

The kitchen of Sedgebrook farm-house was a large and very comfortable one, with its nicely-sanded floor, and its broad though not lofty window, through the small lozenge-shaped panes of which could be seen a field of golden-eared wheat waving gently in the warm August wind. Hams and flitches of bacon were hanging from the ceiling of this apartment, and among them were visible several strings of onions. On the polished oaken dresser, kept scrupulously clean like everything else in the house, were displayed row upon row of gay-patterned basons, and on the upper shelves an unusual quantity of bright-coloured crockery. An ancient clock in a dark mahogany case of great length, and a capacious arm-chair at least a century old, were respectively placed on each side of the wide and snow-white hearth; while in a corner stood that relic of the industry of our grandmothers—a spinning-wheel. Above the overhanging mantelpiece was a double-barrelled gun, and not far from it was suspended a fishing-rod and basket. Seated at the open casement William Martin, a young farmer, was smiling pleasantly, as he snapped the case of his watch for the amusement of his little daughter of two years old, whom he held on his knee. Busy with needlework, but looking up occasionally to contemplate with loving looks the child, sat Mrs. Martin, at whose feet was a little boy of four, who had possessed himself of a pair of scissors, and was industriously cutting to pieces one of his mother's paper patterns. Apart from this group was a youth of nineteen, poring over a book with an absorbed air, and occasionally writing on a sheet of paper before him.

"Give up th' books for this evening, James, and come and take a walk with me," said William, at last putting down the child from his knee; "you'll injure your health if you read so close. Why, bless me, thou'st been at it I reckon ever since early morning."

James raised his head and leant back on his chair with a look of fatigue. "I have only worked twelve hours," he replied. "The integral calculus is not easily mastered, I can assure you."

"Enough, I say. Thy back's stiff, I see, with stooping, and as for thy head, I dunnow how it must be."

"Yes, go, James; a stroll in the fresh air will do you no end of good," said Mrs. Martin.

Thus entreated, James reluctantly closed his book and accompanied his brother on his way to the fields. The elder was a tall, well-built man, whose ruddy face was much sunburnt, and whose gait had the slouch peculiar to the followers of the plough. But his small blue eyes, and indeed his whole countenance, showed intelligence as well as amiability. A total contrast to his brother was James, with his dark complexion and large black eyes. Ability of a certain kind, indeed, his features indicated; but the face was hard and cold, as if the entire force of his nature had been directed into one narrow channel.

The brothers went down a road bordered with lime trees, on the left of which was a picturesque ravine clothed with natural wood. The agreeable murmur of flowing water proceeded from a narrow stream which, tumbling over the rocks, formed a pleasing succession of cascades, while the upward shower of spray watered the birch tree growing on the brink. Wild roses, ferns, and foxglove grew in delightful luxuriance, and the air was scented with honeysuckle, which might frequently be seen winding its tendrils round the trees. At all these things William looked with a keen sense of enjoyment; but James fixed his eyes on the ground, and saw nothing of them.

"And so this here old castle was built eight hundred years ago," said William, meditating when they came to a certain spot.

James looked up, and found they were standing opposite a ruin which occupied the middle of a field.

"Yes; about that time it was built, I believe," returned the other indifferently.

"People advise me to knock it down, as it only cumbers the ground. They say I lose a good many bushels of grain every year by it; but I don't like to pull down th' old castle for all that. Eight hundred years ago," repeated William, dreamily. "They had a good notion of building in those days, I reckon; but they didn't know much about farming. Now one would think th' cultivation o' th' land would have been th' very first thing that a people would give their attention to. But I maun't forget they had to build strong castles for defence—being so much at war with one another as folks were in former times; and so I reckon they gave their minds to architecture on that account. Then mayhap they hunted and trusted more to their bows and arrows for a living than to th' plough. Now, James, I could take an interest in reading about those old times; but that kind of learning of yours is a mystery to me."

"I suppose so," said the other, carelessly.

"Your mind 's full of nout but curves and angles, that's plain to me; so I reckon you doant know whether you're in th' turnip field or th' meadow, in August or in December. A fine thing, no doubt, that mathematics of yours would be to work at, if a man were imprisoned for life. I would recommend it too to every one that has the misfortune to have a scolding wife; for it seems a grand thing for producing insensibility to outward affairs. But on t'other hand I'd be sorry to be so much engrossed with triangles as to be blind to such a sight as that," said William, pointing to the western horizon, where the declining sun had now bathed the fleecy clouds in a flood of golden light, leaving the unflecked dome above them of an exquisite pale blue, deepening to the colour of the darkest turquoise as the eye wandered towards the east.

"But what should we know of the heavens you are staring at with so much admiration without the aid of mathematics. Should we be able to foretell that the sun now disappearing will at five minutes past midday to-morrow be eclipsed? Should we have been able to measure the distance of the earth from the sun?"

"You doant mean to say anybody living can do that?" asked William, incredulously.

"Undoubtedly, otherwise the discovery wouldn't have been made, only the other day, that the sun is three millions of miles nearer to us than was made out by previous calculations."

"But how can they tell, lad, how can they tell?"

"By means of that science which contemplates whatever is capable of being numbered or measured."

"Anyhow it's not done by angles?"

"That's just how it *is* done," answered James, complacently.

"Then it's very wonderful, and I'm not surprised thou art so fond of mathematics. I'd like to know something about it myself," said the other, thoughtfully.

They were both silent for some moments, and then James exclaimed, "I wish I could go to Cambridge, William. Our curate says I ought to go."

"To Cambridge!" repeated the elder in surprise, for he looked upon the university to which he knew his brother referred when he mentioned the town as a place for the sons of rich men, and not for such as James.

"Yes; I want to go to Cambridge, and then I shall get on."

"It would take a good bit of money to keep thee there, lad," remarked William, gravely.

"I know it would," said the other, despondently. "But if I gained at the outset a scholarship of say £50 a year, that would lessen the expense a little."

"Of course you know I would provide the money if I had it, James; but I have been a deal out of pocket this last year."

"Ye—es. Then, again, I should not be satisfied with merely graduating, but should go in for the mathematical tripos, in which, you may depend upon it, I should gain something more than the wooden spoon."

"Mathematical tripos! I dunno what that is, nor what you mean by getting a wooden spoon."

"Oh, the tripos consists of wranglers, senior ops and junior ops. The worst of the junior ops gets a wooden spoon. For my part, I should aim at being senior wrangler; and you take my word, William, that I shouldn't fall far short of it if I got a chance. Then you know, if I took high honours, I should be pretty sure of a fellowship worth about three hundred a year."

"Wouldst thou really?" said William, opening his eyes very wide; but a moment after he shook his head, saying, "Well, I'm sorry that I can't give th' money necessary —very sorry, my lad."

So they turned, and in silence pursued the way homewards until they came near the farmhouse, when William stopped to call his brother's attention to the field of wheat, remarking, with a look of satisfaction—

"There's not a nicer lot in th' parish than that. See how tall and regular th' stalks are, and how full their heads! But you don't care a bit about it, I see. You want to get back to your angles."

"Well, I do. I never cared much for farming," said the other, with a contemptuous curl of his lip, as he turned away. A field of wheat was too commonplace an object in his eyes to be worthy of an instant's thought.

"You might like to look at a corn-field without being very fond of farming, James. There's beauty in everything that grows, *I* think—even in the weeds; but when I see th' yellow corn—people's bread—ready for th' sickle, why, it is as good as hearing a sermon."

James did not vouchsafe any reply to this observation, and, when they re-entered the house, he resumed his book and pen with an avidity which showed that he had grudged the time spent in his short walk. He did not relinquish his studies till long after the old eight-day clock had sounded midnight.

The following day, William thought a great deal about James's desire to go to Cambridge, and the more he considered the matter the more clearly convinced he was that it would be his duty to do his utmost to aid his brother in the gratification of this very laudable wish. But how to find money for the purpose was the difficulty. Since the farm had fallen, at the death of his father, into the hands of William, he had spent a great deal of money in improvements and in the purchase of machinery, the result of which was not, of course, immediately remunerative. Then he had drained a quantity of meadow land, and reclaimed a stony hill which had never before been tilled, and so rendered the property more valuable; but he had left himself, in the meanwhile, a good deal impoverished. It was not the mere prospect of gain which had influenced him. The farm of Sedgebrook had been tenanted by the Martins for three generations, and it was William's pride to make the most of a place endeared to him by family associations. Long lineage is not needed to make a man love the land on which his fathers have lived.

Months passed, and he had not discovered any method by which he could obtain means to send James to Cambridge, though the latter had prepared himself to compete for a scholarship in the following January, when a London newspaper lent by a neighbour was brought to the farm one evening Glancing carelessly over the advertisements, William Martin was attracted by an announcement to the effect that money was quickly lent by "a gentleman of large means," who made no inquiries, required no tangible security, and charged "merely nominal interest."

"James, my lad, thou shalt go to Cambridge; I see how it can be managed now," he said, looking up from the newspaper to his brother. "I'll borrow th' money, and,

what's more, I'll give him security, though he doant seem to mind about that. Thou'rt cut out for a life of learning; that's clear enough, and thou must be letten to follow thy bent, and repay me when thou'st gotten th' fellowship."

"William, this *is* kind!" exclaimed James, his usually colourless face flushing with delight. For some moments he seemed dazzled with the brilliancy of the prospect before him. "Was he, indeed," he asked himself, "to be adopted by that Alma Mater of whom he had heard so much. With such a mother his humble birth would be forgotten, and he might look forward to mixing among the best in the land."

Having decided upon a course of action, William lost no time in carrying out his plans, and, after long and tedious negotiations, the "gentleman of large means," in consideration of giving a bill of sale on all William Martin's farm stock, agreed to lend the money at the "nominal" interest of just thirty per cent.

At last came the morning when James was to leave for Cambridge, in order to achieve the double object of gaining a scholarship and matriculating at one of the colleges. Mrs. Martin, at her own expense, had prepared his outfit. Though she had more than enough to do without such self-imposed labour; she made his shirts with her own hands, having first denied herself a new gown in order to purchase material for the purpose. She bought the best socks and handkerchiefs for him, remembering that he was now going to live, as she was sanguine enough to believe, among gentlemen, and might feel uncomfortable if his clothing were not so good as that of his fellow-students. So the new and well-filled portmanteau was put upon the dog-cart, and William, with a cheerful smile, gathered up the reins and took the driver's seat, while James shook hands with his sister-in-law.

The week that followed was an anxious one for the farmer of Sedgebrook; but at last came a letter from James, containing the welcome announcement that he had gained the scholarship, and would matriculate shortly. William Martin, who had only waited to be assured of his brother's success before concluding his arrangements with "the gentleman of large means," now lost no time in borrowing the money, which he undertook to pay in three yearly instalments.

Not many months after, the rinderpest made its appearance in England, and the cattle of William Martin were among the first to suffer from its ravages. So severe were his losses in this respect, that, when the time came to pay the first instalment of the money borrowed, he found that he had barely means to pay the rent of the farm. James was at home at this time, but was on the eve of leaving to keep the Lent term at the university, and had just finished packing his clothes and books when his brother entered the room.

"I suppose thou'lt be glad to get back again to th' varsity?" said William, in a tone of sadness.

"Oh, yes, I feel quite at home there now," replied James, with a short laugh.

"Wouldn't give it up now on any account, I reckon?"

"Give it up!" echoed James. "I should think not, indeed. Rousing says I am going on famously."

"Ah! that's thy private tutor?"

"Yes; and he has brought out more senior wranglers than any man there."

"Well, I can't find in my heart to disappoint thee, so I must let thee go. I had a sort of notion of asking for the remainder of that money I gave thee. Hast got it all safe?"

"Yes, at a bank in Cambridge; but surely you wouldn't"——James stopped, became paler than usual, and sat down on the side of the bed,

"No, no; keep it, lad, and I'll struggle on somehow," said the farmer, as he turned and left the room.

That night a letter was despatched to Mr. Craven, the money-lender, explaining the nature of the losses that William Martin had sustained, and begging for a renewal of the bill about to fall due. For some days

no reply was received. In the meantime the bill was presented, and not being paid, Mr. Craven unexpectedly made his appearance one morning at the farm. At first he showed the strongest disinclination to grant any further extension of time, on the ground that the farm stock was much depreciated in value by the losses among the cattle, but at length he consented to renew the bill at an extra and ruinous rate of interest, taking care, also, to make William Martin pay all the expenses consequent upon the visit. Two bad harvests added to the difficulties which beset the unfortunate farmer, and again he was compelled to apply to Mr. Craven for an extension of the time for repayment of the loan, urging that the very high rate of interest charged gave to the borrower some claim to further forbearance; but Mr. Craven on this occasion was inexorable, and at length William Martin's farm stock passed out of his possession, and he was obliged to sell the lease of Sedgebrook in order to pay off his remaining liabilities. He then retired with his family to a very small cottage in the neighbourhood, and as the time was now at hand when James would go up for his final examination, the elder brother refrained from making known his actual position, from the fear of distressing the young man, and so lessening his chance of success. It is true that William had written to his brother, informing him that the money-lender had by no means proved the benevolent individual that his advertisements would lead the unwary to suppose; but this letter, in a seemingly cheerful vein, wound up with, "You never mind me, lad, I shall be right enough in time. Stick to th' angles, and come home with that fellowship."

The family from Sedgebrook had occupied their new abode about three weeks, when the village postman was seen endeavouring to unfasten the crazy wooden gate leading to the little patch of ground in front of William Martin's poor cottage. The eldest boy hastened out, and came bounding back to his father with a letter. It was from James, and contained the welcome intelligence, read aloud to those present, that he had obtained the place of bracketed third wrangler in the list, the highest distinction that any man in their small college had achieved for nearly twenty years past.

"Trinity and John's produce the highest wranglers year after year," wrote James, in continuation, "simply because they have a far greater number of students than most of the other colleges, and therefore have a greater number of chances. However, I have every reason to be satisfied with the result, for a fellowship in my college has just become vacant, and there is no doubt that I shall get it. They wish me, it is true, to take holy orders, but I have declined, for I have made up my mind to go to the bar. In all probability I shall have to visit Ely during the ensuing month, in order to get the necessary dispensation from the Bishop; and then I shall have £320 a year, and nothing whatever to do for it. Meantime, I shall remain here, and give myself the rest that I certainly require. After all, you see there is a good deal in the 'angles and curves' that you used to ridicule."

"Well, well," said William Martin, in a voice somewhat husky from emotion, "this letter cheers me up a bit. I was beginning to fear, Mary, that I had been playing the fool, and getting myself into difficulties for nowt."

"Is there nothing more in the letter?" asked Mrs. Martin, quietly.

"Why, what else should there be?" demanded her husband, with a look of surprise. "He has gotten no money yet that he can send us."

"Oh, I don't mean that; I thought he had, perhaps, asked about the children or some of us. It's a long while since we had a letter before this."

For a moment William looked rather disconcerted, but then he briskly folded up the letter, and said, with a cheerful smile—

"Don't thee mind that; he'll ask after us all the next time he writes."

A whole year passed by, however, and during that period only one short note came

from James, announcing that he had obtained his fellowship, and was now residing in London. In fact, it became evident that he wished to cease all correspondence with his brother.

At length William Martin obtained a situation as under-bailiff on the estate called Fordham, some seventy miles distant, and thither he removed with his family. Of late the name of the ungrateful James had been rarely mentioned by his brother; and the children as well as their mother soon became aware that any allusion to him on their part brought an angry frown to the face of William Martin. It was not, therefore, till they had been nearly two years living in the village adjoining the Fordham estate that Mrs. Martin ventured to introduce the forbidden topic. Her husband's health too had been failing of late, so she took the opportunity one day, when he was too ill to attend to his work, to suggest that he should write to James Martin.

"Why should I write to him? He's ashamed to acknowledge me, and I'm ashamed to acknowledge *him*," was the angry reply. "That's what he calls going in for honours, I reckon."

"At least you should let him know your present address," urged Mrs. Martin, gently.

"He could easily get to know it if he had a mind," said William, bitterly. "Folk at Sedgebrook know where I am well enough."

"Of course it's hard to be obliged to ask for what ought to be given without the asking," said Mrs. Martin, "but situated as we are there's no help for it that I can see. If you had your health it would be a different thing."

"He'll never repay me what I've spent on him, make thy mind up to that; and as to my health," he went on in a softer voice, "I shall be all right again when I've taken th' doctor's stuff he is going to send me."

But William Martin grew worse, and a long illness followed, during which the pittance that he had hitherto earned failed him, and the Martins were reduced to direst poverty. Under these circumstances the rent of the cottage remained unpaid for many months; but it was not until William had sufficiently recovered to crawl about for a short distance in the road adjoining his dwelling that the agent became importunate and sent a message threatening to distrain upon the furniture that had been brought from Sedgebrook.

The following day, Bob, the eldest boy, came in and said, "Mother, they want you to go up to the big house this afternoon. Mrs. Talley, the cook, says there's a lot of visitors coming, and as you're such a good hand at making pastry, she wants you to help her. Oh, wouldn't I like to be you, mother, among all that pastry," added the boy, with a hungry look towards a basin of thin soup that his father had just begun to sip.

Mrs. Martin's face brightened at this intelligence, for she saw in it the certainty of earning a few shillings. She hastened to put on her well-worn bonnet and shawl, and was soon on her way to Fordham Hall. When she arrived there, a carriage was standing at the main entrance, and a gentleman, whose face she did not see, was assisting a lady to alight. Passing round to the back of the mansion Mrs. Martin soon found herself in the presence of Mrs. Talley, a very short woman, of whom it was said by the servants that she never ceased talking except when she was asleep, and that even then she was by no means silent. When Mrs. Talley had exhausted the subject of William Martin's illness, and prescribed a course of diet which included half a pint of port daily, an unlimited quantity of calves' feet jelly, and a constant supply of game, she proceeded, without a pause, to enumerate the guests who had that day arrived, and confidentially informed her auditor that the coachman, who had returned from London the day before, was of opinion that Miss Wingfield, or as she called her, "our young lady," would shortly be married to a gentleman who was expected to arrive that very afternoon. Then Mrs. Talley, who had been all the while en-

gaged in culinary preparations, gave certain directions to her temporary assistant, and went on to expatiate on the beauty of a new silk dress which she was getting made.

So the time went on until the hour came for serving dinner, when Mrs. Talley, looking very hot and tired, threw herself into a chair, and begged Mrs. Martin to bring down her slippers.

"You've been in my room before, so you know the way."

"Only once," said Mrs. Martin, hesitatingly.

"Well, up the stairs at the end of the passage, then turn to the left, and cross the hall to the servants' staircase opposite. My room is on the first landing."

Away went Mrs. Martin, though not without misgivings as to the probability of her taking the right direction. She reached the hall, however, and was already half way across it when she observed that there was a door opposite instead of a staircase. A footman stood at the bottom of the chief staircase, and to him she determined to apply for guidance. She had not advanced many paces before the sound of voices met her ear, and two gentlemen, one of them with a lady on his arm, suddenly came in view and approached towards her. The footman waved his hand as a warning for her to stand aside, but she did not notice the gesture, for her eyes were fixed in mingled doubt and wonder on one of the approaching gentlemen.

"James Martin, is that you?" were the words that broke from her lips ere she had time for reflection. The man she had thus addressed did not start, people never do under such circumstances, but a death-like paleness overspread his face, and he seemed inclined to pass her without any reply.

"Eh, what, Martin! Why, who is this?" asked the elder gentleman of the two, as he fixed a double eye-glass on his nose, and stared at the stranger.

"I have been engaged to help the cook to-day," stammered Mrs. Martin, and her eyes filled with tears.

"This good woman and I are old acquaintances, Mr. Wingfield," said James Martin, with a sickly smile. "However, I must take an opportunity of speaking to her on another occasion."

The face of Mrs. Martin flushed as she heard herself thus alluded to, and in a reproachful tone she answered, "I think I am something more than an old acquaintance, James."

"Something more than an acquaintance, eh?" echoed Mr. Wingfield, glancing uneasily at his daughter. "Perhaps you are a distant relation? By George, I was a poor man myself at one time, and had a good many poor relations too, but I have provided for most of them, that's one comfort; and another is, that I never was ashamed of them."

"Do you reside in this neighbourhood?" inquired Miss Wingfield, a tall, handsome girl of eighteen.

"I live in the village with my husband, William Martin."

"Well, we had better defer any further explanation till after dinner," remarked Mr. Wingfield coldly, and then they passed into the dining-room, leaving Mrs. Martin to find her way to the cook's room, and in due time back to her home. In the interval she had decided not to mention what had taken place to her husband, but had resolved to write to James Martin on the following morning, and wait the result.

In pursuance of this design, she had no sooner cleared away the remains of their scanty breakfast, and made William comfortable in his favourite high-backed chair, than she prepared to ascend to the room above, where Bob was waiting to be her messenger. A knock at the door arrested her steps. "Was it really James who had come to see them at last?" she asked herself with a beating heart.

Little Polly opened the door, and two shabbily dressed men unceremoniously entered. The object of their visit was soon told; they formally demanded the rent, and finding that there was no money to pay it, produced a paper and took possession of the furniture, which they speedily began to remove. They had not, however, proceeded

far with their work, when Mrs. Martin heard the voice of Mr. Wingfield outside, and a moment after he entered the cottage.* At his request the men desisted from their labours, and touching their hats waited without. Then he entered into conversation with William, and having gleaned something of the story of his misfortunes, he asked, turning to Mrs. Martin, "What relation are you to the gentleman with whom you saw me yesterday evening?"

"My husband is his brother," she answered.

"Do you mean to say James is in this neighbourhood?" inquired William, his lips nervously twitching.

"He is staying at my house."

"Then I'm sorry you don't keep better company," said William, bluntly.

"My husband means no offence to you, sir," Mrs. Martin hastened to say; and then she told Mr. Wingfield all the circumstances attendant upon James Martin's going to Cambridge.

"By Jove, a most ungrateful fellow. Why, he is now actuary and manager of one of the chief insurance companies—of which, by the way, I am myself a director. From that source alone he has twelve hundred a year, and yet he has never repaid you for the expense of his college career."

* See Illustration.

"Not a shilling," replied William Martin gloomily.

"But I am here to repay you now, William," said a voice, and James Martin advanced towards his brother with outstretched hand.

"Hum? very possibly," remarked Mr. Wingfield dryly. "I have forgotten a good deal of my Latin, but this saying dwells in my memory: *Bis est gratum quod opus est si ultro offeras.* In your case I am inclined to think, Mr. Martin, that but for the accidental meeting with your sister-in-law at my house, we should not have seen you here to-day, or indeed at all."

James Martin smoothed the nap of his glossy hat, and looked a good deal disconcerted.

"Well, there is no necessity for my remaining here any longer," continued Mr. Wingfield, as he gave his hand to William. "A meeting like this should not take place in the presence of a stranger. Before I go, however, let me say that when you are strong enough I shall find you a comfortable situation at Fordham. So much self-sacrifice ought to meet with some reward."

James Martin paid his brother ere many days passed; but he soon took his departure from the neighbourhood, and the marriage between him and Miss Wingfield did not take place. Indeed, he was never again invited to Fordham Hall.



# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter XXV.

The town of Chatillon was pluming itself cosily on its own grandeur, and lulling itself to sleep by the gentle murmur of its own praises periodically sung by the "Gleaner," when this calm self-complacency was suddenly awakened by a regular thunder-clap. France had declared war against Germany. Mr. Schirmer suddenly quitted Chatillon.

People had on many occasions spoken of the likelihood of war, but without any serious anticipations that war would really take place. What reasons had any one for thinking that it would not come to pass. None, if they did not wish for it; they hoped so, because they wanted to hope for it. Besides, although every one was expecting it, the news took every one by surprise. As if illuminated by the glare of some baneful light, merchants and the industrial classes saw through the commercial ruin; fathers and mothers thought of their children, and everybody, without distinction, began to contemplate the fearful dangers into which the whole country was about to be plunged.

So at Chatillon there was a period of stupor, during which each one was enabled to read his neighbour's thoughts openly. Then the French character re-asserted itself, and people got giddy with the intoxicating dream of success. The terrible disaster, which marked with deep red lines the commencement of the campaign, quenched even the most hopeful. From a war of attack, the French were obliged to assume the defensive, and wise men, who could not realize even the real terrors of the situation, could see that the country would have need of all her strength.

There were many sad defections—much distressing wavering; but at the same time much grand and simple devotion. Then people began to speak of a levy *en masse*.

Mrs. Golightly received information that her uncle was dying in England. Evidently her duty was to go and solace his last moments. Only, as she was quite unequal to perform the journey alone, she took her daughter with her, and her son also was forced to escort her. She gave out that she was very unwilling to leave, and that she would soon return; but it seemed as if the illness of the uncle was a very lingering one, for no one saw the Golightly family back again so long as the war lasted. Balliol, who was at the sea-side with his aunt, received a peremptory command from his uncle to remain there, which he did not venture to disobey. When winter set in, and the villas of Etretat became uncomfortable, Balliol's worthy aunt proceeded to Belgium, accompanied by her

faithful squire. Passers-by would often stop in Brussels' streets to gaze after a young Frenchman who was walking along so jauntily, while so many thousands of his countrymen were pouring out their life-blood on the battle-fields of France.

A sort of epidemic broke out amongst those young people who did not dare to leave Chatillon. Numbers adopted the "Geneva cross," wore a cap with a large peak, and displayed their buff boots in the streets with quite a business-like air.

For many days before this, Johnny had appeared melancholy and silent. He read the daily papers with a feverish impatience. He could not bear to remain quiet for a moment in the same place. He would rise suddenly, go to the window, and gaze into the street, but without seeing anything. His eyes wore a troubled expression, his heart was heavy. Whenever his eyes met those of his mother he seemed as if about to speak, but was unable to utter a sound. At length he could stand it no longer. One evening, with a *brusquerie* which was not habitual to him, and which was by no means a feature of his character, he went directly to his mother, and taking her hand, raised it passionately to his lips.

"I can stay here no longer," he said; "my place is yonder."

"Do your duty," replied his mother, with a firmness sadly belied by her trembling hands. Then clasping her son in her arms, she pressed him closely to her heart in a long embrace.



After a few seconds, Johnny raised his head, and looking at her inquiringly, said—

"What will my father think?"

"He will give his consent."

"And you have no objection?"

"Oh, my child!" cried Mrs. Ironsides.

Mr. Ironsides put forward many objections; his son was only nineteen, and the law had no claim upon him. If Johnny thought it better to go by way of setting a good example, let him go into the Commissariat, or the Army Hospital Corps, or become secretary to some general. In him the future of the house was centred, and it was very provoking that a lad so well born as he should want to go and be killed just like a common person.

"We must look at things as they are," replied Mrs. Ironsides. "At present there is not much of a 'future,' nor any prospect of one. Johnny knows his duty, and is resolved to do it. It is just because he is well-born and rich that he should set an example. Our workmen love their children equally as well as we do ours. How can we venture to suggest to them that their children should enlist if we keep our own safely at home? Besides, I have watched Johnny for some days; he is a very obedient and respectful boy, but I am not sure that he will obey us if we bid him do what he considers a cowardly action. Let us do our duty, and God will protect our child."

The very next day Johnny enlisted in a line regiment, the depot of which was only fifteen miles from Chatillon. As his uncle had early accustomed him to the use of arms, he was soon ready to join the regiment. He passed through Chatillon on his way thither. The three eldest sons of Mr. Lawrence followed his example, and were enrolled in the same regiment, and Johnny announced to their parents that in eight days the lads would come and spend a few hours with their family.



The dinner party in the Rue de Heaume was a very cheerful one. Johnny was very pleasant, and well became the humble uniform of a linesman. He was full of spirit and hope. His hair having been cut quite short, gave him the appearance of being even younger than he was. As for Justine, she could not withdraw her gaze from him all the time she remained in the dining-room.

When she went downstairs again, she repeated every little remark he had made to some gossips who had looked in to hear the news.

"Ah, if there were many like him," said the good woman, "we should soon put an end to this business; the captain has just said so."

"Brave men will always be brave men," said a stout old lady, who was seated beneath the chimney-piece; "they will always come to the front. Look at the Lawrences there. Three of them at once! Ah, my goodness! But what does madame say?"

"She devours him with her eyes, and makes an attempt to appear gay. But we know the facts. When he shall have gone away, she will shut herself up and weep. Mr. Ironsides is everywhere, and bites his lips as he goes about. The captain is quite melancholy too."

If Justine did not speak of Margaret, it was because she had left long ago to rejoin her husband at Brest, where he had some important works to complete.

On another occasion, Justine told how "Mr. Johnny" found the common food of the family superior to the regimental rations! how he had asked for a second helping of a dish which she had recommended to his notice!

"It is not merely for the sake of eating," she said, "for he says that the regimental cooking is good, and that he is accustomed to it. Just imagine, my dear, they each take the cooking in turn, and that he has been obliged to learn it too!"

"Is it possible?"

"He says that at first he did not succeed very well, but that now he understands it, he has actually got a reputation for his cookery amongst his comrades. He is a true soldier."

When the day of departure came, Mrs. Ironsides embraced her boy almost without weeping; but when he had gone she retired to her own room, and gave way completely. She kept thinking of all he had said, and every little tender word struck into her heart like a sword. Then images both sweet and sad seemed to surround her, from which she took no trouble to extricate herself.

She had shuddered at seeing him in uniform, as he then seemed more directly menaced by danger, and more liable to the suffering and devotion which was to shorten his life. His pale face recalled to her Martha's at the moment when she was about to take the veil.

In "battle scenes," when the painter wishes to excite our admiration, he even causes some young people to smile as Johnny may have done while in the act of contemplating the smoke of cannon and the glare of the flashes. When the painter, on the other hand, wishes to move our pity and cause us to hate war, he introduces also the pale lifeless corpses of some youthful soldiers. The young recruit has fallen; a smile imprinted on his dead cold face, stamped upon the clay by a last fleeting thought of those who are—alas! in vain—waiting his return to that once happy hearth he is destined never to behold again!

Mrs. Ironsides trembles as these fancies came and crowd around her in the long dark watches of the night. That young soldier of the painting whom she had oft beheld—was Johnny!

She had to summon all her force to enable her to repel these sombre images. With a terrible distinctness she saw him lying in the corner of some wood, alone, uncared for, his face turned upward to the stars, his last thoughts for his mother; and her heart quailed within her. Towards morning, however, she regained her self-possession, and when she descended to the breakfast-room she was pale, indeed, but composed.

"A good example," said Mr. Ironsides, as he unfolded his napkin with an ill-used air, "does not always bear fruit."

His wife looked up in surprise as he spoke.

"I have just returned from the manufactory," said Mr. Ironsides, "and I found there a crowd of great hulking fellows seated at their work and at their shuttles as if they had no idea that any fighting was going on, or that any young fellows had gone off, knapsack on shoulder, to the war!"

"But, dear, perhaps these lads are the support of their families. What can they do?"

"Johnny has already left us," replied Mr. Ironsides, with some vehemence, unconscious that his reasoning was scarcely correct.

Mrs. Ironsides took care not to take notice of this. She had for a long time desired to say something to her husband when a favourable occasion should arise. It now seemed to present itself.

"There is something that worries me," she began, "and I want to tell you about it. I understand nothing about business, so if I make mistakes you must correct me. It appears to me that the circumstances in which we all are placed give everybody some new duties. You will say, perhaps, that I am reasoning only like an ignorant woman. But can we not, for instance, undertake to continue to pay the families of those men in our employment who may go to the war. It will not be a very great loss to us, will it?"

"Well, my dear, it will be quite enough to lose; indeed, it will be a very great loss."

"I am sorry——"

"Don't regret what you have said; this may be, after all, the best thing to do. Yes, it is a capital idea. As we shall not be able



to lay in any new stock of wool, I see that, after a time, our factory must be closed. I tremble to think of what would become of our workmen then. Even now they are somewhat difficult to manage, and do a good many things which are scarcely credible. If we lost one-fourth of our men, the business might be prolonged till better days came. To gain time is something. As to the expense, it will be money well laid out. Unquestionably, that is a brilliant idea of yours. Will you oblige me by ringing the bell for Justine?"

Justine appeared in answer to the summons, and was bidden to tell Mr. Jolly to assemble all the workmen in the great courtyard as soon as they returned from dinner.

When Mr. Ironsides entered the courtyard, there was quite an excitement pervading the assembled company. Mr. Jolly had not been able to answer the questions put to him by the men respecting the object for which they had been summoned; and excited already by what was taking place, they gave way to the most alarming suggestions, and dispersed into noisy groups.

"My friends," said Mr. Ironsides, "listen to me, and attend seriously to what I say. You are aware how France is at this moment situated. She is in want of soldiers, and it is therefore the duty of every one who can

bear arms to go forth in defence of his country, now under invasion. Many amongst you are the sole support of your families, and if you have not already gone to battle, I am convinced it is because you do not wish to leave those dear to you in misery. Well, during your absence, I will take upon myself the care of your families."

There was a murmur of applause; then the groups re-formed, and the men appeared to be in consultation. At length, one of them came forward as spokesman, and was about to address Mr. Ironsides, when that gentleman made a sign with his hand to command silence.

"What I have said," he cried, "will apply equally to those who are bound by the conscription as to those who engage voluntarily."

"Long live Mr. Ironsides!" shouted the men.

"No, my friends—Long live France!"

The example thus set by Mr. Ironsides was followed by nearly all the manufacturers of Chatillon.

In the meantime, Mrs. Nay arrived from Brest to stay with her parents. Mr. Nay came up and entered the Auxiliary Engineering Corps. Theodore accompanied his master. As for Martha, her last letter was dated from Vendome.

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## Chapter XXVI.

So soon as he arrived at his regimental headquarters, Johnny experienced a disappointment respecting which he was careful to say nothing in his letter. He had left home full of enthusiasm to face any danger; and he at first only experienced tedium, and even felt some distaste for the life he led. He had believed in his ardour that he had but to say, "I will go and fight," to be marched straight at the foe. But the regiment received no such orders, and he was compelled, whether he would or not, to lead a garrison life while he chafed himself into a fever. When he expressed his wish to be engaged in a battle he was much astonished to perceive how some of his comrades shrugged their shoulders, and to hear them say that he would see that quite soon enough.

Some days after his arrival an ill-looking fellow, with eyes placed too close together, and whose nose curved over his moustaches with a sinister expression, took him aside and said—

"I say, Mr. Conscript, what's your name?"

"Johnny Ironsides," was the reply.

"Well, my name is Burnaby.

"Ah!" replied Johnny, for want of something better to say.

"Got any tin?" asked Burnaby squinting, with his ugly eyes close together.

"What tin?" inquired Johnny, in surprise.

"What tin! why, this tin." And the soldier imitated the action of passing money from one hand to the other.

Johnny smiled, and said that he certainly had some money.

"Then," said Burnaby, smiling till his moustaches extended half-way up to his eyes, "I am glad to hear that—you and I shall be friends. Do you understand? It is I, Burnaby, who am your friend, not the others. Don't you see, my dear fellow, that in the army they are generally a very bad lot?"

"Thank you," replied Johnny, "I shall profit by your hint."

"Wait for me after parade, we will take a walk together, and I will show you something of the town."

This suggestion was not very acceptable to Johnny, who would have much preferred to go alone than to associate with a companion of such very questionable appearance. But he reflected that it became him to show good fellowship, and that the squinting soldier after all was, perhaps, a brave fellow. So he overcame his repugnance.

Johnny soon discovered that of all the "monuments" in the city the soldier Burnaby was best acquainted with the taverns. At the "Green Monkey" the wine was sour; at the "Wheatsheaf" it was watered; at the "Quince" they mixed logwood with it. Johnny was amused with all this, when Burnaby, smacking his lips, said, "Ah! here it is delicious," and he took his companion's arm to lead him into the "Game-cock."

"Excuse me," said Johnny, "I am not thirsty."

"Not thirsty!" echoed Burnaby, with unfeigned surprise. "A soldier and not thirsty!"

"It is true, nevertheless," said Johnny.

Burnaby was taken aback for the moment.

"Bah," said he, "you can drink without being thirsty," and happy in his solution of the difficulty, he commenced to laugh boisterously.

"It is—" began Johnny, completely disconcerted. "It is because I have never been in the habit of frequenting public-houses."

Burnaby blushed. His nose seemed to curve quite over his moustache, and he squinted more horridly than ever. Johnny was much distressed at having wounded his comrade's feelings, and he made a lame attempt to explain, when Burnaby's visage cleared.

"Well then," he said, "lend me a franc."

Johnny insisted on his taking a five-franc piece, and, then quitting his new friend, he continued his walk by himself, leaving Burnaby in the clutches of the "Game-cock."

In the evening at roll-call Johnny was returning quietly towards the barracks, when he was hailed by a drunken voice at the corner of a by-street.

"I feel quite giddy," cried Burnaby, with all the seriousness of a drunkard, "give me your arm, my lad—come!"

Johnny was about to pass him in disgust, when a thought made him pause. The hour was late, here was this fellow quite incapable of taking care of himself or of returning to barracks, and heaven only could tell what might befal him if he was left to lie in the street. So he turned towards the soldier who was about to pass his arm familiarly through Johnny's.

"Not that way, thank you," said Johnny, drily; and taking him by the elbow he led him away like a child.

"What a grip, my friend, what a grip he has got," stammered Burnaby, quite astonished to find himself so firmly held.

The next day, without attempting to ignore what had passed on the previous afternoon, the drunkard greeted Johnny at the barrack-gate.

"Are you coming, old fellow?" said he.

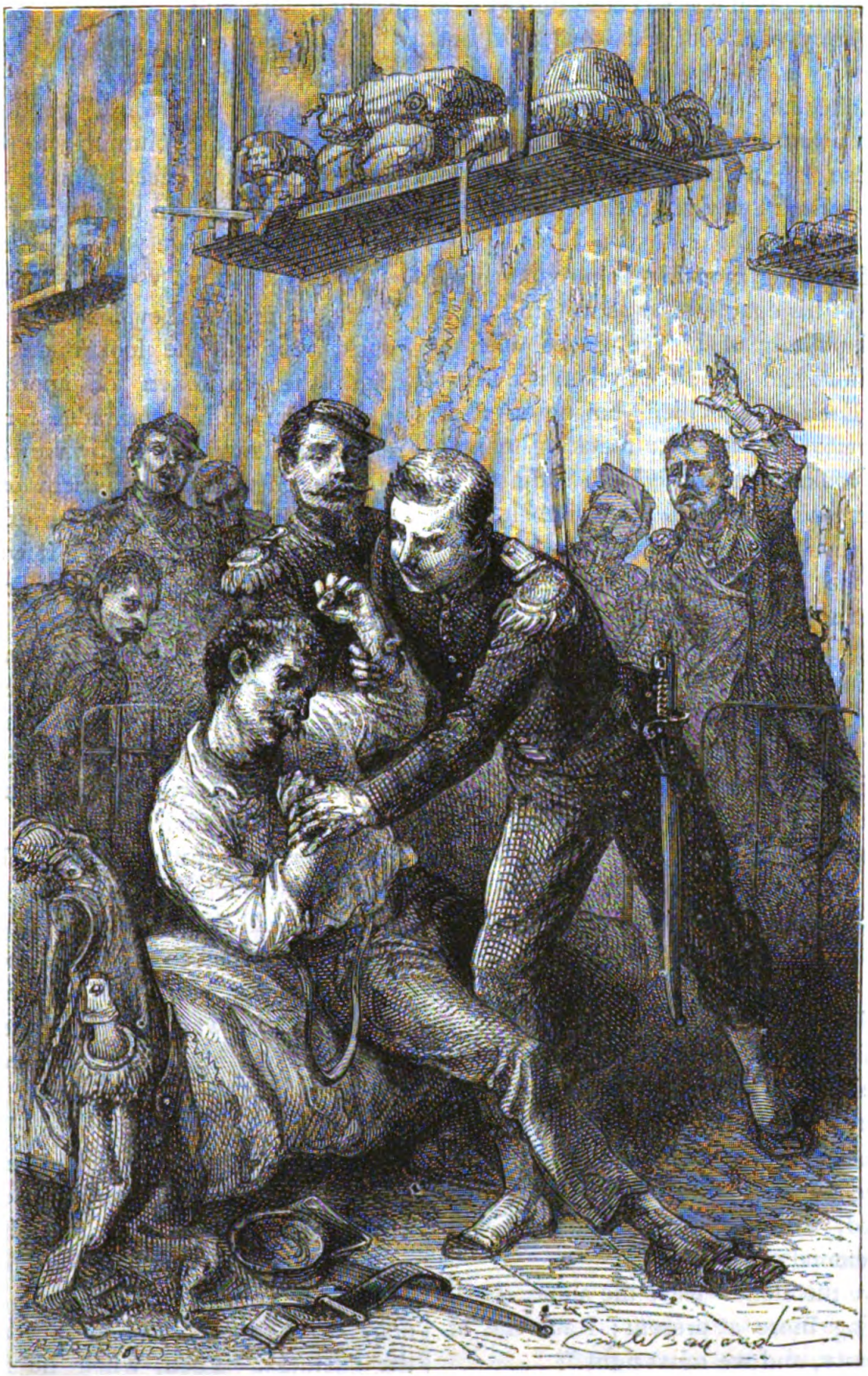
"No," replied Johnny, curtly.

"Why not?"

"Because I am not."

"Oh, indeed, *miss!*" cried Burnaby, with

an ironical salute; "we are on our dignity, are we." And turning his back to Johnny he affected to laugh. Having taken about three steps he thought better of it, and coming back to Johnny said, "Well, there, I don't want to press you, liberty before every-



"Whirling the fellow round, he hurled him prostrate upon one of the beds."—See page 488.

thing; but, I say, won't you lend me a trifle?"

"No," replied Johnny, decidedly, "you are in no want of money, and I shall not lend you any."

"Oh, so that is the way you return my

good-nature in leading you back to barracks last night, when you could not walk straight, eh?" cried Burnaby, grinding his teeth.

This assumption was so coolly impertinent that Johnny was obliged to laugh outright.

"He, he, he," mimicked the drunkard. "Laugh away, my fine fellow, laugh away! But those laugh longest who laugh last." And he turned away almost trembling with anger.

The following morning Johnny perceived that one of his epaulettes was missing. He inquired politely of his comrades whether any of them had seen it or taken it by mistake. Each one denied having seen it, but Burnaby laughed in a mocking manner without looking up, as he busied himself in burnishing the plate of his waistbelt. As Johnny turned round to institute a further search, the epaulette, thrown with some force, struck him heavily on the right cheek. He turned round suddenly, and found himself face to face with Burnaby, who regarded him with an insolent stare.

"So," cried Johnny, "it is you who have had the insolence——"

"The insolence!" said the other, crossing his arms over his chest, and advancing towards Johnny with a threatening air, with chin protruded superciliously.

"I said insolence, and I repeat it," said Johnny, who, although very pale, was by no means afraid.

Burnaby raised his hand, but before he could strike Johnny seized his wrist; anger lent him double strength, and whirling the fellow round, he hurled him prostrate upon one of the beds. The others here interposed, while Burnaby, foaming with rage, screamed out—

"Leave me alone—leave me alone. I will do nothing more at present; I am the offended party, and we must fight."

"I am sure I am not the aggressor," replied Johnny, who had recovered all his habitual coolness. "I call our comrades to witness; listen all of you. I do not intend to have any more to do with that fellow, at least until the campaign is over. I came here to fight against the Germans, and at a time like this, when men are so much wanted, I am not going to risk my life by fighting with him!"

"You coward; you call yourself a soldier!" cried Burnaby.

"I am not a coward," replied Johnny, "for I have come voluntarily to serve in the army. We shall meet again in the field of battle. If we return unhurt, I will give you satisfaction, I pledge you my word."

Johnny's tone of voice, as he spoke these words, bore such evidence of truth and pluck, that all the lookers-on nodded to each other in token of approval. The approbation of his comrades for Johnny's sentiments made Burnaby very angry, and he commenced to revile them one and all. An old serjeant coming in, he explained all the circumstances to him. It was evident that the new-comer was also prepossessed by the bold and frank bearing of the young soldier; but that did not prevent his muttering beneath his bushy moustache—

"This is a bad business, my lad!"

"His lad, indeed!" screamed Burnaby, in a towering passion; it only needed this to complete the affair!

The serjeant endeavoured to silence him, but without success; so he was obliged at length to call the guard, and Burnaby was by them marched to the guard-room.

Johnny was very sad, for, if he was courageous, he was not altogether a stoic. He made up his mind that, come what might, he would not proceed further in the matter until the campaign had closed; but he felt it was very galling and very hard to be suspected of cowardice by his comrades.

He went for a walk by himself into the country, his mind unsettled, and feeling very undecided even now. At times he almost determined to fight, and so put an end to the business. Then, when he fancied he had settled it in his own mind, his conscience would warn him that he was wrong in thinking so, and that it was his duty to serve his country, no matter how great was the sacrifice entailed upon him by so doing.

Upon the following day, after roll-call, he was sent for by the colonel of the regiment.

"What is this I hear?" said his commanding officer; "a soldier refusing to fight!"

Johnny bit his lips, and could scarce restrain the tears of mortification which rose to his eyes; but when he was sufficiently collected, he said—

"Colonel, will you be so good as to forget for a few moments that I am a private soldier, and permit me to speak to you candidly."

The Colonel, surprised at this request, regarded Johnny attentively, and struck by the expression of his intellectual and thoughtful countenance, replied—

"Certainly, Mr. Ironsides; sit down, if you please, and explain yourself."

"Colonel," began Johnny, "you must not imagine that I am *afraid* of fighting, because I have come of my own free will to defend my native land, and, if necessary, to get slain in her defence. It appears to me that, in the circumstances in which we are placed, my engagement is almost tantamount to a vow. I no longer belong to myself, and I have no right to risk my own life, nor that of another, in a personal quarrel."

"I appreciate your scruples," said the Colonel, kindly; "but do you think that your comrades will understand them?"

"That is what I do not know, and that is why I am so troubled. It is a very painful and a very hard thing, when one is really courageous, to be taken for a coward. This reflection prevents my sleeping. Nevertheless, hard though it be, I shall have, with Heaven's blessing, the strength to support the trial;" and in an under tone he added, "provided that it do not last too long."

The Colonel kept regarding Johnny with a lively interest; then extending his hand, he took up a paper from his desk, and said, "The regiment will march in a few days."

Johnny blushed crimson with delight. "Well, then," said he, "I shall have strength to wait."

"Are you a good fencer?" asked the Colonel.

"I have been often told so," replied Johnny.

"Come with me, we will put you to the test at once."

Johnny, in surprise, followed the Colonel, who led the way to a smoking-room, where an old soldier in his shirt-sleeves was engaged in furbishing a sword.

"Simon," said the Colonel, "give this soldier a mask and breastplate, and get ready for a fencing-match."

Johnny put himself "on his guard," and time after time "buttoned" Simon, who appeared regularly "taken aback."

"My poor Simon," said the Colonel to the discomfited armourer, "it seems to me that you have met your master!"

"Quite true," replied the soldier, frankly; "but there is no shame in it, for you must see how terribly strong our friend is;" and he calmly recommenced his polishing.

"Now," said the Colonel to Johnny, "this is what you must do. Burnaby is a duellist, and is feared in the regiment accordingly. So he thinks that you are afraid of him also. Now, do you propose to him a fencing-match with foils only, but with the condition that, if you get the better, you shall have the right to terminate the meeting. If not thus, I see no way by which you can get out of the affair. If he prove foolish enough or vain enough to insist, well, so much the worse for him. If you do not do as I say, your comrades will all go against you, and it will become a question who will give himself the pleasure of testing your courage. Your position in the regiment would be unbearable; besides, what an example it would be!"

When Burnaby was released from the guard-room, he accepted the conditions of the combat with savage delight.

"At last you shall see something pretty," said he, "and I have to make him pay for my sojourn in the cells into the bargain. Look out for some fun," he added

Three times in succession did Johnny disarm his antagonist. As he was stooping for the third time to regain his weapon, the provost put his foot upon it.

"It is settled now," he said drily, to Burnaby, "you may grind your teeth as much as you choose, you have lost the match. You have not got the strength in you, and it is very lucky for you that that young fellow has the moderation to choose foils only. You have studied in Paris, I presume?" he added, turning to Johnny.

"No, in the country," replied Johnny.

"Can you use the sabre as well as the rapier?"

"I believe so," said Johnny, smiling, "and I have even mastered the lance exercise."

"Perfect!" exclaimed the provost. "Give my compliments to your teacher." And he saluted him with the foil which he had picked up.

Burnaby quitted the fencing-room with the air of a beaten hound; but his defeat did not prevent his crossing Johnny in the passage and saying—

"Never mind, our engagement will always hold good."

"Whenever you please," said Johnny.

"He will not dare to do anything further," said the provost to Johnny when his adversary had closed the door.

The behaviour of Johnny in this business



won him the sympathy of all. The soldiers first fancied him somewhat of a "soft;" but when they perceived that he was a first-rate fencer, and at the same time so polite, they adopted a much more respectful tone towards him, as if he were a full-grown man and an officer. The arrival of the Lawrences, and what they told respecting Johnny and his family completed his popularity.

When Camillus Lawrence understood that a certain person called Burnaby had dared to insult "Master Johnny," he put himself in his way in order, as he said, that he might have the pleasure of seeing "a thorough beast." He went up close to him, and stared at him so persistently that the other, braggart as he was, changed countenance. Johnny's skill had caused him to reflect, and he was aware that Lawrence was a master of fence. When Camillus had measured him with his gaze from head to foot and up again, he exclaimed in a loud voice, "What a great cocoa-nut he is!"

We must suppose that the cocoa-nut in question found nothing derogatory in the appellation as applied to him, for he turned round without demanding any explanation. The other two Lawrences were as eager as their brother, and Burnaby never knew that he was quite as near being "tossed in a

blanket" as ever was Sancho Panza in the courtyard of the hostelry.

Fortunately Johnny (who had not been let into the secret) discovered the plot by a mere chance. He entirely disapproved of the plan, and spoke to Camillus Lawrence.

"He will think that I am afraid of him, and that I set you on to frighten him."

So Lawrence gave way before this argument; but, by way of indemnifying himself, he called the duellist "Old Bogy" twenty times a-day, at least.

But the regiment soon got the route, and this, and the excitement engendered by the impending battle soon made everyone forget the little disagreeables of the garrison life. During the various marches and countermarches an entirely new feeling sprang up in the corps. The men became more cheerful and more attentive to their duties; the approach of danger has this effect on Frenchmen. Johnny's letters home breathed this feeling also, they were full of spirit and joyous expectation.

"He is a true soldier," said Léon Lawrence, in one of his letters when speaking of Johnny; "we used to fear for him the dangers and fatigues of the march and of camp-life. But he is quite at home in all this, and after the longest marches he is the first to light the fire and to prepare the coffee for the rest. Tell this to Captain Salmon, it will delight him greatly."

Johnny had said nothing in his letters about his affair with Burnaby, and his secret was well kept, not only by the Lawrences, but also by others from the neighbourhood of Chatillon, whom he had scarcely known when entering the regiment, and who were now his firm friends. These young people for a joke designated their regiment "The Chatillon Fusiliers."



## Chapter XXVII.

The winter came on. Winter, cruel, pitiless winter—for the troops, badly equipped, badly clothed, ill fed, and now completely overwhelmed by the news of the frightful reverses sustained by the Army of the Rhine. Then came to light those instances of self-denial, of constancy, and valour possessed by that race which the disdainful politeness of its foes affected to describe as enervated and powerless. They bivouacked in the midst of snow, on soddened mire, on ice-bound plain, and glistening hoar-frost, and all the while were cheerful, with faith in the future, and joked even in the midst of the most crushing reverses.

In proportion as the season became more severe, and privations and dangers increased with every march, Johnny rose superior to fatigue and discouragement. More than once he had imparted courage

to his comrades by his unflinching mien and the unmistakeable "ring" of true metal that he gave out when hit hardest.

One day when they were obliged to sleep, supperless, in a bed of mud, some recruits, and even a few old soldiers, murmured loudly. Camillus Lawrence thereupon said to one of the malcontents—

"Do you see that little fellow yonder with that girlish figure?"

"Yes, what then?"

"Well, he has an income of a thousand a year, and no one has ever heard him utter a word of complaint."

The other grumbled beneath his shaggy beard, but dared make no further open complaint. At this time the captain of his company offered Johnny the "stripes of corporal."

"But," said Johnny, "I came merely to fight, not to seek promotion?"

"Very good; but there is some business to be done."

"Well, under those circumstances I accept the distinction," said Johnny. And that is how he became a corporal.

It was in that rank that he was present at the battle of Coulmiers.

When we read the account of a battle in a book compiled from authentic documents after the war is over, we naturally fancy that on the battle-field, each one knows where to go, what to do, and what others should do. Nothing can be more opposed to the facts. For instance, this is Johnny's experience of the battle of Coulmiers. A position taken up in a shallow ditch—a rain of shell bursting first in rear of the position, then in the ditch itself, which missiles killed or wounded a certain number of men. A burning desire to get away in advance—the order to sally forth and storm a certain village, which could scarcely be distinguished across the plain—the directions to husband their fire, and to trust only to the steel—a mad march across open ground midst a whistling storm of bullets, the roar of cannon and the scream of *mitrailleuses*—midst these deafening noises, the words of command, the cries of wounded men who fell prone never to rise again—an energetic oath uttered by Léon Lawrence, who cried "Hullo! what is this?" and suddenly dropped his rifle. His arm was broken! Then arose the wish to gain the village as quickly as possible. The idea that to do so was not very difficult so far, and the feeling of safety, because up to that point one had not been wounded. As the regiment advanced they began to distinguish the enemy retiring their cannon (which were no longer safe) behind a breastwork which bristled with skirmishers wearing plumed helmets or blue caps. As it continued to advance, the men were able to distinguish the sharpshooters crouching behind the breastwork, taking aim, firing, and then giving way in their turn to others. Some one behind Johnny called out, "Hi, you firemen, wait for us!" Johnny laughed! The joke was not a very good one, but his nerves were highly wrought. Another voice cried out that their opponents were Bavarians, and this discovery redoubled the ardour of the attacking force. The entrenchment was taken by storm, but that was only a commencement. The men in helmets and caps fell back upon the village, which was now distinctly visible. The assailants could perceive corn-stacks midst the walnut trees, and something like a well with stone coping, and at length the high wall of a farm embrasured in all directions, from which a withering volley was poured upon them. No one paid any attention to it, but pressed on at the double. They soon got so close, that Johnny could see the time indicated on the dial of the old clock, and so cool was he that he could perceive that the clock had stopped. A terrible discharge of musketry warned him of his danger, but discomposed





him not at all. His upper-lip curled with a sarcastic smile; he felt the desire to contend with some visible enemy; he thirsted for slaughter, and, horrible as the idea is, it seemed a not unnatural desire; already he saw the way by which he must enter the village.

The captain of the company had been slain by the bursting of a shell in the ravine; the lieutenant fell dead as he was in the act of shouting, "Courage, men, courage!" So Johnny found himself in command, and cried (without scarcely knowing what he was about), "Courage, men!" and the soldiers followed him instinctively. The entrance to the village was defended by a deep ditch dug in the frozen earth.

"Houp!" cried Johnny, brandishing his rifle, and with two jumps—one into the ditch, the other to the top of the embankment—he was foremost. The loopholes in the wall vomited long puffs of smoke which did not disperse very quickly; men fell thickly round him, but he scarcely perceived the slaughter. Once upon the rampart, he cried, "The village is ours!" and remarking that a soldier who followed him had some difficulty in mounting the slope, Johnny extended his hand to assist him as calmly as he would have helped a lady across a small brook. "Come along, come along, my brave fellow," he cried, when suddenly recognizing Burnaby, he exclaimed, "Ah! well met, indeed!"

The wall was abandoned by the enemy. The attacking force—or rather all that was left of it—occupied the village. The Bavarians would have still resisted, but the "cold steel" proved mightier than their desires, and the tricolor waved above the old clock tower!

"Faith!" cried Johnny, as he wiped his bayonet with a handful of straw, "I thought it would be harder work than this."

"You do not bear me any malice, then?" said Burnaby, as he extended his hand to our hero.

"What an ass you are!" replied Johnny, with a playful gaiety. "I *never* bore you any malice."

Suddenly he checked himself. His excitement died away at the sight of his blood-stained hands. He looked around him at the slain, who lay heaped upon the ground, and he shuddered to think what he had done.

"However," he muttered, "I have only done my duty. But what a fearful thing is war!"

Just then the Colonel arrived on the scene. He, having had his horse shot under him, had been detained, and was somewhat ashamed at being so late.

"Who was the first man in the village?" he demanded, as he looked round on his men.

"Corporal Ironsides," replied a chorus of voices.

"Excuse me," said Johnny, "Burnaby and I entered together."

"By no means," replied the person referred to. "'Twas he who first crossed the ditch, as I can prove, for he helped me to ascend the slope!"

"Very well," said the Colonel. "Corporal Ironsides, from to-day you will bear the rank of sergeant, and I will recommend you for the cross of the Legion of Honour. As for Private Burnaby, he shall have the military medal."

Upon the scene then arrived an aide-de-camp.

"Gentlemen," said he, saluting the Colonel and other officers, who had gathered round him, "the day is ours; the enemy is in retreat. Colonel, your regiment will bivouack in the village, and await further orders!"

That very night Johnny failed not to write to his mother. "It seems," said he, "that I have come out a sort of hero. They have done quite right in telling me of it, for I had no idea of the fact myself! We were ordered to go and attack a certain village, anticipating some resistance, and we went. As I had legs somewhat more active than my comrades, I got there first, and for this I have been created a sergeant, and they say I am to be 'decorated.' I am not certain that it is not all a dream, and I wonder whether one deserves so much for being first in a race."

"Ah! ha!" cried Uncle John, when he had perused this letter, "the boy is modest, but I am certain that he fought like a lion. Do not worry yourself, my dear," said he, perceiving that Mrs. Ironsides had grown pale at the thought of the dangers to which her son was exposed; "his course is clear enough; bullets will not hurt him, I know it. I who speak to you, and any one who knows anything of battles, will tell you the same thing. So there, let that suffice. I know what I am talking about."

The Army of the Loire, in the face of overwhelming forces, had at this time commenced its masterly retreat, and was fighting that series of battles which was to gild its name in all future history, although victory was not destined to crown its efforts. But what new virtues that series of disasters brought to light! Johnny could not help recording in his letters his admiration for the conduct of his comrades, which he had found somewhat rough and vulgar while in barracks. And even then he did not like to tell everything for fear of worrying and frightening his mother by describing to her the terrible sufferings to which he, in common with the rest, was obliged heroically to endure.

If at times the gloomy and desolate aspect of the plains of Beauce rendered him sad and thoughtful, in spite of all his efforts, if the thick and lowering clouds of the wintry sky weighed menacingly upon his spirits during those long marches of which no one could foresee the end—he quickly threw off the weight of sadness, saying, "I came expecting all this; the die is cast—the worst that can happen is to be laid here for ever; and I foresaw the chances at starting!"

Now that he had become a sergeant he had numberless duties to fulfil in regard to his men. It was necessary that he should set them an example, so that they might not become discouraged. He taxed his brain to discover how he could supply their wants in that barren country.

Johnny had inherited from his mother her wondrous tact of speech. His good heart, this tact, and his quick sense of right, always caused him to say the right thing at the right time.

The best antidote to discouragement is the necessity for encouraging other people. Johnny proved this every day. How could he pity himself when he never had a moment to think about himself. Those long silent marches over obstacles of all kinds are, of all the trials of war, perhaps the most dangerous. The distracted soul grows desperate, and re-acts upon itself; and if, by evil chance, a sad pleasure should be enjoyed in the contemplation of one's own sufferings, the reminiscences of former days, rendered sweeter and more agonizing by the contrast, come crowding on the mind, and unnerving it, defenceless as it is, it becomes filled with stony regrets and unattainable desires. Then it is that the soldier becomes home-sick, loses all hope of ever again beholding his native village or his parents, and throws himself down by the roadside in a sullen despair, till he is either taken prisoner by the enemy—or death!

Johnny, who had passed through all these trials, and who, thanks to his education and energetic will, came out unscathed, feared for the men under his command.

"Come along, my brave fellow," he one day cried to a soldier who had seated himself in the snow; "come along, you must not stay here; you will go to sleep, lose your way afterwards, and be taken prisoner."

"It's all up, sergeant, I can't move another step."

"Try; come, I'll help you."

"It is impossible."

"Impossible, a man like you talk like that. Nonsense, give me your hand; make but an effort, the feeling will pass away, and in half-an-hour you will be laughing at yourself for having been so foolish. You got to the end of yesterday's march all right, why should you not get to the end of to-day's? You are ill—so are we all. You are thinking of home—certainly you are taking the best means to ensure your seeing it again, I must say, lying down here in the snow like a hare, to be snapped up by pursu-

ing foes! You shall see your native place again; ay, and dance at your wedding there yet. How you will open their eyes when you tell them of all you have gone through. Come along, that's right, get up!"

The soldier got up, almost against his will, completely conquered by the superior mind of his non-commissioned officer.

This scene was repeated, with variations, again and again, and, thanks to the young sergeant, many a man lived to see the curling smoke of his native village; or fell honourably in battle, instead of dying miserably of cold and hunger in a wayside ditch.

The regiment lost so many officers that Johnny was soon a sub-lieutenant. "He is now really an officer," wrote young Lawrence, "and a jolly comrade besides. We now see that education has its advantages, mind you impress that on the young brothers at home. Mr. Johnny knows the business of 'soldiering' as if he had been all his life in the army. The Colonel says he has lots of brains, and that it is a great pity that he will not continue to serve. He has such a way of getting the men to march ahead. Yet he never swears at them, and is never angry; but all the same, he is not too familiar, and when he says a thing must be done, there is no arguing the point. Everyone likes him amazingly, and has great confidence in him. He will never eat nor lie down until he is satisfied that his men have been attended to. When he leads a charge—and that is pretty often—he goes along with his head up just as if he were on parade, with ready words to cheer up the faint-hearted. And truly our poor fellows at times want a good deal of cheering up, I can tell you. Scarcely had he been made sub-lieutenant, than he was again promoted for having, with some brave fellows, surprised and taken prisoner one of the enemy's generals.

"I saw him pass, not unduly elated either, with the captive general. I do not know the exact rank of the prisoner, because our foes take as much care to hide their rank as we do to display ours. All I know is that he had very large epaulettes on his shoulders."





"Richard sat motionless and silent, his face buried in his hand."—See page 500.

# SOMETHING BEYOND A JOKE.

BY W. W. FENN.

DICK SELDON had been spoiled from his cradle, and nothing but a terrible experience preserved him from lapsing into an idle, selfish, dissolute man. The ill-directed but excessive affection of his mother, in whose uncontrolled charge he had been left by the early death of his father, might well have ruined even a better disposition.

As the only child of wealthy parents, it was, perhaps, natural that he should have been indulged to the top of his bent. The expressions, "brought up in the lap of luxury," "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," convey but a small idea of the way this young gentleman got his first notions of existence generally, and of his own importance in particular. My purpose, however, is not to go into the details of the thousand errors, and very nearly crimes, into which he lapsed from time to time during the first seventeen years of his life, in consequence of this indiscreet maternal devo-

tion. I wish to deal only with one of the pernicious characteristics which it developed, as it was the one which eventually brought upon him irremediable grief. I refer to the detestable habit of practical joking. This, like a dozen other faults, was not only condoned, but tacitly encouraged and laughed at by his fond parent; and had it not been for some inherent good in him, would assuredly have worked his ruin. Only by the sudden awakening of the best part of his nature under very terrible circumstances, when he was verging upon manhood, was he brought to his senses. Only when he discovered how very narrow is the frontier line between a practical joke and a grave crime, did he see the necessity of putting a curb upon his thoughtless, rollicking disposition. Selfish to a degree, he was, nevertheless, not a bad fellow at heart; but he would have been more than human had he resisted the influence of the home training which denied him nothing, and allowed his will to be law. Thus, regard for others, or the power of putting himself in their place, was for a time out of the question with him. He respected nobody's feelings, because he thought of nothing but his own; and so, bubbling over, as he constantly was with fun and frolic, he could hardly fail to turn out a practical joker, for it is this very disregard to the feelings of others necessarily exhibited in practical joking, which makes the habit so abominable.

I pass over the scrapes incurred by the boyish modes in which this failing showed itself, such as the making apple-pie beds, taking away a chair that some one is going to sit down upon, or putting a pin, a penknife, or some cobbler's-wax upon it; the offering to an averted cheek a piece of burning cane or paper, and then calling out suddenly, so that the face is brought round into contact with it; the dodging away from under the leaper at leap-frog just as he has made his spring, and the consequent sending of him on all fours, to the endangerment of neck or limbs; and a host of other similar booby, clown-like, pantomime tricks.

Equally, too, I will pass over the more matured exhibitions of this imbecile, dangerous, and cruel sort of fun, in which, as he grew up, he continually indulged. Saying nothing of the constant hoaxes he perpetrated upon unoffending people, involving them sometimes in the direst perplexity, trouble, and distress; of the letters he would be at the pains to write, and of the elaborate machinery he would construct and set in motion to carry out a so-called joke, and of the narrow escapes from horse-whipping which he more than once experienced, and which he richly deserved, I will come at once to the climax of his mischievous folly, the climax which cured him.

Now, there was a certain distant relation of Mrs. Seldon's, one Philip Graves, an orphan lad, a trifle older than her own son, and to whom she had been a second mother, he having been left quite unprovided for. She had educated him, and obtained for him a situation in a large City banking-house. Young Seldon had always had a strong feeling of friendship towards Philip, but it had never prevented him from practising his frolics upon him, and the quiet, nervous, even serious disposition of Graves, laid him peculiarly open to Master Richard's tricks. Much as he liked him, he was "chaffing" and "selling" him, and cramming him with preposterous stories from morning till night.

"I love to play Phil a trick now and then," he would say, "he never can see a joke unless it is practical; if he only had some fun in him, he'd be the best fellow in the world!"

"Ah! you are too cruel to him," his mother would reply, "and now that he has become a man of business, you really should treat him with a little more respect and moderation."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Dick, "a man of business! Yes, by jigs! I forgot that! Our Lord Mayor elect! one of England's banking princes! treat him with respect, indeed! I should think so! Why, I'll go and pay my respects to him this very morning; I've nothing to do, and I've never seen him at his office. I wonder how he looks at his desk! Grave enough, I'll be bound.

I should like to have a squint at some of the mysteries of City life!"

"Now, pray, Richard, if you do call, behave quietly," said his mother; "don't play any of your absurd pranks with him. Remember business is a serious matter; he has only been with Messrs. Bamboo and Co. a few weeks, and you must not do anything to compromise him in their eyes. I would not call on him at his office if I were you."

But young Seldon never gave up any whim that came into his head, and, as he was idling away his time in town, under pretence of reading with a tutor, he took up his hat, and bidding his mother have no fear for the welfare of her young protegé, strolled off to the City.

At the door of Messrs. Bamboo's banking establishment, whom should he meet coming out but Philip Graves himself, in the act of sliding into his pocket one of those large leather pocket-books which, fastened by a chain to the waist of the owner, as a safeguard against robbery, are carried by bankers' clerks when on their rounds. The two young fellows shook hands cordially, and as Graves's time was precious, and as he was going, as he said, to some of the west-end banks, Seldon walked back with him.

After they had been together to the various places where Philip's business took him, Dick insisted that they should go and have some luncheon, which he would stand, before the other returned to the City. For some time Philip resisted the invitation, but at length giving way, the two entered a restaurant in the neighbourhood of Regent Street, and ordered refreshment.

While they were enjoying it, Dick, who from the first moment they met had been rattling on with his jokes, and chaffing at Philip's inceased gravity, since he had been in business, said—

"You call yourself a minister with a portfolio, I suppose, now? What a rum-looking pocket-book that is you carry about with you! A nice neat little card-case certainly! Fancy having a chain round your waist like a monkey at the Zoo! Let's have a look at the apparatus—what is there in the book? Awful sums of money, I suppose!"

"Yes, indeed!" said Philip, seriously, and with his mouth full, "its contents are very valuable. Cheques, promissory notes, bills of exchange, and all sorts of forms of money. Mind you don't drop any of them out," he added, as Dick was handling and examining the book in question, which he had taken out of Phil's pocket, and unfastened from the snap at the end of the chain.

"Oh! don't be in a funk, my dear fellow, I'm not an ass! Very mysterious-looking documents, indeed," he continued. "'I promise to pay John Brown'—what's this?—'seven hundred.' Oh! by jigs, I'm getting quite afraid of it! What would happen to you now if you were to lose this? The Bank of England would stop payment, I suppose?"

"Good gracious, Dick, don't talk of such a thing! I don't know what would happen, indeed! I think I should drown myself!"

"Oh, yes, I dare say, drown yourself! What is it Shakespeare says? 'Drown cats and blind puppies.' What a fellow you are, Phil, you always do take such a gloomy view of life;" and on the instant Dick's mischievous mind had conceived the idea of purloining the book for a time, that he might enjoy Philip's perplexity at the supposed loss. Some malicious demon must have been at work to help the carrying out of this painfully practical joke, for with the idea Dick's eye fell on the leather cover of the wine *carte*, which was lying open and loose from its printed contents on the table. It was a plain, black, soft leather case, almost the same size as the bank pocket-book, and had a string inside, through which the printed *carte du jour* should have been slipped, but which had not on this occasion been put through, and was lying on another part of the table. The two young men were sitting side by side in one of the little partitioned recesses common to refreshment-houses, and while the conversation and examination

of the book were going on, Philip was making the best use possible of his knife and fork, always having a tendency that way, and which his limited means did not enable him to indulge in as freely as he could wish. Dick was on his left, the side where the breast-pocket was in which Phil carried the book, and where now hung the end of the chain. Pretending to continue his examination of the cheques, and taking advantage of his companion's pre-occupation with his luncheon, Dick contrived to shuffle the book into his own pocket, and to get hold of the case on the table, without being observed. Then, hurriedly taking up the chain, he fastened it with a loud click of the snap to the string of the leather cover of the wine carte, which lay half-hidden on his lap. Then, with an ostentatious bustle, he flung back Philip's coat, and hustled the substitute for the banker's book into the breast-pocket of that garment, saying—

"There! there! take the precious thing back, I would not have it in my possession another minute for anything. I'm quite frightened at the thought of such a lot of money. There, button up your coat, man, it's all safe! Here, let me do it for you," and he had actually fastened Phil's coat across his chest, before that deliberate youth had time to put his knife and fork down. In another two or three minutes the repast was finished, the bill discharged with a magnificent air by Mr. Dick, and the young unsuspecting clerk, on his way to the City, declaring that he had already far overstayed his time.

Dick watched him into an omnibus, and, when he was out of sight, broke into a loud laugh as he turned on his heel, saying to himself—

"I'd give sixpence to see the scene at the bank; by jigs, what a row there'll be! I mustn't let poor Phil suffer too long, though. What a dear, slow old muff it is. When he patted his chest so solemnly, he little thought what he had got there, and I must not forget what I've got here either," he continued, laying his hand on the precious book in his own pocket. "I shall have lots of time to get down to the bank now before four o'clock, and restore it; it would not do to try him too far. He will be in such a glorious funk!" and again the thoughtless lad chuckled within himself as he carelessly strolled once more Citywards.

It was then but a little past two, and had he gone straight he might have been in time to have undone the mischief he was causing, and the extent of which he little imagined. But, forsooth! he must go a round-about way, and what with loitering and looking in at the shop-windows, it wanted but five minutes to four when he entered the bank, and asked carelessly "if Mr. Graves was in?" He was not, and the clerk who answered looked very strangely as he did so.

"Ah! well," said Dick, gaily, "I dare say you can give it to him when he comes back. The fact is, I have got something belonging to Mr. Graves."

"Not his book, is it, sir?" inquired the clerk, with a still more strange look. "How very fortunate," he continued, as Dick produced it. "Come this way, sir, pray," and the two hastily entered the manager's room.

"You found it, do you say, sir?" said that worthy official. "We owe you a thousand thanks, I'm sure. And you know Mr. Graves? I am in hopes he will be in again directly; but the truth is, that when he got back here and discovered his loss, we did not know what to think, and while we were hesitating a little what to do, Mr. Graves rushed wildly out of the house, and —and he has not returned. His absence was beginning to confirm our worst suspicions, which happily, sir, you have now dispersed."

For the first time a shade passed over Richard's face, the words "rushed wildly out of the house," and the manager's earnest manner impressed him.

"I'll go off to Graves's lodgings at once," he said, "and set his mind at rest."

Ay, "to set his mind at rest," that was now Richard Seldon's one sole thought. "Drown cats and blind puppies" and he shuddered as he remembered his own care-

less words. Mr. Graves had not come in of course, he never did so early; but Seldon waited till seven o'clock, and still he did not come. Then he thought of his mother, and went home, and told her, with the openness which was part of his character, all that had happened.

They both foresaw the possible misery that was in store; they were debating what should be done, and were suffering tortures of anxiety and suspense, when a sharp knock at the street-door, followed by the announcement that a policeman wished to see Mrs. Seldon, turned the suspense into terror.

* * * *

Philip Graves was lying at his lodgings dead! His body had been found but an hour before floating in the Regent's Canal. His sensitive, nervous nature had recoiled in horror from the distrust and suspicion that fell upon him, and, in the wild frenzy of despair, he had actually done what he said he thought he should, if he were to lose his bank pocket-book.

The daylight, which still, late as the hour was, lingered in the Midsummer sky, fell, it is to be hoped, that evening upon no such other scene of remorse, grief, and despair as was to be found in Mrs. Seldon's library. Richard sat motionless and silent, his face buried in his hand. His mother dared not speak, but stood gazing at him with an expression pitiful to behold. She, perhaps, then for the first time realized the mischief her ill-directed love had wrought.

And he? Well, he for the first time realized how thoughtless folly and reckless selfishness may lapse into crime and guilt. No words can tell what he suffered, and though by this time he has somewhat recovered from the terrible shock, I think I may safely predict that his days of practical joking are over for ever.

# THE FIELD OF ICE.

## BY JULES VERNE.

### Chapter XX.—Footprints in the Snow.

On the fourth of July there was such an exceedingly dense fog, that it was very difficult to keep the straight course for the north. No misadventure, however, befel the party during the darkness, except the loss of Bell's snow-shoes. At Bell's suggestion, which fired the Doctor's inventive genius, torches were contrived, made of tow steeped in spirits-of-wine and fastened on the end of a stick, and these served somewhat to help them on, though they made but but small progress; for, on the sixth, after the fog had cleared off, the Doctor took their bearings, and found that they had only been marching at the rate of eight miles a day.

Determined to make up for lost time, they rose next morning very early and started off, Bell and Altamont as usual going ahead of the rest and acting as scouts. Johnson and the others kept beside the sledge, and were soon nearly two miles behind the guides; but the weather was so dry and clear, that all their movements could be distinctly observed.

"What now?" said Clawbonny, as he saw them make a sudden halt, and stoop down as if examining the ground.

"I was just wondering what they are about, myself," replied old Johnson.

"Perhaps they have come on the tracks of animals," suggested Hatteras.

"No," said Clawbonny, "it can't be that?"

"Why not?"

"Because Duk would bark?"

"Well, it is quite evident they are examining some sort of marks."

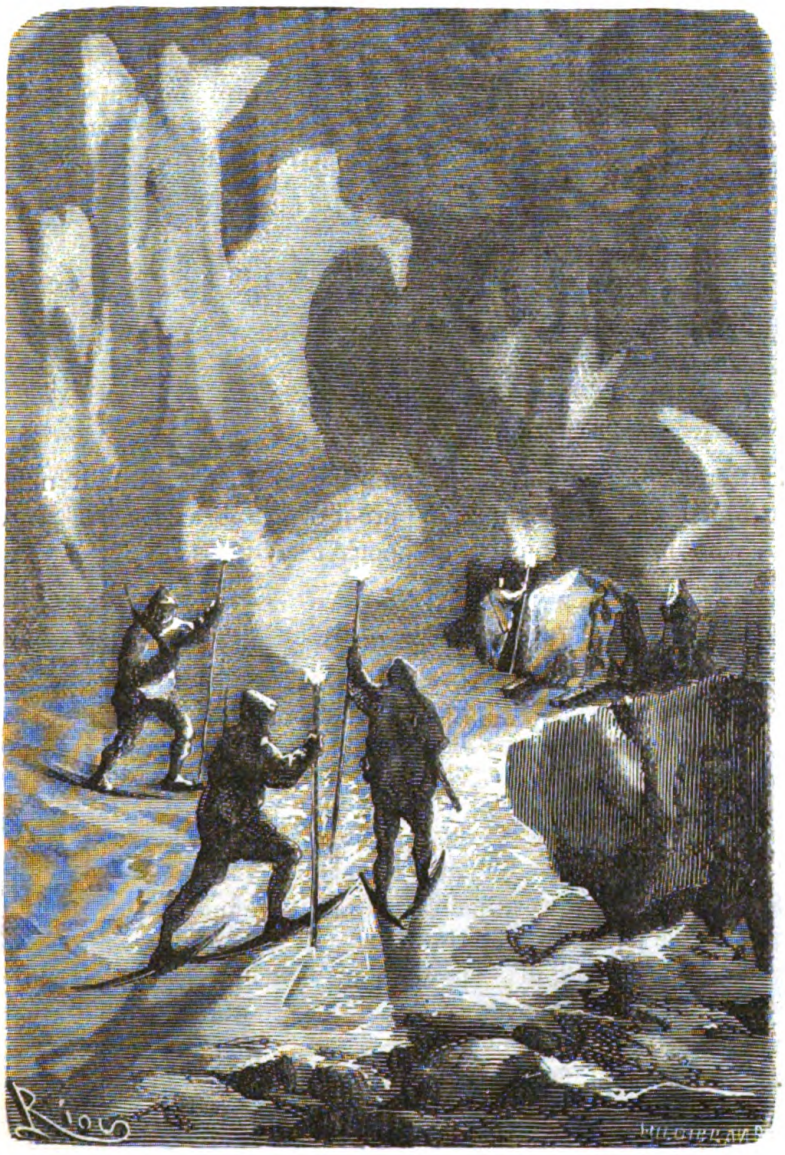
"Let's get on, then," said Hatteras, and, urging forward the dogs, they rejoined their companions in about twenty minutes, and shared their surprise at finding unmistakable fresh footprints of human beings in the snow, as plain as if only made the preceding day.

"They are Esquimaux footprints," said Hatteras.

"Do you think so?" asked Altamont.

"There is no doubt of it."

"But what do you make of this, then?" returned Altamont, pointing to another footmark repeated in several places. "Do you



believe for a minute that was made by an Esquimaux?"

It was incontestably the print of a European boot, nails, sole and heel clearly stamped in the snow. There was no room for doubt, and Hatteras exclaimed in amazement—

"Europeans here!"

"Evidently," said Johnson.

"And yet it is so improbable that we must take a second look before pronouncing an opinion," said Clawbonny.

But the longer he looked, the more apparent became the fact. Hatteras was

chagrined beyond measure. A European here, so near the Pole!

The footprints extended for about a quarter of a mile, and then diverged to the west. Should the travellers follow them further?



"No," said Hatteras, "let us go on."

He was interrupted by an exclamation from the Doctor, who had just picked up an object that gave still more convincing proof of European origin. It was part of a pocket spy-glass!



"Well, if we still had any doubts about the footmarks, this settles the case at once, at any rate," said Clawbonny.

"Forward!" exclaimed Hatteras so energetically, that instinctively each one obeyed, and the march was resumed forthwith.

The day wore away, but no further sign of the presence of suspected rivals was discovered, and they prepared to encamp for the night.

The tent was pitched in a ravine for shelter as the sky was dark and threat-

ening, and a violent north wind was blowing.

"I'm afraid we'll have a bad night," said Johnson.

"A pretty noisy one, I expect," replied Doctor, "but not cold. We had better take every precaution, and fasten down our tent with good big stones."

"You are right, Mr. Clawbonny. If the hurricane swept away our tent, I don't know where we should find it again."

The tent held fast, but sleep was impos-



sible, for the tempest was let loose and raged with tremendous violence.

"It seems to me," said the Doctor, during a brief lull in the deafening roar, "as if I could hear the sound of collisions between icebergs and ice-fields. If we were near the sea, I could really believe there was a general break-up in the ice."

"I can't explain the noises any other way," said Johnson.

"Can we have reached the coast, I wonder?" asked Hatteras.

"It is not impossible," replied Clawbonny. "Listen! Do you hear that crash? That is certainly the sound of icebergs falling. We cannot be very far from the ocean."

"Well, if it turn out to be so, I shall push right on over the ice-fields."

"Oh, they'll be all broken up after such a storm as this. We shall see what to-morrow brings; but all I can say is, if any poor fellows are wandering about in a night like this, I pity them."

The storm lasted for ten hours, and the weary travellers anxiously watched for the morning. About daybreak its fury seemed to have spent itself, and Hatteras, accompanied by Bell and Altamont, ventured to leave the tent. They climbed a hill about three hundred feet high, which



commanded a wide view. But what a metamorphosed region met their gaze! All the ice had completely vanished, the storm had chased away the winter, and stripped the soil everywhere of its snow covering.

But Hatteras scarcely bestowed a glance on surrounding objects; his eager gaze was bent on the northern horizon, which appeared shrouded in black mist.

"That may very likely be caused by the ocean," suggested Clawbonny.

"You are right. The sea must be there," was the reply.

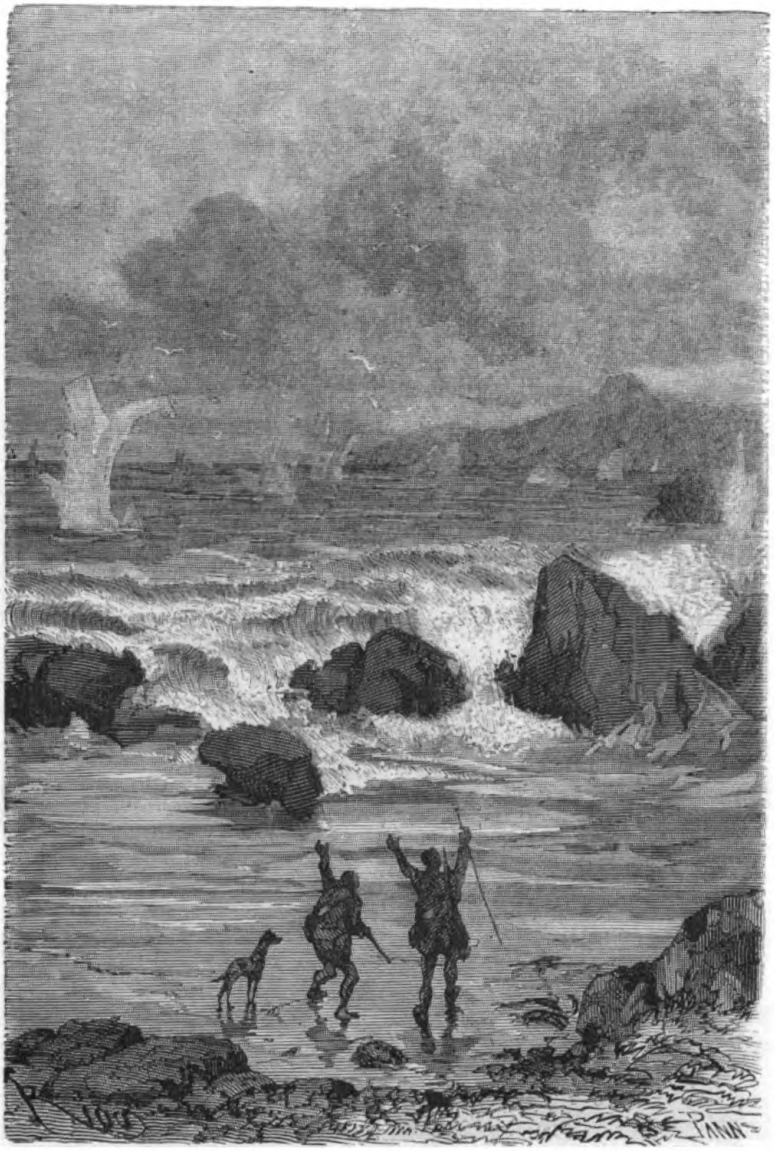
"That tint is what we call the *blink* of open water," said Johnson.

"Come on, then, to the sledge at once, and let us get to this unknown ocean," exclaimed Hatteras.

Their few preparations were soon made, and the march resumed. Three hours afterwards they arrived at the coast, and shouted simultaneously, "The sea! the sea!"

"Ay, and open sea!" added Hatteras.

And so it was. The storm had opened wide the Polar Basin, and the loosened



packs were drifting in all directions. The icebergs had weighed anchor, and were sailing out into the open sea.

This new ocean stretched far away out of sight, and not a single island or continent was visible.

On the east and west the coast formed two capes or headlands, which sloped gently down to the sea. In the centre, a projecting rock formed a small natural bay, sheltered on three sides, into which a wide river fell, bearing in its bosom the melted snows of winter.

After a careful survey of the coast, Hatteras determined to launch the sloop that very day, and to unpack the sledge, and get

everything on board. The tent was soon put up, and a comfortable repast prepared. This important business despatched, work commenced; and all hands were so expeditious and willing, that by five o'clock nothing more remained to be done. The sloop lay rocking gracefully in the little bay, and all the cargo was on board except the tent, and what was required for the night's encampment.

The sight of the sloop suggested to Clawbonny the propriety of giving Altamont's



name to the little bay. His proposition to that effect met with unanimous approval, and the port was forthwith dignified by the title of Altamont Harbour.

According to the Doctor's calculations the travellers were now only 9° distant from the Pole. They had gone over two hundred miles from Victoria Bay to Altamont Harbour, and were in latitude 87° 5′ and longitude 118° 35′.

## Chapter XXI.

### The Open Sea.

Next morning by eight o'clock all the remaining effects were on board, and the

preparations for departure completed. But before starting the Doctor thought he would like to take a last look at the country and see if any further traces of the presence of strangers could be discovered, for the mysterious footmarks they had met with were never out of his thoughts. He climbed to the top of a height which commanded a view of the whole southern horizon, and took out his pocket telescope. But what was his astonishment, to find he could see nothing through it, not even neighbouring objects. He rubbed his eyes and looked again, but with no better result. Then he began to examine the telescope, the object glass was gone!

The object glass! This explained the whole mystery, foot-prints and all; and with a shout of surprise he hurried down the hill to impart his discovery to his wondering companions, who came running towards him, startled by his loud exclamation, and full of anxiety at his precipitate descent.

"Well, what is the matter now?" said Johnson.

The Doctor could hardly speak, he was so out of breath. At last he managed to gasp out—



"The tracks, footmarks, strangers."

"What?" said Hatteras, "strangers here?"

"No, no, the object glass; the object glass out of my telescope."

And he held out his spy-glass for them to look at.

"Ah! I see," said Altamont; "it is wanting."

"Yes."

"But then the footmarks?"

"They were ours, friends, just ours," exclaimed the Doctor. "We had lost ourselves in the fog, and been wandering in a circle."

"But the boot-marks," objected Hatteras.

"Bell's. He walked about a whole day after he had lost his snow shoes."

"So I did," said Bell.

The mistake was so evident, that they all laughed heartily, except Hatteras, though no one was more glad than he at the discovery.

A quarter of an hour afterwards the little sloop sailed out of Altamont Harbour, and commenced her voyage of discovery. The wind was favourable, but there was little of it, and the weather was positively warm.

The sloop was none the worse for the sledge journey. She was in first-rate trim, and easily managed. Johnson steered, the Doctor, Bell, and the American leaned back against the cargo, and Hatteras stood at the

prow, his fixed, eager gaze bent steadily on that mysterious point towards which he felt drawn with irresistible power, like the magnetic needle to the Pole. He wished to be the first to descry any shore that might come in sight, and he had every right to the honour.

The water of this Polar Sea presented some peculiar features worth mentioning. In colour it was a faint ultramarine blue, and possessed such wonderful transparency that one seemed to gaze down into fathomless depths. These depths were lighted up, no doubt, by some electrical phenomenon, and so




many varieties of living creatures were visible that the vessel seemed to be sailing over a vast aquarium.

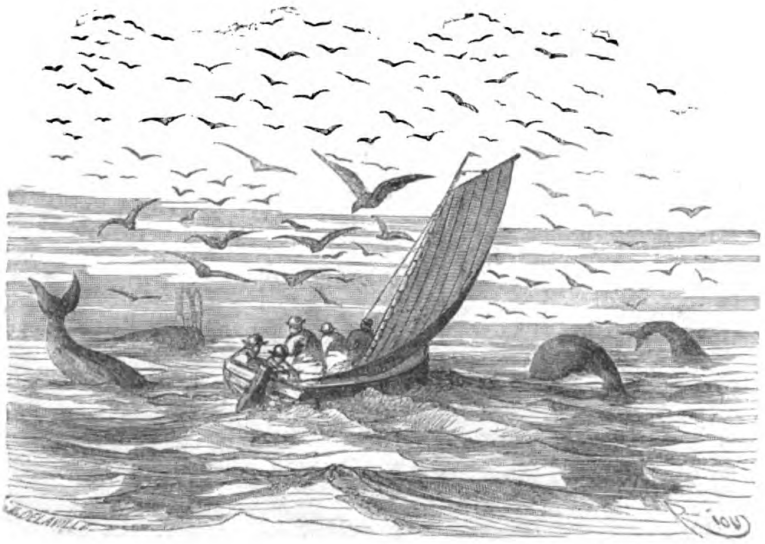
Innumerable flocks of birds were flying over the surface of this marvellous ocean, darkening the sky like thick heavy storm-clouds. Water-fowl of every description were among them, from the albatross to the penguin, and all of gigantic proportions. Their cries were absolutely deafening, and some of them had such immense, wide-spreading wings, that they covered the sloop completely as they flew over. The Doctor thought himself a good naturalist, but he

found his science greatly at fault, for many a species here was wholly unknown to any ornithological society.

The good little man was equally nonplussed when he looked at the water, for he saw the most wonderful medusæ, some so large that they looked like little islands floating about among Brobdignagian sea-weeds. And below the surface, what a spectacle met the eye! Myriads of fish of every species; young manati at play with each other; narwhals with their one strong weapon of defence, like the horn of a unicorn, chasing the timid seals; whales of every tribe, spouting out columns of water and mucilage, and filling the air with a peculiar whizzing noise; dolphins, seals, and walruses; sea-dogs and sea-horses, sea-bears and sea-elephants, quietly browsing on submarine pastures; and the Doctor could gaze at them all as easily and clearly as if they were in glass tanks in the Zoological Gardens.

There was a strange supernatural purity about the atmosphere. It seemed charged to overflowing with oxygen, and had a marvellous power of exhilaration, producing an almost intoxicating effect on the brain.

Towards evening, Hatteras and his com-



panions lost sight of the coast. Night came on, though the sun remained just above the horizon; but it had the same influence on animated nature as in temperate zones. Birds, fish, and all the cetacea disappeared, and perfect silence prevailed.

Since the departure from Altamont Harbour, the sloop had made one degree further north. The next day brought no signs of land; there was not even a speck on the horizon. The wind was still favourable, and the sea pretty calm. The birds and fishes returned as numerously as on the preceding day, and the Doctor, leaning over the side of the vessel, could see the whales and the dolphins, and all the rest of the monsters of the deep, gradually coming up from the clear depths below. On the surface, far as the eye could reach, nothing was visible except a solitary iceberg here and there, and a few scattered floes.

Indeed, but little ice was met with anywhere. The sloop was ten degrees above the point of greatest cold, and consequently in the same temperature as Baffin's Bay and Disko. It was therefore not astonishing that the sea should be open in these summer months.

This is a fact of great practical value, for if ever the whalers can penetrate north as far as the Polar basin, they may be sure of an immediate cargo, as this part of the ocean seems the general reservoir of whales and seals, and every marine species.

The day wore on, but still nothing appeared on the horizon. Hatteras never left the prow of the ship, but stood, glass in hand, eagerly gazing into the distance with anxious, questioning eyes, and seeking to discover, in the colour of the water, the shape of the waves, and the breath of the wind, indications of approaching land.



## Chapter XXII.

### Getting near the Pole.

Hour after hour passed away, and still Hatteras persevered in his weary watch, though his hopes appeared doomed to disappointment.

At length, about six in the evening, a dim, hazy, shapeless sort of mist seemed to rise far away between sea and sky. It was not a cloud, for it was constantly vanishing, and then reappearing next minute.

Hatteras was the first to notice this peculiar phenomenon; but after an hour's scrutiny through his telescope, he could make nothing of it.

All at once, however, some sure indication met his eye, and stretching out his arm to

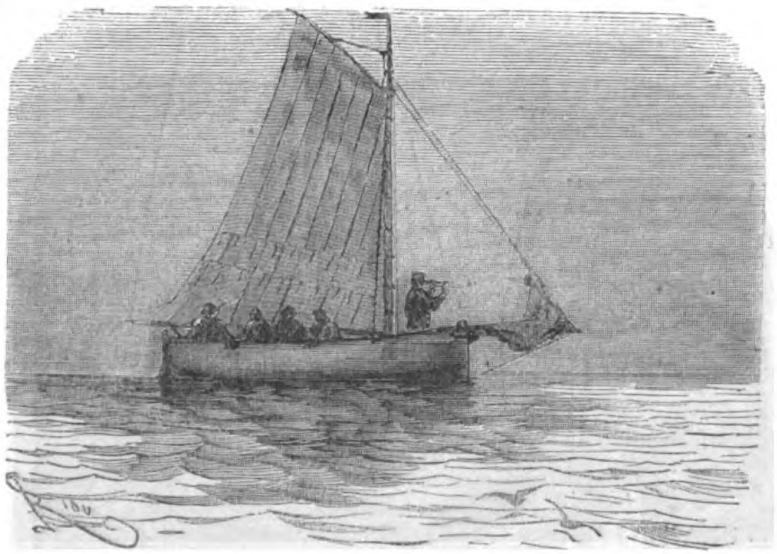
the horizon, he shouted, in a clear, ringing voice—

"Land! land!"

His words produced an electrical effect on his companions, and every man rushed to his side.

"I see it, I see it," said Clawbonny.

"Yes, yes, so do I!" exclaimed Johnson.

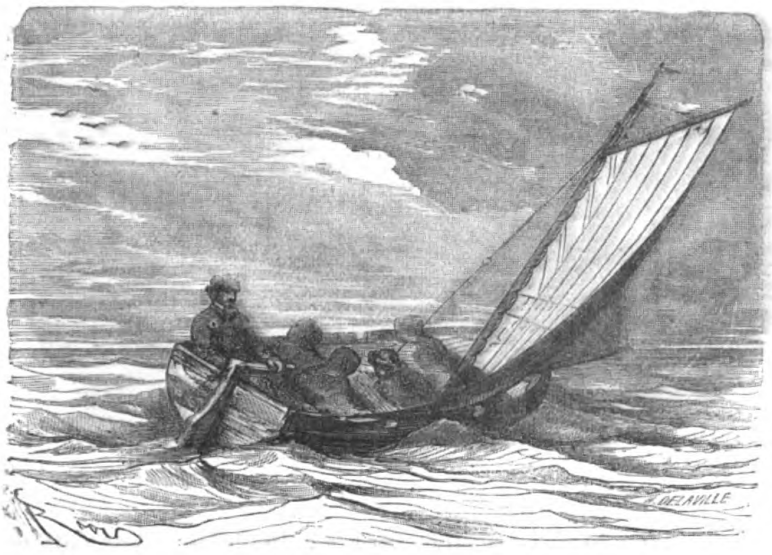


"It is a cloud," said Altamont.

"Land! land!" repeated Hatteras, in tones of absolute conviction.

Even while he spoke the appearance vanished, and when it returned again the Doctor fancied he caught a gleam of light about the smoke for an instant.

"It is a volcano!" he exclaimed.



"A volcano?" repeated Altamont.

"Undoubtedly."

"In so high a latitude?"

"Why not? Is not Iceland a volcanic island—indeed, almost made of volcanoes, one might say?"

"Well, has not our famous countryman, James Ross, affirmed the existence of two active volcanoes, the Erebus and the Terror, on the Southern Continent, in longitude 170° and latitude 78°? Why, then, should not volcanoes be found near the North Pole?"

"It is possible, certainly," replied Altamont.

"Ah, now I see it distinctly," exclaimed the Doctor. "It is a volcano!"

"Let us make right for it, then," said Hatteras.

It was impossible longer to doubt the proximity of the coast. In twenty-four hours, probably, the bold navigators might hope to set foot on its untrodden soil. But strange as it was, now that they were so near the goal of their voyage, no one showed



the joy which might have been expected. Each man sat silent, absorbed in his own thoughts, wondering what sort of place this Pole must be. The birds seemed to shun it, for though it was evening, they were all flying towards the south with outspread wings. Was it, then, so inhospitable, that not so much as a sea-gull or a ptarmigan could find a shelter? The fish, too, even the large cetacea, were hastening away through the transparent waters. What could cause this feeling either of repulsion or terror?

At last sleep overcame the tired men, and

one after another dropped off, leaving Hatteras to keep watch.

He took the helm, and tried his best not to close his eyes, for he grudged losing precious time; but the slow motion of the vessel rocked him into a state of such irresistible somnolence that, in spite of himself, he was soon, like his companions, locked fast in deep slumber. He began to dream, and imagination brought back all the scenes of his past life. He dreamt of his ship, the *Forward*, and of the traitors that had burnt



it. Again he felt all the agonies of disappointment and failure, and forgot his actual situation. Then the scene changed, and he saw himself at the Pole unfurling the Union Jack!

While memory and fancy were thus busied, an enormous cloud of an olive tinge had begun to darken sea and sky. A hurricane was at hand. The first blast of the tempest roused the Captain and his companions, and they were on their feet in an instant, ready to meet it. The sea had risen tremendously, and the ship was tossing violently up and down on the billows. Hatteras took the helm again, and kept a firm hold of it, while Johnson and Bell

baled out the water which was constantly dashing over the ship.

It was a difficult matter to preserve the right course, for the thick fog made it impossible to see more than a few yards off.

This sudden tempest might well seem to such excited men, a stern prohibition against further approach to the Pole; but it needed but a glance at their resolute faces to know that they would neither yield to winds nor waves, but go right on to the end.



For a whole day the struggle lasted, death threatening them each moment; but about six in the evening, just as the fury of the waves seemed at its highest pitch, there came a sudden calm. The wind was stilled as if miraculously, and the sea became smooth as glass.

Then came a most extraordinary inexplicable phenomenon.

The fog, without dispersing, became strangely luminous, and the sloop sailed along in a zone of electric light. Mast, sail, and rigging appeared pencilled in black against the phosphorescent sky with won-

drous distinctness. The men were bathed in light and their faces shone with a fiery glow.

"The volcano," exclaimed Hatteras.

"Is it possible?" said Bell.

"No, no!" replied Clawbonny. "We should be suffocated with its flames so near."

"Perhaps it is the reflection," suggested Altamont.



"Not that much even, for then we must be near land, and in that case we should hear the noise of the eruption."

"What is it then?" asked the Captain.

"It is a cosmical phenomenon," replied the Doctor, "seldom met with hitherto. If we go on, we shall soon get out of our luminous sphere and be back in the darkness and tempest again."

"Well, let's go on, come what may," said Hatteras.

The Doctor was right. Gradually the fog began to lose its light and then its transparency, and the howling wind was heard not far off. A few minutes more and the little vessel was caught in a violent squall and swept back into the cyclone.

But the hurricane had fortunately turned

a point towards the south, and left the vessel free to run before the wind straight towards the Pole. There was imminent danger of her sinking, for she sped along at frenzied speed, and any sudden collision with rock or iceberg must have inevitably dashed her to pieces.

But not a man on board counselled prudence. They were intoxicated with the danger, and no speed could be quick enough to satisfy their longing impatience to reach the unknown.

At last they began evidently to near the coast. Strange symptoms were manifest in



the air; the fog suddenly rent like a curtain torn by the wind; and for an instant, like a flash of lightning, an immense column of flame was seen on the horizon.

"The volcano! the volcano!" was the simultaneous exclamation.

But the words had hardly passed their lips before the fantastic vision had vanished. The wind suddenly changed to south-east, and drove the ship back again from the land.

"Confound it!" said Hatteras; "we weren't three miles from the coast."

However resistance was impossible. All

that could be done was to keep tacking; but every few minutes the little sloop would be thrown on her side, though she righted herself again immediately obedient to the helm.

As Hatteras stood with dishevelled hair, grasping the helm as if welded to his hand, he seemed the animating soul of the ship.

All at once, a fearful sight met his gaze.

Scarcely twenty yards in front was a great block of ice coming right towards them, mounting and falling on the stormy billows, ready to overturn at any moment and crush them in its descent.

But this was not the only danger that threatened the bold navigators. The iceberg was packed with white bears, huddling close together, and evidently beside themselves with terror.

The iceberg made frightful lurches, sometimes inclining at such a sharp angle that the animals rolled pell-mell over each other and set up a loud growling, which mingled with the roar of the elements and made a terrible concert.

For a quarter of an hour, which seemed a .whole century, the sloop sailed on in this formidable company, sometimes a few yards distant and sometimes near enough to touch. The Greenland dogs trembled for fear, but Duk was quite imperturbable. At last the iceberg lost ground, and got driven by the wind further and further away till it disappeared in the fog, only at intervals betraying its presence by the ominous growls of its equipage.

The storm now burst forth with redoubled fury. The little bark was lifted bodily out of the water, and whirled round and round with the most frightful rapidity. Mast and sail were torn off, and went flying away through the darkness like some large white bird. A whirlpool began to form among the waves, drawing down the ship gradually by its irresistible suction. Deeper and deeper she sank, whizzing round at such tremendous speed that to the poor fellows on board, the water seemed motionless. All five men stood erect, gazing at each other in speechless terror. But suddenly the ship rose perpendicularly, her prow went above the edge of the vortex, and getting out of the centre of attraction by her own velocity, she escaped at a tangent from the circumference, and was thrown far beyond, swift as a ball from a cannon's mouth.

Altamont, the Doctor, Johnson, and Bell were pitched flat on the planks. When they got up, Hatteras had disappeared!

It was two o'clock in the morning.

# CHESS.

## CHAPTER X. (*Continued.*)

### The Allgaier—Kieseritzki Gambit.

#### Third Defence.

5. P to Q 3.

Diagram

Showing the position after Black's fifth move.

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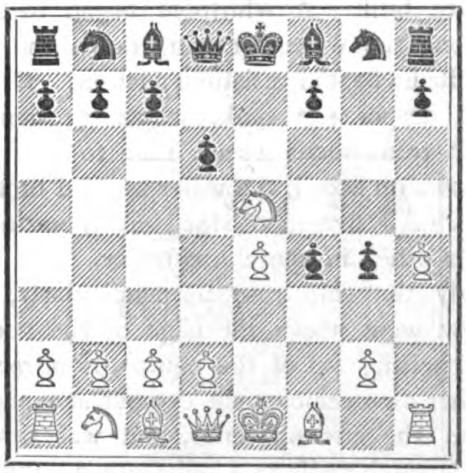


(WHITE.)

Kolisch considers this to be Black's safest defence. It frequently leads to a drawn game.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. Kt takes K Kt P. | 6. B to K 2. |
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. B takes K R P (ch.) |
| 8. Kt to K B 2. | 8. Q to K Kt 4. |
| 9. Q to K B 3. | 9. B to K Kt 6. |
| 10. Q Kt to B 3. | 10. Kt to K B 3. |
| 11. B to Q 2 (best). | 11. B to Q 2, |

and the game is about even.

---

#### Fourth Defence.

5. P to Q 4.

This move was recommended by the late Mr. Ernest Morphy, and appears to give Black a free open game.

6. P to Q 4.

If 6. $\frac{\text{Kt takes Kt P}}{\text{P takes K P}}$, with the advantage.

If 6. $\frac{\text{P takes P}}{\text{B to K 2}}$, or $\frac{\text{Q to K 2}}{\quad}$, with a fine game.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 6. P to K B 6. |
| 7. Kt P takes P. | 7. B to K 2. |
| 8. B to K 3. | 8. B takes P (ch.) |
| 9. K to Q 2. | 9. B to K B 3, |

and Black has the better game.

We extract the above variation from "La Stratégie."

---

#### Fifth Defence.

5. P to K R 4.

This constitutes the old classical defence that is now seldom played, as it subjects the second player to a long and harassing attack; but for all that it may be adopted without much risk if Black play correctly.

| | |
|---|---|
| 6. B to Q B 4. | 6. R to K R 2 (best). |

If 6. $\frac{\text{Kt to K R 3}}{\quad}$ 7. $\frac{\text{P to Q 4}}{\text{P to Q 3}}$

8. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q 3}}{\text{P to K B 6}}$ 9. $\frac{\text{P takes P (best).}}{\text{B to K 2, or } (a).}$

10. $\frac{\text{B to K 3}}{\text{B takes P (ch.)}}$ 11. $\frac{\text{K to Q 2}}{\quad}$

and White has slightly the better position.

(*a*.)

9. $\frac{\quad}{\text{P takes P}}$ 10. $\frac{\text{Q takes P}}{\text{B to K Kt 5}}$

11. $\frac{\text{Q to K B 2}}{\text{Q to K 2}}$ 12. $\frac{\text{Castles}}{\text{R to K R 2}}$

13. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{\text{P to Q B 3}}$ 14. $\frac{\text{P to K 5}}{\quad}$

and White has an overwhelming attack.

If Black play now 14. $\frac{\quad}{\text{P to Q 4}}$, White replies by 15. $\frac{\text{B takes Q P}}{\quad}$, with a winning position; or if Black move 14. $\frac{\text{Kt to K B 4,}}{\quad}$ White rejoins with 15. $\frac{\text{B to K Kt 5,}}{\text{Q to Q 2}}$ 16. $\frac{\text{P to K 6,}}{\quad}$ etc. To return to the main variation:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. P to K B 6. |
| 8. P takes P. | 8. P to Q 3. |
| 9. Kt to Q 3. | 9. B to K 2. |
| 10. B to K 3. | 10. B takes P (ch.) |
| 11. K to Q 2. | |

Here the authorities are once more at

variance. Kolisch makes Black play now 11. B to K Kt 4, whereas Staunton gives 11. P takes P; and as we consider the latter mode of play is much to be preferred, we follow it out.

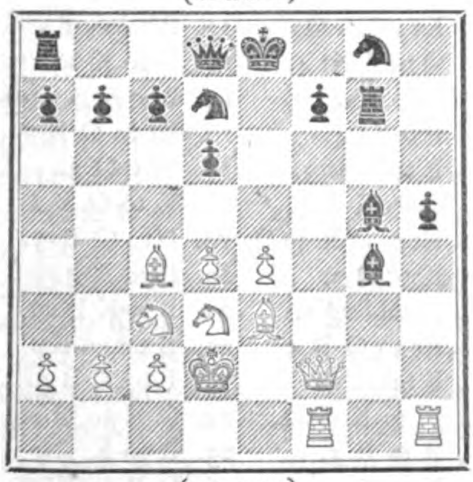
| | |
|---|---|
| | 11. P takes P. |
| 12. Q takes P. | 12. B to K Kt 5. |
| 13. Q to K B 4. | 13. R to K Kt 2. |
| 14. Kt to Q B 3. | 14. B to K Kt 4. |
| 15. Q to K B 2. | 15. Q Kt to Q 2. |

16. Q R to K B sq., and, after a few more moves, Mr. Staunton declares the game even. The subjoined Diagram shows the position of the forces.

DIAGRAM

Showing the position after White's sixteenth move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

SIXTH DEFENCE.

5. Q to K 2.

This move affords Black a perfectly safe defence, and is, in our opinion, as good as any other. The mere fact of there being so many satisfactory defences at the second player's disposal, proves the intrinsic weakness of the "Allgaier—Kieseritzki Gambit."

6. Kt takes K Kt P.

If 6. $\frac{\text{P to Q 4}}{\text{P to K B 4}}$ 7. $\frac{\text{Q B takes P}}{\text{P to Q 3}}$

8. $\frac{\text{B to K Kt 5}}{\text{Kt to K B 3}}$ 9. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{\text{P to Q B 3}}$

10. $\frac{\text{B takes Kt}}{\text{Q takes B}}$ 11. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 4}}{\text{P to Q Kt 4}}$

12. $\frac{\text{Kt to K 3}}{\text{P to Q Kt 5}}$ 13. $\frac{\text{Kt to R 4,}}{\text{Q to K 2}}$ and Black has the advantage.

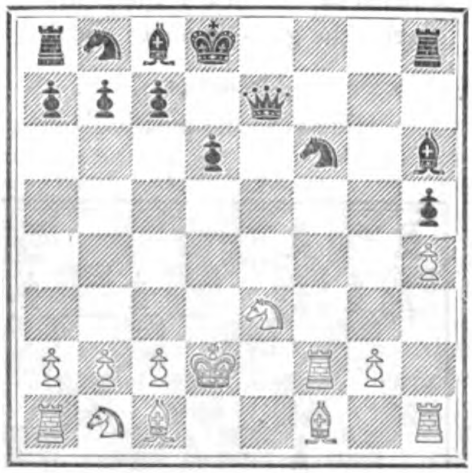
| | |
|---|---|
| | 6. P to K B 4. |
| 7. Kt to K B 2. | 7. P takes K P. |
| 8. Q to K R 5 (ch.) | 8. K to Q sq. |
| 9. Q to K B 5. | 9. P to K 6. |
| 10. Kt to K Kt 4. | 10. P takes P (double check). |
| 11. K takes P. | 11. P to Q 3. |
| 12. Q takes P. | 12. P to K R 4. |
| 13. Kt to K 3. | 13. B to K R 3. |
| 14. Q to K B 2. | 14. Kt to K B 3, |

followed by Kt to K Kt 5, and Black has unquestionably the better game.

DIAGRAM

Showing the position after Black's fourteenth move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

SEVENTH DEFENCE.

5. B to K 2.

This defence is the invention of Polerio an Italian writer, and was thought by Lolli to give Black the advantage. We believe that it leads to an even game.

6. B to Q B 4 (best).

White has two other moves here—viz., 6. Q takes Kt P and 6. Kt takes Kt P, the consequences of which it will be well to examine.

If, firstly—

6. $\frac{\text{Q takes Kt P}}{\text{P to Q 3}}$ 7. $\frac{\text{Q to K Kt 7}}{\text{B takes P (ch.)}}$

8. $\frac{\text{K to Q sq.}}{\text{P takes Kt}}$ 9. $\frac{\text{Q takes R}}{\text{B to K Kt 5 (ch.)}}$

10. $\frac{\text{B to K 2}}{\text{Q to K Kt 4}}$, and Black has the preferable game.

If, secondly—

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 6. | Kt takes Kt P / B takes P (ch.) | 7. | Kt to B 2 / P to Q 3 |
| 8. | P to Q 4 / Q to K Kt 4 | | Q to K B 3 / B to K Kt 6 |
| 10. | P to K 5 / B takes Kt (ch.) | 11. | K takes B / P takes K P |
| 12. | P takes K P / Q takes K P | 13. | B takes P / Q to B 4 (ch.) |

and again Black has the advantage.

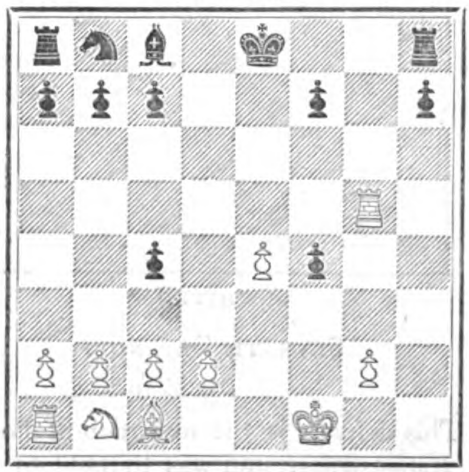
| | |
|---|---|
| | 6. B takes P (ch.) |
| 7. K to B sq. | 7. Kt to K R 3. |
| 8. Kt takes K Kt P. | 8. Kt takes Kt. |
| 9. Q takes Kt. | 9. B to K Kt 4. |
| 10. R to K R 5. | 10. P to Q 4. |
| 11. Q takes B. | 11. Q takes Q. |
| 12. R takes Q. | 12. P takes B, |

and the game is about equal.

DIAGRAM

Showing the position.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

The following games are capital illustrations of the Allgaier—Kieseritzki Gambit. An absurd statement having appeared in a monthly contemporary, to the effect that Mr. Gocher could not claim to rank with the chief English players, we take this opportunity of refuting it by publishing a game between him and the late Mr. Brien, who was universally admitted to be a first-rate player, and whom Mr. Gocher defeated with ease in a match, winning seven games to his opponent's three. We may add that Mr. Gocher won all the ordinary games played previously to the match. We extract the game in question from "The Chess Players' Chronicle," 1860.

GAME I.

| WHITE. (Mr. Gocher.) | BLACK. (Mr. Brien.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. P to K R 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Kt to K 5. | 5. Kt to K B 3. |
| 6. Kt takes K Kt P. | 6. Kt takes K P. |
| 7. P to Q 3. | 7. Kt to K Kt 6. |
| 8. B takes P. | 8. Kt takes R. |
| 9. Q to K 2 (ch.) | 9. Q to K 2. |
| 10. Kt to K B 6 (ch.) | 10. K to Q sq. |
| 11. B takes P (ch.) | 11. K takes B. |
| 12. Kt to Q 5 (ch.) | 12. K to Q sq. |
| 13. Kt takes Q. | 13. B takes Kt. |
| 14. Q to K Kt 4. | 14. R to K sq. |
| 15. B to K 2. | 15. B to K B 3 (*a*). |
| 16. P to Q 4. | 16. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 17. P to Q B 3. | 17. P to Q 3. |
| 18. Q to K B 4. | 18. K to Q B 2. |
| 19. Kt to Q R 3 (*b*). | 19. P to Q R 3. |
| 20. K to Q 2. | 20. B to K 3. |
| 21. R takes Kt. | 21. B to K R sq. |
| 22. Kt to Q B 4. | 22. B takes Kt. |
| 23. B takes B. | 23. P to K B 3. |
| 24. P. to K Kt 4. | 24. Q R to Q sq. |
| 25. R to R 3. | 25. R to K 2. |
| 26. R to K 3. | 26. Q R to K sq. |
| 27. R takes R (ch.) | 27. R takes R. |
| 28. Q to K R 6. | 28. K to Q 2. |
| 29. B to Q 3. | 29. Kt to Q sq. |
| 30. B takes K R P. | 30. B to K Kt 2. |
| 31. B to B 5 (ch.) | 31. K to B 2. |
| 32. Q to B 4. | 32. Kt to K B 2. |
| 33. P to K Kt 5. | 33. K to Q sq. |
| 34. B to Kt 6. | 34. P takes Kt P. |
| 35. P takes P | 35. Kt to K R sq. |
| 36. Q takes P (ch.) | 36. R to Q 2. |
| 37. Q to Kt 8 (ch.) | 37. K to K 2. |
| 38. B to K B 5, and wins (*c*.) | |

---

Notes by the Editor of the "Chess Players' Chronicle."

(*a*) Showy, but unsound.

(*b*) Correct play.

(*c*) By some of these games, Black, whatever be the cause, seems to have sustained loss of quality and soundness. Neither of these deficiencies can avoid giving the advantage to an opponent of so good a form and so complete an accuracy as Mr. Gocher.

---

### Game II.

Between the "Editor" and Herr Steinitz.

(From the "Illustrated London News.")

| White. (Editor.) | Black. (Herr Steinitz.) |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |
| 4. P to K R 4. | 4. P to K Kt 5. |
| 5. Kt to K 5. | 5. Kt to K B 3 (*a*) |
| 6. B to Q B 4. | 6. P to Q 4. |
| 7. P takes P. | 7. B to Q 3. |
| 8. P to Q 4. | 8. Kt to K R 4. |
| 9. Kt to Q B 3. | 9. Castles. |
| 10. Q Kt to K 2. | 10. P to K B 3. |
| 11. Kt to Q 3. | 11. Q to K sq. |
| 12. Castles. | 12. P to K B 6. |
| 13. Q Kt to K B 4. | 13. Kt to K Kt 6. |
| 14. R to K sq. | 14. Kt to K 7 (ch.) |
| 15. Kt takes Kt. | 15. P takes Kt. |
| 16. Q takes P. | 16. Q to K R 4. |
| 17. B to K B 4. | 17. Q takes K R P. |
| 18. P to K Kt 3. | 18. Q to K R 4. |
| 19. B takes B. | 19. P takes B. |
| 20. Kt to K B 4 (*b*) | 20. Q to K Kt 4. |
| 21. Kt to K 6 (*c*) | 21. B takes Kt. |
| 22. P takes B. | 22. R to K sq. |
| 23. P to K 7 (dis. ch.) | 23. K to Kt 2. |
| 24. Q to K 6. | 24. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 25. Q takes Q P. | 25. P to K R 4. |
| 26. R to K 6. | 26. Q R to Q B sq. |
| 27. Q R to K B sq. | 27. Q to Q 7 (*d*) |
| 28. B to Q 3 (*e*) | 28. Q to Q Kt 5. |
| 29. Q takes Q. | 29. Kt takes Q. |
| 30. B to Q Kt 5. | 30. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 31. P to Q 5. | 31. R takes P. |
| 32. B takes Kt. | 32. R takes R. |
| 33. B takes P. | 33. R to Q B 2. |
| 34. P takes R. | 34. R takes B. |
| 35. R to Q sq. | 35. K to B sq. |
| 36. P to Q Kt 3. | 36. K to K 2. |
| 37. R to Q 5. | 37. K takes P. |
| 38. R takes R P. | 38. P to K B 4. |
| 39. K to B 2. | 39. R to Q B 2. |
| 40. P to Q B 4. | 40. R to Q 2. |

And the game was ultimately drawn.

---

(Notes by Mr. Staunton.)

(*a*) Many players now give the preference to Mr. L. Paulsen's move of B to K Kt 2, which is certainly a strong line of defence; but the move in the text is also a very good one, and it leads to more interesting combinations than the other play.

(*b*) From this point White has very much the better position.

(*c*) Mr. Gossip played too impetuously here. He would have done better, perhaps, by moving his King to Kt 2, with the object of opening an attack through his K R file. It must be admitted, however, that he did tolerably well by the move made, inasmuch as he shortly obtained a position where winning to him was a certainty with moderate skill and care.

(*d*) Bad; but he had no good move left.

(*e*) Here, as was shown in a back game played by Messrs. G. and S., White had a sure and easy road to victory:—

| | |
|---|---|
| 28. Q R takes P. | 28. Q takes Q P (ch.) (best.) |
| 29. Q takes Q. | 29. Kt takes Q. |
| 30. Q R to Kt 6 (ch.) | 30. K to B 2 (best.) |
| 31. K R to B 6 (double) (ch.) | 31. K takes P. |
| 32. K R to B 7 (ch.), and mates next move. | |

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# MODERN MAGIC.

## BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

### The Mechanical Card-box.

This, also, is a piece of apparatus for changing a chosen card to another. It is somewhat the same in principle as the card-boxes last described, but differs from them a good deal in detail. It is an oblong wooden box, in external measurement about four and a half inches by three and a half, and four inches high. Internally, the measurement is so arranged that, putting the lid out of the question, the front of the box is of exactly equal area with the bottom. Against this front (*see* Fig. 49) lies a slab of zinc, working on a cloth hinge along its

lower edge, thus rendering it capable of either lying flat on the bottom of the box (which it exactly covers), or of being folded up against the front, the upper edge of which projects inwards, so as to aid in concealing it. This flap, like the whole

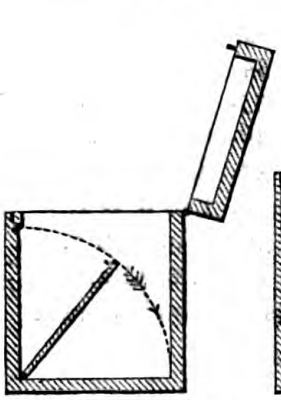

FIG. 49.

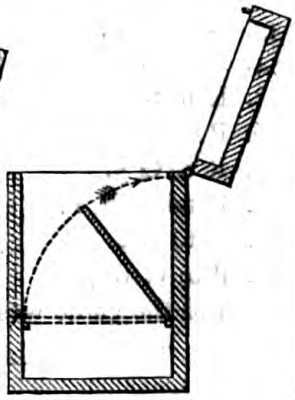

FIG. 50.

inside of the box, is painted black. On one point of its upper surface is a little stud, which, when the flap is raised, fits into a hole prepared for it in the lock, across which passes the hinder end or tail of the bolt. The box is prepared for use as follows: The key is turned, as if locking the box (which, however, is held open), thus pushing forward the bolt of the lock, and the flap is lifted up against the front, the stud passing into the little hole before-mentioned. The key is then again turned as if unlocking the box, when the tail of the bolt catches the stud, and secures the flap. The box will in this condition bear any amount of examination, but as soon as it is closed, and the key turned to lock it, the tail of the bolt being again shot forward no longer retains the stud, and the flap falls. When in actual use, a card (say the ace of spades) is placed upon the flap, and folded up with it against the front of the box. The card to be changed (suppose the nine of diamonds) is in due course openly placed in the box, which is then handed to some one with a request that he will himself lock it, that there may be no possibility of deception. The trick proceeds, and when the box is again opened, the card placed therein is found apparently transformed to the ace of spades.

Some card-boxes are so made that the flap, instead of falling actually *upon* the bottom of the box, falls parallel to it, but at a distance of an inch or so above it, leaving a hollow space beneath capable of containing a lady's handkerchief, a canary, or any other small article, which being covered by the falling flap, is thus apparently changed into a card. The box in this case is somewhat taller in proportion than that above described.

### THE "CARD AND BIRD" BOX.

This is, in form and general appearance, similar to that form of the card-box last above described (with an enclosed space beneath the flap), but its working is precisely the reverse—*i.e.*, the normal condition of the flap in this case is to lie folded against the back of the box, against which it is pressed by the action of a spring. It may, however, be folded down so as to lie parallel with the bottom, a little catch projecting from the inner surface of the front, holding it in that position. (*See* Fig. 50). The lock is in this case a mere sham, having neither key nor keyhole, but a little stud projecting from the lower edge of the lid, and representing the "staple" of the lock, presses, when the box is closed, upon an upright pin passing through the thickness of the wood up the front of the box, and thereby withdraws the catch, when the flap instantly flies up, concealing the card which has just been placed upon it, and revealing the bird or any other object which had previously been concealed beneath it.

The same principle is sometimes applied to the "card-box," the flap when "set" lying flat on the bottom of the box, leaving no hollow space below.

### THE CARD TRIPOD, AND TRICKS PERFORMED THEREWITH.

This is a miniature table, standing five or six inches high. It has a round top of about the same diameter, supported on a tripod foot. It is provided with an ornamental cover of tin or pasteboard, shaped somewhat like the top of a coffee-pot, just

large enough to fit neatly over the top of the table, and about an inch deep. The table has a false top, made of tin, but japanned to match the real top, and of such a size as to fit tightly within the cover. If the false top be laid upon the true one, and the cover placed over both, on being again removed the cover will carry with it the false top, and leave exposed the real one, which, however, the audience take to be that which they have already seen.

The reader will already have perceived that the card-tripod is, in principle, very similar to the changing card-box. Like the card-box, it may be used either singly or in pairs, and the tricks performed by its aid will be nearly the same. Thus two (forced) cards drawn by the audience may be made to change places from one tripod to another, a card drawn and destroyed may be reproduced from its own ashes, or a card drawn and placed on the tripod may be made to vanish altogether, the drawn card being in each case laid upon the false top, that to which it is to be apparently transformed having been previously placed under the false and upon the true top. A card once changed, however, cannot be restored to its original condition, and the card-tripod is, therefore, in this respect inferior to the card-box.

### The "Torn Card" Trick.

This is an exceedingly effective trick. The performer requests some one of the company to draw a card, and, having done so, to tear it up into any number of fragments. He does so, and hands them to the operator, who returns one corner to him, with a request that he will take particular care of it. The performer announces that out of the torn fragments he will restore the card anew, for which purpose he first burns the fragments on a plate or otherwise, carefully preserving the ashes. He then brings forward one of the changing card-boxes already described, and, after showing that it is empty, closes it and places it on the table in full view of all present. He next takes the ashes of the torn card, and loading a pistol with them (any ordinary pistol will do), fires at the box. If he has not a pistol at hand, placing the ashes in the box, rubbing them on the lid, or any other act which gets rid of them will answer the same purpose. When the box is opened, the card is found whole as at first, with the exception of one corner, being (ostensibly) that which was retained by the drawer. Taking this piece in his right hand, and holding the card by one corner between the thumb and first finger of his left hand (*see* Fig. 51), the performer makes a motion as if throwing the small piece towards it. The small piece instantly vanishes from his hand, and at the same moment the card is seen to be completely restored, the torn corner being in its proper place. Some performers, instead of giving the drawer the torn corner to take charge of in the first instance, burn ostensibly the whole of the pieces, and pretend surprise on finding



Fig. 51.




Fig. 52.

that there is a corner missing when the card is restored. Immediately afterwards, however, they pick up the missing fragment from the floor, where they have just previously dropped it, and the trick proceeds as already described.

The reader will, no doubt, already have conjectured that the card drawn is a forced one, and that the supposed restored card was concealed beforehand under the false bottom of the card-box. This pretended restored card is in reality an ingenious, though simple,

piece of apparatus, constructed as follows: A piece of tin is cut to the exact size and shape of a card; out of this, at one of the corners, is cut an oblong piece, measuring about one inch by five-eighths. This piece is attached (by a spring hinge, *aa*, on one side of it) in its original position with reference to the larger piece of tin, in such manner that it can be folded back (*see* Fig. 52) flat against it; but, on being released, the action of the spring brings it back again to its original position at the corner of the larger piece. To this piece of tin is soldered lengthways a narrow tail-piece, of such a length as to extend nearly to the opposite end of the larger piece of tin. This tail-piece forms a kind of handle wherewith to bend back the smaller piece of tin on its hinge, and at the same time acts as a check to prevent the action of the spring pressing the smaller piece beyond the plane of the larger one. A playing card is split in two in order to reduce its thickness, and the face of the card thus reduced is pasted on the larger piece of tin, on the reverse side to that on which the moveable corner folds back. Previously, however, a piece, somewhat smaller than the little moveable flap, is torn out of one corner, and pasted on the flap in such a manner that when the latter is released the torn piece will occupy its proper position with respect to the remainder of the card, which will thus appear complete. When, however, the moveable flap is folded back, and so held by the pressure of the fore-finger upon the tail-piece, the torn portion of the card will be folded back with it, as in Fig. 52. When the mechanical card is placed in the box, it should be thus folded back, and kept in position by a little bit of thin wire, half-an-inch long, and bent into a miniature staple or clip, which, slipped over the end of the tail-piece and the adjoining edge of tin, will effectually hold the flap back, and yet may be got rid of in an instant, when the fore-finger is ready to take its place. You must take care so to place the card in the box as to be face uppermost when the box is opened, as the audience must not, of course, see the back. When you desire to make the card complete, you have only to slip aside the fore-finger, and thus release the moveable flap.

As to the disappearance of the loose corner from your hand, you will find little difficulty when you have learnt the art of "palming," to be hereafter explained. Assuming that you have at present no knowledge on this point, you had better proceed as follows: Take the bit of card between the fore-finger and thumb of your right hand, and as you make the motion of throwing it towards the mechanical card, push it with the ball of the thumb between the first or second joints of the first and middle fingers. This releases the thumb, and the inside of your hand being turned away from your audience, you will run little risk of discovery, particularly as the same piece, apparently, now appears in its proper place as part of the restored card.

I must not omit to mention that there is a mode of performing the "torn card" trick, in which the use of the mechanical card is dispensed with. In this case the performer secretly takes an ordinary card, say the knave of spades, and tears off one corner, which he carefully preserves. The card thus mutilated he places in a card-box, or other similar piece of apparatus. Pack in hand, he advances to the company, and "forces" the knave of spades, having, meanwhile, the little corner piece of the concealed card hidden between the second and third fingers of his right hand. The card having been drawn, he requests the drawer to tear it up, and place the pieces on a plate, which he hands him for that purpose. Having received the pieces, he says, carelessly, "You had better keep one piece for the purpose of identification," and, so saying, hands him apparently one of the fragments of the card just torn, but really the concealed corner piece, which he drops from his hand on the plate for that purpose in the very act of picking up. The trick then proceeds as already described, up to the finding of the card partially restored, in which condition it is handed to the drawer, and its identity proved by showing that the torn edge exactly corresponds with the corner retained.

The trick may either end here, or, by using a second card-box, card-tripod, or the like, the card and corner may be again changed for a complete card.

MECHANICAL CHANGING CARDS.

These are of two or three kinds, but all have the same object—viz., the apparent transformation of the card to a different one. In some cases the change is from a court card of one suit to the same card of another suit—*e.g.*, a king of spades to a king of hearts, involving merely the alteration of the pip in the corner. This is effected by having the card made double, that portion of the front card on which the pip should be being cut out. The hindmost card, which is pasted only round the extreme edge to the front one, is a plain white card, but with the appropriate pip, say a spade, neatly painted in the proper position to allow of its showing through the opening in the front card, which thus has the appearance of an ordinary king of spades. Between the two cards is a moveable slip, worked by a pin through a slip in the back, on which is painted a heart pip. By moving this slip, the heart is in turn brought opposite the opening, covering the spade pip, so that the card now appears to be the king of hearts. The card as above described is of the old single-headed pattern, but the same principle may be applied to double-headed cards. In this case both of the "pip" portions of the front card are cut away, as in Fig. 53; while on the upper corresponding portion of the hinder card is painted (say) a spade, and on the lower a heart, as in Fig. 54. The moveable slip is of such a shape



FIG. 53.

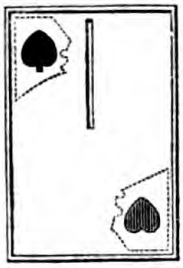

FIG. 54.

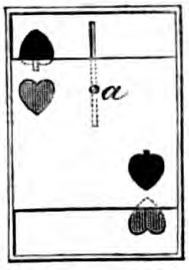

FIG. 55.

and size as to cover the one or the other, according as it is drawn up or down; and on the upper part of this (*see* Fig. 55) is painted a heart, and on the lower a spade. When, therefore, the slip is pushed *up*, the heart pip on the slip and the heart pip on the hindmost card are shown, so that the card appears to be a king of hearts. When, on the other hand, the slip is drawn *down*, the spade pip of the hinder card is revealed, and at the same time the slip covers over the heart pip of this latter, and exhibits its own spade pip, giving the card the appearance of a king of spades.

These mechanical cards are used in various ways. Such a card may be introduced with good effect in the trick of the "rising cards," before described. The king of spades, we will suppose, is one of the cards drawn. The changing card is made one of those which rise from the pack, but is so arranged as to first appear as the king of hearts. When the king of spades is called for, this card rises. The performer feigns to be taken by surprise, and asks the person who drew the card whether he is sure he is not mistaken, and that the card he drew was not the king of hearts. The drawer naturally maintains the correctness of his own recollection, while the performer as stoutly insists that the cards never deceive him, and that if the king of spades had been drawn, the king of spades would infallibly have risen when called. At last, as if tired of the dispute, he says, "Well, I still maintain you were mistaken; but as you insist that your card was the king of spades, why, we will make this into a king of spades." So saying, and holding up the card between his middle finger and thumb, he touches its face with his wand, and at the same moment with the first finger moves the slide, when the card changes to the king of spades. The little dispute as to the supposed mistake, which the audience have hitherto believed to be genuine, gives to the transformation an impromptu air which is very effective. The performer may go on to say, still holding up the card, "You are quite satisfied now, I presume." The drawer assents. "Then if so, as it would spoil my pack to have *two* kings of spades

in it, you will allow me, before proceeding further, to change the card back again. Change!" Again he touches the card with his wand, and, before the eyes of all, it is seen to change back again to the king of hearts.

Another mode of using the mechanical card is in conjunction with the changing card-boxes, above described. In this case the changing cards are used in pairs. One of them, arranged as the king of spades, is secretly placed in the one box, and the other, arranged as the king of hearts, in the other. Two of the spectators are requested each to draw a card, and two genuine kings of the same respective suits are forced upon them. Taking the cards so drawn, and showing the card-boxes apparently empty, the performer places one of the cards in each, taking care to place the king of hearts in the box containing the ostensible king of spades, and *vice versâ*. He now commands the two cards to change places, and, opening the boxes, shows that his commands are obeyed. He then remarks, "Now, I dare say you all think that the trick depends on the boxes. To show you that it is not so, I will again order the cards to change; and this time I will not place them in the boxes, but will merely take one in each hand, so. If your eyes are quick enough, you will see the cards fly across from the one hand to the other. Observe, the king of spades is in my right hand, and the king of hearts in my left. One, two, three—change!" (with a stamp and a slight flourish of the cards.) "Did you see them fly? Here is the king of hearts in my right hand, and the king of spades has passed to my left. I will put them in the boxes once more." You again put each in the box which it before occupied, in doing so again making the change, but without closing the boxes. You continue, "Please to notice which card I put in each box—the king of hearts in the right-hand box, and the king of spades in the left-hand box. Is that right?" The audience reply in the affirmative. "Excuse me," you say, "I fear you are mistaken. You did not notice, perhaps, that the cards had changed again." You show that this is so, and then close the boxes so as to bring the two drawn cards uppermost. Opening them once more, you show that the cards have again changed, and then remark, "I have shown you that the secret does not lie in the boxes, perhaps you would like to satisfy yourselves that there is no preparation about the cards," which you accordingly hand for examination.

A very simple form of changing card, and one that is very useful in connection with the changing card-boxes, may be made by pasting two ordinary cards, first split to reduce their thickness, back to back, so that the combined card may appear, say, the knave of clubs on the one side and the nine of diamonds on the other. The card-box may in this case be used without the moveable slab, in which condition it will, of course, bear any amount of examination. After the box has been sufficiently inspected, the double card is placed in it with, say, the "diamond" side uppermost, and the audience naturally believe it to be an ordinary nine of diamonds. The performer then closes the box *by turning over that side in which the card lies*. This turns over the card, which, when the box is again opened, appears to be transformed into a knave of clubs. I have here given the mere mechanical working of the trick, leaving the outline to be filled up by the invention of the student.

Another form of changing card is known as a "flap card." This is a card across



FIG. 56.

whose centre is fixed a moveable flap of exactly half the size of the card. Thus, when the flap is folded one way it covers the upper

half, and when it is folded the other way the lower half of the card, in each case revealing a different surface. (*See* Fig. 56.) On one of such surfaces is pasted, say, a queen of clubs (made thin by peeling off the back), and on the other surface, say, a nine of diamonds, prepared in like manner. Thus the card will appear, according as the flap is folded, alternately a queen of clubs or nine of diamonds. An indiarubber spring tends to draw the flap down in the one direction, so that the normal condition of the card is to appear as, say, the nine of diamonds. When exhibited to the company, the flap is beforehand forced over in the opposite direction, so that the card appears to be the queen of clubs. The thumb and finger hold the flap down until the right moment, when they relax their pressure, and the flap flying up, the card is instantly transformed to the nine of diamonds.

---

# PUZZLES.

*Square Words.*

1.

A celebrated individual. Termination.
Valuable. An opening.

2.

An instrument. Perfume.
A town in England. An animal.
Pieces of water.

3.

A British isle. Thought.
A journey. Smart.

4.

A European river. A German river.
A valley. To stagger.

5.

A preposition. A rent.
A mental image. An English animal.

6.

A measure. Small animals.
A language. A naval term.

7.

A kind of plum.
That which flows from volcanoes.
Across.
The instruments of hearing.

*Proverbs.*

8.

Aaaa, d, eee, ff, h, ii, l, nnn, o, rrr, tt, v, w, y.

9.

Aa, dd, eeee, ff, h, i, nn, oo, rrrr, s, w.

10.

Aaa, dd, eee, g, l, n, o, rr, ss, u, y.

11.

Aaaaaa, b, dd, e, kkk, llll, m, nn, ooo, p, r, s, u, w, yy.

*Numbered Charades.*

12.

My 5, 2, 4, 1 is part of a fruit.
My 6, 2, 7 is a fish.
My 1, 3, 5, 1, 7 is a quadruped.
My whole consists of 7 letters, and will name a celebrated explorer.

13.

My 6, 9, 8, 4, 10,
3, 14, 5, 4, 10, 16,
5, 11, 2, 15, 10,
and 2, 1, 10, 9 are animals.

My 10, 3, 9, 16,
8, 10, 13, 12,
16, 5, 3, 7, 4,
and 2, 15, 7, 17, 16 are measures.

My whole consists of 17 letters, and will give a well-known dramatist and poet.

*Transpositions.*

14. Mimics a nut.
15. Time is lost, An.
16. Blazin' heate.
17. I can pelt you, sir.
18. I paint poor dabs.
19. Ashes are pink.
20. Cure capital ham.

*Titles of Books.*

21.

Aaaaaaaaaa, bb, ccc, dd, eeeee, ff, g, hhhhh i, mm, nnn, ooooo, p, rrrrrr, ss, ttttt, uu, ww

22.

Aa, cc, eeee, f, g, h, iiii, k, lllllll, m, nn, oooooo, pp, rr, ssss, ttttt, u, www.

23.

Aaaaaaaaa, b, ddd, eeee, ggg, h, iiii, ll, m, nnnn, o, rrr, sss, tt, u, v, ww, y.

*Cryptographs.*

24.

Gxu knflgqylh onnp nl kqiqgxnl;
Qlt kqiqgxnl onnph nl gxu hug;
Qlt kfhylw gxuiu gl xnfi gonlu,
Y tingk't gxqg Wiuusu kywxg bug ru viuu,
Vni hgqltylw nl gxu miuhygl'h wiqeu
Y snfot lng tuuk kbhuov q hoqeu.

25.

Ngltee gpnsri! ni eisushnn acdl,
Lwle tdso utoh yth oerpw lsadyip!
Orf etwnri tkhema eth htilg rhtae ads,
Nda ohut, ksmtae eth ads rhtae ayg.
Eh ssee ehte, nda sclal ot sih ooylgm ntiar,
Eth estel, eth wson, eth nwdi, nda eth arni;
Nda etyh kisnrh aayw, etyh efel ni refa.
Nweh yht reyrm pset rswda eran.

*Double Acrostic.*

26.

Capital of a French department.
River in Germany.
Island in the Mediterranean.
English river.
Town in Catalonia.
Cape in North America.
English county.

The initials will give a town, and the finals the river it is upon.

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# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

*On pp.* 471, 472.

1. King. Idea. Nero. Gaol.
2. Fair. Alto. Item. Rome.
3. Rose. Opal. Saws. Else.
4. Kail. Airy. Iron. Lynx.
5. Fame. Anon. Mood. Ends.
6. Perim. Etive. Rigid. Ivica. Medal.
7. Body. Oboe. Dora. Year.
8. Mare. Anon. Road. Ends.
9. A still tongue makes a wise head.
10. Enough is as good as a feast.
11. Still waters run deep.
12. Beauty is but skin deep.
13. Diet cures more than doctors.
14. Forbidden fruit is sweet.
15. Dwelling-house.
16. Disproportionately.
17. Magniloquent.
18. Perpendicularity.
19. Authentication.
20. Transcendentalist.
21. Incomprehensibility. 22. Sequestrate.
23. Portraiture. 24. Englishwoman.
25. New Series of "The Young Gentleman's Magazine."
26. Official Catalogue of the London International Exhibition.
27. The Picture Book of Reptiles, Fishes, and Insects.
28. Obelisk.

29.

I met a little cottage girl,
She was eight years old, she said;
Her hair was thick with many a curl
That clustered round her head.
She had a rustic, woodland air,
And she was wildly clad;
Her eyes were fair, and very fair,
Her beauty made me sad.

30. Ramsgate. 31. Barton.
32. Claydon. 33. Edgeware.
34. Chippenham. 35. Ashburton.
36. Woodford.



# THE OSTRICH.

THIS magnificent creature. the largest of all existing birds, inhabits the hot sandy deserts of Africa, for which mode of life it is wonderfully fitted. In height it measures from six to eight feet, the males being larger than their mates, and of a blacker tint. The food of the ostrich consists mostly of the wild melons which are so beneficently scattered over the sandy wastes, absorbing and retaining every drop of moisture condensed in the comparatively cool temperature of night, or fallen in the brief but severe rainstorms which serve to give new vigour to the scanty desert vegetation, and to replenish the rare water springs.

Besides these melons, which the ostrich, in common with the lion and other inhabitants of the desert, eats as much for drink as for food, the bird feeds on grasses and hard grain, which it is able to crush in its powerful gizzard, the action of which internal mill is aided by stones and other hard substances, which the ostrich picks up and swallows just as ordinary grain-eating birds swallow sand and small pebbles. In captivity the ostrich will swallow almost anything that comes in its way, such as brickbats, knives, old shoes, scraps of wood, feathers, and tenpenny nails, in addition to the legitimate stones. It has even been seen to swallow in succession a brood of ducklings; but whether in that case the bird was impelled by normal hunger, whether it was afflicted by a morbid appetite, or whether it was merely eating the young birds for sheer mischief, are questions open for consideration.

The ostrich is a gregarious bird, associating in flocks, and being frequently found mixed up with the vast herds of quaggas, zebras, giraffes, and antelopes which inhabit the same desert plains. It is also polygamous, each male bird having from two to seven wives. The nest of the ostrich is a mere shallow hole scooped in the sand, in which are placed a large number of eggs, all set upright, and with a number of supplementary eggs laid round the margin.

The eggs are hatched mostly by the heat of the sun; but, contrary to the popular belief, the parent birds are very watchful over their nest, and aid in hatching the eggs by sitting upon them during the night. Both parents give their assistance in this task. The eggs which are laid around the margin of the nest are not sat upon, and consequently are not hatched, so that when the eggs within the nest are quite hard, and the young bird is nearly developed, those around are quite fit for food. Their object is supposed to be to give nourishment to the young birds before they are strong enough to follow their parents and forage for themselves.

Each egg will weigh on the average about three pounds, being equal to two dozen ordinary fowl's eggs. Yet one of them is not thought too much for a single man to eat at a meal, and in one instance two men finished five in the course of an afternoon. The approved method of dressing ostrich eggs is to set the egg upright on the fire, break a round hole at the top, squeeze a forked stick into the aperture, leaving the stem protruding, and then to twist the stick rapidly between the hands so as to beat up the contents of the egg while it is being cooked. Within each egg there are generally some little smooth bean-shaped stones, which are composed of the same substance that forms the shell.

These eggs are put to various useful purposes. Not only are they eaten, but the shell is carefully preserved and chipped into spoons and ladles, or the entire shell employed as a water vessel, the aperture at the top being stuffed with grass. The mode of filling these shells from sandy pools is ingenious and simple. The business of pro curing water is entrusted to the women, each of whom is furnished with a hollow reed, a bunch of grass, and her egg-shells.

She makes a hole in the bed of the water-pool as deep as her arms will reach, ties the bunch of grass at the end of the reed, pushes it to the bottom of the hole, and rams the wet sand tightly round it. After waiting a little for the water to accumulate, she applies her mouth to the upper end of the reed, drawing the water through the tuft of grass at the bottom, and so filtering it. Having filled her mouth with water, she puts another reed into the egg-shell, and pours the water from her mouth into the shell. In this manner a whole village is supplied with water, the shells being carefully buried to prevent evaporation.

The Bushmen make terrible use of these water shells. When they have determined on a raid, they send successive parties on the line, loaded with ostrich egg-shells full of water, which they bury in spots known to themselves alone. The tiny but resolute little warriors start off on their expedition, get among the dwellings of their foes, carry off as many cattle as they can manage, shoot the rest with poisoned arrows, and then retiring over the burning desert are able to subsist upon their concealed water stores, while their enemies are totally unable to follow them.

After removing the eggs from the nest, the approved method of carrying them is to take off the "crackers," or leather trousers, tie up the ankles firmly, fill the garment with eggs, and set it astride the shoulders if the captor be a pedestrian, or in front of the saddle should he be on horseback. The shells are so strong that they are able to bear this rather curious mode of conveyance without damage, provided that no extreme jolting take place. A frisky horse will, however, sometimes smash the whole cargo, with disastrous consequences to himself and the vessel in which they were carried.

Among the Fellatahs, an ostrich egg on the top of a pole fixed to the roof of the hut is the emblem of royalty. The Copts call it the emblem of watchfulness, and carry out the idea by making the empty shell defend their church lamps from the rats, which crawl down the cords by which the lamps are suspended, and drink the oil. Their plan is to run the cord through an ostrich shell, which is placed at some little distance above the lamp, and, by its smooth polished surface, forms an impassable barrier even to rats.

The feathers are too well known to need description. On an average, each feather is worth about a shilling. The best time for obtaining them is in the months of March and April. The greater number are furnished by means of the poisoned arrow, the native hunter scraping a hole in the sand near the nest, and lying concealed there until the birds come to their eggs, when a few rapid discharges will kill as many birds. Sometimes the hunter envelops himself in the skin of an ostrich, his natural legs doing duty for those of the bird, and his arm managing the head and neck in such a way as to simulate the movements of the bird when feeding—an imitation so admirably managed that at a short distance it is impossible to distinguish the sham bird from the true. The enterprising little hunter is thus enabled to get among a flock of ostriches, and to shoot one after the other with great ease, the birds not being able to understand the reason why their comrades should suddenly run away and then lie down, and permitting their enemy to follow them up until they share the same fate.

# THE FIELD OF ICE.

BY JULES VERNE.

## Chapter XXIII.—The English Flag.

For a few seconds they seemed stupefied, and then a cry of "Hatteras!" broke from every lip.

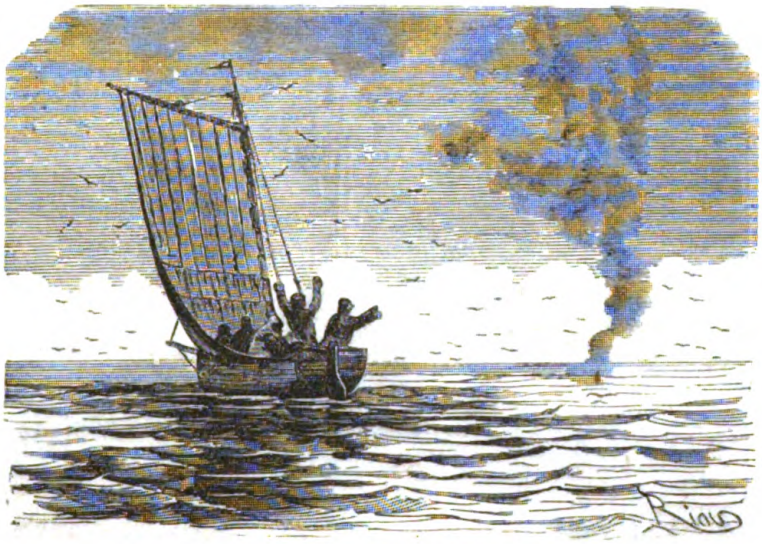
On all sides, nothing was visible but the tempestuous ocean. Duk barked desperately, and Bell could hardly keep him from leaping into the waves.

"Take the helm, Altamont," said the Doctor, "and let us try our utmost to find our poor Captain."

Johnson and Bell seized the oars, and rowed about for more than an hour; but their search was vain—Hatteras was lost!

Lost! and so near the Pole, just as he had caught sight of the goal!

The Doctor called, and shouted, and fired



signals, and Duk made piteous lamentations; but there was no response. Clawbonny could bear up no longer; he buried his head in his hands, and fairly wept aloud.

At such a distance from the coast, it was impossible Hatteras could reach it alive, without an oar or even so much as a spar to help him; if ever he touched the haven of his desire, it would be as a swollen, mutilated corpse!

Longer search was useless, and nothing remained but to resume the route north. The tempest was dying out, and about five in the morning on the 11th of July, the wind fell, and the sea gradually became calm. The sky recovered its polar clearness, and less than three miles away the land appeared in all its grandeur.

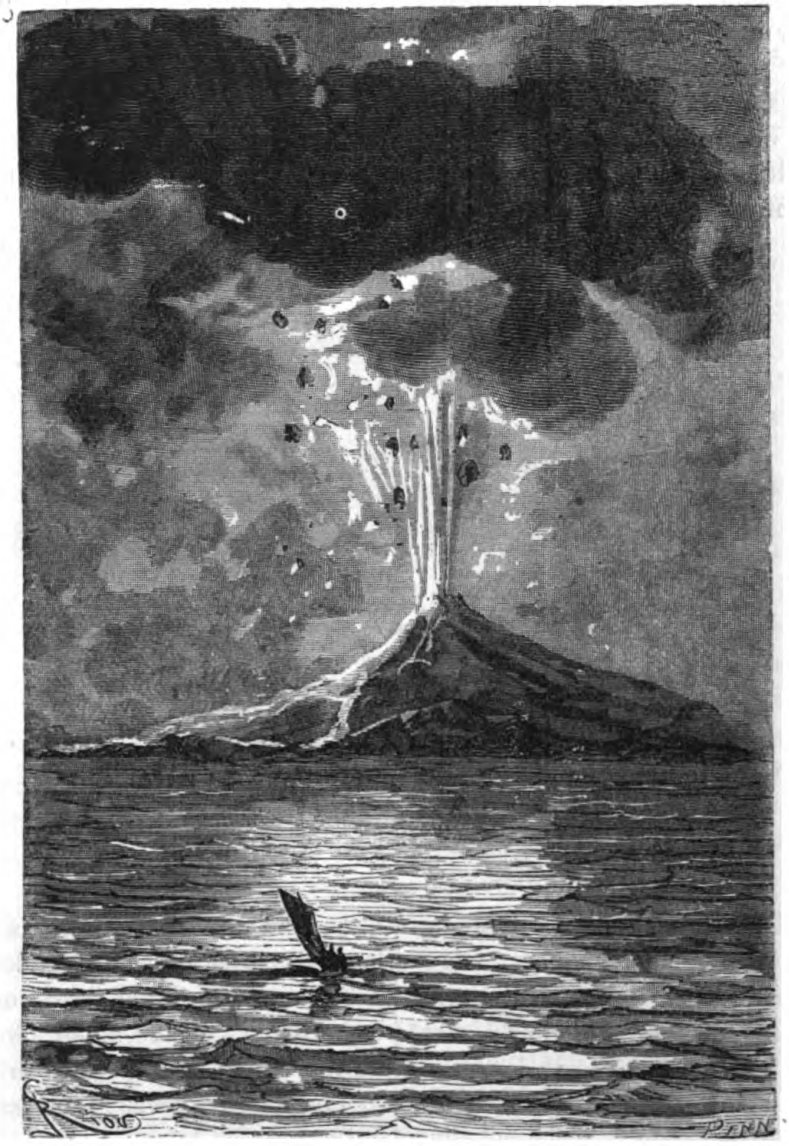
The new continent was only an island, or rather a volcano, fixed like a lighthouse on the North Pole of the world.

The mountain was in full activity, pouring out a mass of burning stones and glowing rock. At every fresh eruption there was a convulsive heaving within, as if some mighty giant were respiring, and the masses ejected were thrown up high into the air amidst jets of bright flame, streams of lava rolling down the sides in impetuous torrents. In one part, serpents of fire seemed writhing and wriggling amongst smoking rocks, and in another the glowing liquid fell in cascades, in the midst of purple vapour, into a river

of fire below, formed of a thousand igneous streams, which emptied itself into the sea, the waters hissing and seething like a boiling cauldron.

Apparently there was only one crater to the volcano, out of which the columns of fire issued, streaked with forked lightning. Electricity seemed to have something to do with this magnificent panorama.

Above the panting flames waved an immense plume-shaped cloud of smoke, red at its base and black at its summit. It rose



with incomparable majesty, and unrolled in thick volumes.

The sky was ash-colour to a great height, and it was evident that the darkness that had prevailed while the tempest lasted, which had seemed quite inexplicable to the Doctor, was owing to the columns of cinders overspreading the sun like a thick curtain. He remembered a similar phenomenon which occurred in the Barbadoes, where the whole island was plunged in profound obscurity by the mass of cinders ejected from the crater of Isle St. Vincent.

This enormous ignivomous rock in the middle of the sea was six thousand feet high, just about the altitude of Hecla.

It seemed to rise gradually out of the water as the boat got nearer. There was

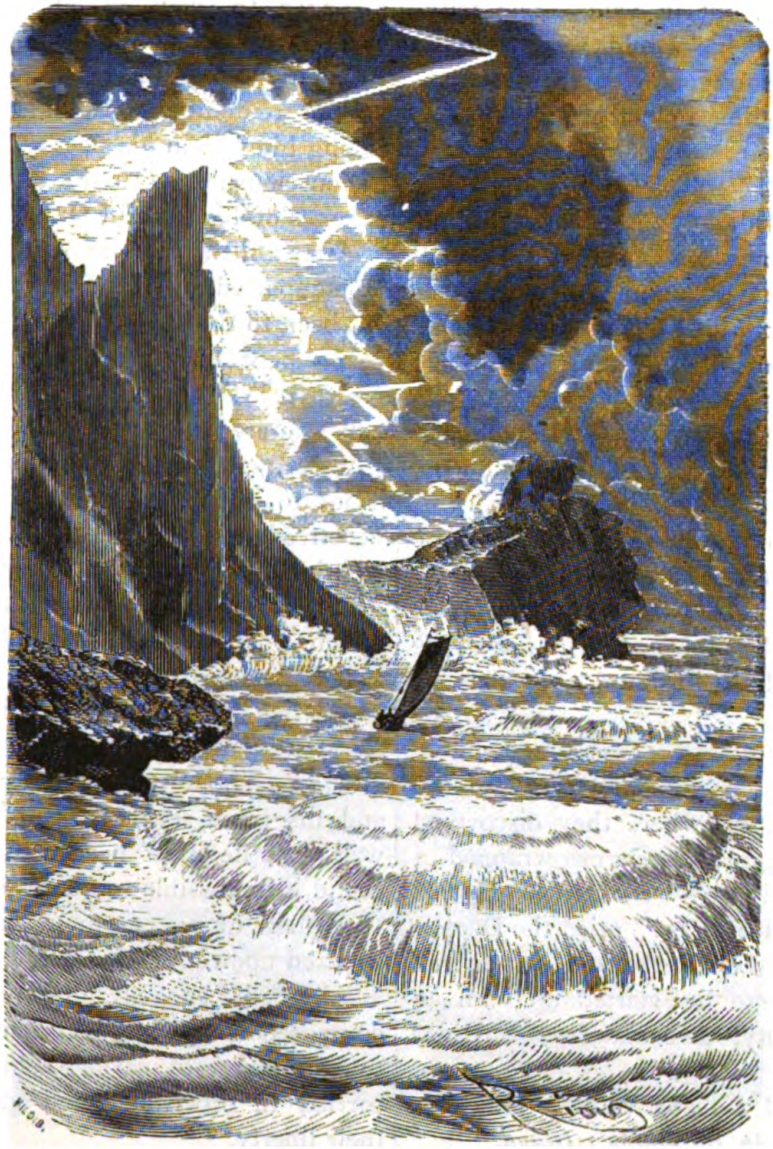
no trace of vegetation, indeed there was no shore; the rock ran straight down to the sea.

"Can we land?" said the Doctor.

"The wind is carrying us right to it," said Altamont.

"But I don't see an inch of land to set our foot upon."

"It seems so at this distance," said Johnson; "but we shall be sure to find some place to run in our boat at, and that is all we want."



"Let us go on then," said Clawbonny, dejectedly.

He had no heart now for anything. The North Pole was indeed before his eyes, but not the man who had discovered it.

As they got nearer the island, which was not more than eight or ten miles in circumference, the navigators noticed a tiny fiord, just large enough to harbour their boat, and made towards it immediately. They feared their Captain's dead body would meet their eyes on the coast, and yet it seemed difficult for a corpse to lie on it, for there was no shore, and the sea broke on steep rocks, which were covered with cinders above water-mark.

At last the little sloop glided gently into the narrow opening between two sand-

banks just visible above the water, where she would be safe from the violence of the breakers; but before she could be moored, Duk began howling and barking again in the most piteous manner, as if calling on the cruel sea and stony rocks to yield up his lost master. The Doctor tried to calm him by caresses, but in vain. The faithful beast, as if he would represent the Captain, sprang on shore with a tremendous bound, sending a cloud of cinders after him.

"Duk! Duk!" called Clawbonny.

But Duk had already disappeared.

After the sloop was made fast, they all got out and went after him. Altamont was just going to climb to the top of a pile of stones, when the Doctor exclaimed, "Listen!"

Duk was barking vehemently some distance off, but his bark seemed full of grief rather than fury.

"Has he come on the track of some animal, do you think?" asked Johnson.

"No, no!" said Clawbonny, shuddering. "His bark is too sorrowful; it is the dog's tear. He has found the body of Hatteras."

They all four rushed forward, in spite of the blinding cinder-dust, and came to the far end of a fiord, where they discovered the dog barking round a corpse wrapped in the British flag!

"Hatteras! Hatteras!" cried the Doctor, throwing himself on the body of his friend. But next minute he started up with an indescribable cry, and shouted, "Alive! alive!"

"Yes!" said a feeble voice, "yes, alive at the North Pole, on *Queen's Island*."

"Hurrah for England!" shouted all with one accord.

"And for America!" added Clawbonny, holding out one hand to Hatteras and the other to Altamont.

Duk was not behind with his hurrah, which was worth quite as much as the others.

For a few minutes the joy of recovery of their Captain filled all their hearts, and the poor fellows could not restrain their tears.

The Doctor found, on examination, that he was not seriously hurt. The wind threw him on the coast where landing was perilous work, but, after being driven back more than once into the sea, the hardy sailor had managed to scramble on to a rock, and gradually to hoist himself above the waves.

Then he must have become insensible, for he remembered nothing more except rolling himself in his flag. He only awoke to consciousness with the loud barking and caresses of his faithful Duk.

After a little, Hatteras was able to stand up, supported by the Doctor, and tried to get back to the sloop.

He kept exclaiming, "The Pole! the North Pole!"

"You are happy now?" said his friend.

"Yes, happy! And are not you? Isn't it joy to find yourself here! The ground we tread is round the Pole! The air we breathe is the air that blows round the Pole! The sea we have crossed is the sea which washes the Pole! Oh! the North Pole! the North Pole!"

He had become quite delirious with excitement, and fever burned in his veins. His eyes shone with unnatural brilliancy, and his brain seemed on fire. Perfect rest was what he most needed, for the Doctor found it impossible to quiet him.

A place of encampment must therefore be fixed upon immediately.

Altamont speedily discovered a grotto composed of rocks, which had so fallen as to form a sort of cave. Johnson and Bell carried in provisions, and gave the dogs their liberty.

About eleven o'clock, breakfast, or rather dinner, was ready, consisting of pemmican, salt meat, and smoking hot tea and coffee.

But Hatteras would do nothing till the exact position of the island was ascertained; so the Doctor and Altamont set to work with their instruments, and found that the exact latitude of the grotto was 89° 59′ 15″. The longitude was of little importance, for

all the meridians blended a few hundred feet higher.

The 90° of latitude was then only about three quarters of a mile off, or just about the summit of the volcano.

When the result was communicated to Hatteras, he desired that a formal document might be drawn up to attest the fact, and two copies made, one of which should be deposited on a cairn on the island.

Clawbonny was the scribe, and indited the following document, a copy of which is



now among the archives of the Royal Geographical Society of London :—

"On this 11th day of July, 1861, in North latitude 89° 59′ 15″ was discovered *Queen's* Island at the North Pole, by Captain Hatteras, Commander of the brig *Forward* of Liverpool, who signs this, as also all his companions.

"Whoever may find this document is requested to forward it to the Admiralty.

(Signed) "John Hatteras, Commander of the *Forward*.

"Dr. Clawbonny.

"Altamont, Commander of the *Porpoise*.

"Johnson, Boatswain.

"Bell, Carpenter."

"And now, friends, come to table," said the Doctor, merrily.

*Coming to table* was just squatting on the ground.

"But who," said Clawbonny, "would not give all the tables and dining-rooms in the world to dine at 89° 59′ and 15″ N. lat.?"

It was an exciting occasion this first meal at the Pole! What neither ancients nor moderns, neither Europeans, nor Americans, nor Asiatics had been able to accomplish was now achieved, and all past sufferings and perils were forgotten in the glow of success.




"But, after all," said Johnson, after toasts to Hatteras and the North Pole had been enthusiastically drunk, "what is there so very special about the North Pole? Will you tell me, Mr. Clawbonny?"

"Just this, my good Johnson. It is the only point of the globe that is motionless; all the other points are revolving with extreme rapidity."

"But I don't see that we are any more motionless here than at Liverpool."

"Because in both cases you are a party concerned, both in the motion and the rest; but the fact is certain."

Clawbonny then went on to describe the diurnal and annual motions of the earth—the one round its own axis, the extremities of which are the poles, which is accomplished in twenty-four hours, and the other round the sun, which takes a whole year.

Bell and Johnson listened half incredulously, and couldn't see why the earth could not have been allowed to keep still, till Altamont informed them that they would then have had neither day nor night, nor spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

"Ay, and worse still," said Clawbonny, "if the motion chanced to be interrupted, we should fall right into the sun in sixty-four and a half days."

"What! take sixty-four and a half days to fall?" exclaimed Johnson.

"Yes, we are ninety-five millions of miles off. But when I say the Pole is motionless, it is not strictly true; it is only so in comparison with the rest of the globe, for it has a certain movement of its own, and completes a circle in about twenty-six thousand years. This comes from the precession of the equinoxes."

A long and learned talk was started by this subject between Altamont and the Doctor, simplified, however, as much as possible for the benefit of Bell and Johnson.

Hatteras took no part in it, and even when they went on to speculate about the earth's centre, and discussed several of the theories that had been advanced respecting it, he seemed not to hear; it was evident his thoughts were far away.

"Among other opinions put forth was one in our own days, which greatly excited Altamont's surprise. It was held that there was an immense opening at the poles which led into the heart of the earth, and that it was out of the opening that the light of the *Aurora Borealis* streamed. This was gravely stated, and Captain Synness, a countryman of our own, actually proposed that Sir Humphrey Davy, Humboldt, and Arago should undertake an expedition through it, but they refused."

"And quite right too," said Altamont.

"So say I; but you see, my friends, what absurdities imagination has conjured up about these regions, and how, sooner or later, the simple reality comes to light."

## Chapter XXIV.

### Mount Hatteras.

After this conversation they all made themselves as comfortable as they could, and lay down to sleep.

All, except Hatteras; and why could this extraordinary man not sleep like the others?

Was not the purpose of his life attained now? Had he not realized his most daring project? Why could he not rest? Indeed, might not one have supposed that, after the strain his nervous system had undergone, he would long for rest?

But no, he grew more and more excited, and it was not the thought of returning that so affected him. Was he bent on going further still? Had his passion for travel no limits? Was the world too small for him now he had circumnavigated it?

Whatever might be the cause, he could not sleep; yet this first night at the Pole was clear and calm. The isle was absolutely uninhabited—not a bird was to be seen in this burning atmosphere, not an animal on these scoriæ-covered rocks, not a fish in these seething waters.

Next morning, when Altamont and the others awoke, Hatteras was gone. Feeling uneasy at his absence, they hurried out of the grotto in search of him. There he was standing on a rock, gazing fixedly at the top of the mountain. His instruments were in his hand, and he was evidently calculating the exact longitude and latitude.

The Doctor went towards him and spoke, but it was long before he could rouse him from his absorbing contemplations. At last the Captain seemed to understand, and Clawbonny said, while he examined him with a keen scrutinizing glance—

"Let us go round the island. Here we are, all ready for our last excursion."

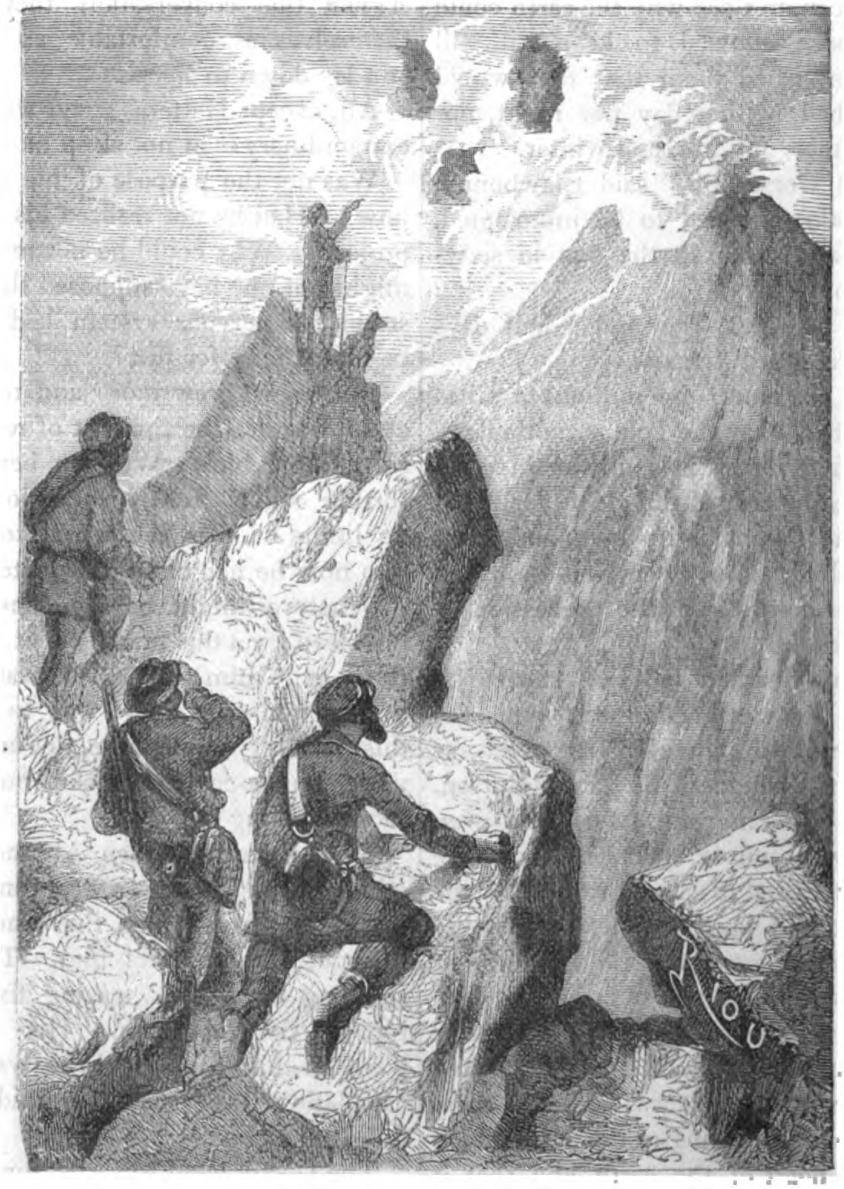
"The last!" repeated Hatteras, as if in a

dream. "Yes! the last truly, but," he added, with more animation, "the most wonderful."

He pressed both hands on his brow as he spoke, as if to calm the inward tumult.

Just then Altamont and the others came up, and their appearance seemed to dispel the hallucinations under which he was labouring.

"My friends," he said, in a voice full of emotion, "thanks for your courage, thanks for your perseverance, thanks for your superhuman efforts, through which we are permitted to set our feet on this soil."



"Captain," said Johnson, "we have only obeyed orders; to you alone belongs the honour."

"No, no!" exclaimed Hatteras, with a violent outburst of emotion, "to all of you as much as to me! To Altamont as much as any of us, as much as the Doctor himself! Oh, let my heart break in your hands, it cannot contain its joy and gratitude any longer."

He grasped his brave companions as he spoke, and paced up and down as if he had lost all self-control.

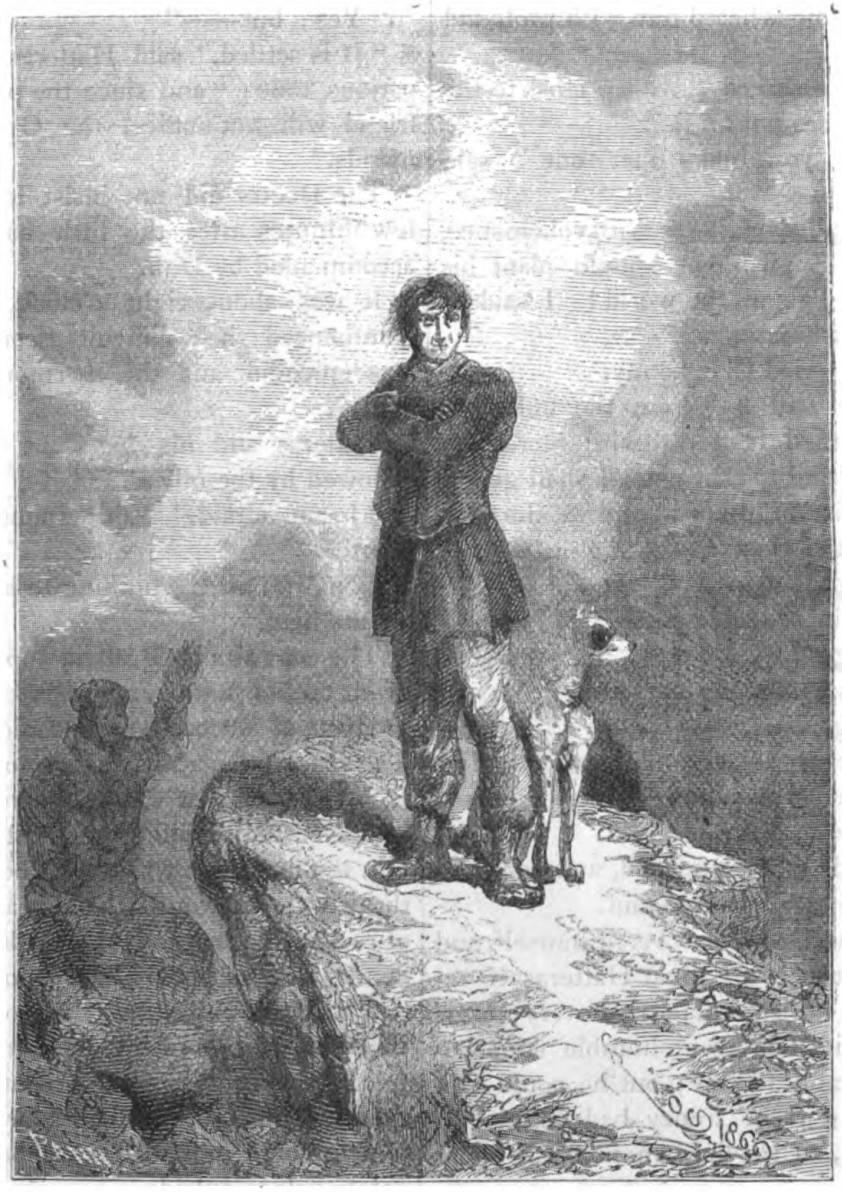
"We have only done our duty as Englishmen," said Bell.

"And as friends," asked Clawbonny.

"Yes; but all did not do it," replied Hatteras, "some gave way. However, we must pardon them—pardon both the traitors and those who were led away by them. Poor fellows! I forgive them. You hear me, Doctor?"

"Yes," replied Clawbonny, beginning to be seriously uneasy at his friend's excitement.

"I have no wish, therefore," continued the Captain, "that they should lose the little fortune they came so far to seek. No, the original agreement is to remain unaltered,



and they shall be rich—if they ever see England again."

It would have been difficult not to have been touched by the pathetic tone of voice in which Hatteras said this.

"But, Captain," interrupted Johnson, trying to joke, "one would think you were making your will!"

"Perhaps I am," said Hatteras, gravely.

"And yet you have a long bright career of glory before you!"

"Who knows?" was the reply.

No one answered, and the Doctor did not dare to guess his meaning; but Hatteras soon made them all understand it, for presently he said, in a hurried, agitated manner, as if he could scarcely command himself—

"Friends, listen to me. We have done much already, but much yet remains to be done."

His companions heard him with profound astonishment.

"Yes," he resumed, "we are close to the Pole, but we are not on it."

"How do you make that out" said Altamont.

"Yes," replied Hatteras, with vehemence, "I said an Englishman should plant his foot on the Pole of the world! I said it, and an Englishman shall."

"What!" cried Clawbonny.

"We are still 45″ from the unknown point," resumed Hatteras, with increasing animation, "and to that point I shall go."

"But it is on the summit of the volcano," said the Doctor.

"I shall go."

"It is an inaccessible cone!"

"I shall go."

"But it is a yawning fiery crater!"

"I shall go."

The tone of absolute determination in which Hatteras pronounced these words it is impossible to describe.

His friends were stupefied, and gazed in terror at the blazing mountain.

At last the Doctor recovered himself, and began to urge and entreat Hatteras to renounce his project. He tried every means his heart dictated, from humble supplications to friendly threats; but he could gain nothing—a sort of frenzy had come over the Captain, an absolute monomania about the Pole.

Nothing but violent measures would keep him back from destruction, but the Doctor was unwilling to employ these unless driven to extremity.

He trusted, moreover, that physical impossibilities, insuperable obstacles would bar his further progress, and meantime finding all protestations were useless, he simply said—

"Very well, since you are bent on it, we'll go too."

"Yes," replied Hatteras, "half-way up the mountain, but not a step beyond. You know you have to carry back to England the duplicate of the document in the cairn——"

"Yes; but——"

"It is settled," said Hatteras, in an imperious tone; "and since the prayers of a friend will not suffice, the Captain commands."

The Doctor did not insist longer, and a few minutes after the little band set out, accompanied by Duk.

It was about eight o'clock when they commenced their difficult ascent; the sky was splendid, and the thermometer stood at 52°.

Hatteras and his dog went first, closely followed by the others.

"I am afraid," said Johnson to the Doctor.

"No, no, there's nothing to be afraid of; we are here."

This singular little island appeared to be of recent formation, and was evidently the product of successive volcanic eruptions. The rocks were all lying loose on the top of each other, and it was a marvel how they preserved their equilibrium. Strictly speaking, the mountain was only a heap of stones thrown down from a height, and the mass of rocks which composed the island had evidently come out of the bowels of the earth.

The earth, indeed, may be compared to a vast cauldron of spherical form, in which, under the influence of a central fire, immense quantities of vapours are generated, which would explode the globe but for the safety-valves outside.

These safety-valves are volcanoes, when one closes another opens; and at the Poles, where the crust of the earth is thinner, owing to its being flattened, it is not surprising that a volcano should be suddenly formed by the upheaving of some part of the ocean-bed.

The Doctor, while following Hatteras, was closely following all the peculiarities of the island, and he was further confirmed in his opinion as to its recent formation by the absence of water. Had it existed for centuries, the thermal springs would have flowed from its bosom.

As they got higher, the ascent became more and more difficult, for the flanks of the mountain were almost perpendicular, and it required the utmost care to keep them from falling. Clouds of scoriæ and ashes would whirl round them repeatedly, threatening them with asphyxia, or torrents of lava would bar their passage. In parts where these torrents ran horizontally, the outside had become hardened; while underneath was the boiling lava, and every step the travellers took had first to be tested with the iron-tipped staff to avoid being suddenly plunged into the scalding liquid.

At intervals large fragments of red-hot rock were thrown up from the crater, and burst in the air like bomb-shells, scattering the débris to enormous distances in all directions.

Hatteras, however, climbed up the steepest ascents with surprising agility, disdaining the help of his staff.

He arrived before long at a circular rock, a sort of plateau about ten feet wide. A river of boiling lava surrounded it, except in one part, where it forked away to a higher rock, leaving a narrow passage, through which Hatteras fearlessly passed.

Here he stopped, and his companions managed to rejoin him. He seemed to be measuring with his eye the distance he had yet to get over. Horizontally, he was not more than two hundred yards from the top of the crater, but vertically he had nearly three times that distance to traverse.

The ascent had occupied three hours already. Hatteras showed no signs of fatigue, while the others were almost spent.

The summit of the volcano appeared inaccessible, and the Doctor determined at any price to prevent Hatteras from attempting to proceed. He tried gentle means first, but the Captain's excitement was fast becoming delirium. During their ascent, symptoms of insanity had become more and more marked, and no one could be surprised who knew anything of his previous history.

"Hatteras," said the Doctor, "it is enough! we cannot go further!"

"Stop, then," he replied, in a strangely altered voice, "I am going higher."

"No, it is useless, you are at the Pole already."

"No, no! higher, higher!"

"My friend, do you know who is speaking to you? It is I, Doctor Clawbonny."

"Higher, higher!" repeated the madman.

"Very well, we shall not allow it—that is all."

He had hardly uttered the words before Hatteras, by a superhuman effort, sprang over the boiling lava, and was beyond the reach of his companions.

A cry of horror burst from every lip, for they thought the poor Captain must have perished in that fiery gulf; but there he was safe on the other side, accompanied by his faithful Duk, who would not leave him.

He speedily disappeared behind a curtain of smoke, and they heard his voice growing fainter in the distance, shouting—

"To the north! to the north! to the top of Mount Hatteras! Remember Mount Hatteras."

All pursuit of him was out of the question; it was impossible to leap across the fiery torrent, and equally impossible to get round it. Altamont, indeed, was mad enough to make an attempt, and would certainly have lost his life if the others had not held him back by main force.

"Hatteras! Hatteras!" shouted the Doctor, but no response was heard save the faint bark of Duk.

At intervals, however, a glimpse of him could be caught through the clouds of smoke and showers of ashes. Sometimes his head, sometimes his arm appeared; then he was out of sight again, and a few minutes later was seen higher up clinging to the rocks. His size constantly decreased with the fantastic rapidity of objects rising upwards in

the air. In half-an-hour he was only half his size.

The air was full of the deep rumbling noise of the volcano, and the mountain shook and trembled. From time to time a loud fall was heard behind, and the travellers would see some enormous rock rebounding from the heights to engulph itself in the polar basin below.

Hatteras did not even turn once to look back, but marched straight on, carrying his country's flag attached to his staff. His



terrified friends watched every moment, and saw him gradually decrease to microscopic dimensions, while Duk looked no larger than a big rat.

Then came a moment of intense anxiety, for the wind beat down on them an immense sheet of flame, and they could see nothing but the red glare: A cry of agony escaped the Doctor; but an instant afterwards Hatteras reappeared, waving his flag.

For a whole hour this fearful spectacle went on—an hour of battle with unsteady loose rocks and quagmires of ashes, where the foolhardy climber sank up to his waist. Sometimes they saw him hoist himself up by leaning knees and loins against the rocks,

in narrow intricate winding paths, and sometimes he would be hanging on by both hands to some sharp crag, swinging to and fro like a withered tuft.

At last he reached the summit of the mountain, the mouth of the crater. Here the Doctor hoped the infatuated man would stop at any rate, and would, perhaps, recover his senses, and expose himself to no more danger than the descent involved.

Once more he shouted—

"Hatteras! Hatteras!"

There was such a pathos of entreaty in his tone that Altamont felt moved to his inmost soul.

"I'll save him yet!" he exclaimed; and before Clawbonny could hinder him, he had cleared with a bound the torrent of fire, and was out of sight among the rocks.

Meantime Hatteras had mounted a rock which overhung the crater, and stood waving his flag amidst showers of stones which rained down on him, Duk was by his side; but the poor beast was growing dizzy in such close proximity to the abyss.

Hatteras balanced his staff in one hand,



and with the other sought to find the precise mathematical point where all the meridians of the globe meet, the point on which it was his sublime purpose to plant his foot.

All at once the rock gave way, and he disappeared. A cry of horror broke from his companions, and rang to the top of the mountain. Clawbonny thought his friend had perished, and lay buried for ever in the depths of the volcano. A second—only a second, though it seemed an age—elapsed, and there was Altamont and the dog holding the ill-fated Hatteras! Man and dog had caught him at the very moment when he disappeared in the abyss.

Hatteras was saved! Saved in spite of himself, and half-an-hour later he lay unconscious in the arms of his despairing companions.

When he came to himself, the Doctor looked at him in speechless anguish, for there was no glance of recognition in his eye. It was the eye of a blind man, who gazes without seeing.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Johnson, "he is blind!"

"No," replied Clawbonny, "no! My poor friends, we have only saved the body of Hatteras, his soul is left behind on the top of the volcano. His reason is gone!"

"Insane!" exclaimed Johnson and Altamont, in consternation.

"Insane!" replied the Doctor, and the big tears ran down his cheeks.

# ELAND HUNTING UNDER THE DRAAKENSBERG.

BY LIEUT.-COL. A. W. DRAYSON, R.A.

One of the most magnificent antelopes in the world is the eland, and eland hunting may be called first-class sport. Not only is the eland a grand animal to look at, but he is excellent eating, and thus eland hunting becomes a business-like proceeding to many men, who supply their establishment with venison, whilst they at the same time enjoy their hunting.

We had passed several weeks at an out-of-the-way post, termed Bushmen's River, about thirty miles from that fine range of mountains in South-Eastern Africa, the Quathlamba, or Draakensberg, when we heard that peace was proclaimed between the Dutch Boers and ourselves, and we were free to roam over the country round our station. This was to us a great boon, for within a mile of our camp we knew there were plenty of small antelopes, wild boars, guinea fowl, and other game, which had been undisturbed for months, and which we were as sure to come across in a day's ride, as though the country had been a rich English preserve.

We had, during several months, been at war with the Dutch Boers, consequently, at our advanced station, no officers were allowed to go more than a mile from the camp; so that it was almost impossible to enjoy any shooting until this peace was proclaimed; then, however, we were free, and did not hesitate to exchange visits with those Dutch farmers near us, who, it was assumed, had remained neutral during the late disturbances.

These Dutchmen were all hunters—all men who had passed their lives in South Africa, and to whom hunting and shooting were the most important things in life. The enthusiasm with which these men would speak of the hunting they had at various times enjoyed was quite pleasant to see, for it showed that years of such sport had in no way decreased their love for it.

One afternoon, as we were sitting in our tent, arranging some tackle for a trial at fishing in the river near us, we were interrupted by the arrival of two Dutch farmers, Kemp and Oesthousan. They dismounted from their ponies, and entered our tent, where they soon made themselves at home on the cushions we placed for them.

These Boers, or farmers—for the term Boer means only a farmer, and not necessarily a rough, uncouth person—were good specimens of their class. They were middle-aged men, and rather inclined to be fat. Occupation they had none, except looking after a very small amount of farming stock, and shooting. By shooting, and a little trading, they obtained all they required; from it they obtained money and food. This statement may be puzzling to some of our readers, so we will explain it in detail. (How does a Dutchman make money by shooting?) Every year, when the rainy season is past, and when fine weather is almost certain to prevail for two or three months, parties of Dutchmen start with their waggons, oxen, and horses, for a hunting trip into those wild districts where what they call "large game" abounds. Now, this large game consists of elephants, hippopotami, buffaloes, ostriches, and other wild beasts; and to these the hunter devotes his attention. First among these is the elephant. In Africa, nearly every elephant, male and female, possesses tusks, and it is these tusks that the Dutchmen covet; for ivory fetches from five to eight shillings a pound, and an elephant's tusks often weigh sixty pounds each, so that an elephant may be worth £30 on account of its ivory. It not unfrequently happens that a party of hunters come across a troop of elephants, and shoot ten or a dozen of them in a day, thus laying in a stock of ivory sufficient to bring in money enough to purchase

clothes, powder, lead, and all other necessaries.

Ostrich feathers also are always in demand, and will fetch a good price, whilst from the skin of the hippopotamus whips are made, for which a fair price can be obtained.

In order to explain how food is procured, we will describe our hunting trip after elands, with the party of whick Kemp and Oesthousan were members.

When our two visitors had seated themselves in our tent, had lighted their pipes, and accepted a small glass of brandy, Kemp said, "We have come to ask you if you will join us in a shooting trip after elands. We shall hunt close under the Draakensberg, and in the Mooi River plains. The grass is just springing up there, and we hear elands are plentiful. Now, if you will come, you can have half my waggon, so you need bring only your two horses and your guns. We shall be away perhaps a week or ten days, and we start the day after to-morrow."

To us this invitation was irresistible; the country into which the party was going was grand and lonely, whilst those with whom we should associate were hunters in every sense of the word. In a very few minutes we had shaken hands on the bargain, and we at once set to work casting bullets, cutting patches polishing up guns, sharpening hunting-knives, and making those endless preparations, on which success so materially depends.

It was quite dark, and wanted an hour to sunrise when we left our camp, and rode down to the house of Kemp, where the waggons were ready "inspanned," the oxen standing quietly chewing their cud, waiting for the smack of the long whip and the shout of "Trek," to indicate to them that they were to move on.

A rough but hearty welcome was given us by the Boers on our arrival, and we found the party a large one; there were three waggons, and two or three men to each, whilst drivers, leaders, and after-riders made up quite a procession. The horses that accompanied the party, in the majority of cases, were left to themselves; they followed the waggons, or quietly walked near them. These were the old stagers, who understood how to take care of themselves, and required no looking after. These horses would stop and graze when they arrived at a tempting patch of grass, and wait until the waggons were several hundred yards ahead, they would then gallop forward, pass the waggons, and again stop to graze. Long practice in the wilderness had made them as docile as a dog, and as much to be trusted as one.

What with horses, dogs, and men, we presented a formidable array, but the actual fighting party consisted of eight or ten men only.

Intelligence had been conveyed to the Dutchmen that a herd of elands had been seen within a few miles of Bushman's River only the day before. So no sooner were we once under weigh than the hunters rode on before the waggons, in order to obtain the first view of the country over which we were going to travel, and what a lonely country this was. Spreading far and wide on all sides were vast plains with but few undulations on them; these were of a satiny green, for the fresh young grass was about two inches long, and was rising from the ashes of its former state. Along this plain the Mooi River turned and twisted, looking in the distance like a silver thread, far away were the massive Draakensberg Mountains, rising three or four thousand feet above the plains. The foot of these mountains was well wooded, the trees being mostly evergreen, whilst a rich mass of underwood afforded protection to endless creatures who here made their home. When this scene was first presented to us, the sun was just rising above the horizon, and was drying up the mist and vapour that hung over the plains. Soon all was bright and clear, the air so transparent that the outlines of the distant mountains were as well defined as if they had been at only one-fourth their distance. Now that we had before us this extensive view we halted, and, dismounting, allowed our horses to graze, whilst we made

a thorough examination of the distant plains, in order to discover, if possible, some herd of game. In the slight valley below us we could see two or three ourebi grazing, and we were reminded of Pringle's admirably descriptive lines :—

By valleys remote where the ourebi plays,
Where the gnu, the gazelle, and the hartebeest graze ;
Where the genesbok and eland unhunted recline,
By the skirts of grey forests o'erhung with wild vine.

For before us were the ourebi in their remote valley ; far away to our left we could see a troop of hartebeest, their chestnut-coloured coats shining brilliantly in the morning sun. Under the mountains were the grey forests o'erhung with wild vine, and we only required the elands to complete the description, and we were not long before our wishes were realized.

To us it was a pleasant change to ride over plains as vast as were these around us. Our hunting for some months previously had been confined to bush work. This sport is certainly most exciting, for one encounters in the bush every kind of game, and is never certain what may next present itself to view. Elephants and small buck, pythons, and guinea fowl were all to be met where we had hunted, but the bush was on low ground, and during the hot weather it was hard work forcing oneself through the brambles, even though one followed the track of an elephant. Here, however, in the plain, we were on table-land several thousand feet above the sea, a fresh air blowing gently on us, whilst the vastness and wildness of the country round afforded a sight rarely seen except in most remote lands.

On we cantered over this springy turf, our horses avoiding the numerous holes that had been made by antbears, porcupines, jackalls, and other burrowing creatures. As we ascended each ridge we slackened our pace and peeped into the valley below, in order to catch the first glimpse of any elands that might be there. The sun was well above the horizon, and yet we had seen no game, except a few ourebis, some wild pigs, and a riet-bok, when suddenly one of the Dutchmen gave a loud shout, spurred his horse forward, and dropped rather than dismounted from his horse, exclaiming as he did so, "*See, see,*" and pointed at the ground over which he had just ridden.

The ideas of the whole party were concentrated on elands, so our first thought was that elands' footmarks, or *spoor*, as it is termed, had been found, but on noticing several Boers rapidly dismount, and lead their horses away, we knew that the excitement could not be caused merely by spoor. On examining the ground we saw that the Dutchmen who had so rapidly dismounted had actually ridden over a large snake, which he feared must have bitten his horse. An examination, however, of the animal's legs exhibited no signs of a snake's bite, and so leaving the horses to graze we devoted our attention to the destruction of the reptile. We were disposed to approach the snake and finish it with a few blows from our sjambok, a stout riding-whip made from the hide of a hippopotamus, but the Boers cautioned us not to approach this snake, as it was a "ringhals," a most dangerous snake, that could spring or lunge a considerable distance, and whose bite was dangerous. To shoot the snake was considered a considerable waste of powder and bullet, and the report of the gun would alarm the country, so it was decided to stone him to death. Several large stones were procured and a ring formed round the reptile, and the pelting began. As the first stone struck the ground near the snake, the creature raised its head about two feet from the ground, and hissed in the direction from which the stone had been hurled, as it stood up in a threatening attitude, thus offering defiance to its attackers it looked a most malicious brute, its broad head, dull, glassy eyes, and thick body indicating all the qualities of the poisonous species to which it belonged, for it was a member of the tribe of Cobras. Stone after stone bounded past it, the snake turning now in this now in that direction, whilst the Boers dodged about to avoid the stones that came from their friends opposite. The scene was most

animated, for the snake began to move rapidly about, occasionally gliding towards one side then towards the other of the ring of enemies round him. His fate was, however, sealed; and in a short time a large stone, hurled with great velocity, struck him on the head and knocked him down, where he lay writhing about, but unable to attack those who approached to whip him to death.

Scarcely had this exciting scene been completed, when we saw a young Hottentot, who had been left with the waggons, coming at a gallop over the plain, and signalling to us. We were all instantly in the saddle, and riding forward to hear the news, which was soon told, and was very gratifying. In a valley which we had passed on our left, and distant from where we had ridden about a mile, a large herd of elands had been seen —bulls, cows, and calves, fully a hundred at least—and they were grazing, and unsuspicious of the proximity of any of their dreaded enemies.

A plan was immediately arranged, for elands can get over the ground at a great pace, and it is not advisable to ride straight at them, and then endeavour to shoot them; for, when that method is adopted, it frequently happens that the herd get a good start, and only one or two shots at an easy range are obtained, which may or may not be successful. The scheme proposed was to send two Hottentots on horses to ride round the elands, and cut them off from some very hilly, rocky ground, where it would have been difficult to have ridden at speed, as the sides of the hills were very steep, and covered with large loose stones and pieces of rock. These Hottentots were directed to show themselves on the hills, and to ride down towards the herd of elands, and thus to drive them towards our party, which was to conceal itself in a hollow, and to wait until the herd came near us.

These preliminaries having been arranged, we waited patiently, but anxiously, for the desired moment when we should be riding beside a herd of these magnificent antelopes, and securing a pair of horns that would remain as trophies. During about twenty minutes we remained quiet, expecting momentarily to see the leading bull eland charge down the slope near us; but such a result unfortunately did not occur, or we should have soon been in possession of abundance of eland beef. Instead of an eland, we soon saw an excited Hottentot galloping over the slope, and signalling to us.

"What is it?" was the inquiry from two or three of us.

The herd have broken away on the other side; they would not turn, no matter what the Hottentots did, but held on their course right into the hilly, difficult country, and now they were two miles at least from us.

"After them!" were the words; and off we started at a gallop, taking a course which seemed likely to cut them off before they reached some enormous ravines that were to be found at the foot of the Draakensberg, and where it would have been almost impossible to ride. In this gallop we had a great advantage; the Boers were men weighing from twelve to fourteen stone, whilst we then rode about eleven stone only, including saddle and gun; thus we had about forty pounds less weight to carry than had these hunters, and such a weight in a long gallop must produce a result.

On we rushed, crossing several boggy places, where the horses sunk to their knees in the mud, then climbing steep rocky hills, and bowling down the steep sides, which were covered with large loose stones, thus rendering the gallop a most risky proceeding; but from these hill-tops we saw a cloud of dust before us, indicating where the herd of elands were retreating, and with such game in advance we did not calculate with any great nicety the chances of a head-over-heels from our pony.

As might naturally be expected, considering the differences in the weights of the riders, we were considerably in advance of our companions when we found ourselves within shot of the elands. For a few seconds we rode after them, watching this singular and exciting scene. It was worth the journey to Africa, and the rough work one passes through, to find oneself in this vast

open country, riding familiarly beside a herd of at least a hundred of these magnificent antelopes. There, not fifty yards before us, was a closely-packed crowd of eland bulls and cows, whilst the calves were struggling on in the centre of this mass, and the most powerful bulls hung about the rear, occasionally slackened their pace, and looked round at us, whilst a vicious wagging of their tails, and a threatening shake of their heads, seemed to indicate that they were considering the probabilities of the success of a charge at us.

Although we had a start of above half a mile, yet our companions were now closing in on us; and being desirous of obtaining the first shot at one of these animals, we turned our pony so, that instead of riding directly after the elands, we left them on our right hand; then pushing our pony to his utmost speed, we rode forward, jumped out of the saddle, and endeavoured to select the bull eland that possessed the finest pair of horns. To make such a selection was difficult, for first one, and then another, attracted our attention; but as the animals rushed past, no time was to be lost. So, selecting a splendid-looking eland, we aimed at a spot behind his shoulder, and fired. Just as the eland's foot was extended, the bullet struck him, and, as the Boers graphically described it, before his foot touched the ground he was dead.

It was a lucky and a good shot. Not so the next. Our second barrel was discharged at another bull eland, but the bullet struck too forward, and the antelope continued his long, slashing trot with as much indifference as though we had hit him with a pea discharged from a pea-shooter. Jumping on our pony's back, we reloaded as we galloped after the retreating herd, which was now some two hundred yards from us, and were approaching a soft, muddy piece of ground that looked very dangerous. The leading elands, however, had no choice; they were forced on by those behind, and entered the mud, sinking deep as they did so. Now was our time; we looked for our wounded bull, but he was nowhere to be seen; he had forced himself into the centre of the herd, where a bullet could not strike him; so we had to select another animal, and this time a fine young bull was our target, who stumbled at our first shot, and fell dead at our second.

So bad was the muddy place before us that, on attempting to cross it, our horse sunk up to the girths, and we could with difficulty extricate him from his position; and when we did do so, he showed such signs of fatigue, that we did not consider it advisable to make any further attempt to pursue the elands, particularly as the Boers, who had kept on higher ground, and thus avoided the boggy place where we had been pounded, were now firing at the herd.

Taking off the saddle from our horse, we enabled him to refresh himself with a good roll on the grass, whilst we went to examine our two elands. The first was a splendid animal: it was about eighteen hands high—that is, taller than any horse we usually see in England; it was fat, and had a magnificent pair of horns, and was a trophy well worth winning.

The result of that day's hunt was five elands killed, which produced a supply of meat enough to fill three waggons; and it was lucky our success had been so great, because during the night it came on to rain in torrents, and this down-pour continued all the next day, and also on the day following. The Boers soon saw that further hunting was useless just then, so we inspanned the oxen, and started for home. Our own position for a day and a half was rather peculiar; to keep out the rain was impossible, as we had no waterproof clothing, so we lay inside a waggon, on the body of a dead eland, a blanket rolled round us, and our saddle for a pillow. On this rather strange and uncomfortable bed we passed the greater part of sixteen hours; at the end of which we found a mud hut, which was our mess-room, and a bell-tent, which was our house—luxuries of comfort compared to the accommodation afforded by the body of the eland below and a canvas waggon tilt above us.



# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter XXVIII.

The adventure to which the above quoted letter referred, had given rise to much amusement in every bivouac, and made Johnny's name almost a bye-word.

There is very good sense in the remark that Fortune favours the brave! Johnny had gone out on detachment duty to reconnoitre. A cold mist hung sadly over the desolate landscape. After some hours this mist changed to a fog, so thick that the detachment unconsciously passed through the German lines. For some time the little force pursued its way along a desolate road without encountering a living creature, a death-like silence pervading the whole neighbourhood. At the termination of this road was a fissure in a rock, which opened suddenly into an abandoned quarry, apparently long disused. The part which was disclosed formed a species of irregular basin, at the bottom of which grew some large elder trees; all along the sides was a tangled fringe of brambles, mingled with blackthorn bushes and eglantine, which seemed to shiver in the fog. About the centre of the irregular basin a frozen pond appeared like a great black spot. The sides of the cavern were here and there pierced with yawning apertures, which gave entrance to the working galleries.

"Let us go down," said Johnny, "we shall be entirely concealed, and we shall be able to rest a little. Afterwards we can decide what is to done."

Here one of the soldiers who had advanced a few paces into the cavern, uttered an exclamation of surprise. In a recess, upon some straw, a man was seated, motionless, clasping his knees with his hands, and thus gathered into a heap for warmth. Without altering his position, this individual looked up at the soldier with wild, staring, eyes. Johnny ran up to him.

"Hullo! my man," cried he to the peasant, "what are you doing here, eh?"

"I am in a fair way to die of cold and hunger," replied the man, in a fierce tone; "oh, those robbers!"

"What has happened?"

"They are down there occupying my farm," continued the man, scarcely heeding the question; "half a league hence it is. They have taken everything—everything! I begged and prayed of them to leave me

something; but they only laughed at me, and turned me out of doors like a dog, saying that I should disturb the general."

At the word "general" Johnny pricked up his ears. A bold plan came into his head. "Being well acquainted with the prudence of these gentlemen," said he, "if there be a general so near us it is very evident that we are well within their lines. Perhaps there is something to be done here by a bold stroke. How many of them are there?" he demanded.

"Twenty at least," was the reply; "but, 'saving your presence,' they are all getting tipsy. I had a cask concealed which I was reserving for my daughter's wedding; they found it out, staved it, and have been drinking it at their pleasure."

"Is your daughter at the farm? Have you left anyone there?"

"I'm not such a fool," replied the peasant, as he raised his head; "I drove all the cattle off, as well as my wife and children, when I found what was likely to happen."

"So much the better," thought Johnny; "our movements will be all the less impeded;" then he asked—

"Are there any troops stationed in the neighbourhood?"

"No, they all arrived like ordinary travellers, with some 'great man' in a carriage, which they had stolen, heaven knows whence. It looked like an escort. The soldiers wear yellow facings and blue watch-coats."

"They are dragoons," said Johnny. And he called his men together to fix their plan of action."

"We are ready," replied one of the soldiers; "we ask nothing better than to follow wherever you may lead."

"We will avenge you," said Johnny to the peasant; "but you must guide us at least within sight of your farm. Can we get so far under cover?"

"There is a level bit that you must absolutely pass, and where there is no possibility of concealment; but in this fog you can cross without danger of discovery. In front of the house, but by the roadside there is a hedge, and also some walnut trees, besides some piles of firewood and logs; you can reach this point very quietly and then leap into the road."

When Johnny had given his orders in the most minute manner, he gave the word to proceed.

"Quick march," he cried cheerily, as he looked at his watch. "It is two o'clock, perhaps at three we shall have some news to relate. The old 'swell' who is in the carriage must surely possess a portfolio, and this ought to contain some interesting information. What a haul we shall have! But mind each one of you must do exactly as I command. I must have no sudden inspirations. Success is absolutely necessary to conceal our rashness."

"But," said the peasant, "you are soldiers and are doing your duty, and so quite rightly. But what is to become of me if I am taken prisoner in your society?"

"So soon as we come in sight of your farm we will let you go. Yet in any case you ought to go with us; are you not a true Frenchman?"

"I am as good a Frenchman as most others," replied the man, as he scratched his ear; "but everyone for himself."

"Well, that is enough," said Johnny, in a tone of authority which he well knew how to assume. "It must be as I say." The man gazed at him with astonishment, and prepared to obey.

The peasant marched in front, the soldiers followed in single file and with all due caution across the frozen fields. At a certain point a rising ground was reached. This was the dangerous part. But the fog was so thick that it was impossible to see thirty yards in any direction. They then bore away to the right, and after proceeding thus for about two hundred paces, the peasant halted.

"You must go down here," he whispered to Johnny, indicating a gravel-pit. They descended accordingly with bated breath. Leading from the bottom of the marl-pit a foot-path ascended gently to the road, at the opposite side of which they could just distinguish the confused outline of the farm

surrounded by large, gaunt, walnut trees. Here they halted. Johnny advanced on hands and knees to reconnoitre. A hedge leafless, but still sufficiently thick to give them some concealment, ran alongside the road. There were, however, some large openings. He also perceived a harrow standing upright against the trunk of a tree, and a half-used pile of firewood. Beside the wall of the farm a dragoon, wrapped in his cloak and sabre in hand, marched backwards and forwards stamping his feet. Each time he reached the gate he leaned forward and gazed into the interior of the yard, appearing much more interested in what was going on inside than in guarding against possible danger from without.

Johnny made a sign to his men, who rejoined him one by one. Putting his lips to the ear of one of the soldiers he whispered something, indicating the sentinel as he spoke, the soldier addressed nodded intelligence.

At this moment another dragoon made his appearance at the door of the farm, a bowl filled with wine in his hands. He whistled softly, and the sentry whose back was towards him, turned quickly at the sound. Both laughed heartily. As the soldier on duty was unwilling to relinquish his sabre, the other who feared to be discovered in this breach of discipline, held the bowl to his comrade's lips. This was a gross caricature of the charming pastoral scene in which Eliezer and Rebecca were the chief actors.

Johnny signed to another soldier and pointed out to him the man holding the bowl. All the men of the detachment were stooping forward, and were only waiting the signal to charge when a new character appeared.

This was a tall officer, fair, and of slender figure; wearing tremendous moustaches, and so arrogant in his mien that he must have been of high birth. Snatching the bowl roughly from the grasp of the good-natured trooper, he threw its contents full in the sentry's face, and saluted the other with a blow on the head that the bowl broke in his grasp. Not satisfied with this gentle chastisement he administered some well-directed kicks on the delinquent, who attempted, and vainly, to stand "at ease" under this hard storm of blows.

While the officer thus carried out the Prussian system of discipline, the sentinel was looking calmly on motionless, awaiting his turn with the air of a man accustomed to such trifles, Johnny put his hand to his shako, which was the signal agreed upon.

In the twinkling of an eye, the sentry, the officer, and the other trooper were thrown down, bound, and gagged without having had time to turn round or utter a cry of alarm.

Meantime Johnny, with the rest of his detachment had gained the interior of the farm-yard. Several dragoons were snoring on the straw in an out-house. These were not difficult to manage, they only kept rolling their stupid eyes, and demanded something to drink. Four Uhlans were drinking in the kitchen. At the sight of the gleaming bayonets they jumped up quickly and begged for quarter, exclaiming, "We are Poles, and allies of France!"

Johnny employed them under the superintendence of two picked men to bind the troopers in the out-house. This having been accomplished, the cleverest of the four performed the same service for the other three, who had the distinguished honour of having their hands tied by Corporal Truffant, a Bachelor of Arts!

Three men were killed in the stable. One unfortunate man hearing some one ascending the ladder of the hay-loft in which he had taken refuge, got frightened, and jumping from the window was killed. Only four men were killed altogether; so sudden was the surprise, and so well had the enterprise been conducted.

The general was very comfortably disposed in the best room. This "great swell," as the peasant had called him, was making himself thoroughly comfortable. He was enjoying the repose of a general amid pleasant surroundings; of a man who had been cold and was warm, who

had been hungry and who had eaten, and even heartily, of a German who had been thirsty and who had been drinking champagne, as three empty bottles bore witness; these probably having come from the same source as the carriage. He had loosened his stock, and wisely too, for he was of a rubicund complexion, and breathed audibly. He had also taken off his sword-belt and his jack boots. His feet were encased in comfortable slippers, and he was warming himself over a cheerful wood fire, when his pleasant repose was rudely broken by the sounds of a skirmish. "Those drunken fellows are fighting," he muttered, thus suddenly roused. "Captain Hermann, go and see what is the matter. Why, where have you got to?"

Captain Hermann did not reply, and for a very excellent reason. Tightly bound, the gallant captain was lying face downwards on the frozen ground, while his head was beginning to swim and to imagine strange things!

All at once two shots were heard, then three or four oaths, and the noise of a scuffle; and then the door of the general's room being hastily opened gave entrance to Johnny at the head of his troops. With one bound the young lieutenant was in the centre of the room, and with the back of his sword sent the general's revolver, which was lying on the table in company with the empty bottles, into the corner of the apartment. The general leaped to his feet in terrified astonishment, but feeling somewhat giddy he fell heavily into his chair again.

"General," said Johnny, with extreme politeness; "you are my prisoner. Resistance is out of the question; so you had better surrender."

"Taken prisoner in slippers," muttered the general, in a tone of bitter mortification.

"Is that all?" replied Johnny, who could not help smiling; "Gottlieb will put your boots on again." In the scared features of the orderly, Johnny had recognized the former manager of a small brewery in Chatillon.

"Monsieur Ironsides?" cried Gottlieb, raising his hands in astonishment; "good gracious, is it possible!"

"We are pressed for time," said Johnny, "and must be off. Have the horses been put to, and have the general's portmanteau and portfolio been put in the carriage. Will you, general, give me your word of honour not to speak during the journey, if so, I will not gag you. We have to pass through a dangerous district, and an alarm would be fatal."

The general retired into himself, and made no reply except an ill-humoured grunt.

"I am very sorry," said Johnny, "but prudence before everything." And the general, now comfortably gagged and his hands tied, was hoisted into the carriage. For humanity's sake they had brought in the captain and the two soldiers.

"Those fellows will die of cold and hunger if they remain here long without assistance," thought Johnny, as he contemplated the dragoons and Uhlans lying upon the straw without. It is impossible to take them all prisoners, and equally impossible to depend upon the honour of all these soldiers, and yet it would be too cruel to permit them to remain here to die miserably."

"If it rested with me," said one of the detachment to his comrade, "none of them should die of hunger, I would burn or shoot them."

"No unnecessary cruelties," cried Johnny, indignantly; "ungag the captain. You perceive, captain, to what danger you and your men are exposed; if I were to leave you here in this condition you would never be rescued. Will you swear not to move your men for five hours, and I will release you?"

The captain agreed to these conditions, and Johnny gave the order to march. One of his men who had received a sword-thrust was placed in the carriage with the general.

The farmer rejoined the victors and undertook to guide them. The fog had lifted a little, and they proceeded slowly in the direction of the French lines. The carriage

was dragged over roads such as carriage never passed before, and the men pushed at the wheels in order to warm themselves. The general grumbled all the time, and the wounded soldier declared that he had never had such an unpleasant companion.



After a terribly fatiguing march, enlivened with frequent alarms, in the pale light of a winter's morning they perceived a church spire amid the distant trees which covered a small hill, and a large house which crowned the eminence. "There is our destination," cried Johnny; "we are safe"

On the left they could perceive a Uhlan

vidette, who seemed inclined to approach nearer, but contented himself with observing them at a distance, and then disappeared at full gallop. At length they encountered some French hussars, and having made themselves known, in an hour afterwards Johnny made his report to his colonel.

In a very short time he was promoted to the rank of lieutenant. "If this sort of thing continues," wrote he to his mother, "I shall awake some fine morning and find myself a colonel, and I shall be in such good luck that when the war is over I shall not think of quitting the service."

This was the last letter that Johnny wrote to his mother. The army of the Loire was obliged to retreat, fighting at every step. One bitterly cold night the Chatillon Regiment was encamped around a farm, on the plain. They were hoping to pass the night in this spot, when suddenly the colonel, who had been to receive his orders, assembled all his officers beneath the cart-shed which served him for shelter.

"Gentlemen," said he, "for the success of an operation, which is a secret even from me, it is necessary that a detachment should remain here, and, if necessary, allow itself to be cut to pieces in the endeavour to check the enemy. We must find a forlorn hope, which of you will place himself at the head of it, and give his life for his country?"

So soon as the colonel commenced to speak, Johnny had divined his object. He trembled from head to foot, and thrilled with that enthusiastic joy which betokens the hero. Scarcely had the colonel ended his address than Johnny stepped forward and said in a firm tone—

"I will, colonel!"

The colonel, who was very much attached to him, looked at him thoughtfully for a moment, then raising his shako, he said—

"Lieutenant Ironsides, come and receive your instructions."

Johnny picked his men from the volunteers of the regiment, and he had many a file from Chatillon. The remainder of the corps marched for some unknown destination. As they were about to depart the colonel embraced Johnny before the entire regiment.

Two hours subsequently the detachment was attacked. The fighting continued until three o'clock in the morning. Some of the devoted band were killed, and some, dispersed over the country, were captured by the enemy's scouts.

Mrs. Ironsides' dream came to pass. Johnny, his heart pierced with a bullet, was lying at the bottom of a ditch, his pale face turned upwards to the stars, while the greedy earth drank his life-blood, as it ebbed slowly from his wound.






## CHAPTER XXIX.

UPON the very same day that Johnny fell under the Prussian bullet, the Germans made their entry into Chatillon. For many days previously their scouts had appeared in the neighbourhood. Long trains of peasants hurried through the streets, retreating before the invaders, scarce knowing whither, driving their cattle before them and carrying with them what portable furniture they possessed. To every question respecting the foe they had but one answer, "They are robbing, burning our homes, and killing us."

These alarming reports, which were spread by the Germans themselves, who reaped all the benefit and bore none of the responsibility, were much exaggerated. But under such circumstances people are apt to give credence to anything.

Many quitted Chatillon and sought safety in the south of France. Mrs. Ironsides was too sensible to credit rumours such as these. she resolutely declined to leave home. "If everyone who could go were to go," said she, "what would become of those poor people who have not the means of moving out of the country?"

Her example gave confidence, a few ladies attended to calm the frightened populace, who were already beginning to insult and hold up to ridicule those who were about to leave the town.



The National Guard was under arms, not in the expectation of being able to defend an unfortified town, but in the hope at least to defend it from the acts of marauders. A child mounted upon a plough-horse came to announce the arrival of Uhlans at Valserre. So the guard at the Octroi was increased and the road was cut.

About three o'clock in the afternoon the sentry gave the alarm, and the guard fell in. Five Uhlans came cantering down the slope of the hill. One of them separated himself from the others; he was an non-commissioned officer, with a fair beard, and wearing an eye-glass in the right eye. His manner was extremely insolent. He pulled up at the edge of the trench they had cut across the road, and searched, glass in eye, for some one to whom he might address himself.



"What do you want?" inquired the officer of the guard.

"We want to come into the town," was the reply.

"As a 'parley?'"

"No, as conquerors;" and he smoothed his moustache as he spoke.

"You are not able to do so, and we neither can nor will permit you to enter."

"What will you do if we make the attempt?"

"We shall fight."

"You will not dare to do anything of the sort," replied the sub-lieutenant, with an insolent smile, and he reined his horse backwards in order to put him at the trench.

"Your blood be on your own head," said the captain of the guard; "we must do our duty."

The Uhlan only whistled, and touching his horse with the spur, cleared the ditch.

The guard hesitated for a second. The sergeant drew a pistol from his holster and cocked it. One of the National Guard then presented and fired. The horse made a spring into the air, and fell with his rider in a heap. The other four Uhlans seeing this fled away as fast as their horses could carry them.

The prisoner was immediately surrounded, and it was soon ascertained that his hurts were by no means serious. In a few seconds he opened his eyes, and gazed with astonishment at those about him.

"Don't kill me, do not hurt me!" he cried in a beseeching tone. So they carried him to the hospital.

Nevertheless the whole town was now in a state of anxiety. The National Guard had done their duty, but would the Germans condescend to recognize that part of the business?

The answer came the following day. About six o'clock a detachment of about twenty Uhlans appeared upon the summit of the hill, They reconnoitred for some time, and, finding the National Guard at their posts, disappeared. At mid-day they again appeared upon the rising ground, but in greater strength, and the crest of the hill was black with infantry battalions. In the very centre of the road the artillery loaded with shell, and laid their guns for the town.

The spectators could perceive a tall, thin man, who busied himself tremendously giving orders. Before they were able to divine the enemy's intention, and without the slightest warning or summons to surrender, the guns opened fire. The rush of the shell was distinctly audible, and in a moment the tower of St. Luke's Church was shattered. This shell was immediately followed by two others, one of which burst in the police-barrack, which was fortunately empty, while the other fell in the School of the Sisters of Charity, killing one little girl and grievously wounding two others. The town was in a ferment, and the mayor immediately went up to the hill occupied by the enemy. They were all joking and laughing as he approached, and so soon as he had got within twenty paces two Uhlans came out, pistol in hand, and conducted him to the officer in command.

"We yield to your superior strength," said the mayor, "and we surrender the town, because we cannot defend it. But I protest against the wanton crime you have committed in killing those poor children, and in bombarding an unfortified town without a summons to surrender."

"Hold your tongue," was the officer's insolent reply. "You have killed one of my non-commissioned officers."

"If we had it would have been in self-defence. But the officer is not dead; he is not even severely wounded!"

"You have committed an offence against His Majesty. In two hours from this time if your town does not pay a fine of fifty thousand francs we shall recommence to shell it."

"How can you expect that in two hours."

"What! must I assist you?" interrupted the Prussian, laughing. "Here. Look. Here is a list of those rich persons from whom you must demand the sums in question."

The mayor could scarce believe his eyes.

Neatly written upon the sheet of paper was a list of all the chief men of the town, his own name standing at the head; and opposite each name was the direction that each one was to pay *pro rata*, according to his means.

The officer smiled an evil smile, as he said, "You had better keep this list, it may be of use to you when the town is fined in the future. Now get away, and be quick."

In less than the specified time the mayor returned with the fifty thousand francs.

"Now," said the officer, "lead the way, if you please."

The entire detachment, the mayor at their head, then commenced slowly to descend the hill. When the guard had surrendered the officer marched direct to the mayor's house, where he commenced to allot the billets to his own men as well as for those who were expected to arrive. On every side were non-commissioned officers, chalk in hand, marking the several billets; and they never went to work haphazard, but consulted their lists which had been prepared beforehand, and at once proceeded to the proper people, and to the streets set down for them. The inhabitants at first thought that some traitor had revealed to the enemy the amount of each householder's fortune.

A regiment of infantry soon afterwards entered, preceded by their fifes and drums, the sound of which was never forgotten by those who heard it. While the "spiked" helmets went past, while their heavy boots resounded on the pavement, while the officers "dressed up" the rank and file by the gentle administration of blows with the flat of their swords, the inhabitants stood looking on with rage in their hearts, at the profanation of their hearths and homes.

Amongst all the stiff and red-faced non-commissioned officers was one stiffer and more red-faced than the rest, and who seemed to enjoy the triumphal entry into the town more than all the others put together. He kept turning his head from side to side like an automaton, smiling "all over his face" as he did so, and appearing each moment as if he expected to be recognized by some one. At times he would draw himself up proudly, and then his little black cloth knapsack appeared a mere feather-weight, and this happened when he overheard anyone in the crowd exclaim in an undertone, "Look here! there's Schirmer!"

Yes, 'twas he. It was he who had written that list of the notables of the town so prettily, and the details of the billets. 'Twas he who had sent a general and his staff to Mr. Ironsides' house, "because they would be well taken care of there," and because there was plenty of champagne in the second cellar on the left hand side. 'Twas he who had taken note of those farms wherein they would find oats and forage; 'twas he who had pointed out the hamlets in which they might post their advance-guards, and the fords where they might cross the Louette if necessary. He was then a sergeant-major, and his colonel in consideration of his services had promised to promote him at the first opportunity. How he burned to billet his men, so that he might dress and exhibit himself to some of his former acquaintances.

When he had perfumed himself to a terribly "high" pitch, he strode along the Rue du Heaume, never for a moment doubting that every one would be delighted to see him again, and above all things very appreciative of the politeness of a victorious enemy!

As he proceeded he encountered the old judge, and immediately accosted him with—

"Do you not recollect me?"

"No," was the curt reply.

"Karl Schirmer, you know."

"I do not know you," said the judge, turning his back upon the non-commissioned officer, and leaving him surprised at this want of memory. Further on an old gentleman was smoking a cigar, and Karl asked him for a light. The gentleman gave Karl the cigar so that he might light his from it, but he did not wait to receive it back again. Schirmer in great surprise called after him, "Sir, you have forgotten

your cigar;" but the gentleman would not return, so Karl continued his walk with one cigar in his mouth and the other in his hand, seeking some explanation of the strange manner in which he had been treated. And as the cigar he held in his hand was of London importation, and but little smoked, Karl, after mature reflection, extinguished it, and bestowed it safely in his pocket for future use.

He rang at the door of Mr. Ironsides' house. He had no doubt that he would be received with open arms. Unfortunately the report of his exploits had preceded him, and were unfortunately not of a character likely to endear him to the hearts of Frenchmen. Margaret curtsied deeply to him, and at once left the room. Edmond openly declared that he hated Prussians. Mr. Ironsides excused himself from remaining, and Mrs. Ironsides gave him briefly to understand that circumstances had changed since he had been their guest.

He did not disdain to go down into the kitchen nevertheless; he felt that he must be admired by somebody if it were only Justine. Justine, in her ignorance of the rights of nations, pictured to herself every Prussian in his character of conqueror was able, if the fancy seized him, to murder her in the midst of her saucepans. She therefore schooled herself to receive him very graciously, but she succeeded so badly that even Mr. Schirmer perceived it. However, he took a chair and lit his great porcelain pipe. Then having contemplated his boots for some minutes with mute satisfaction, he gratified the cook by a speech in his usual style.

"What weak-minded people you French are!" he began, "and how little do they understand the philosophy of events. War is war! The weaker must give way to the stronger, and should never bear malice. Take myself for example. If I were in the place of Mr. and Mrs. Ironsides, I would extend my hand, even with admiration to those who had been more skilful and stronger than I was. Yes; I should admire such a thing. But in fact," he added, with a true delicacy well calculated to win the most stubborn hearts, "your nation, Miss Justine, is no longer a great nation; it is lost! Ruined!"

"France will recover herself," replied Justine, whose fears were now dissipated.

"Recover herself?"

"Yes."

"Never! Well, I fear I must be off."

"A pleasant *journey* to you," replied Justine, disguising under an affectation of politeness the real impertinence of the wish.

The German took his departure, feeling much surprised at the illogical condition of the French mind. What had he obtained when his nation went to war? Victory; but how had it been obtained? By cunning and superior strength. Germany was stronger and the more hypocritical. Where was the evil part then? It was a most astonishing thing that Schirmer in the innocence of his soul did not perceive that craft in his case had been playing the spy, and a detestable abuse of hospitality.

Meantime Mrs. Ironsides had received no news, nor had Margaret either. More than a month had elapsed since Mr. Nay had gone off to the East, and nothing had been heard of him.

One day some one who had passed through the lines, brought two letters to Mrs. Ironsides in a very mysterious manner. They had been found, with many others, at the last post-office on the French side. Mrs. Ironsides was almost crazy with delight. Upon one of the envelopes she recognized Johnny's handwriting. She sought a quiet corner in that now unfortunate and occupied mansion where she might read her letter in peace. The letter from her son was written in good spirits, it was that one in which Johnny joked about his rapid promotion, and his mother's heart swelled with joy. But she trembled with fear when she perceived that the letter was a month old. She felt a presentiment of evil, and hesitated for a long time before she opened the other missive. In her agony she exclaimed, "Oh! gracious heaven grant that he be not wounded!"

She broke the seal. The letter was written by the colonel of Johnny's regiment. He detailed the heroic devotedness of the youthful lieutenant, but had no intelligence to communicate respecting his condition. All they know was that he had disappeared. He was not amongst the prisoners, of this they had assured themselves during a short armistice.

"He is dead," sobbed Mrs. Ironsides, as she let the letter drop from her grasp, and sank fainting upon a chair. "My darling is dead!" All her strength seemed to have forsaken her, and hot tears slowly rolled unchecked down her wasted cheeks

She was disturbed in the sad contemplation of her loss by Justine, who knocked at the door of the apartment, and inquiring whether "Madame" were there, told her that the Prussians were asking for a heap of things, which she (Justine) was not able to find.

"They are welcome to pillage the whole house now," was Mrs. Ironsides' first thought, but she soon recollected those who were living there, so she bravely concealed her tears from her exacting guests.

But all the time her heart was far away from Chatillon, dwelling on those terrible plains where the French had been so often defeated, and upon which her child lay dead. And while she continued to give her usual directions, and deceived all around her by her composure and firmness, she never ceased repeating to herself, "My boy is dead—my darling is no more!" Then, as she caught sight of the uniforms around her, she would mutter, with an expression of bitterness very nearly allied to hatred, "And those are they who have slain my boy!"

Mr. Ironsides was engaged in the factory. His wife had made a point of the business being still carried on even under the eyes of the enemy; and the enemy had respected the factory. When he returned and learned the death of his son he was thunderstruck. In the first burst of grief he had the cruelty to say to his wife, "This is your doing!" but the heart-broken look with which she met him replied to his taunt, checked him at once, and he asked her forgiveness for his harsh, unfeeling speech.

Their first idea was to conceal the intelligence from Martha, so as not to add to her already great anxiety respecting her husband's safety; but she guessed it all, and proved herself a worthy daughter of her mother. It was a great comfort for these two bereaved ones to find a heart so loving, and tender, and devoted.

Uncle John had shut himself up in his own house as soon as the Prussians had taken possession of Chatillon, and remained in strict seclusion, so that he might not be a witness to any "unmannerly sword exercise" in the streets of the town. When he heard that Johnny was dead, he nearly had another attack, and remained speechless for a long time. And the first words he did pronounce were, "My poor Louisa—poor Louisa!"

Then he went out, and ran as quickly as his poor limbs would carry him to the Rue du Heaume. He went straight on, seeing nothing, elbowing the cuirassiers in his hurry, who turned round and glared at him in indignant surprise.

When Mrs. Ironsides was able to collect her ideas a little, and to form some definite resolution, she said to her husband that she should like to have at least the sad consolation of bringing back their son's body to Chatillon.

"I will go and seek it," replied Mr. Ironsides, simply.

"No, not you; there will be less danger for a woman."

And she departed. All that she knew was, that Johnny had fallen somewhere in the neighbourhood of Vendome.

Fatigue, disappointments, privation, dangers—nothing seemed to harm her. She went on with the fixed determination not to end her search until she had attained the object of it. Upon some roads the bridges had been cut, so she was obliged to retrace her steps and take another route; on others horses were not procurable: all had been requisitioned; so she was delayed until a

horse was obtained, at no matter what price; and, after numberless delays, which quite wore out even her patience, she found herself at last approaching Vendome. She had not slept save against her will; her one idea was to go forward. She lay down sometimes in the deep ruts formed by the passing of baggage-waggons, which had cut the road into deep trenches. All at once she fancied that some one whispered in her ear, "Johnny Ironsides, slain at twenty, while doing his duty."

She jumped up, and gazed round in terror, seeking the unknown speaker. Alas! the open country was as sad and desolate as her own heart, and she began to think that Providence had indeed forsaken her. On other occasions, when the sun was high, and the sky clear, and when she had met no Germans for some time, she almost unwittingly harboured the vague hope in her heart that she was undergoing all this privation for a phantom idea, after all, and that only this was making her heart ache and beat so sadly.

The poor traveller's intention was to reach Vendome, no matter from which side, and then to gain some information, even from the Prussian force, respecting the battles in which her son had been engaged with his regiment; and then she would go and see Martha once again, for she had had no news of her since Vendome had been occupied by the enemy.



## Chapter XXX.

Passing through Saint Calais so terribly and so unjustly treated by the enemy, Mrs. Ironsides saw the unfortunate French prisoners, cavalry and infantry and marines, mingled together as in the pursuit, walking sadly about in groups of two and three. Some of the wounded were dragging themselves painfully along on crutches, seeking a gleam of sunshine. At this sight all Mrs. Ironsides' grief was again stirred, and she caused the carriage to be stopped. If prudence had not whispered to her to economise her funds, she would have poured the contents of her purse into their hands. The poor mother wept as she thought of her son, who had fought with these brave men, and who was now no more.

She asked the soldiers who surrounded her, if there were any soldiers of her son's regiment then in Saint Calais. They consulted together and endeavoured to recollect. A Zouave declared that no soldier of that regiment was there; while a young fellow with his arm in a sling was equally positive that there were several. Just as Mrs. Ironsides was imploring the soldiers to assist her in finding these soldiers, a non-commissioned officer broke in upon the group, distributing his abuse impartially.

"It is against orders to assemble together," he cried sharply; "come, disperse, all of you."

Mrs. Ironsides made no attempt to interfere, when he roughly demanded her "safe conduct," studied it with knitted brows, and then declared she must show it to the captain.

Mrs. Ironsides descended from the carriage and followed the non-commissioned officer to the house of the mayor. There he returned her passport, and bade her ascend to the first floor. After having tapped at the door without receiving any answer, she entered the room.

A great boy of about twenty years of age, in a very gorgeous uniform, was seated before a large table which was covered with a green cloth, whereon were laid account-books, pens, and ink; but he was not writing. He appeared quite lost in admiration of his left hand, which was covered with rings. His hair, carefully parted in the centre, was redolent of pomade. He would have possessed a certain air of distinction had his manner been more simple and his toilet less pretentious. As he was he appeared quite a caricature of those young people who are designated by the French *petits crevés!*"

Mrs. Ironsides advanced towards the table, and presenting her credentials, said



that she had been told that she would not be permitted to continue her journey until she had exhibited her papers to the captain.

The young man raised his head and looked at Mrs. Ironsides intently, and settled himself in his chair, letting his left arm hang over the back. He then whistled between his teeth and began to play with his fingers with some sawdust, which lay in a bowl near him. But he never spoke.

"I request to be permitted to see the captain," said Mrs. Ironsides.

At this moment a paper pellet was thrown against the window from below. The young man got out of his chair with great quickness, took a string from a drawer, opened the window, and with a great accompaniment of joking and laughing with an invisible person beneath, let the string down, and soon drew it back again, with a wicker bottle fastened to it. He untied the string leisurely, assured himself that the bottle was full, by shaking it close to his ear. Then for greater satisfaction he poured out a little—(an odour of brandy immediately superyened)—and he then placed the bottle carefully in a cupboard, the key of which he as carefully put in his pocket.

But all this time he appeared to be quite unconscious of the presence of anyone in the room.

Mrs. Ironsides, who was thinking only of

the one object of her journey, and was waiting patiently, again quietly asked to see the captain.

"He's not here."

"Where is he?"

"Don't know."



"Do you act for him?"

The lieutenant did not condescend to reply to this, but held out his hand, and took negligently between his fingers the paper which Mrs. Ironsides held out to him and held it before his eyes in a very conceited manner.

"Where are you going?"

"To Vendôme."

"What for?"

"To seek the body of my son, who has been killed."

Here her voice trembled.

"A *mol·lot*?" asked the lieutenant.

Mrs. Ironsides blushed. "*Mol·lot* or not," said she, "I am seeking his body. Can I proceed? May I endeavour to obtain information from the prisoners here?"

Just then the non-commissioned officer who had arrested her entered, and advancing stiffly some paces, saluted, and then addressed some words in German to the scented gentleman.

"Oh, ho, madam," he cried, "it seems you have been playing the spy; you have been stirring up the prisoners—eh?" and he smiled at his rings.

"I am waiting," said Mrs. Ironsides, coldly.

"What do you wish to know?"

"Where my child's body lies." Then, still clinging to a hope which she knew could have no foundation, she forgot the insolence of the young German, and inquired whether he had not a list of the soldiers who had been made prisoners in the neighbourhood of Vendôme.

"Was he an officer?" asked this nice young man, in a calmly indolent manner.

"A lieutenant," replied the poor mother.

The German then placed a spoonful of sawdust on the back of his hand. "Look here. Do you see?" he said, smiling; "there is the French army" (and he held out his hand with the sawdust upon it); "the Prussian army comes—poof! phew!" and with a strong breath he blew away the sawdust. "You see, we have killed and taken prisoners so many Frenchmen," he kindly added, "that we have really not paper sufficient to make out the lists upon!"

Here he flecked off a grain of dust that had rested on one of his rings.

"A lieutenant," he resumed, smiling, as if that title were more amusing than any other, "why, every French soldier is a lieutenant, unless, he happens to be a colonel. Is not that so, madam? I myself am a lieutenant too;" and he got up to admire himself, whistling a few bars of the *Marsellaise*. Then in a disdainful tone he added, "What is a French lieutenant, I should like to know?"

Mrs. Ironsides replied at once with fiery indignation, "A French lieutenant is a *man* who knows what is due to a lady, and to a mother in her sorrow." Then her maternal pride getting the better of her prudence, she continued: "Lieutenant Ironsides, my son, took one of your generals prisoner. Can you, who speak of my child so disdainfully—can you say as much?"

The lieutenant became purple with indignation. Mrs. Ironsides had unconsciously touched a very sore point. Nephew of some great personage, the young man had gone through the campaign in the various regimental offices, and had never honoured a battle-field with his presence.

He rose, therefore, in a furious temper, and striking the table with his clenched fist, he cried, "Schültz, Schültz!"

A small door opened, and gave entrance to a well-looking but horribly bearded individual. He wore a spiked helmet, and was wrapped in an immense grey great-coat. Upon his chest hung loosely by a chain a gorget like those little labels which are hung round the necks of liquor flasks.

"Do you know," said the lieutenant, addressing Mrs. Ironsides, "that this man is a policeman, and he is charged with the duty of bringing refractory people to their senses?"

"I have neither obeyed nor disobeyed you," replied Mrs. Ironsides, with dignity. "I merely claim the right of which nothing can deprive me, viz., that of defending myself when gratuitously insulted, and of travelling without let or hindrance, so long as I conform to the regulations laid down by your superiors."

The ill-bred lieutenant remained with his mouth wide open, and feeling very uncomfortable at this little speech. Not knowing exactly what to do, he glanced at the gendarme with flashing eyes, and haughtily motioned him to withdraw.

The man disappeared as silently as he had come in.

"Madam," began the lieutenant, in a submissive tone.

"I shall wait till the captain arrives," replied Mrs. Ironsides, haughtily.

As it chanced, the captain at that moment entered. He had also rather the air of a *gourmand*, but he saluted Mrs. Ironsides politely. The lieutenant got up as his superior officer came in, took his cap, and left the room, first assuring himself that the key of the wine-cupboard was safe in his pocket.

Mrs. Ironsides explained her business to the captain in a few words. When she asked him if any of the soldiers of Johnny's regiment were in St. Calais, and when she told the number of the regiment, he said—

"Ah! was your son in that corps?"

"Yes."

"A fine regiment, madam," he said, in a grave tone. "What rank had your son?"

"Lieutenant."

"How old was he?"

"Scarcely twenty."

Do all she could, the mother's lips trembled as she spoke these words.

The captain put his fingers to his brow reflectively.



"Have ——" he blushed a moment as he put the question. "Can you," he added, recovering himself, "can you give me any particulars by which I should be likely to recognize him?"

"I have a photograph here which he sent me a few weeks before his death."

She held out in one trembling hand the little photograph in her memorandum-book, but would not permit the captain to touch it. He did not appear in any way offended, however, at this repugnance on her part.

"I recognize him," he said at last; "I saw him once, and although he has stopped my promotion for a long time, I bear him no malice. 'Twas he who took my commanding officer and myself prisoners in our own lines. I regret very much, madam, that I must not only announce his death, that you know already, but confirm it." He then gave her all the details of which he was in possession, and left her no doubt now, and no hope!

"If I might venture," said the captain with an embarrassed air after a long silence, "I would suggest a letter of introduction to one of the officers on the staff at Vendôme."

Mrs. Ironsides thankfully accepted the offer. The captain at once sat down at the

table, and after biting the feather of his pen while he reflected, wrote the letter.

"I trust," said he, as he handed the note to Mrs. Ironsides, "that out of consideration for your misfortunes, and in regard for myself, my friend will lend you all the assistance in his power. Pray madam," he added with some warmth, "forget the rudeness of that foolish young man who was here just now; I fancied as I came in that he had not treated you in a manner befitting your position."

Schültz again summoned, set out to find some soldiers of the Chatillon Regiment. All agreed in saying that Johnny had been killed, but they did not even know the name of the hamlet in which they had passed those few hours.

The captain, helmet in hand, conducted Mrs. Ironsides to her carriage, and bowing respectfully at the door, wished her a safe journey.

With a very natural impulse of gratitude, Mrs. Ironsides was about to extend her hand to the captain, but a repugnance stronger than her will restrained her, and she wrapped herself up, shuddering, in her cloak.

"Does your mother still live?" she inquired of the captain.

"Yes, madam."

"May God bless her, and spare her the misery of lamenting a son's death." As she spoke she threw herself back in the carriage, and covered her face with her handkerchief. The captain bowed once again, and then turned away in deep thought, while the carriage proceeded slowly on its journey.

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# TIGER-SHOOTING STORIES.

BY LIEUT. C. R. LOW (LATE) I.N.

THOUGH tigers afford the finest and most exciting amusement to British officers in India, who form large shooting parties to bag them, yet the animal that affords sport to them brings death to many hundreds of natives, among whom the advent of a tiger within many miles of their village, is regarded as a calamity of the first magnitude; and when we learn the statistics of the ravages committed by these savage brutes every year in India, we need not be surprised at the "scare" created by their vicinity. The natives themselves, though not destitute of courage or incapable of acts of heroism, seldom can muster sufficient pluck to form a party for the destruction of the "man-eater," who perhaps has been feasting on some of their own community, but look to the British officers or civilians of the district to relieve them of their dreaded enemy.

It has been reckoned that at least ten thousand people die every year in India of snake-bites, and the havoc caused by tigers, leopards, and other wild beasts is even greater. So great has been the destruction of human life that the Supreme and local governments have repeatedly called the attention of the subordinate authorities to them, and have offered rewards for the heads of these wild beasts of prey. Within recent years the evil had assumed so great proportions that the late Lord Mayo requested the local government to assist in devising measures to abate it.

Man-eating tigers are naturally the special terror of natives. It would appear that tigers are only driven to attack man when other sources of carnivorous food begin to fail; but once a tiger has tasted human blood and flesh, it is certain they become confirmed man-eaters, and almost confine themselves to this species of food.

A writer in an Indian journal says: "The taste for human flesh either grows with indulgence, or becomes a last resource of tigers of advanced age, whose energies are no longer equal to the demands of their appetite. We had always imagined that the latter was the true way of accounting for the ravages of the man-eating class, and the mangy appearance

for which they are remarkable." We incline to the belief that the former is the true reason, for the strength and activity of those of the species who have fallen beneath the rifle of the hunter do not betoken the languor and lack of energy of old age, which stiffens the limbs of the scourge of the forest no less than of the only living thing that can make him bite the dust.

However this may be, it is certain that the tigers of Oude, having plenty of wild pig and other large game to supply their wants, seldom prey on man. In this province, tigers are so timid that herdsmen armed with *latties*, or iron-bound sticks, often drive them away from their own cattle, and they will flee from the driver of a mail-cart on his sounding his bugle. This cowardice is no doubt due to their being plentifully supplied in the jungles, for in other parts of India where there is a paucity of animal food, they are proportionately bold, and have no fear for the crack of a rifle, much less the blow of a *lattie*.

In the Central Provinces it is a thing of yearly occurrence to hear that a man-eater has posted himself near some district thoroughfare, whence he falls on unwary travellers and toiling peasants, until, emboldened by practice, he even carries off his prey from within the village enclosures. About five years ago, in the Chanda district alone, one of these brutes killed in a short time, one hundred and twenty-seven people, and stopped all traffic for many weeks on the road from Mooll to Chanda. A tigress in Chindwarrah slew, according to native estimate, one hundred and fifty people in three years, causing the abandonment of thirteen villages, and throwing two hundred and fifty square miles out of cultivation. Another old tigress in Kurnool carried off sixty-four human beings within nine months, stopped the post-runners and police patrols, and scared away the labourers employed on public works. One of his victims was the head constable. The brute's average allowance seems to have been one man every three days. It was only by keeping together in numbers, and making a horrible noise with "tom-toms" that travellers could safely pass that way.

The collector of Kurnool, in reporting to Government the terrible ravages of the tigers in the Nandikanama Ghaut in 1867, says of this brute :—

"It is a question in my mind whether it is one tiger only that causes this havoc, for the jungles are most dense, and afford remarkable cover for wild beasts of all descriptions; but when I went over the Ghaut in August, on the night after the bullock-driver of Lieutenant Russell, Assistant Superintendent of Police, was carried off, the coolies working on the road told me all the mischief is done by one individual tiger, and that it is known by its foot-marks, which are peculiar, showing an immense growth of one of the claws in one of its fore-feet. On my recommendation, the Board of Revenue have sanctioned the expenditure of twelve hundred rupees towards clearing the dense jungle for a space of one hundred yards on each side of the road. This, however, is but a precaution for the future. What appears necessary for the present is the adoption of some measure for the extirpation of the plague. I can think of none better adapted for the purpose than that recommended by Mr. Russell, and that is, placing at his disposal two Government elephants, for the express purpose of pursuing and hunting down the tigers in the neighbourhood of the Pass. Mr. Russell is placed in a dangerous position, for he has the superintendence of two districts on the east, and two districts on the west of the Nalla Malla Hills, and cannot do his work without having constantly to pass over this Ghaut. At Bellary, I should think, there were several elephants available in the Commissariat Department, and I cannot see to what better use they can be put than in assisting towards the destruction of the tigers which have spread a fear throughout the hills and their neighbourhood."

The Government, in reply to the letter of the collector, sent the following telegram :—

"You are authorized to offer such reward as you deem proper, not exceeding three

hundred rupees (thirty pounds) for the man-eating tiger referred to in your letter of the 9th instant, and also to engage skilled shikarries* on daily wages, who will also be eligible to receive reward. If necessary, obtain arms and ammunition for them from Bellary Arsenal. Your proposal to employ elephants has been referred to the Military Department."

In the Bhaugulpore district of Lower Bengal alone, as many as 1,434 people were killed by wild beasts in six years. During the same period 13,401 deaths from wild beasts were reported from Bengal Proper, of which 4,218 are ascribed to tigers, 1,407 to leopards, 4,287 to wolves, 174 to hyænas, and 105 to bears; the balance being set down to boars, jackals, buffaloes, elephants, and mad dogs. On the other hand it cost the Government £6,500 in rewards to secure the destruction in the same time of 18,196 wild beasts; of whom 7,278 were tigers, 5,663 leopards, 1,671 bears, and 1,338 wolves. In one year the loss of human life in the Central Provinces amounted to 506, many of whom were children; while 518 tigers, 895 panthers and leopards, 534 bears, 467 wolves, and 475 hyænas, were put to death. The wolves in the same year killed five men, two women, seventy-two boys, and eighty girls. Each of the other provinces adds its quota to the "butcher's bill." Of the numbers of cattle slain, and of the loss entailed on their poor owners, no regular estimate can be formed; but one man alone in South Canara complained of having lost fifty head of cattle through wild beasts. Captain Rogers tells of a tiger which killed half a dozen cattle in a few minutes, and it is well known that thousands of peasants are continually reduced to utter poverty, followed by a long term of bondage to money-lenders, through the ravages of these fierce denizens of the forest. The very spread of cultivation increases the suffering caused by these tigers. In the Neilgherries, for instance, the clearing away of jungle for coffee plantations drives the wild animals to seek their prey from the villages at the foot of the hills. On the other hand, the planting of new, and the conservation of old forests, may afford new haunts or new means of living to these beasts of prey.

Superstition also plays no small part in the maintenance of these intolerable scourges. The Gonds, for instance, instead of mustering in force to hunt down the tigers, who wage war against them and their herds, regard the tiger as a divinity whose wrath it is safer to appease. Thus, if any one of them falls a prey to the divinity's appetite for human flesh, the rest of the family are forthwith tabooed as displeasing to the object of their reverent dread, and must expiate their offence by costly sacrifices, which may leave them penniless as well as bereaved, but will restore them to their caste rights.

Probably not a year passes but some British officers fall victims to the national love for sport, and suffer a cruel death under the claws of a tiger. A case occurs to us. In May, 1867, Captain C——, of the 103rd Royal Bombay Fusiliers, with two other officers, left Delhi for tiger-shooting in the jungles adjacent to Sepree, not far from Gwalior. They had very good success, and shot nine tigers. One day, while they were watching for a tiger in a well-known beat about thirty miles from Sepree, the brute came out suddenly, and advanced on Captain C——, who was seated in a low tree. The tiger, infuriated at a shot delivered by the officer, rushed at him, seized him by the arm, and tore him out of the tree. One of the party, who happened to be near at hand, fired while Captain C—— was in this perilous position, upon which the tiger bolted, but not before he had inflicted severe injuries on the arm of his victim. The surgeon was sent for, but wandered about for nine hours in the jungle, being unable to find the party. At last Captain C—— was brought into Sepree. His arm mortified; resort was had to amputation, but without avail, and he died in two or three days from the date of the occurrence. Captain C—— had just

* Huntsmen.

been promoted; his regiment deplored his loss, for he was a general favourite.

Another anecdote. We have heard of a tiger-hunt in Upper Scinde, of which Mr. S——, of the Scinde Forest Department, was the more lucky hero. This gentleman, with a friend, Mr. P——, were out in camp, when news arrived of a tiger or "sher," being seen in the neighbourhood. A large number of beaters—about one hundred—were collected, and the *cortege* was swollen by several matchlockmen, who were anxious "to have a pot" at the brute at a safe distance. The party was soon *en route* to the supposed lair of the tiger, but had not proceeded far, when suddenly Mr. S—— came upon him, taking a constitutional. On both sides, as may be imagined, there was a little embarrassment at the unlooked-for rencontre; but this soon wore off as the parties surveyed each other more leisurely. The tiger was rather nonplussed at the cool manner in which he was received, and probably contrasted the calm gaze of the Englishman with the nimble pair of black heels he was generally in the habit of seeing after the first glimpse of his royal form. Before, however, he had time to make up his mind as to the course he should pursue under the novel circumstances, Mr. S—— broke the ice by bringing his piece to the shoulder, and giving him, "free gratis and for nothing," two ounces of lead in the region under the eye. The bullet completely smashed the upper jaw, and even scattered fragments of it about the spot; but the beast effected a retreat, and night coming on, the party returned to camp. The following morning they again went out, eager to try conclusions with their now disabled foe, and, on reaching the spot, found that he had taken up a position in a dense jungle of *kaku* grass, close to where he had been hit. His groans indicated the spot; but there was no driving him out. The two Englishmen consequently took their rifles, and prepared to crawl into his lair, rather groping than seeing their way, as the grass and jungle was so dense and tall. Presently they crawled into a pool of blood without seeing it, but the tiger, which had lain here, had decamped, having probably seen or heard them coming. The jungle beyond was now beaten up, and in a few minutes the beaters found the prints of the animal's feet; following these up at a smart pace, the animal was soon seen cooling himself in a pond within a hundred yards of them. At this point, on sight of the tiger, the matchlockmen made themselves scarce, and, more serious still, the beaters "made a strategic movement to the rear" with such promptitude, that the two Englishmen found themselves deserted, Mr. S—— being just in time to snatch a breech-loader from one of the latter who was nearest to him. With this, taking advantage of the cover, he stole up to within twenty yards of the tiger, and dropped him by a couple of well-directed shots behind the shoulder. By this time the runaways, finding they were not pursued, had ventured back again, and as the beast rolled off into the water, a volley of bullets whizzed over his carcase like a funeral salute. The tiger, when dragged to land, was found to measure twelve feet two inches over all.

One of the most extraordinary successful bags on record was made a few years ago by Major Baigrie, of the Staff Corps, and some friends. This officer went on a two months' shooting excursion with Colonels Chamberlain and Fraser and Captain Fraser, and the four guns killed thirty-six tigers, six bears, and four panthers.

The nearest point to Calcutta where tigers abound in any great numbers is the Sunderbund; but though advancing civilization has driven them so far from the fashionable quarters of Chowringhee, occasionally they have been found in uncomfortable proximity to the City of Palaces. It is not long since a splendid specimen of the Royal Bengal tiger was shot in the salt-water lakes, close to the toll station at Bamanghatta. Its carcase was presented to the Asiatic Museum by Mr. Galiffe, the collector of tolls. Leopards, though not so powerful as tigers, are quite as fierce, and by the returns we have quoted, it will be

seen that they exact a heavy requisition in blood from the natives of India. As a child we remember them at Jacko, and in the hills near Simla, and have seen them prowling about the compounds after nightfall. Sometimes they become very bold, and would come nearly up to the verandah. The natives do not hold them in great dread, and they will avoid a palanquin or carriage, if surrounded with torchbearers; for even more than the tiger, the leopard fears fire or the noise of the tom-tom. They are, however, rendered formidable by hunger; and thus it happens that the coolies, when working singly, and their children, are sometimes carried off by them, whilst almost every inhabitant or visitor of Simla has had to deplore the loss of a favourite dog, which these brutes will carry off under your eyes while driving in the neighbourhood, or after dusk in your compound.

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# ON THE ADVANTAGES OF HANDINESS IN BOYS.

As one emerges out of youth into manhood, and becomes immersed in business and professional cares, such as are inseparable from the due transaction of the affairs of life, one loses not only one's taste for the simple pursuits which gave delight to one's boyhood, but, to a certain extent, one's knowledge of the existing habits and manners of the generation of boys and lads that at any subsequent period may be springing out around one.

Schoolmasters perchance, and a few fortunate parents who have leisure to note the dispositions of their children retain facilities for becoming acquainted with the habits of youth which the majority of grown-up men more busily or variously occupied no longer possess, and hence it follows that, with a few exceptions, the bulk of our knowledge of boyish tastes and boyish natures is mainly derived from a recollection of our own juvenile days. Although, therefore, when once we have become men we cannot expect to enter so fully into the feelings of succeeding generations of boys as we could if we were of an age to appreciate and share in their pursuits; yet it is always open to us to compare the tastes and habits of the boys around us, as testified by their actions and favourite pastimes, with our own conduct when we too were young and careless as they are, and if we find that when placed in similar circumstances they act very much as we should have done ourselves, we may conclude that they are influenced by motives and feelings akin to those that affected us, and that they find much the same pleasure in certain pastimes that we ourselves found in them.

Now, adopting some such criterion as the above, I think it will hardly be disputed by any who have opportunities of judging, that the boys of the present generation are less handy and self-reliant than boys were some fifteen or more years ago. They are better behaved perhaps than we used to be; they wear prettier, or, at any rate, more fantastic dresses than we were ever adorned with, they assume *toga virilis* long before they have reached the age at which we should have thought of donning that much coveted garment. They indulge, it is true, in the same pastimes as those which delighted us—cricket, foot-ball, hockey, and so forth—but they do not occupy their spare time when they are not at work, and not disposed for mere play, to my thinking so usefully, ingeniously, and handily as some of us were accustomed to fill up our leisure hours. For example, they are not nearly such good carpenters as we were, despite the fact that we were often compelled to content ourselves with the cast-off tools of some good-natured, humble friend in the trade, supplemented by occasional additions to our stock of casual gimlets and chisels,

purchased out of our scanty allowance of pocket-money, at an ironmonger's shop in the neighbouring market-town, whereas they waste their substance or that of their parents, in the acquisition of magnificent tool-boxes, filled, as it would seem, with every requisite for carrying on a flourishing business. For a long time I myself was, I well remember, restricted to a clasp knife, a hammer, and a few nails, yet with these limited appliances I managed, with the assistance of a cousin of my own age, to construct what memory still paints as a not wholly inelegant cage for a tame magpie, and several rabbit hutches, which, if wanting in finish, served their purpose perfectly well, and gave me much greater satisfaction than any completer production of the carpenter's art could possibly have done.

Indoors, too, I was, I may now say without a suspicion of vanity, a boy whose general utility was universally recognized by the members of our household, to judge from the demands that were constantly made upon it. Who broke the bell wire? Sometimes the cat, sometimes less easily detected offenders. Who mended it? "Master Jack," of course. Then I was great at taking up and laying down carpets, at fixing curtain poles and window blinds, and at all the little odd jobs that there are to be done in a house. With the help of an old diamond ring belonging to my mother, a spare piece of glass discovered in the lumber room, and a bit of putty given me in the village, I, at an early age, mended a broken pane in the nursery window, much to the satisfaction of the nurse, who ever since the fracture had complained of the draught of air as "fit to cut her head off."

I think, however, that my most successful feat of ingenuity was the construction, by means of the simple appliances I possessed, of an electrical machine, which, when completed, would show some of the more ordinary phenomena of static electricity.

The way I set about it I remember was this: I should say first that I had bought a copy of "Bain on Electricity" at a second-hand book-shop in a neighbouring town, which contained, besides a good deal of information in the science, a number of explanatory diagrams, including one of a simple cylindrical electrical machine made of glass.

This diagram stimulated my constructive faculties. Why should not a bottle so fixed as to revolve easily round its major axis serve my purpose? The notion no sooner entered my head than I determined to put it into practical execution. Wine bottles, of course, I could have in plenty, but I wanted a bottle larger in circumference, and puzzled myself greatly in my endeavours to find one. At length, passing the village shop during the Christmas holidays (these were chiefly winter amusements), I spied in the window a large bottle containing sweetmeats, which was the very thing I had been looking for. We children were pretty good customers of the old lady who kept the shop, so when I made a bid for the bottle, *minus* its contents, it was handed over to me, the sweetmeats being transferred to another receptacle. How to fix this bottle in a horizontal position, so that it might be made to revolve easily, was the next problem.

It was some time before I could solve it satisfactorily, for, it must be remembered, I had very few tools; indeed, my pocket-knife was the one oftenest in requisition, and I could not manage anything that ought properly to have been made out of metal. To be perfectly insulated, the bottle should have been mounted upon glass supports; but these I could not get, and was therefore obliged to substitute for them two flat pieces of wood, set on end in a slab of deal. In these uprights I cut semi-circular nicks or bearings to correspond with the neck and base of the bottle, and on them it rested. The handle of the machine would evidently have to be fixed somehow in the neck of the bottle, which was an aperture of considerable width.

The plan I proposed to adopt was to fit a piece of wood into this mouth, with a square hole for the handle cut in the middle of it;

but I was much puzzled to find out a way of fastening this piece of wood, so as neither, on the one hand, to be so tight as to run the risk of cracking the glass, nor, on the other, so loose as to slip when I turned the handle. The difficulty was great, but not insurmountable.

I discovered in an old receipt-book directions for making a strong cement with resin and plaster of Paris, described as specially suitable for joining glass-tubes, and, it was added to my delight, "for fixing electrical machines." I procured the two ingredients, and soon made the cement, secured the piece of wood by its aid in the mouth of the bottle, and the question as to the handle was decided. I found the above cement also very useful in fixing the upright supports to the stand, and in various other ways.

When I had advanced thus far in the construction of my machine, I found, on placing the bottle on the uprights and turning the handle, that it exhibited a decided tendency to "wobble" and slip off, in consequence of having no stay behind. This I now set about making. The bottle had a slight depression or "kick" at the base, which I saw could be advantageously utilized; so with much labour I carved a piece of wood exactly to fit the "kick," fixed the other end of it in the deal slab, attached it firmly to the hinder upright, and found that I had achieved a complete success. There were still wanting, however, a rubber or padded cushion to press against the bottle on one side as it revolved and excite the electricity, and a brass rod with projecting points on the other side to collect it. These I contrived, after a rude fashion, isolating both the rubber and the collecting-rod by fixing them upon short lengths of glass tube that had once formed part of a barometer, long since broken and useless. This machine was, of course, the work of several days. It was late at night, I remember, when I had completed it, and I sat up much beyond my usual hours watching the electric sparks streaming from the surface of the bottle towards the points of the conductor.

Having constructed my machine, I determined to have a battery of Leyden jars in which to store the electricity excited by it. These I also made out of bottles, which I cut off rather more than half-way up by tying worsted thread round them at the requisite height, wetting this thread with spirits of wine, and setting fire to it. The heat caused the glass to crack evenly in the line of the fire. With half-a-dozen of these tumblers (for such was the appearance they presented) I made my battery of Leyden jars in the following way: I lined each jar, inside and out, about three parts of the way up, with tinfoil, being careful to leave no points of foil sticking up, by which the electric fluid might pass off. For covers to the jars, instead of discs of wood, which would have taken me a long time to cut with the tools I had, I substituted lids cut out of sheet gutta percha, which, with a narrow rim of the same material, moulded on when warm, fitted admirably, while a small hole in the centre of each admitted the brass conductor and chain connecting it with the inside lining of tinfoil. By joining the brass knobs of two or more jars together, and placing them in a box lined with tinfoil, for the purpose of connecting the outsides of the jars, I could form a battery varying in strength according to the number of the jars. With these simple appliances, and some further boyish contrivances of a similar rough-and-ready character, I contrived to perform a number of pretty experiments, and exhibit some of the commoner phenomena of static electricity; and I can truly say that the measure of success I achieved in the manner I have endeavoured shortly to describe, gave me a taste for scientific pursuits which the pressure of professional engagements in after years has never wholly robbed me of.

It appears to me, then, that there is too great a tendency among boys of the present day to buy anything they may happen to want ready-made at some shop, instead of trying to make it for themselves out of such materials and with such appliances as they

may have handy, and that, consequently, as a race, they are losing much of the talent for cutting and contriving that distinguished their predecessors a generation or so ago. This fact—if it be a fact—is probably in a great measure owing to the increased facilities afforded to youth of acquiring the objects of their desire with little trouble and expense; but whatever may be the cause of it, I cannot but consider that the results will one day be visible in the mental as well as the physical character of the men who will have to take our places when our allotted work in the world is coming to an end. They may be—indeed, probably will be—much better educated, much better informed, in many ways much cleverer, than we are; but I fear they will lack something of individual energy and self-reliance for want of the youthful training to which many of us were compelled to submit ourselves, if we would accomplish the ends that, as boys, we had in view. A healthy, active boy never has his wits at rest. He ought always to be cutting, or carving, or contriving, or designing, or scheming something; and the more he is encouraged, in what may be termed his leisure time, to exercise his wits in some one or other of the above ways, the more likely is he in after years to grow up into a sharp lad and an intelligent and clever man.

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# CHESS.

## Chapter XI.—The King's Rook's Pawn's Gambit.

This mode of opening is not advisable, and is seldom played, the second player being enabled to develope his game speedily, and acquire a superior position, but it is well that the student should be acquainted with the proper mode of defence.

### Game the First.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. P to K R 4. | |

This move constitutes the King's Rook's Pawn's Gambit. It is far inferior to 3. Kt to K B 3, or 3. B to Q B 4.

3. P to Q 4. or Variation.

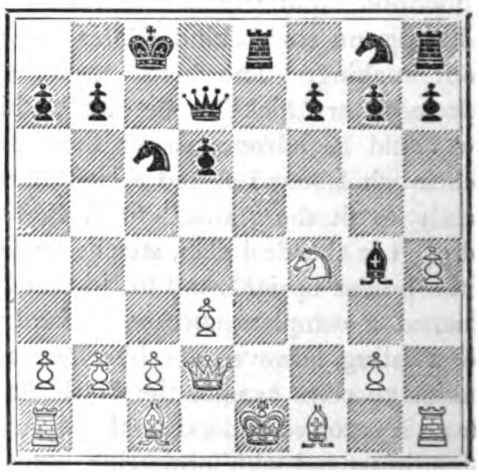
4. P takes P.

This move is given in the "books." We believe P to K 5 to be as good, if not better.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 4. Q takes P. |
| 5. Q to K 2 (ch.) | 5. B to K 3. |
| 6. Kt to Q B 3. | 6. Q to Q 2. |
| 7. P to Q 3. | 7. B to Q 3. |
| 8. Kt to K R 3. | 8. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 9. Kt to Q Kt 5. | 9. Castles (Q R). |
| 10. Kt takes B (ch.) | 10. P takes Kt. |
| 11. Kt takes P. | 11. B to K Kt 5. |
| 12. Q to Q 2. | 12. R to K sq. (ch.) |

And Black has the better game.

Diagram
(black.)



(white.)

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### Variation,

Beginning at Black's third move.

3. B to K 2.

This move is given as the best at the disposal of the second player by Jaenisch and Staunton.

If 3. $\frac{\text{Kt to K B 3.}}{}$ 4. $\frac{\text{P to Q 3,}}{}$ and White regains the Gambit pawn.

If 3. P to K Kt 4. 4. R P takes P. / Q takes P.
5. Q to B 3. / Kt to Q B 3. 6. Kt to K 2. / B to K R 3.
7. P to Q 4 and White again has the better game.

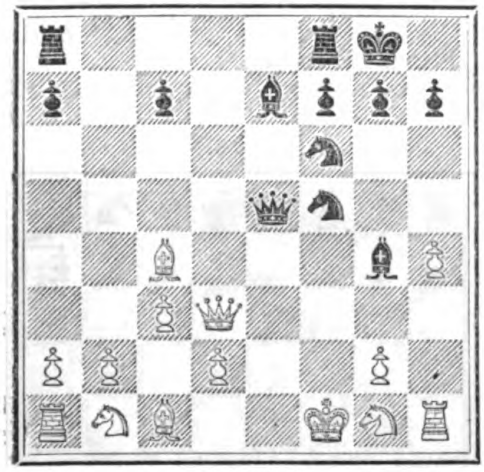
4. Q to Kt 4 (or A.) 4. P to Q 4.
5. Q takes doubled P. 5. P takes P.

Black may also obtain a good game by playing 5. B to Q 3 here, instead of the move in the text.

6. Q takes K P. 6. Kt to K B 3.
7. Q to B 3. 7. Castles.
8. B to Q B 4. 8. B to K Kt 5.
9. Q takes Kt P. 9. Q to Q 3.
10. Q to Q Kt 3. 10. Kt to Q B 3.

DIAGRAM.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

White dare not capture the Rook on his tenth move. Should he, in lieu of retreating his Queen to her Knight's third square, venture to take the Rook, he would lose the game off-hand, as follows:—

Suppose: 10. Q takes R. / Kt to Q B 3. 11. Q to Kt 7. / Q to Kt 6 (ch.),
12. K to B sq. / Kt to K 5, and mate is inevitable.

11. Q to Q 3. 11. Kt to Q 5.
12. P to Q B 3. 12. Q to K 4. (ch.)
13. K to B sq. 13. Kt to K B 4

and Black has a winning position.

The preceding Variation is from Staunton's Handbook.

(A.)

4. Kt to K B 3. 4. P to Q 3.
If 4. Kt to K B 3. 5. P to Q 3. / P to Q 4.
6. P takes P. / Kt takes P. 7. P to Q B 4. / Kt to K 6.
8. B takes Kt. / P takes B. 9. P to Q 4. / B to K Kt 5,

and Black has the advantage again.

5. P to Q 4. 5. B to K Kt 5.
6. B takes P. 6. B takes P (ch.)
7. R takes B.
If 7. P to K Kt 3. / Q B takes Kt. 8. Q takes B. / B to K Kt 4,

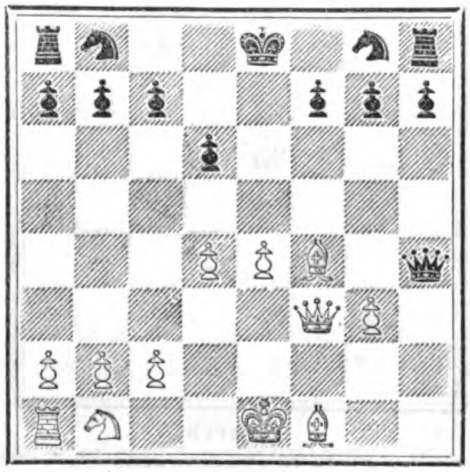
with the better game.

7. B takes Kt.
8. Q takes B. 8. Q takes R (ch.)

9. P to Kt 3, followed by 10. Q Kt to B 3; and White, although having lost the exchange, will be able to castle on Queen's side with a fine attack, which, in nine cases out of ten, should give him the advantage. Still Black, with the best play, ought ultimately to obtain the superior game, in the opinion of Heydebrand.

DIAGRAM

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

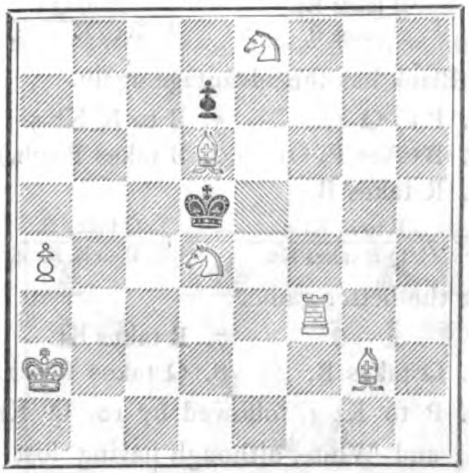
The above variations embody the best moves for both attack and defence, according to the chief authorities on the game. The King's Rook's Pawn's Gambit is condemned by all the leading writers, with the exception of Calvi, who considers it does not deserve its bad reputation.

We extract the following pretty little problem from Messrs. J. and W. T. Pierce's Book of Problems :—

PROBLEM,

By W. T. Pierce, Esq.

(BLACK.)

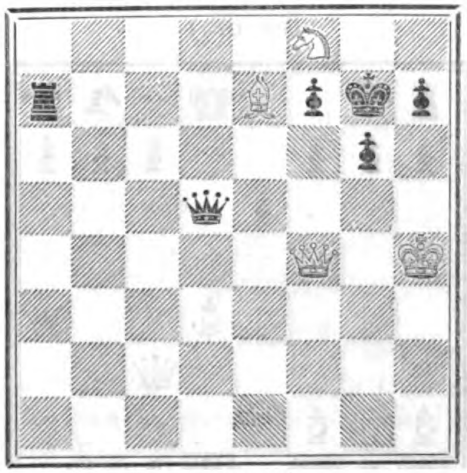


(WHITE.)

White to play, and mate in two moves.

The next position is by Ercole del Rio, whose treatise was first published at Modena, in 1750, and reprinted at Milan in 1831.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE)

to play, and win in three moves.

The solutions will appear in our next Chapter.

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## CHAPTER XII.

THE King's Bishop's Gambit is one of the most interesting and brilliant of the Gambits on the King's side. Considered formerly a hazardous opening, it has now come to be regarded as a perfectly safe "début" for the first player.

### GAME THE FIRST.

(Bilguer's Defence.)

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. B to Q B 4. | |

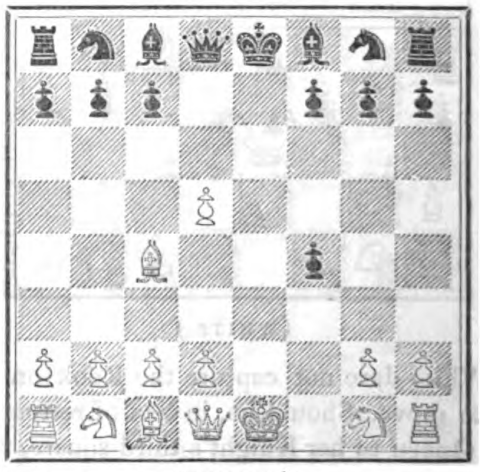
Black has the choice of several moves here. He may play 3. P to Q 4, 3. Kt to K B 3, 3. P to K B 4, 3. P to Q Kt 4, 3. P to K Kt 4, or, lastly, the old classical defence, 3. Q to K R 5 (ch.). We will now examine the consequences of the first of these defences. For the result of the other modes of play, see Games the Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, and Sixth.

3. P to Q 4.

4. P takes P (best).

DIAGRAM.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

If White take the pawn with the Bishop, the game may be continued as follows :—

Suppose 4. B takes P / Kt to K B 3

5. Kt to K B 3 (best) / Kt takes B — 6. P takes Kt / Q takes P

7. Kt to Q B 3 / Q to K R 4 — 8. P to Q 4 / B to Q 3

9. Q to K 2 (ch.) / K to Q sq. — 10. Castles / P to K Kt 4

and Black has no inferiority.

4. B to Q 3.

The author of "The Chess Openings" gives 4. Q to K R 5 (ch.) for Black here; but that would be very bad play; *e g.*—

Suppose 4. Q to K R 5 (ch.)

5. K to B sq. / P to K B 6 — 6. B checks / P to Q B 3

7. K Kt takes P / Q to Q Kt 5 (If, 7. Q to B 3

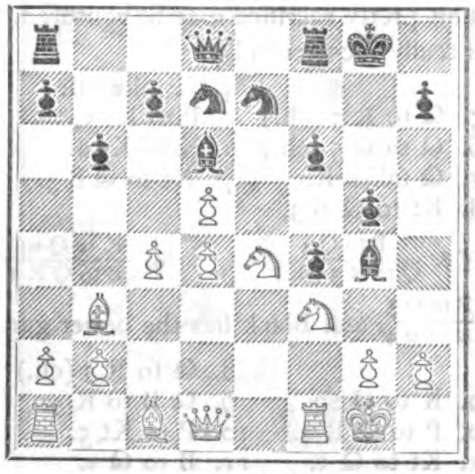
8. P takes P / P takes P — 9. B to K 2 with the advantage.)

8. Q to K 2 (ch.) followed by 9. P takes P, while having a pawn ahead with the better position.

| | |
|---|---|
| 5. Kt to K B 3 | 5. Q B to K Kt 5. |
| 6. Castles. | 6. Kt to K 2. |
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. Q Kt to Q 2. |
| 8. B to Q Kt 3. | 8. P to K Kt 4. |
| 9. P to Q B 4. | 9. P to Q Kt 3. |
| 10. Kt to Q B 3. | 10. Castles. |
| 11. Kt to K 4. | 11. P to K B 3, |

and the game is even in the opinion of Von der Lasa.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

### GAME THE SECOND.

(The Prussian Defence.)

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. B to Q B 4. | 3. Kt to K B 3. |

Colonel Hanneken is the originator of this defence.

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. P to Q 3 (or Variations I. II.) | |
| | 4. P to Q 4. |
| 5. P takes P. | 5. Kt takes P. |
| 6. Q to K 2 (ch.) | 6. B to K 3. |
| 7. B takes Kt. | 7. Q takes B. |
| 8. B takes P | 8. B to Q B 4. |
| 9. Kt to K B 3, | |

and the game is about even, Black having, if anything, a slight advantage.

DIAGRAM.

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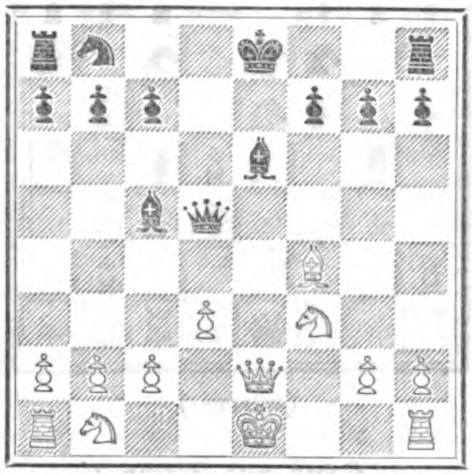


(WHITE.)

### VARIATION I.

On White's fourth move.

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. P to K 5. | 4. P to Q 4. |

If, 4. Kt to K 5 — 5. Kt to K B 3 / P to Q 4 — 6. B to Kt 3 / B to K Kt 5

and Black has a good game.

| | |
|---|---|
| 5. B to Q Kt 3, | 5. Kt to K 5. |
| 6. Kt to K B 3. | 6. B to K Kt 5, |

Black may also play 6. Kt to Kt 4, but the Editor of the "Schachzeitung" prefers the move in the text.

| | |
|---|---|
| 7. Castles. | 7. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 8. B to Q R 4. | 8. P to K Kt 4. |
| 9. B takes Kt (ch.) | 9. P takes B. |
| 10. P to Q 4. | 10. P to Q B 4, |

and the game is about equal.

VARIATION II.

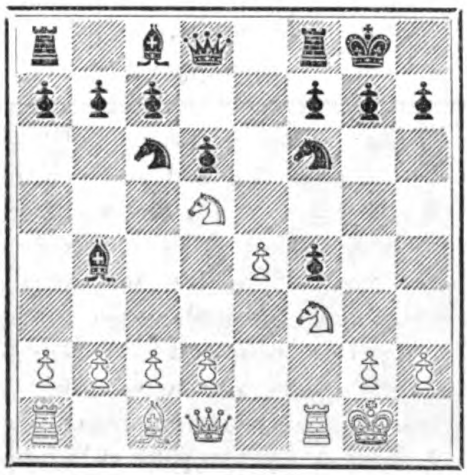
On White's fourth move.

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. Kt to Q B 3. | 4. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 5. Kt to K B 3. | 5. B to Q Kt 5. |
| 6. Castles. | 6. P to Q 3. |
| 7. Kt to Q 5. | 7. Castles, |

and the game is even.

DIAGRAM.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

GAME THE THIRD.

(The Lopez-Gianutio Counter Gambit.)

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. B to Q B 4. | 3. P to K B 4. |

Von der Lasa prefers this defence to

| | |
|---|---|
| 3. Kt to K B 3. | |
| 4. Q to K 2. | 4. Q to K R 5 (ch.) |
| 5. K to Q sq. | 5. P takes P. |
| 6. Q takes P (ch.) | 6. B to K 2. |
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. Kt to K B 3. |
| 8. Q takes P. | 8. Q takes Q. |
| 9. B takes Q. | 9. P to Q 4. |
| 10. B to Q 3. | 10. B to K Kt 5 (ch.) |
| 11. Kt to K 2. | 11. Kt to Q B 3. |

12. P to Q B 3, and the game is even.

The above moves, which constitute the best defence for the second player in the Lopez Counter Gambit, occur in a game by correspondence between the Carlsruhe and Stuttgart Chess Clubs.

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GAME THE FOURTH.

(The Bryan-Kieseritzki Counter Gambit.)

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. B to Q B 4. | 3. P to Q Kt 4. |

This line of play, invented by Bryan, was much favoured by Kieseritzki; but with the best play, White should get the better game.

4. B takes Q Kt P,

or Variations (I.) (II.)

| | |
|---|---|
| | 4. Q to K R 5 (ch.) |
| 5. K to B sq. | 5. B to Q Kt 2. |
| 6. Kt to K B 3. | 6. Q to K R 4. |
| 7. B to Q B 4. | 7. Kt to K B 3. |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3. | 8. B to Q Kt 5. |
| 9. P to Q 3. | 9. B takes Kt (ch.) |
| 10. P takes B. | 10. P to K Kt 4. |
| 11. R to Q Kt sq. | 11. Q B to B 3. |
| 12. P to K R 4. | 12. P to K R 3. |
| 13. K to Kt sq. | 13. P to Kt 5. |

14. Kt to Q 4, and White has rather the better position.

---

VARIATION I.

On White's fourth move.

4. B takes K B P (ch.)

This pretty sacrifice may be ventured, but it is really incorrect play.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 4. K takes B. |
| 5. Q to R 5 (ch.) | 5. P to Kt 3, |
| 6. Q to Q 5 (ch.) | 6. K to Kt 2. |
| 7. Q takes R. | 7. Kt to Q B 3. |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3. | |

If 8. $\frac{\text{P to Q 4}}{\text{Q to R 5 (ch.)}}$ 9. $\frac{\text{K to Q sq.}}{\text{B to Q R 3}}$

10. $\frac{\text{P to Q 5}}{\text{B to B 4}}$, and Black has the better game.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 8. Q to R 5 (ch.) |
| 9. K to Q sq. | 9. Q B to R 3. |
| 10. P to Q R 4. | 10. P to Kt 5. |
| 11. Kt to Q 5. | 11. B to Q 3. |
| 12. P to Q 4. | 12. K Kt to K 2, |

and Black has the advantage on account of the position of the White Queen.

---

VARIATION II.

On White's fourth move.

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. B to Q Kt 3. | 4. P to Q R 4. |
| 5. P to Q R 4. | 5. Q to R 5 (ch.) |
| 6. K to B sq. | 6. P to Q Kt 5. |
| 7. Kt to K B 3. | 7. B to R 3 (ch.) |
| 8. P to Q 3. | 8. Q to K B 3, with |

the advantage.

# MODERN MAGIC.

BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

## Principles of Sleight-of-hand more especially applicable to Coin Tricks.

The next class of tricks which I propose to discuss will be such as are performed with coin; but, before attempting these tricks, it will be necessary for the student to practise diligently certain sleights and passes which more especially belong to this particular branch of the magic art, though, indeed, the sleight-of-hand used in coin-conjuring is more or less applicable to most other small objects. The principles which I have given for card tricks will not here be of any direct assistance; but the readiness of hand and eye which the student will have acquired, if he has diligently put in practice the instructions already given, will be of the greatest possible value to him as a preliminary training, and it may safely be predicted that any person who is a first-rate performer with cards will readily conquer all other difficulties of the magic art.

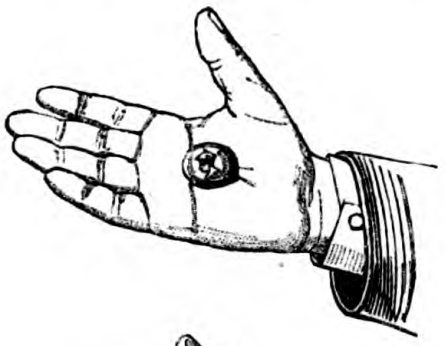

Fig. 57.



Fig. 58.

The first faculty which the novice must seek to acquire is that of "palming"—*i.e.*, secretly holding an object in the open hand by the contraction of the palm. To acquire this power, take a half crown, florin, or penny (these being the most convenient in point of size), and lay it on the palm of the open hand. (*See* Fig. 57.) Now close the hand very slightly, and if you have placed the coin on the right spot (which a few trials will quickly indicate), the contraction of the palm around its edges will hold it securely (*see* Fig. 58), and you may move the hand and arm in any direction without fear of dropping it. You should next accustom yourself to use the hand and fingers easily and naturally, while still holding the coin as described. A very little practice will enable you to do this. You must bear in mind while practising, always to keep the inside of the palm either downwards, or inwards toward your own body, as any reverse movement would, of course, expose the concealed coin. When you are able to hold the coin comfortably in the right hand, practise in like manner with the left; after which you may substitute for the coin a watch, an egg, or a small lemon—articles of frequent use in magical experiments.

Being thoroughly master of this first lesson, you may now proceed to the study of the various "passes." All of the passes have the same object—viz., the apparent transfer of an article from one hand to the other, though such article really remains in the hand in which it was first seen by the spectators. As the same movement frequently repeated would cause suspicion, and possibly detection, it is desirable to acquire different ways of effecting this object. For the sake of subsequent reference, I shall denote the different passes described by numbers, though the order of description is, of course, quite arbitrary.

I may here mention that the generic term "palming," which I have so far used as meaning simply the act of *holding* any article, is also employed to signify the act of *placing*

any article in the palm by one or other of the various passes. The context will readily indicate in which of the two senses the term is used in any given passage.

It is hardly necessary to remark that the diagrams in nearly every case, save where the letter-press indicates the contrary, represent the hands of the performer *as seen by himself.*

Pass 1.—This is the oldest of the passes, and for many purposes the best. It is executed as follows: Take the coin in the right hand, between the second and third fingers and the thumb (*see* Fig. 59), the coin, however,

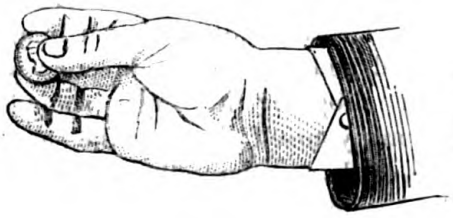

Fig. 59.



Fig. 60.

really being supported by the fingers, and only steadied by the thumb. Now move the thumb out of the way, and close the second and third fingers, with the coin balanced on them, into the palm of the hand. (*See* Fig. 60.) If the coin was placed aright in the first instance, you will find that this motion puts it precisely in the position above described as the proper one for palming, and on again extending the fingers, the coin is left securely palmed, as in Fig. 58. When you can do this with ease with the hand at rest, you must practise doing the same thing with the right hand in motion toward the left, which should meet it open, but close instantly as soon as the fingers of the right hand touch its palm, as though closing upon the coin, which you have by this movement feigned to transfer to it. The left hand must thenceforward remain closed, as if holding the coin, and the right hand hang loosely open, as if empty.

In the case of an article of larger size than a coin—as, for instance, a watch or an egg—you need not take the article with the fingers, but may let it simply lie on the palm of the right hand, slightly closing that hand as you move it towards the left. The greater extent of surface in this case will give you plenty of hold, without the necessity of pressing the article into the palm. Remember, that in any case the two hands must work in harmony, as in the ordinary



Fig. 61.

act of passing an article from the one hand to the other. The left hand must therefore rise to meet the right, but should not begin its journey until the right hand begins its own. Nothing looks more awkward or unnatural than to see the left hand extended with open palm, before the right hand has begun to move towards it.

After the pass is made, a judicious use of the wand will materially assist you in concealing the fact that the object still remains in the right hand. For this purpose the performer should, before commencing the pass, carelessly place the wand under either arm, as though merely to leave his hands free. Immediately the pass is made, the right hand should, with a sort of back-handed movement, which under the circumstances is perfectly natural (*see* Fig. 61), grasp the wand, draw it from under the arm, and thenceforth retain it till an op-

portunity occurs of disposing of the coin in such manner as may be necessary. The position of the fingers in the act of holding the wand is such as to effectually mask the concealed coin, while yet the hand appears perfectly easy and natural. The same expedient may be employed with equal advantage in the case of the remaining passes.

Pass 2.—This is somewhat easier than Pass 1, and may sometimes be usefully substituted for it. Take the coin edgeways between the first and third fingers of the right hand, the sides of those fingers pressing against the edges of the coin, and the middle

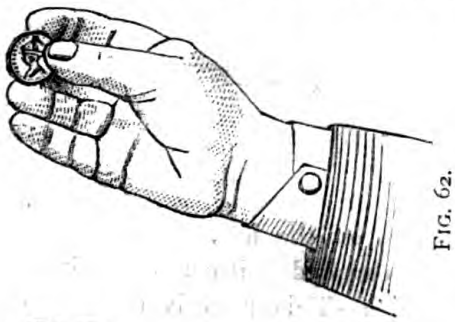

Fig. 62.

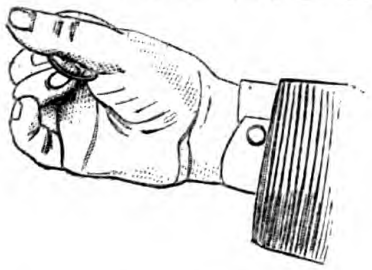

Fig. 63.



Fig. 64.

finger steadying it from behind. (*See* Fig. 62.) Move the right hand quickly towards the left, and at the same time move the thumb swiftly over the face of the coin till the top joint just passes its outer edge (*see* Fig. 63); then crook the thumb, and the coin will be found to be securely nipped between that joint and the junction of the thumb with the hand. (*See* Fig. 64.) As in the last case, the left hand must be closed immediately the right hand touches it; and the right must thenceforth be held with the thumb bent slightly inwards towards the palm, so that the coin may be shielded from the view of the spectators.

Pass 3.—Hold the left hand palm upwards, with the coin in the position indicated in Fig. 57. Move the right hand towards the left, and let the fingers simulate the motion of picking up the coin from the left hand, and instantly close. At the same moment slightly close the left hand, so as to contract the palm around the coin, as in Fig. 58, and drop the hand, letting it hang loosely by your side.

Pass 4. (*Le tourniquet.*)—This is an easy and yet most effective pass. Hold the left hand palm upwards, with the

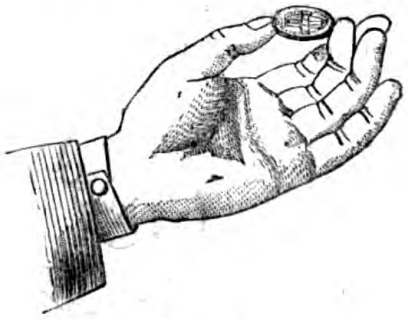

Fig. 65.

coin, Fig. 65. This will leave below the coin a space between the thumb and middle finger. Now move the right hand towards the left, passing the thumb of the right hand under, and the fingers over the coin, closing them just as they pass it. (*See* Fig. 66.) The effect is exactly as if you seized the coin with such thumb and fingers, but in reality you take advantage of the moment when the coin is covered by the fingers of the right hand, to let it drop quietly (as shown in Fig. 66) into the palm of the left.

The right hand you should carry upwards and forwards after it leaves the left hand, following it with your eyes, and thereby drawing away the attention of the audience from the other hand. (*See* Fig. 67.) Do not be in too great a hurry to drop the left

hand, but turn the palm slightly towards you, with the fingers a little bent, and after a moment's pause, let it fall gently to your



FIG. 66.

side. The hollow made by the bent fingers will be sufficient to hold the coin.

This pass is available even for a sixpence or threepenny piece, which, from their small

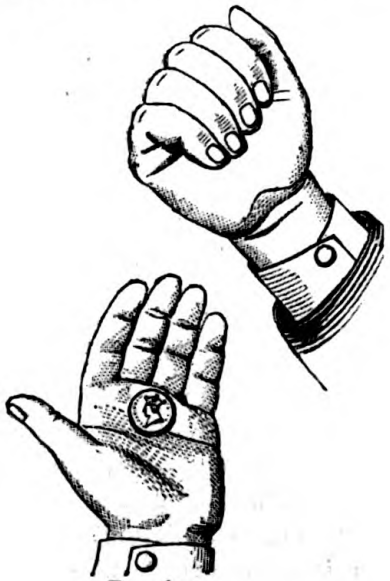

FIG. 67.

size cannot readily be palmed by the ordinary means. It is also very useful for "ball" conjuring.

PASS 5. (*La Pincette.*)—This is a modification of the pass last described. The coin is held as in Fig. 68, between the thumb and first and second fingers of the left hand. You then make the movement of taking it between the same fingers of the other hand, which for that purpose makes a kind of "swoop" down upon it, the back of the hand being kept outwards towards the spectators. At the moment when the coin is concealed behind the fingers of the right hand, it is allowed to slip gently down into

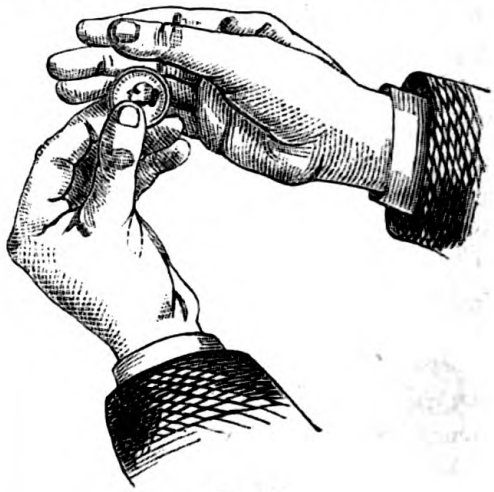

FIG. 68.

the palm of the left, and the right is instantly elevated as if containing it.

PASS 6.—This pass is best adapted for use with three or four coins, as the chink of the coins against one another materially assists in the illusion. Having

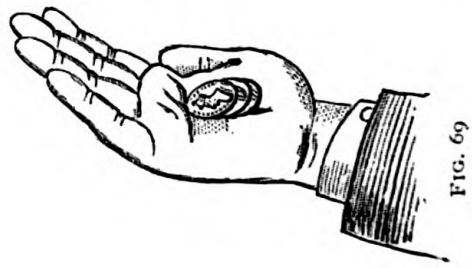

FIG. 69.

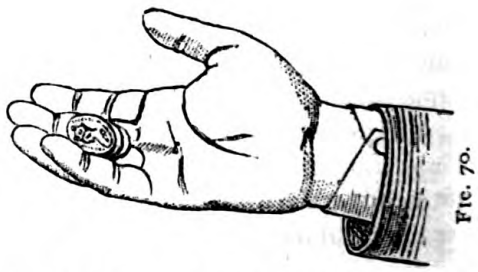

FIG. 70.

to get rid of, say, four pence or florins, you take them in the right hand, as indicated in Fig. 69, viz., well back towards the wrist, move the right hand sharply towards the left, with the fingers foremost, so that the finger-tips of the right hand may come smartly,

at about right angles, against the palm of the left; at the same time slightly bending the fingers. The coins, instead of being shot forward (as to the eye and ear of the spectators they appear to be) into the left hand, are in reality retained in the hollow formed by the fingers of the right, as shown in Fig. 70. The coins are turned completely over as the hands come in contact, producing the necessary chink. The left hand is of course closed, and the thumb of the right is allowed to close gently on the coins, so that when the hand falls by your side, they may not make a second chink, and so betray their presence in the wrong hand.

Pass 7. (*La Coulée*).—This pass is best adapted for a coin of large diameter, like the French five-franc piece, and is but little

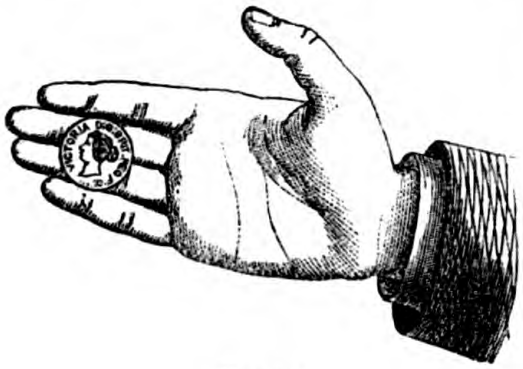

Fig. 71.

used by English conjurors. If, however, the student has a very small hand (a serious disadvantage in conjuring generally), he may find himself able to employ it with a half-crown or penny. Take the coin in the right hand between the first and second fingers and the thumb, and in the act of apparently transferring it to the left hand, gently slide it with the ball of the thumb into the position shown in Fig. 71, where it is held by the pressure of the first and fourth fingers against its opposite edges, the hand remaining completely open.

Pass 8.—The peculiarity of this pass is that it is made while holding the wand in the hand, a case in which none of the other passes are available. Holding the wand and coin in the right hand, as indicated in Fig. 72, you strike the edge of the coin sharply against the palm of the left hand, and instantly close that hand. The effect of the movement is to drive back the coin (which should be held very lightly) into the position shown in Fig. 73, in which, being behind the first three fingers, it is completely hidden from the audience. You should lose no time in relaxing the fingers of the right hand, and gently closing them around the coin, as their straightened position, if continued, might arouse suspicion. You must, however, be careful that in doing so, you do not allow the coin to chink against the wand, as the sound would naturally draw attention to its whereabouts.

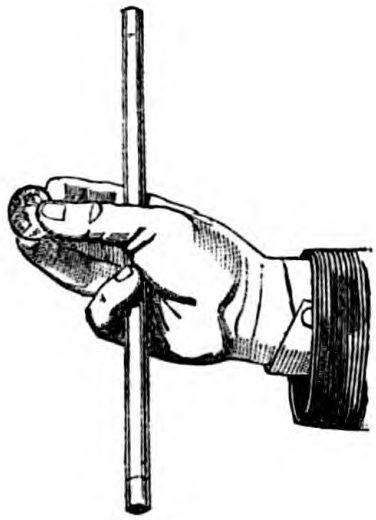

Fig. 72.

It must not be imagined that all of the passes above given are in turn used by every performer. Almost every conjuror has his favourite pass or passes, either selected from those above given, or invented by himself. Any mode by which a coin can be held in the hand without indicating its presence may be worked up into a pass. Thus, some performers will hold a coin by its edge between two of the fingers, or between the thumb and the side of the hand. Others, again, hold the coin flat against the first or second joint of the second or third finger, retaining it by slightly bending the finger. The student should experiment till he finds what method best suits the conformation of his

own hand. I have specified the hand to and from which each pass is generally used; but if the student desires to attain extraordinary excellence, he should practise until he is able to use each from left to right, as well as from right to left, or *vice versâ*. The student will here, as in card conjuring, find the greatest possible advantage in practising before a looking-glass; before which he should, in the first place, actually *do* that which he afterwards pretends to do, and carefully notice the positions and motions of his hands in the first case, while he should then do his best to simulate, that there may be as little difference as possible between the pretence and the reality. He should further accustom himself *always to follow with his eyes the hand in which the object is supposed to be*, this being the most certain means of leading the eyes and the minds of his audience in the same direction. When he is able to perform the passes neatly with a single florin or penny, he should then practise with coins of smaller size, with two coins at once, and afterwards with three or four.

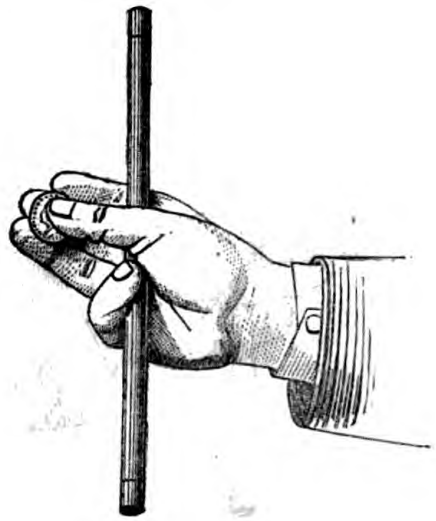

FIG. 73.

A word of caution may here be desirable. These passes must by no means be regarded as being themselves tricks, but only as processes to be used in the performance of tricks. If the performer, after pretending to pass the coin, say from the right hand to the left, and showing that it had vanished from the left hand, were to allow his audience to discover that it had all along remained in his right hand, they might admire the dexterity with which he had in this instance deceived their eyes, but they would henceforth guess half the secret of any trick in which palming was employed. If it is necessary immediately to reproduce the coin, the performer should do so by appearing to find it in the hair or whiskers of a spectator, or in any other place that may suit his purpose, remembering always to indicate beforehand that it has passed to such a place, thereby diverting the general attention from himself. As the coin is already in his hand, he has only to drop it to his finger tips, as the hand reaches the place he has named, in order, to all appearance, to take it from thence.

Having given this little piece of advice as to the hand in which the coin actually is, I must add a few words more as to the hand in which it is *not*. Whenever you have (apparently) placed any article either in the closed hand or in some piece of apparatus from which it is afterwards to disappear, you should not, as a rule, show that the article is not where you have apparently placed it, without interposing some magical process, however slight, which may colourably account for its disappearance. A mere nothing will suffice—a touch of the wand, the pronouncing of a magic formula, the pressure of a finger; but in some form or other the ceremony should never be omitted. Thus, to take the simplest example, I will suppose that by means of Pass 1 you have apparently placed in the left hand a coin, which really remains in the palm of the right. If you at once open the left hand, and show that the coin is not there, the spectators will naturally jump to the correct explanation, viz., that you did not in reality put the coin there at all. If, however, you delay opening the left hand for a minute or two, so as to let the audience get accustomed to the idea that the coin is therein; and then before opening it, touch

the hand mysteriously with your wand, or even simply, as you slowly open the left hand, rub the ball of the wrist with the second and third fingers of the hand which holds the coin (*see* Fig. 74), you not only give that hand an occupation apparently inconsistent with the fact of anything remaining concealed in it, but you suggest to the audience that the gesture in question is the cause of the disappearance of the coin. It is surprising what an effect even such a trifle as this has in misleading the judgment of a spectator. He knows perfectly well, in the abstract, that touching the closed hand with a short stick, or rubbing it with a finger of the opposite hand, is not an

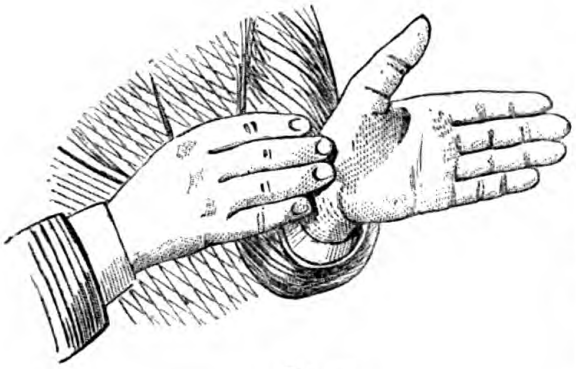

FIG. 74.

adequate cause for the disappearance of the coin; but the fact being apparent that the coin *has* disappeared, the mind unconsciously accepts the explanation which is thus indirectly offered. The advice here given becomes less important where, before the hand is opened, you are able to get rid of the object from that in which it originally appeared. Here the spectator is precluded from imagining that you retained it in the hand in which he first saw it, as that hand also is shown to be empty, and the absolute disappearance of the coin being a self-evident fact, you may leave the spectator to account for it in his own manner.

The various passes may be employed not only to cause the disappearance of an article, as above described, but to secretly exchange it for a substitute of similar appearance. These exchanges are of continual use in conjuring; indeed, I may almost say that three parts of its marvels depend on them. Such an exchange having been made, the substitute is left in sight of the audience, while the performer, having thus secretly gained possession of the original, disposes of it as may be necessary for the purpose of the trick. I shall proceed to describe various forms of changes, denoting them, as in the case of the passes, by numbers.

CHANGE 1.—You desire, I will suppose, to exchange—or, in conjuror's parlance, to "ring"—a florin, marked by the audience, for another. You have the latter, which I will call the "substitute," ready palmed in your left hand, of course taking care to keep the palm turned away from the audience. Taking the marked florin in the right hand, you palm it in that hand by Pass 1, but instead of closing the left hand as the fingers of the right touch it, keep that hand loosely open, and show lying on its palm the substitute, which the audience take to be the original, just placed there by your right hand.

CHANGE 2.—This is the same as Change 1, save that you use with the right hand Pass 2 instead of Pass 1.

CHANGE 3.—Here also you use Pass 2, but you have the substitute palmed in the right hand instead of the left. Taking up the marked florin with the same hand, you make with it Pass 2, at the same instant dropping the substitute from its palm into the left hand. This is a very neat and effective sleight. Some performers are expert enough to make this change by means of Pass 1 instead of Pass 2, the genuine coin taking the place of the substitute in the palm—but this demands dexterity of the very highest order.

CHANGE 4.—For this change you must have the substitute palmed in the right hand, and take the marked coin between the thumb and second finger of the left. Then by Pass 4 appear to take it in the

right hand, and when necessary exhibit the substitute, which you have already in that hand.

CHANGE 5.—Have the substitute palmed in your right hand, and hold the marked coin openly on the palm of the left. Pick up the marked coin with the right hand, at the same moment releasing the palmed substitute, which will accordingly fall into the left hand, the fingers of which should be held slightly hollowed, the better to conceal it. Show the marked coin in the right hand, and say, "You have seen me take up this coin visibly, I will make it return invisibly," or make some other appropriate observation. Close the left hand, make Pass 1 or 2 with the right hand, with a motion towards the left, but without bringing the hands near together. The marked coin will after the pass be concealed in your right palm. Immediately opening your left hand, you show the substitute, which the audience believe to be the original which they have just seen.

There are many other changes; indeed, they are almost too numerous to describe. If you are able to palm and to make the various passes neatly, you will readily invent methods of "ringing" for yourself; in the meantime, you will find that the above will answer every purpose so far as coin ricks are concerned.

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# ANSWERS TO PUZZLES

*On pages* 527—528.

1. Star. Time. Amen. Rent.
2. Shawm. Hythe. Altar. Whale. Meres.
3. Erin. Ride. Idea. Neat.
4. Oder. Dale. Elbe. Reel.
5. With. Idea. Tear. Hare.
6. Ream. Erse. Asps. Mess.
7. Sloe. Lava. Over. Ears.
8. Faint heart never won fair lady.
9. Forewarned is forearmed.
10. Delays are dangerous.
11. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.
12. Paul Pry.
13. A poet and dramatist.
14. Numismatic. 15. Testimonials.
16. Elizabethan. 17. Pertinaciously.
18. Disapprobation. 19. Shakesperian.
20. Pharmaceutical.
21. New Charades for the Drawing Room, By the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam."
22. Longfellow's Complete Poetical Works, with Illustrations.
23. Bradshaw's General Railway and Steam Navigation Guide.

24.

The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea,
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might yet be free,
For standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

25.

Gentle spring! in sunshine clad
Well dost thou thy power display,
For winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train
The sleet, the snow, the wind, and the rain,
And they shrink away, they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.

26. Antioch. Orontes.




# THE FIELD OF ICE.

BY JULES VERNE.

## Chapter XXV.—Return South.

Three hours after this sad *dénouement* of the adventures of Captain Hatteras, the whole party were back once more in the grotto.

Clawbonny was asked his opinion as to what was best to be done.

"Well, friends," he said, "we cannot stay longer in this island; the sea is open, and we have enough provisions. We ought to start at once, and get back without the least delay to Fort Providence, where we must winter."

"That is my opinion, too," said Altamont. "The wind is favourable, so to-morrow we will get to sea."

The day passed in profound dejection. The insanity of the Captain was a bad omen, and when they began to talk over the return voyage, their hearts failed them for fear. They missed the intrepid spirit of their leader.

However, like brave men, they prepared to battle anew with the elements and with themselves, if ever they felt inclined to give way.

Next morning they made all ready to sail,

and brought the tent and all its belongings on board.

But before leaving these rocks, never to return, the Doctor, carrying out the intentions of Hatteras, had a cairn erected on the very spot where the poor fellow had jumped ashore. It was made of great blocks placed one on the top of the other, so as to be a landmark perfectly visible while the eruptions of the volcano left it undisturbed. On one of the side stones, Bell chiselled the simple inscription—

JOHN HATTERAS

The duplicate of the document attesting the discovery of the North Pole was enclosed in a tinned iron cylinder, and deposited in the cairn, to remain as a silent witness among those desert rocks.

This done, the four men and the Captain, a poor body without a soul, set out on the return voyage, accompanied by the faithful Duk, who had become sad and downcast. A new sail was manufactured out of the tent, and about ten o'clock, the little sloop sailed out before the wind.

She made a quick passage, finding abundance of open water. It was certainly easier to get away from the Pole than to get to it.

But Hatteras knew nothing that was passing around him. He lay full length on the boat, perfectly silent, with lifeless eye and folded arms, and Duk lying at his feet. Clawbonny frequently addressed him, but could elicit no reply.

On the 15th they sighted Altamont Harbour, but as the sea was open all along the coast, they determined to go round to Victoria Bay by water, instead of crossing New America in the sledge.

The voyage was easy and rapid. In a week they accomplished what had taken a fortnight in the sledge, and on the 23rd they cast anchor in Victoria Bay.

As soon as the sloop was made fast, they all hastened to Fort Providence. But what a scene of devastation met their eyes! Doctor's house, stores, powder-magazine, fortifications, all had melted away, and the provisions had been ransacked by devouring animals.

The navigators had almost come to the end of their supplies, and had been reckoning on replenishing their stores at Fort Providence. The impossibility of wintering there now was evident, and they decided to get to Baffin's Bay by the shortest route.

"We have no alternative," said Clawbonny; "Baffin's Bay is not more than six hundred miles distant. We can sail as long as there is water enough under our sloop, and get to Jones' Sound, and then on to the Danish settlements."

"Yes," said Altamont; "let us collect what food remains, and be off at once."

After a thorough search, a few cases of pemmican were found scattered here and there, and two barrels of preserved meat, altogether enough for six weeks, and a good supply of powder. It was soon collected and brought on board, and the remainder of the day was employed in caulking the sloop and putting her in good trim.

Next morning they put out once more to sea. The voyage presented no great difficulties, the drift-ice being easily avoided; but still the Doctor thought it advisable, in case of possible delays, to limit the rations to one half. This was no great hardship, as there was not much work for any one to do, and all were in perfect health.

Besides, they found a little shooting, and brought down ducks, and geese, and guillemots, or sea turtle-doves. Water they were able to supply themselves with in abundance, from the fresh-water icebergs they constantly fell in with as they kept near the coast, not daring to venture out to the open sea in so frail a bark.

At that time of the year, the thermometer was already constantly below freezing point. The frequent rains changed to snow, and the weather became gloomy. Each day the sun dipped lower below the horizon, and on the 30th, for a few minutes, he was out of sight altogether.

However, the little sloop sailed steadily on without stopping an instant. They

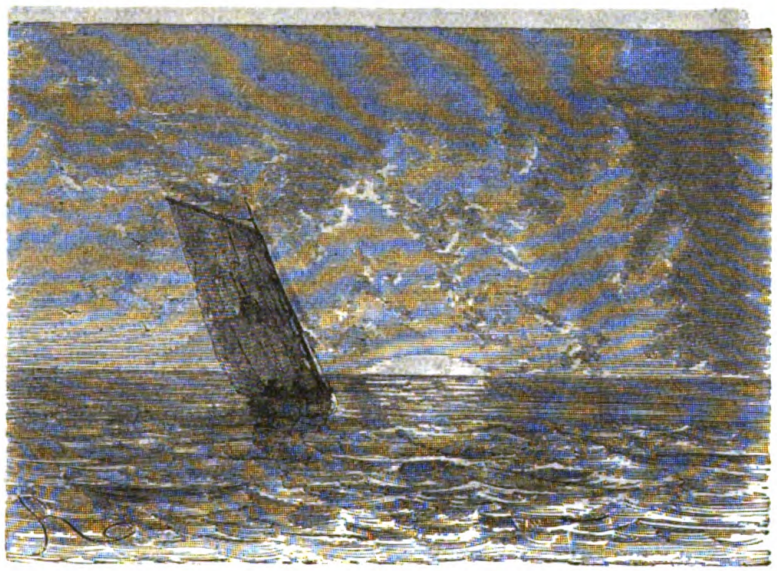
knew what fatigues and obstacles a land journey involved, if they should be forced to adopt it, and no time was to be lost, for soon the open water would harden to firm ground; already the young ice had begun to form. In these high latitudes there is neither spring nor autumn; winter follows close on the heels of summer.

On the 31st the first stars glimmered overhead, and from that time forwards there was continual fog, which considerably impeded navigation.

The Doctor became very uneasy at these multiplied indications of approaching winter. He knew the difficulties Sir John Ross had to contend with after he left his ship to try and reach Baffin's Bay, and how, after all, he was compelled to return and pass a fourth winter on board. It was bad enough with shelter and food and fuel, but if any such calamity befell the survivors of the *Forward*, if they were obliged to stop or return, they were lost.

The Doctor said nothing of his anxieties to his companions, but only urged them to get as far east as possible.

At last, after thirty days' tolerably quick sailing, and after battling for forty-eight hours against the increasing drift ice, and risking the frail sloop a hundred times, the



navigators saw themselves blocked in on all sides. Further progress was impossible, for the sea was frozen in every direction, and the thermometer was only 15° above zero.

Altamont made a reckoning with scrupulous precision, and found they were in 77° 15′ latitude, and 85° 2′ longitude.

"This is our exact position then," said the Doctor. "We are in South Lincoln, just at Cape Eden, and are entering Jones' Sound. With a little more good luck, we should have found open water right to Baffin's Bay. But we must not grumble. If my poor Hatteras had found as navigable a sea at first, he would have soon reached the Pole. His men would not have deserted him, and his brain would not have given way under the pressure of terrible trial."

"I suppose, then," said Altamont, "our only course is to leave the sloop, and get by sledge to the east coast of Lincoln."

"Yes; but I think we should go through Jones' Sound, and get to South Devon instead of crossing Lincoln."

"Why?"

"Because the nearer we get to Lancaster Sound, the more chance we have of meeting whalers."

"You are right; but I question whether the ice is firm enough to make it practicable."

"We'll try," replied Clawbonny.

The little vessel was unloaded, and the sledge put together again. All the parts were in good condition, so the next day the dogs were harnessed, and they started off along the coast to reach the ice-field; but Altamont's opinion proved right. They could not get through Jones' Sound, and were obliged to follow the coast to Lincoln.

At last, on the 24th, they set foot on North Devon.

"Now," said Clawbonny, "we have only to cross this, and get to Cape Warender at the entrance to Lancaster Sound."

But the weather became frightful, and very cold. The snow-storms and tempests returned with winter violence, and the travellers felt too weak to contend with them. Their stock of provisions was almost exhausted, and rations had to be reduced now to a third, that the dogs might have food enough to keep them in working condition.

The nature of the ground added greatly to the fatigue. North Devon is extremely wild and rugged, and the path across the Trauter mountains is through difficult gorges. The whole party—men, and dogs, and sledge alike—were frequently forced to stop, for they could not struggle on against the fury of the elements. More than once despair crept over the brave little band, hardy as



they were, and used to Polar sufferings. Though scarcely aware of it themselves, they were completely worn out, physically and mentally.

It was not till the 30th of August that they emerged from these wild mountains into a plain, which seemed to have been upturned and convulsed by volcanic action at some distant period.

Here it was absolutely necessary to take a few days' rest, for the travellers could not drag one foot after the other, and two of the dogs had died from exhaustion. None of the party felt equal to put up the tent, so they took shelter behind an iceberg.

Provisions were now so reduced, that, notwithstanding their scanty rations, there was only enough left for one week. Starvation stared the poor fellows in the face.

Altamont, who had displayed great unselfishness and devotion to the others, roused his sinking energies, and determined to go out and find food for his comrades.

He took his gun, called Duk, and went off almost unnoticed by the rest.

He had been absent about an hour, and only once during that time had they heard the report of his gun; and now he was coming back empty-handed, but running as if terrified.

"What is the matter?" asked the Doctor.

"Down there, under the snow!" said Altamont, speaking as if scared, and pointing in a particular direction.

"What?"

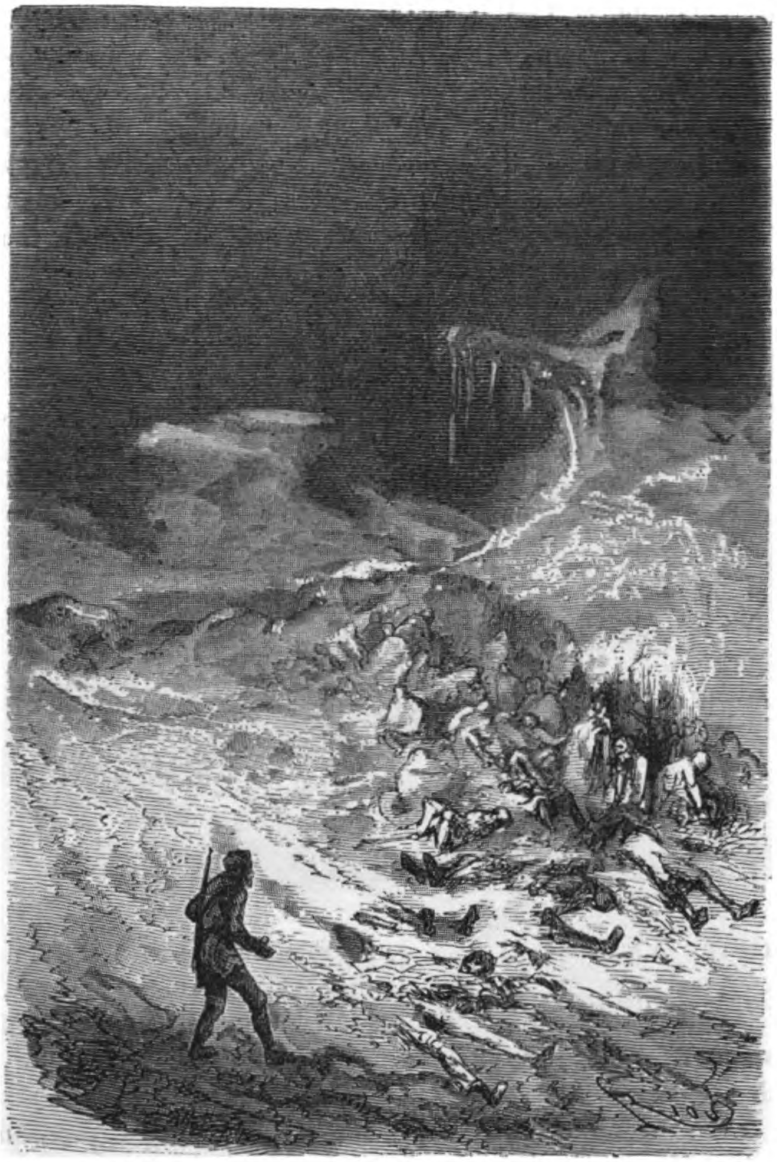
"A whole party of men!"

"Alive?"

"Dead—frozen—and even——"

He did not finish the sentence, but a look of unspeakable horror came over his face.

The Doctor and the others were so roused by this incident, that they managed



to get up and drag themselves after Altamont towards the place he indicated.

They soon arrived at a narrow part at the bottom of a ravine, and what a spectacle met their gaze! Dead bodies, already stiff, lay half-buried in a winding-sheet of snow. A leg visible here, an arm there, and yonder shrunken hands and rigid faces, stamped with the expression of rage and despair.

The Doctor stooped down to look at them more closely, but instantly started back pale and agitated, while Duk barked ominously.

"Horrible, horrible!" he said.

"What is it?" asked Johnson.

"Don't you recognize them?"

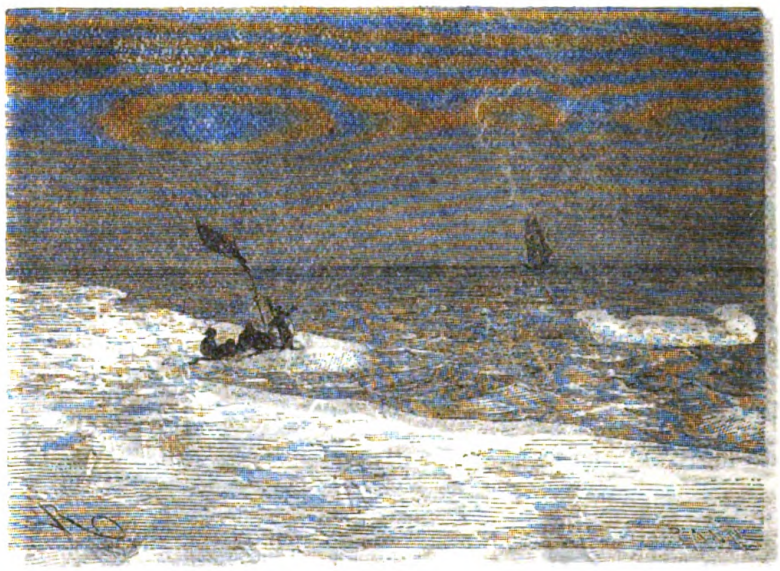
"What do you mean?"

"Look and see!"

It was evident this ravine had been but recently the scene of a fearful struggle with cold, and despair, and starvation, for by certain horrible remains it was manifest that the poor wretches had been feeding on human flesh, perhaps while still warm and palpitating, and among them the Doctor recognized Shandon, Pen, and the ill-fated crew of the *Forward!* Their strength had failed; provisions had come to an end; their boat had been broken, perhaps by an avalanche or engulphed in some abyss, and they could not take advantage of the open sea; or perhaps they had lost their way in wandering over these unknown continents. Moreover, men who set out under the excitement of a revolt were not likely to remain long united. The leader of a rebellion has but a doubtful power, and no doubt Shandon's authority had been soon cast off.

Be that as it might, it was evident the crew had come through agonies of suffering and despair before this last terrible catastrophe, but the secret of their miseries is buried with them beneath the polar snows.

"Come away! come away!" said the Doctor, dragging his companions from the scene. Horror gave them momentary strength, and they resumed their march without stopping a minute longer.



## Chapter XXVI.

### Conclusion.

It would be useless to enumerate all the misfortunes which befel the survivors of the expedition. Even the men themselves were never able to give any detailed narrative of the events which occurred during the week subsequent to the horrible discovery related in the last chapter. However, on the 9th of September, by superhuman exertions, they arrived at last at Cape Horsburg, the extreme point of North Devon.

They were absolutely starving. For forty-eight hours they had tasted nothing, and their last meal had been off the flesh of their last Esquimaux dog. Bell could go no further, and Johnson felt himself dying.

They were on the shore of Baffin's Bay, now half-frozen over; that is to say, on the road to Europe and three miles off, the waves were dashing noiselessly on the sharp edges of the ice-field.

Here they must wait their chance of a whaler appearing, and for how long?

But Heaven pitied the poor fellows, for the very next day Altamont distinctly perceived a sail on the horizon.

Every one knows the torturing suspense that follows such an appearance, and the agonizing dread lest it should prove a false

hope. The vessel seems alternately to approach and recede, and too often just at the very moment when the poor castaways think they are saved, the sail begins to disappear, and is soon out of sight.

The Doctor and his companions went through all these experiences. They had succeeded in reaching the western boundary of the ice-field by carrying and pushing each other along, and they watched the ship gradually fade away from view without observing them, in spite of their loud cries for help.

Just then a happy inspiration came to



the Doctor. His fertile genius, which had served him many a time in such good stead, supplied him with one last idea!

A floe driven by the current struck against the ice-field, and Clawbonny exclaimed, pointing to it—

"This floe!"

His companions could not understand what he meant.

"Let us embark on it! let us embark on it!"

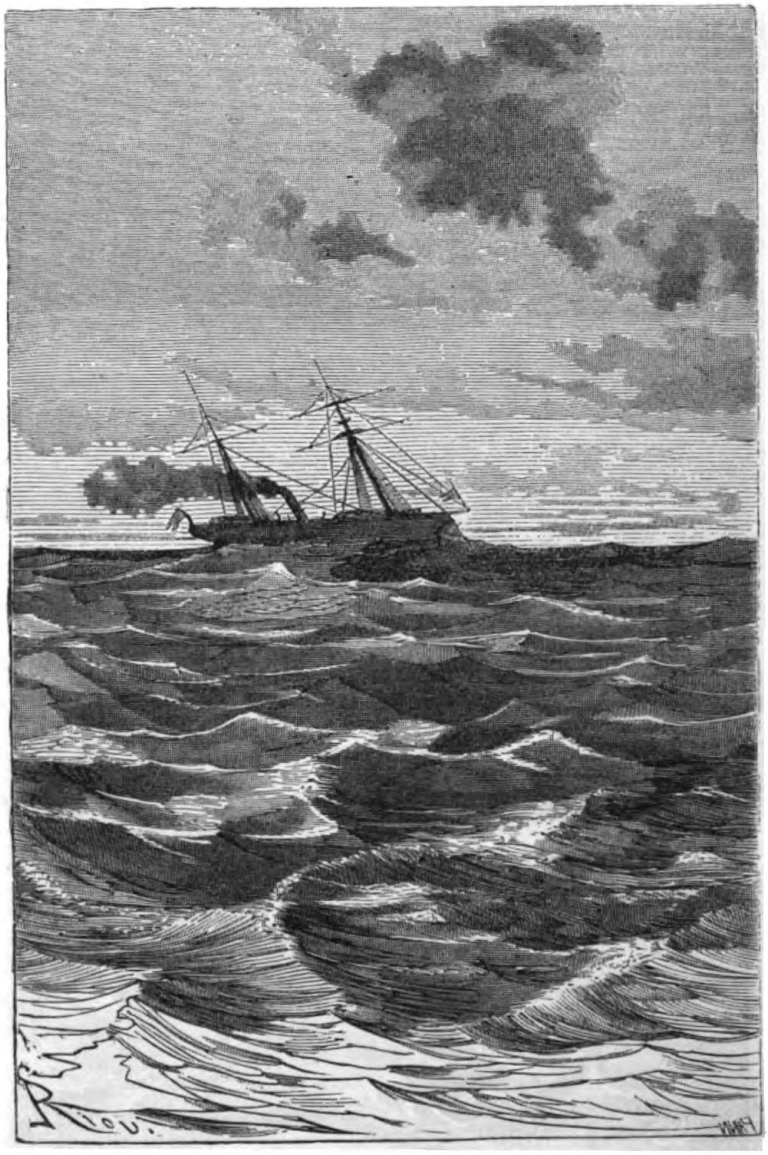
"Oh! Mr. Clawbonny, Mr. Clawbonny," said Johnson, pressing his hand.

Bell, assisted by Altamont, hurried to the

sledge, and brought back one of the poles, which he stuck fast on the ice like a mast, and fastened it with ropes. The tent was torn up to furnish a sail, and as soon as the frail raft was ready the poor fellows jumped upon it, and sailed out to the open sea.

Two hours later, after unheard-of exertions, the survivors of the *Forward* were picked up by the *Hans Christian*, a Danish whaler, on her way to Davis' Straits.

They were more like spectres than human beings, and the sight of their sufferings was enough. It told its own tale; but the Captain received them with



such hearty sympathy, and lavished on them such care and kindness, that he succeeded in keeping them alive.

Ten days afterwards, Clawbonny, Johnson, Bell, Altamont, and Captain Hatteras landed at Korsam, in Zealand, an island belonging to Denmark. They took the steamer to Kiel, and from there proceeded by Altona and Hamburg to London, where they arrived on the 13th of the same month, scarcely recovered after their long sufferings.

The first care of Clawbonny was to request the Royal Geographical Society to receive a communication from him. He was accordingly admitted to the next *séance*,

and one can imagine the astonishment of the learned assembly and the enthusiastic applause produced by the reading of Hatteras' document.

The English have a passion for geographical discovery, from the lord to the cockney, from the merchant down to the dock labourer, and the news of this grand discovery speedily flashed along the telegraph wires, throughout the length and breadth of the kingdom. Hatteras was lauded as a martyr by all the newspapers, and every Englishman felt proud of him.

The Doctor and his companions had the honour of being presented to the Queen by the Lord Chancellor, and they were fêted and "lionized" in all quarters.

The Government confirmed the names of "Queen's Island," "Mount Hatteras," and "Altamont Harbour."

Altamont would not part from his companions in misery and glory, but followed them to Liverpool, where they were joyously welcomed back, after being so long supposed dead and buried beneath the eternal snows.

But Dr. Clawbonny would never allow that any honour was due to himself. He claimed all the merit of the discovery for his unfortunate Captain, and in the narrative of his voyage, published the next year under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, he places John Hatteras on a level with the most illustrious navigators, and makes him the compeer of all the brave, daring men who have sacrificed themselves for the progress of science.

The insanity of this poor victim of a sublime passion was of a mild type, and he lived quietly at Sten Cottage, a private asylum near Liverpool, where the Doctor himself had placed him. He never spoke, and understood nothing that was said to him; reason and speech had fled together. The only tie that connected him with the outside world was his friendship for Duk, who was allowed to remain with him.

For a considerable time the Captain had been in the habit of walking in the garden for hours, accompanied by his faithful dog, who watched him with sad, wistful eyes, but his promenade was always in one direction in a particular part of the garden. When he got to the end of this path, he would stop and begin to walk backwards. If any one stopped him he would point with his finger towards a certain part of the sky, but let any one attempt to turn him round, and he became angry, while Duk, as if sharing his master's sentiments, would bark furiously.

The Doctor, who often visited his afflicted friend, noticed this strange proceeding one day, and soon understood the reason of it. He saw how it was that he paced so constantly in a given direction, as if under the influence of some magnetic force.

This was the secret. John Hatteras invariably walked towards the North.

THE END.



# THE ADVENTURES OF JOHNNY IRONSIDES.

## Chapter XXXI.

While the unhappy lady, engaged in the search for her son, beheld the mournful landscape unveil itself before her—a landscape rendered more than usually depressing by the traces of the passage of the armies and their battles — M. Sombrette at Chatillon, and M. Robins at Chènevotte, were covering themselves with glory, and each, after his fashion, exasperating the invaders.

So soon as the Germans entered Chatillon, M. Sombrette conceived the idea of keeping a daily diary of their exploits. A doctor, who was billeted in his house, had the curiosity—for amusement, apparently—to search the chest of drawers in the absence of his host. He did not find what he sought, but, by way of compensation, he discovered what he did not seek—viz., M. Sombrette's diary.



"Look here, sir, look here! What do you call that, eh?" said the irate Doctor, holding the book under the very nose of its author.

"Oh!" replied M. Sombrette, "so you are a pick-lock. It is just as well to know that."

The Doctor feigned not to have heard this observation, and holding the book over his head, cried out in an insane manner, "What's that, eh? what is that?"

"That," replied M. Sombrette. "It's a copy-book."

"What is written in it?"

"What is written in it?" repeated M. Sombrette.

"Yes, yes."

"Why, the truth. I fancy that you have not been so wanting in discretion as to leave it *unread*. So you are equally aware with me that there is not a word in it that is not true."

"Oh, you don't say so," replied the enraged Doctor.

"Yes, quite true," replied M. Sombrette, as he puffed forth a long whiff of tobacco smoke.

"Look there—there is how true it is!" said the Doctor, as he threw the book upon the floor, and trod it under foot.

"I cannot say that the proof is very convincing," said M. Sombrette.

"Hold your tongue, or I will have you shot and banished into Germany."

"Be logical, Doctor, if you please. If you cause me to be shot, you will not be able to banish me into Germany."

The Doctor, as if he had been stung, kept stamping upon the unfortunate book with greater energy than ever.

"Ah!" said M. Sombrette, smiling, "I see you object to be told the truth!"

That very evening M. Sombrette was summoned before the Prussian *sous-préfet*, who demanded, sternly, whether he wished to make a tour into Germany.

"Not at all," replied M. Sombrette. "I say with La Fontaine—

'Dieu vous préserve du voyage.'"

"You shall be sent thither with the next batch of prisoners if you write such libels against the army of his Majesty the Emperor-King."

M. Sombrette took the warning; and knowing that no corner was safe from the pryings of such "ferrets," he determined to write no more, but was equally resolved to continue his work.

"But how will you manage that?" asked the old Judge, to whom M. Sombrette was relating the adventure.

"You recollect your *Cæsar?*"

"Yes, pretty well."

"Chapter fourteen of the sixth book commences thus—'*Druides a bello alesse consuerunt*——"

"*Neque tributa una cum reliquis pendunt*," returned the Judge. "But how does it apply?"

"Well, in that chapter it is stated that the Druids never committed anything to writing, but trusted everything to the memory of their disciples. I fancy this must have been done by the use of a form of technical verse. However, it is in that way that I shall rhyme the deeds of our guests, and will commit them to memory, and cause my sisters to do likewise."

"Oh," cried the Judge, "*do* recite me one of your verses."

"I will not pretend to any false modesty," said M. Sombrette, smiling; "I will merely warn you that the verses are technical."

"Go on; I am all attention."

M. Sombrette put his hand to his forehead to assist in collecting his thoughts, as he had the habit of doing in the schoolroom, and gazed fixedly at the brimless hat. He then repeated a little poem, commencing with—

"Lieutenant Schuman came without a shirt;"

and which ended with the following:—

"But, sir, I say it's robbing me!
'Your pardon, 'tis but *wax*.'"

M. Sombrette's shirts, until the advent of Lieutenant Schuman, had lain very quietly in the chest of drawers.



Schuman certainly did not break the lock open—for he never picked locks—but with a dexterity which did honour to his talents as a carpenter, he removed the back of the wardrobe bodily (which he subsequently burnt in his own fire), and took for his personal wear the shirts of his host, and calmly replaced the wardrobe back against the wall.

M. Sombrette, surprised at seeing the German wearing a shirt so like his, and a collar of a particular pattern, hastened to inspect the wardrobe, and ascertained that his shirts had been "requisitioned." Lieutenant Schuman, called on to explain, did not appear in the least degree disconcerted, and replied in these remarkable words to M. Sombrette's accusation—

"Krieg ist krieg"—War is war!

"By all means, continue your work," said the Judge to M. Sombrette; "and I will make many copies of it when the proper time comes."

But as regards Robins' father. He had experienced in his mind a hard struggle between two contrary sentiments, and during the period the contest lasted, his conduct had been inexplicable. So far as he was mayor he was full of patriotism, but his *landlordy* moiety was full of apprehension and alarm. So long as the enemy was at a distance, and the danger doubtful; the landlord was uppermost; but when the danger became imminent, and it was neces-

sary that he should bestir himself, it was the mayor who obtained the upper hand. One day he had his carriage out, and drove over to Chatillon with the object of ascertaining from the *sous-prefet* the exact limit of the enemy's rights, and the precise moment at which it was his duty to resist their demands. He immediately wrote out a little programme, which he learnt by heart as he drove home, and which he fixed against the wall of his study for the greater safety. From that time he threw off all appearance of anxiety or timidity, and awaited the arrival of the foe with firmness. Heaven only knew what tribulation he would have to pass through so soon as the enemy came, how often he would be put in prison, and how often released, if he paid "cash down" for the privilege, of course! His example sustained the courage of those would have given way without such a pattern, and his foes, even while swearing at his obstinacy, could not help esteeming and admiring him, and even at times treating him with consideration.

When once he had consulted his programme, and had said, "That cannot be done," they might have shot him sooner than he would have receded an inch from his position.

As Chènevotte was on a line of railway, M. Robins had the honour of being chosen by the Germans as one of the hostages who were forced to ride upon the locomotives. That was, as you may remember, one of the plans employed by the Germans in order to prevent the people throwing the trains off the line. They came to intimate to M. Robins that he must be prepared to travel thus on the following day. He put on his spectacles, consulted his card, and quietly replied that "it was out of the question, so they need not count upon him."

The officer made his report accordingly. The commanding officer came to see M. Robins, and asked him what he meant by such a reply.

"It is not difficult to understand, nevertheless," said M. Robins, with sly simplicity. "You have no right to impose such a task upon me, and I refuse to comply; that's all."

"You say so, eh? But I tell you you *must*."

"Well, perhaps it may be necessary," replied M. Robins, in a conciliatory tone. "I am not prepared to prove the contrary; but of one thing I am certain, and that is, that I shall not go!"

"We shall use force then."

"Do so; but it is equally true that it is no use." And he returned quietly to the *mairie*, and thence went home, where he dined as peaceably as if there had been no Germans within five hundred miles.

While he was still in bed, the following morning a gendarme came to tell him to prepare himself for the journey.

"My good fellow," replied M. Robins, as he tucked the bed-clothes round him; "this is my 'headache' day, and I always lie in bed a little longer than usual on these occasions. Now close the door quietly."

A non-commissioned officer then appeared with four men. "Get up," said he.

"Not yet," was the reply.

The soldiers thereupon overturned the bed, and its occupant found himself in the presence of the officer with nothing but a night-shirt on. "This is sheer brutality," cried he, as he attempted to put his bed to rights, an operation prevented by the officer who put his foot upon the bed-clothes.

M. Robins] then seated himself upon a chair.

"Now then, dress yourself," said the sergeant.

"I shall not," replied M. Robins, who was beginning to get angry.

The other for a moment entertained the idea of dressing him by force, but feared that the absurdity of the scene would be too great and subversive of discipline, so opening the door wide, he gave the order to march.

M. Robins did not stir.

"Make him do so," said the sergeant to his men.

The soldiers took hold of M. Robins by the arms and shoved him along in his night-

dress, and with naked feet out of doors, with the thermometer below zero, to the railway station. He shivered in every limb, his teeth chattered violently, but he never flinched. The people who stopped to gaze at the party did not dare to smile even at



the strange appearance he presented, but shot glances of indignation and hatred at his captors. A servant ran after him with his clothes; he was half dead with cold.

"Now dress yourself," said the sergeant.

"To return home?"

"No."

"Then I will not dress," replied M. Robins.

"Obstinate old brute," muttered the sergeant, who had no resource left. "Put him on the engine."

The stoker smiled at seeing him, but the engine-driver "shut him up," saying, "What are you grinning at, you fool, there is a *man* at least. Neither you nor I would be capable of undergoing what he is suffering!"

M. Robins fainted. So they were obliged to lift him down from the foot-plate. He was wrapped up and carried home, but was so terribly ill that they thought he could not live. When the doctors would admit his friends to see him, M. Robins said, "I have a cough, 'tis true, and a less thing would have sufficed to make me cough, but all the same, I did not take that journey."

He was never again required to mount an engine.

The glory of the elder Robins proved fatal to the repose of the husband of the pretty Hermione. When she heard of the conduct of the Mayor of Chenevotte, she cried enthusiastically, "Ah! there is a real hero!"

Five minutes afterwards she had forgotten all about it. But the "undecided young man" had not. He fancied that his wife had intended to give him a "lesson," so he sought an opportunity to do something for which he too should be looked upon as a "hero," and he made up his mind to suffer for the good cause. After much hesitation he at length conceived in his shallow brain the tremendous design of leaving Chatillon, passing through the enemy's lines, and enlisting in the very first regiment he might meet with. He could have left Chatillon had he wished it without any great difficulty, but as his plan was no common one, he considered it advisable to take all sorts of precautions to prevent the Prussians from arresting a defender of the sacred soil of France! So he disguised himself as a peasant. He had so little the appearance of a peasant with his spectacles, his white hands, and florid style, that he was arrested and detained some time at the advanced posts. He succeeded in making his escape, however, of which he was not a little proud. At the first town in which he met with French soldiers, he inquired for the colonel's quarters, and made sure that he would be at once enlisted for the campaign.

He pictured himself as being at once sent into barracks to learn his drill that very day. Judge then of his disappointment when he received "a route" to join the depôt at Oran. It was at the depôt alone that he could don his uniform and be taught his drill. He returned to the hotel, and putting his head between his hands, considered whether he should or should not proceed to Oran.

"No, I will *not* go;" he exclaimed, stamping angrily as he spoke. And nothing but the fear of being arrested as a deserter decided him to set out, after all.

As he had grown rather stout, and had not kept up any athletic exercises, he always was late in performing the various manœuvres, and even the conscripts laughed at him. In addition to this, he began to dread the drill hour. As the days went by he became miserable, and quite lost himself in the most insane projects. He thought of escaping to Africa, where he might at least lie down and die in a ditch, or attack a lion and get himself comfortably torn to pieces.

But the profession of an Arab has its drawbacks, and to lie down in a ditch would only expose him to the attacks of ants. As for lions, they happened to be somewhat scarce that year in the neigbourhood of Oran, and there was not one to be seen.

Nevertheless, by degrees, by the force of goodwill and application, he did learn sufficient for fighting purposes, and with only the trifling inconvenience of hitting too late; but he resigned himself to this, and so did his instructors!

Unfortunately, when he was fit to enter the army, peace was signed. He was sent

back to his home an object of derision to the "pretty Hermione." At length, to punish him for the anxiety he has given her, she pretended to believe that he had only left Chatillon to take a pleasure tour in the South.



## Chapter XXXII.

Mrs. Ironsides had scarcely reached Vendôme ere she hastened to the convent. "Sister Agnes" was no longer there; the Mother Superior alone knew where she was, and the Superior had, in obedience to the doctor's orders, departed for the South. Communication was so interrupted, that they had no news of her.

This was one more grief, and Mrs. Ironsides felt that her courage was abandoning her, and that hope was waning from her. Before she proceeded to deliver the letter of Captain Hermann, she entered a church, and, kneeling down, she poured forth all her sorrow to Heaven. She rose resigned and comforted. Captain Hermann's friend did all in his power to procure her a guide and a carriage, and pointed out to her two or three villages wherein she might prosecute her inquiries; but the villages were almost deserted, the farms entirely so. The unhappy mother regarded the waste of country with the eye of despair. Great Heaven! how well those fatal plains guarded their secret.

Every day, nevertheless, she continued her search, and every evening she returned to Vendôme nearly dead with fatigue, without having made any discovery that could give her a clue.

On one occasion she pushed her inquiries further than usual, in consequence of some information she had gained. She was detained at the entrance of the village by an accident by no means difficult to foresee. The wretched horse fell down from sheer exhaustion, and it was found impossible to recover him. He died on the spot.

What was to be done. The greater number of the houses in the village were closed; the few unhappy residents whom fear of the enemy had not driven away from the poor homes only gave her defiant replies, being in any case quite unable to render her any assistance.

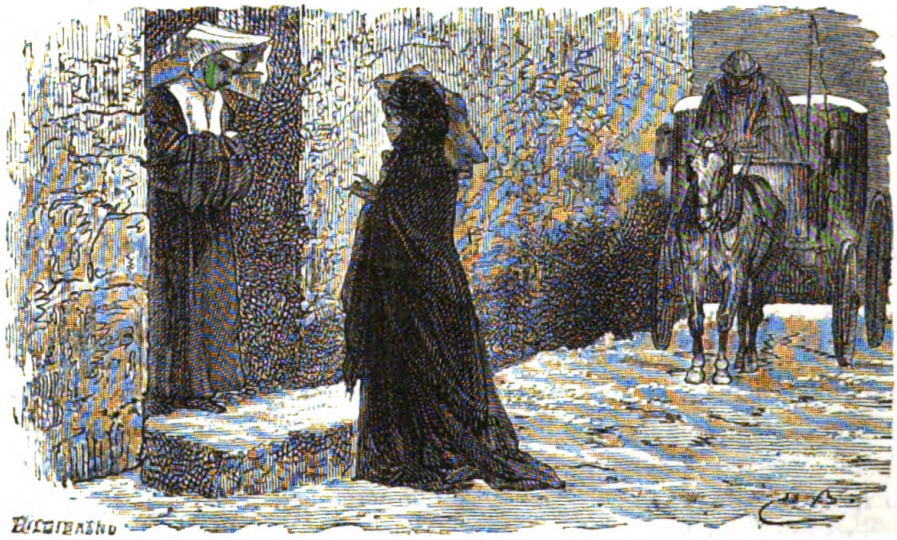
At length a poor, aged woman, touched by the air of sadness and suffering displayed by Mrs. Ironsides, begged her to come in and rest herself. When she had learnt the misfortunes of her guest, and all she had gone through to attain the object of her search—

"Alas! my poor little woman," said she, with affectionate familiarity, "how I pity you! How I wish that I could assist you.

Come, come, do not weep so, you break my heart. Listen, my pretty dear. All is pillaged here; there is nothing left; I have not even a bed to offer you. But at the Chateau de la Rochette you will find somebody to entertain you. The proprietors live there, and the very bread we eat we owe to them. So much has been taken from them by the Prussians, that it seems almost surprising that they left anything at all! With the little that has been left, they save the poor people from starving. Go thither, my friend; in any case they will receive you with the consideration you deserve, and they will give you good advice as to your future movements. But how quickly the evening is closing in; the days are very short now, and there is not a man in the village to show you the way. How sorry I am that my poor old legs will no longer carry me. Good Heaven, was it necessary to live to see all this misery!"

"I am not afraid," said Mrs. Ironsides. "Point me out the way; that will be quite sufficient."

"You must go to the end of the village; turn to the right at the spot where the hollows are cut in the turf. Then go on until you reach an avenue of plane-trees, which leads right up to the chateau. It is



about a mile and a half distant altogether."

Mrs. Ironsides wrapped herself up in her cloak, for the snow had recommenced to fall, and set out at a rapid pace. The man whom she had brought with her was ashamed to let her go alone, and, leaving his carriage and the dead horse in the road, he rejoined Mrs. Ironsides at a run.

The entrance-gate of the Château de la Rochette stood wide open. Indeed, what would have been the use in shutting it? The enemy had taken everything that he could conveniently lay his hands on, and the Marquis did not wish that the poor people who came to beg shelter and food should weary themselves in knocking against a closed door.

Mrs. Ironsides entered with her companion, and rang the bell at the hall-door. An old servant appeared carrying a lamp, and did not betray the least surprise at seeing a lady on foot at such a time, on a cold and snowy night. He had seen more extraordinary things than that during the past four months. He ushered her into the drawing-room, and went to inform the Marquis. So soon as it was understood that the traveller was to remain in the house for the night, the Marquis summoned his wife, who quickly made her appearance. As Mrs. Ironsides was standing close to

the table whereupon the lamp was placed, the Marquise was enabled to see her features distinctly. It seemed as if the face were not unfamiliar, and at length putting her hand on her guest's arm, she said—

"Are you not Mrs. Irsonides?"

The traveller trembled with surprise and fear, and stared at her questioner with affrighted gaze.

"Are you not the mother of Lieutenant Ironsides?" asked the Marquise cautiously, for she was fearful of being mistaken.

"Yes, yes, madame," and the mother shook from head to foot in her anxiety.

"Madame, we can then speak of your son."

Mrs. Ironsides uttered a cry and covered her face with her hands. "Tell me all," she murmured, in a choking voice.

"I will tell you everything in three words—He is alive."

Mrs. Ironsides seized the hands of the Marquise, and regarded her fixedly. Then the sobs which had choked her burst forth and she wept; but what joyous tears, and what a heavenly smile lit up her countenance, as she turned her face aside.

"I recognized the likeness to your son at



once," said the Marquise, as she caressed her hand, as if she were quieting a child; "it is very striking indeed."

"Is he a prisoner?" asked Mrs. Ironsides, so soon as she could speak.

"No," replied the Marquise; "he was left for dead. When the villagers were compelled to go out and bury the dead French soldiers, my husband went with them, and was accompanied by a doctor. Your son, although dangerously wounded, was still breathing; so they were able to restore him, and he is now out of danger."

"Is he here?" exclaimed Mrs. Ironsides, rising; "do let me embrace him once again!"

"Yes, he is here; but you must be calm, my dear madame. He must be prepared for your approach. He is still very weak, and the least excitement might be dangerous."

Mrs. Ironsides consented to remain where she was. Now reassured on Johnny's account, all her anxiety was centred upon Martha.

"And my poor Martha, what has become of her in the midst of this terrible war?"

The Marquise went out and returned in a few moments, accompanied by a young maid-servant.

"Here," said she, "is a young woman who is able to give you some news of your daughter." But the gait of the new arrival was sufficient, and without seeing her face,

which was in the shadow, Mrs. Ironsides recognized Martha, who threw herself into her mother's arms, and covered her face with kisses.

As soon as Johnny had been able to speak, he had requested the attendance of Sister Agnes, who was in Vendôme. The Marquise had ascertained from the Superior that she came to nurse her brother. So as to avoid attracting attention she had adopted the attire of a waiting-maid. It was she who for three weeks had nursed the poor lieutenant. Martha had written frequently to her mother, but all her letters had miscarried.

"My invalid is asleep," she said to her mother, when their first greetings had subsided; "and it will not do to run the risk of waking him, as he has need of sleep. It will be better that you should wait till to-morrow."

At length, on the following day, the mother was permitted to embrace her boy once more.

He was extremely pale and terribly emaciated, but how handsome he looked, and in his mother's eyes he appeared almost sanctified by his heroism and his sufferings.

His removal to Chatillon was out of the question. Besides, the whole country was in the hands of the Germans, who would have made him prisoner. So as he was in secure hiding and happy in the tender care of Martha, Mrs. Ironsides, despite her great desire to remain with him, thought of those who were grieving for him at Chatillon, and hastened to set out on her return journey, to impart the good news to those at home.

## Chapter XXXIII.

The Peace was signed, and the tide of invasion rolled back. News again began to reach Chatillon, and those who had fled from danger began one by one to return with those who had left it at the call of duty. But there were vacancies in both sets. There were some who ashamed of having given way to fear, did not dare to encounter the gaze of their fellow-townsmen. The Golightly family were never seen again, and their castle was sold by auction. Young Golightly remained in England, in order to acquire a profound knowledge of the language and customs of that country. Balliol still travelled in the South on business for his uncle. The Young Frenchman's Club thus lost some of its most distinguished members.



Amongst those who did return some were shame-faced, and only regained their confidence by slow degrees. Others held their heads high, and gazed boldly around; spoke of their sufferings without stating exactly what those sufferings were, and sometimes took an aggressive tone, so as to avoid being attacked themselves.

Some others, on the contrary, had paid with their lives for the honour of doing their duty, and of defending their native land. The town was very proud of these devoted ones, and raised a monument to their memory on which all their names were inscribed. The Mayor of Chatillon was not what one would term an eloquent man, far from it; but he "had a heart." He also had done his duty, and more than once had risked life and liberty to resist the unjust demands of the rapacious conqueror. He made a speech on that day when the monument was uncovered, and found worthy words in which to celebrate the memory of those whom they delighted to honour. The whole town was present at this ceremony, and all who heard the simple and touching words felt their hearts swell with a generous emotion when the mayor spoke of the sacrifice which those brave ones had made in giving everything to ransom their native land. In their names, in the name of those who had survived, he

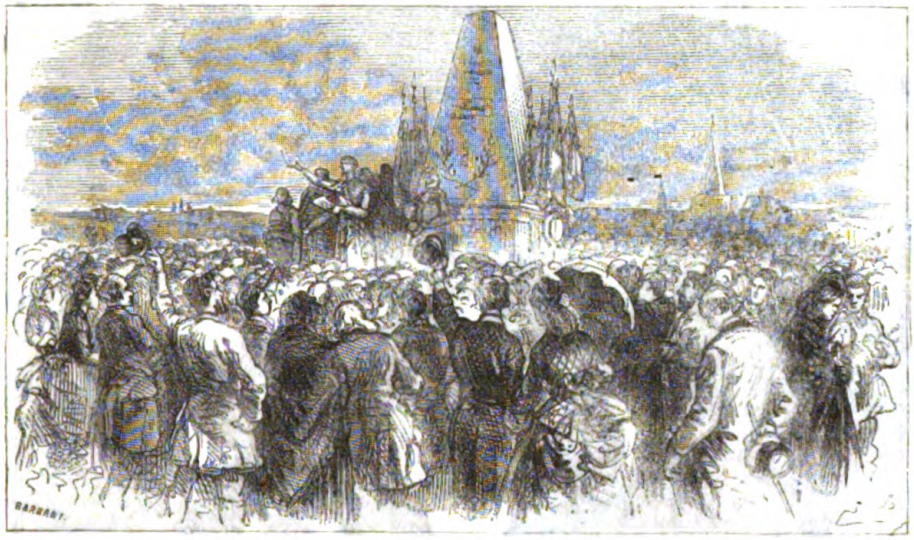


declared that the country was not dead; that the term "native land" was no empty form of words, that a country which could produce such sons could never degenerate! "France," he said in conclusion, "had slumbered, but had had a terrible awakening. She was now aroused, purified by misfortune, and firmly resolved to repair the past."

While the worthy mayor was speaking thus, his whole attention was directed towards Johnny and his mother, upon whose arm her son leaned.

Johnny became still paler than usual, and clung more tightly to his mother's arm as she wept with mingled joy and pride. Each felt his heart bound within him, and recognized the truth of the words, "France is not dead." Perhaps amongst so many there were some in whose hearts enthusiasm gave way in process of time to doubt and indifference, but there were others who were deeply touched and marked out for the sacrifice in the future.

The feeling of the working classes had very much changed in Chatillon. It was not that delegates had neglected them even during the horrors of invasion. Coming one knew not how nor whence, these people passed through the Prussian lines as they

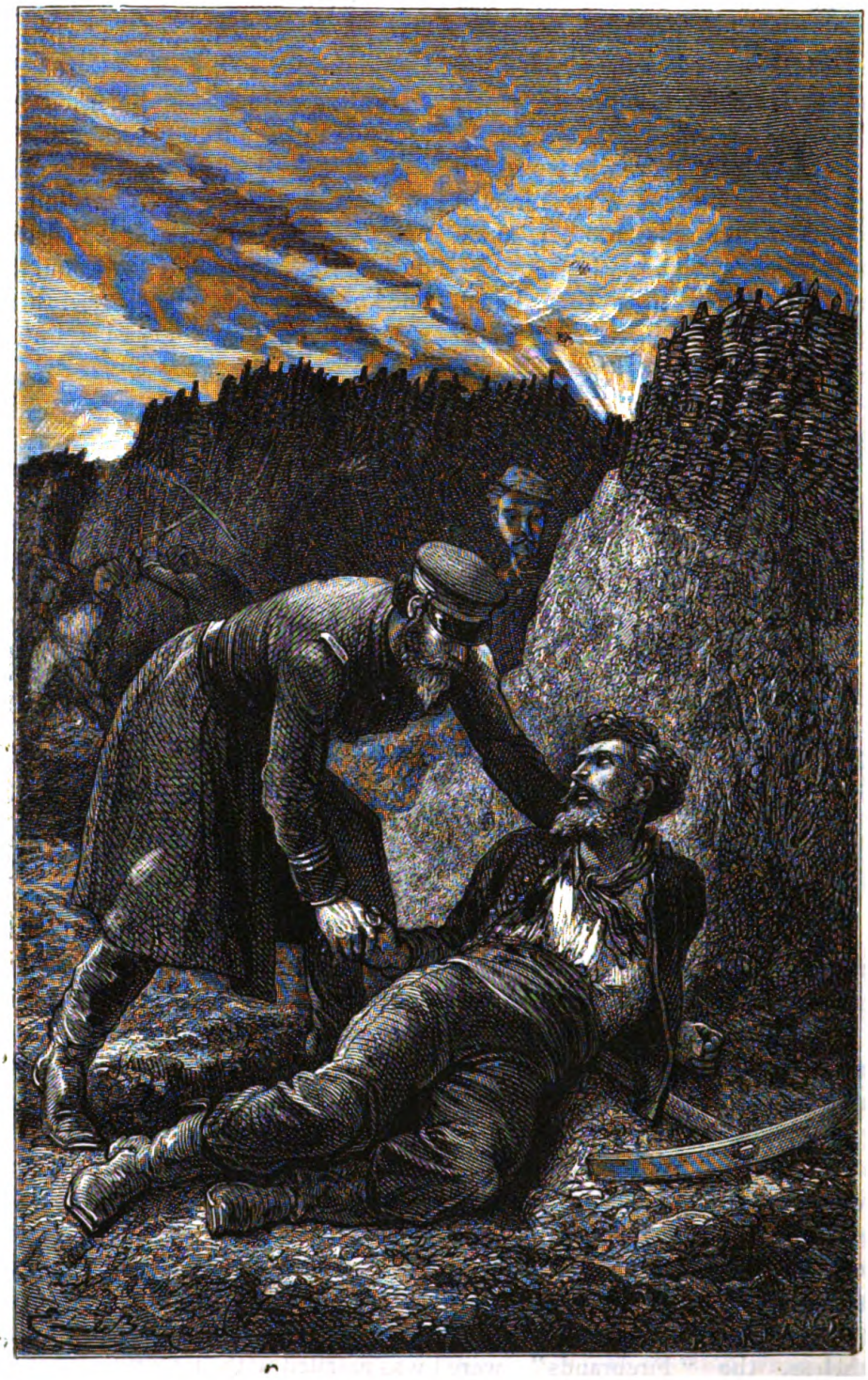


chose, and preached to such of the working men as remained what they termed the new doctrine. But as assemblies were forbidden, and as the eloquence of these gentlemen wanted the elevation of a tribune and even of an audience, they made scanty progress. The elderly workmen, who were the only ones remaining, shook their heads, and replied that that was scarcely the time to speak of such things; and advised those reformers to take up arms in their country's service in the meantime.

Nevertheless, the "Firebrands" were by no means "put out." Scarcely had peace been ratified, when they were again at work organizing their unions. They at length succeeded in arousing a certain agitation, and decided to hold a "mass" meeting. The speaker was as impudent a chatterbox as ever a sophist could be; but he had mistaken his vocation, and his choice of illustration was unhappy. So long as he soared in the clouds of general theory he only wearied his audience, who simply yawned; but when he cited to the bar of his own tribunal the rich merchants of Chatillon, and spoke of the dynastic race of Ironsides, with a bitter irony and a sarcastic emphasis on the word "dynastic," he was assailed with a storm of hootings. A workman mounted the tribune, and replied to the orator's face that the Ironsides—that all the Ironsides—had done their duty, and at a time when he (the would-be orator)

was not so employed. Plaudits rang out from all sides, and the first speaker was wisely counselled to leave the assembly.

But the fellow was determined to brazen it out, notwithstanding his audience; but a foreman who had travelled in America



mounted the tribune, and bade the orator "draw it mild," if he did not wish to be treated as the Yankees treat such people—viz., to a "tar and feathering!" This suggestion was received with shouts of laughter, and the crowd proceeded to adopt the amendment, but the bold speaker disappeared with creditable celerity. Subse-

quently they all saw themselves denounced in a furious article by a sectarian newspaper as the workmen of Chatillon, who had proved traitors to the "great cause!"

During the armistice, news had been received from Mr. Nay, who was "interned" in Switzerland. He contented himself with stating that he was well, and had done his best. Later reports informed Margaret that she had reason to be proud of her husband as well as of her brother.

Theodore, the sapper, had been mortally wounded in the trenches. Mr. Nay mentioned him in terms of real and tender feeling. At the moment of his death, he requested from his captain the favour of being buried "down there," so as to repose near to "the family." Mr. Nay, as soon as he returned to France, applied himself to search for Theodore's grave, and to fulfil all the necessary formalities to accomplish the last wishes of the dead. This was now delaying his return. They had further news of him when two young magistrates of Chatillon, who had been through the campaign as volunteers, arrived knapsack on shoulder, professing themselves ready to go through it all again!

The "lizards" of Mr. Aubry had been, as a rule, well taught. "I have no need," said that worthy man, "to read the newspapers to be informed what they have done. Those who remain above ground—he meant those who had not ran away—come out here to shake me by the hand. Those who ran away to hide themselves in their holes will never dare to show their noses here; they know very well that sooner than shake hands with them I would shy my watch at their heads; that is to say, I would throw it if I still possessed it!"

This saving clause was only a dexterous way of turning the conversation so as to relate the adventure of the watch, which disappeared one fine morning in the society of some fine fellows of the Landwehr, to whom Mr. Aubry, much against his inclination, had extended his hospitality. "Whoever took it," said he, with a malicious ingenuousness, "may flatter himself in the possession of a splendid watch. Perhaps," he would add, as if to excuse the thief, "he mistook it for a 'timepiece.'"

The Laurences had lost "No. 2,"—he who had been employed by Mr. Ironsides. They did not worry people with their regrets, but amongst themselves they often spoke of the lost one. The father held him up as an example to all the others. This grief had in a small degree preyed upon the temper of Mrs. Laurence. If some unlucky wight ever sought to console her with commonplace phrases for the loss of her brave boy, she forced back her tears, and brusquely replied, "He did nothing but his duty. If everybody had done as much——" But she never completed the sentence, except with a significant nod. If some other "Job's comforter" came to condole, with the observation that although she had lost one child, she was happy in the possession of a large family upon which to bestow her affections, she would reply stiffly, "When one has fifteen children, one loves each as if it were the only one. Besides, we always seem to love best that which we have lost."

"Come, that's enough," Laurence would say, gently, "she knows what she is talking about, and she knows what she has lost. Poor woman!"

Besides the names of Laurence and Theodore, the name of the Abbé Platre was inscribed upon the memorial. The last-named had been almoner to one of the regiments at Gravelotte, and had been killed on the field of battle as he was tending the wounded and administering consolation to the dying.

Robins, shut up in Paris during the siege, was not able to return during the armistice. He had plenty to do in attending to the sick and wounded. He told Johnny, in a laconic note, that he would come as quickly as possible with a sample of the bread eaten during the last days of the siege. He had preserved the bread in a glass case, and had compiled a whole collection of anecdotes. The Commune shut the gates of the city once again for

some time, and gave him still more hard work. But he got away at last.

"We are now men," he said to his friend, "but that is nothing; let us embrace each other all the same. I have heard of you. What a hero you have become!" And in his enthusiasm he embraced Johnny and Uncle John, as well as Mr. and Mrs. Ironsides. There is no doubt he would have also embraced Margaret, had she not gone away with her husband, who had once again resumed the construction of drawbridges. But, by way of indemnifying himself, Robins embraced M. Sombrette, whose brimless hat and nankeen pantaloons got through the ordeal very creditably. They conversed for a long time; they grew melancholy, praised each other, and got even gay, particularly when Robins related the misfortune which had overtaken the Baron of Littlejohn. This prudent person, at the first rumour of war, had gone into Belgium, leaving Cob with instructions to take the horses into the country. But when Cob wanted to get away, he found the gates shut.

"And so," continued Robins, "they ate the stud of the Baron! I had a fillet from 'Musk-Rat,' and he, although somewhat thin, was excellent, dressed as venison. And Cob, in despair, enlisted amongst the 'Friends of France;' but he has become so much attached to the kitchen, and grown so fat, even upon the execrable food in use during the siege, that it will be necessary to give him a course of baths before he will be able to resume his 'jockey' riding. But," he added, changing his tone, "what do you say about my father? Has he not immortalized himself? Good-for-nothing fellow that I am, to fancy I was on the point of giving up the profession of a doctor, and causing him pain! I could thrash myself for all the tricks I have played him while I was a boy. No later than during the siege I still wished my own way. You understand how hard it is for any one with blood in his veins to hear the cannon and the rattle of musketry, and remain all the time quietly in an ambulance, with a 'brassard' tied on your sleeve. Thank goodness, there were enough 'brassards;' everybody wanted one. Besides, time after time, I took mine off, to go and see what was going on, and to get a little fresh air."

"With a rifle, naturally," said Johnny, who could not help smiling.

"Oh, without that; that was not the hardship."

"But such a marksman as you should ——"

"I don't say I didn't," replied Robins, with a comical modesty of expression; "but as such a thing was not in my 'line,' I do not boast of it. But we have not spoken of Aunt Emma. Do you know that she inspired the Prussians with admiration, smoking, as she did, with all the gravity of a Roman senator (Roman senators did smoke? No! Well, perhaps not, for a very good reason; but that is a detail). They regarded her with such respect, that they only carried off all that was portable. Do you know what she said? She told them it was all the same to her, as they could neither rob her of her land nor her courage. She declares that all will be the same as ever before two years have expired. There, I have no more to tell you at present. How is Schirmer?"

M. Sombrette took upon himself to answer this question.

"He was so fond of 'pettitoes' (which he always persisted in calling pigs' legs), that he killed himself. The young man of ambitious tastes died of indigestion on the very day he was created a commissioned officer."

"Of course you wrote some verses on the subject?" said Robins, laughing.

"Oh, dear me, yes! The poem is the one hundred and third in the collection, and is entitled 'Vanity of Vanities!'"

"You must repeat it to us. Will you?"

"With pleasure."

When he had finished, amid the laughter of his audience, Robins said—

"How many have you written altogether?"

"One hundred and twenty-nine."

"What fun for us! You must repeat them all. By the bye, I suppose you never had written verses till lately?"

"Never," replied M. Sombrette, blushing. "You know, 'Facit indignatio versum.'" *

"Well, tell us the others."

"With all my heart. But I only know my own part, and each of my sisters knows her part: you see we have divided the work." Then, giving way to the pleasure which every author feels when he is appreciated and applauded, he declaimed first "The Baby's Shoes"—a history of a soldier who had stolen a pair of tiny white shoes for his infant, and who eight days afterwards learned the death of his own child. He perceived in this the vengeance of Heaven, and subsequently went mad.

"Well, that is a fantastic poem!" cried Robins.

"True as well as fantastic," replied M. Sombrette, gravely. "Now, here is the 'Anatomy of a *Thornister*.' You know that they call their knapsacks *thornisters*. Everything is found in this, from glass beads to an artificial chignon!"

"Tell it again!" cried Robins, like a child listening to stories. So he repeated in succession "Poland, where they do not do as we do," "The Furniture Waggon," "The Requisition," "The Golden Age," "Five Bottles for One," "The Timepiece." When M. Sombrette asked for a respite, Robins consented to his taking breath on the condition that he would allow him to pay him a visit, and tax the memories of M. Sombrette and his sisters together.

"In the first place," he said, "it is amusing; and besides it is a great thing to have learnt all that by heart, and to have arrived at such a knowledge of character."

Hermione was sad. Good-natured people who perceived it used to say, "Look there! There is a woman who has really more feeling than one would have given her credit for; she is troubled in consequence of the misfortunes which have befallen the country!" There is a great deal of truth in this observation, but the sadness of Hermione sprang from another source. Amongst intimate friends she sometimes would say with a sigh, "Well, that was a most inopportune war. Chatillon was just beginning to get pleasant and gay, now it is just like a tomb. Nearly all our 'dancing men' have left the neighbourhood, or have been killed. Those who remain have no idea of leading a cotillon. They always seem occupied with other things. Besides, one must not dare to speak of parties while so many people are in mourning. No matter; but it is fearfully slow! The race-course has been 'cut up,' the 'stand' has been burned to warm soup for the Uhlans. What a fearfully 'deadly-lively' year it has been!"

On the other hand the undecided gentleman held up his head, for his office of husband of a fashionable woman had become a sinecure. He was still a little confused at the recollection of having hesitated to enter the army, of having enlisted too late, and of not having had the opportunity of serving. He revenged himself by subscribing liberally to all charitable institutions, which the disasters of the war had rendered necessary.

The old judge had not lost his time. All during the invasion he had culled materials for a book about the invaders. Since peace had been signed his notes had been gradually completed from every available source of information. He caused M. Sombrette and his four sisters to dictate to him the hundred and twenty-nine pieces of poetry which he wanted to publish as original verse. He would rub his hands joyously on occasions, and then Uncle John, who took a lively interest in the work, would say, perhaps, "Well, how are you getting on?"

"Splendidly. I am getting into the way of it, and before long I shall have finished."

"For my part," replied the brave old soldier, "I understand nothing about it, and I believe the little brain I ever had will soon become addled. I should very much like to know, if I may ask such a question, your opinion of all this late business."

"I think that if we had had more fellows

* "Indignation makes poets."

like your nephew, more mothers like Mrs. Ironsides, and more men like our mayor and M. Robins, that we would have put a very different complexion on the business."

"No doubt of that; but what is done is done!"

"Yes; but still the example has been set. Now we know ourselves and our enemies. We know our own worth and theirs; and for my part—and I have seen a good deal of them—I do not think that they are such demi-gods after all. We have got into the habit of disparaging ourselves, and the sooner we divest ourselves of that habit the better."

"Then you do not agree with those newspapers which contend that this war has been the ruin of France?"

"The ruin of France! Certainly not. We have had a terrible lesson, and perhaps we deserve it. But in any case it is now our business to profit by our experience."



THE END.

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# WOOD CARVING.

BY MAJOR-GENERAL SIR THOMAS SEATON, K.C.B.

I INTEND, in this paper, to give my young readers some further directions about carving in the solid, to show them how, in the higher branches of the art, the work is laid out and grounded, or blocked out, the features bosted, and then finished; how to execute those two beautiful edging ornaments, the bead and the ribbon round the stick; how to make the notch in delicate leaves without splitting them out, and to give some further instructions about grounding.

But, before commencing, I wish to recur again to two principles laid down in former

chapters, and to urge them as strongly as possible on the attention of all my readers, especially of those who wish to become skilful and finished carvers.

In Chapter IV., page 61, I laid down this maxim—whatever you cut, cut clean, leave no rags, jags, or fragments; and in Chapter V., p. 332, I urged my readers to learn to use their tools with the left hand as well as with the right.

The first of these principles I consider so important, that although I explained my reasons for it at the end of the last chapter, I refer to it again, as I wish, if possible, to force it on the attention of my readers, and so induce them to put it in practice, and carry it out thoroughly.

The maxim, "cut clean," is of far greater importance than would appear at first sight, and for two special reasons. First, a thorough attention to the rule ensures clean and careful work, both in bosting and finishing; secondly, it is a great element of rapidity of work. There is no necessity for going over it again after the clean finishing cut.

No work can look really well, and bear close inspection, unless neatly finished; and no amateur will ever finish off his work neatly, and in a workmanlike manner; unless he learns from the first to cut clean, he will have acquired a slovenly, unworkmanlike style.

It is true, he may be able to finish off his work pretty well by taking infinite pains, and going over it again and again; ut the process is painfully tedious, very disheartening, and at the end the work will not wear the look of high finish that it would assume under the hands of a workman who from the first had learned to cut clean.

Moreover, in thus finishing their work with painful tediousness, the element of rapidity is lost.

Many amateurs of my acquaintance turn out large pieces of work that, from the design and style, look handsome enough, but will not bear close inspection, because the work is not highly or neatly finished, such finish being beyond their powers, because they have neglected this most important principle.

"Oh," they say, "I have not patience to finish up my work;" and they say truly, for nothing can be more tedious or more disheartening than to have to go over again, and yet again, work that would have been finished easily, had they learned from the first to—"cut clean."

But remember that to cut clean, especially in finishing, the tools must be as sharp as oilstone and leather strap can make them. In many instances the wood must be cut against the grain, and unless the tools are as sharp, with fine long bevels, as they can be made, the work will look ragged and ill-finished.

The second point I have to bring again to the notice of my readers is to be found in Chapter V., page 332, "Learn to use the tools with the left hand as well as the right."

At first this seems most difficult—almost impossible—but it is a mere matter of practice and patience, and in a week's time the left hand, with continual practice, will have acquired sufficient skill to encourage the amateur to persevere.

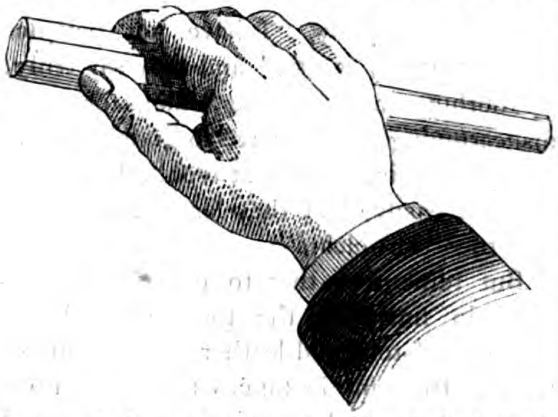
There is a way, too, of holding the tool so as to make the right hand guide it, which being of considerable importance, I will endeavour to explain.

Put the right wrist firmly down on the work, grasp the lower part of the handle with the fingers of the right hand, placing the thumb firmly against the side of the handle up towards the butt; the right hand will thus be able to guide the tool; then the left hand must grasp the top or butt of the handle, and supply the propelling power. In course of time, and with practice, the left hand will be able to guide the tool as well as the right.

The annexed drawing will explain the method.

It is worth any trouble to learn to carve with the left hand. That person who can only use the right hand will constantly have to turn and refix his work, and then turn it again and again, losing one-third of his

time. Moreover, he will never be able to carve a face and head. The French carvers



fasten their work down upon their bench, whenever possible, with four long, slender nails; they use their right and left hands alternately, finish their work beautifully, and get through it rapidly.

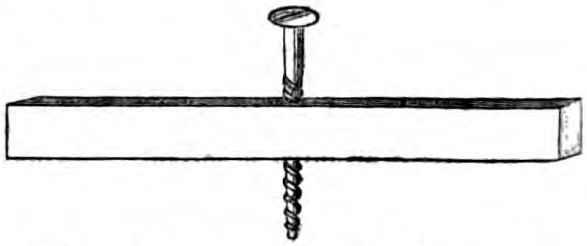
I will now enter on the subjects proposed at the commencement of this chapter, and will begin with some further hints about grounding.

Amateurs frequently experience great difficulty in grounding their work. A piece, for instance, composed of intertwined branches and leaves, where the spaces are small, and the ground has to be sunk deep; the difficulty being to get out the wood from the small spaces, and leave the ground even and smooth, and of a proper level throughout.

When I first commenced wood-carving, I experienced this difficulty myself in more than one instance, and was driven to the verge of despair at seeing how uneven and haggled the ground appeared, in spite of all my best endeavours to get it smooth. I did eventually improve the grounding, but not to my entire satisfaction. I commenced, like all amateurs, by trying to sink the ground in these confined spaces before touching either leaf or branch. And this was the error I committed. I did not consider that as I sunk the ground, and left the branches untouched, they became like so many surrounding walls, and prevented the use of the proper tools, the flat gouges. I could use none but bent chisels; so that the act of grounding became more like digging the wood out of little pits than lowering it in a proper manner.

I saw there was something wrong, and a little reflection put me on the right method, which is this: in proportion as the ground is being lowered, the intertwining branches and stems must needs be roughly lowered also to something like their proper level, and in their proper places, leaving untouched only such parts as are intended to stand out to the full thickness of the wood. In this way the ground can mostly be got at with flat gouges. In every way the grounding is much facilitated, and can be made even and smooth in the usual way.

If the piece of work is large, and the spaces to be grounded are large, proceed in this way: take the square stick with the screw through it that I have described in a former paper, put the screw through to the required depth, then with a gouge sink several places on the space to be grounded, measuring the depth with the stick; cut channels from one to the other, and then level the wood between, and the ground will be quite level.



The places so sunk should be put quincunx fashion.

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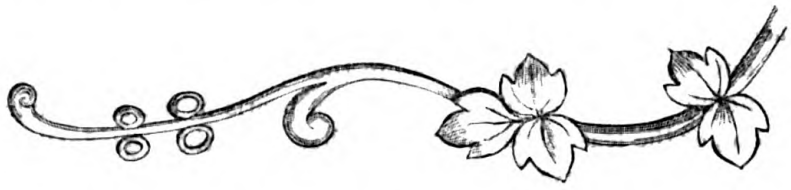
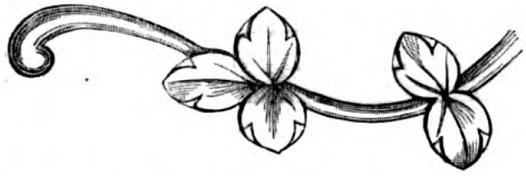
The next thing to be explained is how to make the notch in a leaf without splitting it. The amateur generally splits the wood when making the notch in small and delicate leaves, and it is exactly in delicate groups that it is most injurious to damage one of the leaves, for then its size or shape must be altered, and this spoils the group. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary that the amateur should learn to make the notch successfully.

Here is an example, taken from a sketch of a leg of a music-stool in the style of Louis Quatorze, upon which I have been engaged. An engraving of one of the legs is given further on. Now, it is very evident that, if any one notch in any one of these leaves was to be split out, the size of the leaf must be reduced in order to reproduce the notch. This would change the proportion of the leaf, and the effect of the group would be spoiled; there would be two large leaves and one little one, giving to the group an uneven appearance; and if the whole of the three leaves of the group were to be reduced, then the group would be out of proportion, and the effect would be mean. The notch might possibly be glued up, but it is poor, cobbling work.

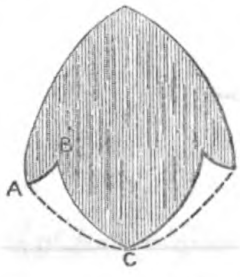


In any small, delicate group of leaves the effect is spoiled when the amateur is compelled to reduce the size of the leaves.



Now, here at B is the same group as at A. The notch is put in, but to guide the amateur the general outline of the leaves is put in.

Proceed in this way: Cut the leaves down to the proper size and proportion. Lay or bost the leaves as they are intended to be, and undercut them. Here at C is a leaf of the group, at A enlarged, showing the run




of the grain of the curved leaves. To cut the notch, first with the gouge cut transversely from A to B, (the leaf having been cut to its proper dimensions,) and whilst so cutting press the gouge away from the line A B sideways towards C. This is a compound motion, the forward pressure of the edge from A to B, and a side pressure in the direction of C.

In like manner, the long cut from B to C must be a compound motion, a downward cut, and at the same time a drawing cut from B to C. Great care must be taken to avoid any lateral pressure from B towards A, as this would inevitably split out the notch. The amateur should take a bit of wood and practise this method, his trouble will be well rewarded. I have watched a French carver do numbers of these notches on the smallest and most delicate leaves in very "splitty" wood, he did not split one or spoil one, and he told me he never did split any; he employed the method just described. If the wood should be unusually "splitty," the notch can be cut little by little.

We will now pass on to more interesting work, the method of carving a row of beads, or, as the French more elegantly term them, "pearls," and then the method of carving that elegant edging ornament, the ribbon, round the stick.

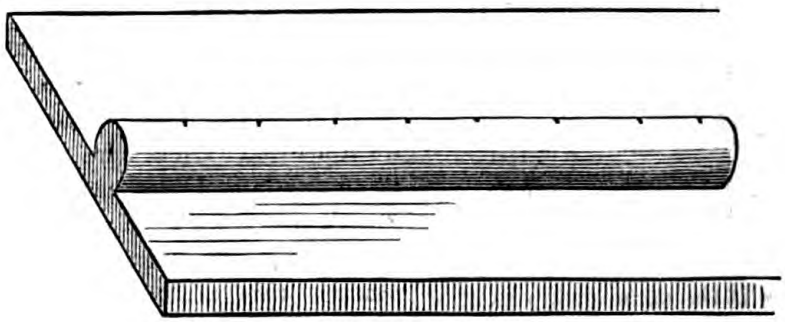
The first thing to be considered in carving a row of "pearls," as we will in future call them, is the tool proper to be used. The principal tool is a hollow gouge, half round. This must be of the exact diameter of the intended pearls. The gouge must be bevelled from the inside to one-third of the outside bevel, and the corners must be rounded off. On the piece of wood intended to be ornamented with a row of pearls,

raise what carpenters and joiners term a beading, like this, of the diameter of the in-



tended pearls, and the height according as the pearls are to project, more or less. Take the diameter of the beading with a pair of compasses, and mark it off all along the top of the beading, and pencil each compass mark.

Then at each compass-mark a notch should be made down to the bottom with a flat gouge, each notch coming to an exact point at the bottom, or the least shade above the bottom, the point to come exactly under where the compass-mark was. When this is done, take the hollow gouge and commence rounding off the pearls. Cut in the direction of the line of pearls, keeping the hand low at the commencement to round off the top of the pearl, then gradually raising the hand till the gouge is perpendicular, this rounds off the pearl to the bottom. But very great care must be taken not to cut the very top of the beading or the pearls will be of unequal height. The cut must commence a very little past the centre of the top. When this is done, cut in the opposite direction, that is down the line of pearls in the same manner, the hand at first low, then gradually rising till the tool is perpendicular, and the pearls have been rounded off to the bottom.

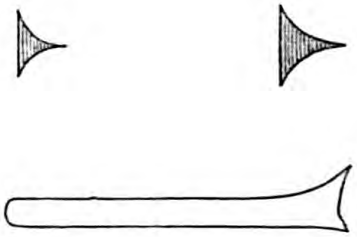


When necessary cut across the pearls each way until they are perfectly rounded.

When the pearls have been nearly rounded, take a bent chisel and very carefully clear out the little bits at the junction of the pearls at their base; and, lastly, with a bit of half-used glass paper, rather fine, smooth off the little gouge marks, first running the paper along the pearls, then doubling the paper and rubbing tightly between them.

A very clever carver, M. Bigot, of St. Malo, showed me a dodge about finishing off pearls that is most ingenious and effective. Let a person be ever so skilful and particular, it is impossible to clear out the fragments at the base of the pearls, especially when the pearls are small, so cleanly and smoothly as to leave an uniform level appearance, without spending more time and labour over it than the workman could spare. Moreover, it is difficult to get the pearls quite even and regular at the base. So M. Bigot makes use of a little instrument of the nature of a punch, the effect of which, as he says, is truly astonishing.

It will be seen that the tool is a triangle below, with one flat and two curved sides.



The flat side is the back or outer side, the opposite point goes between the pearls, and the two curved sides should be made exactly to fit the curves of the pearls. The metal of the tool gradually slopes away from the

triangular bottom, as indicated in the sketch, and this is most necessary to prevent the tool from splitting out the pearls. When the amateur has got out the wood from between the pearls, and levelled the ground as well as he can, he should take this tool in his left hand, and inserting the point between the pearls the flat side outwards, the curved sides pressing close against the pearls, give the top of the tool a light tap with a hammer; this will punch down the inequalities, with an effect, when managed adroitly, that is really astonishing.

This tool should be made of various sizes, to fit larger or smaller pearls. The back of the tool and the two curved sides should be perfectly smooth and polished, and the exact curve of the pearls can be given to the curved sides of the tool by a fine rat's-tail file, and a Turkey stone-slip will polish them. The punch should be made of fine steel; common iron very soon gives way at the points and edges.

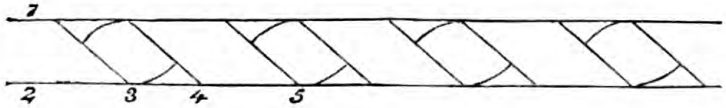
The tool should be tempered, so put it into the fire until it becomes red-hot, then suddenly plunge it in cold water. Repolish the tool, put it again into the fire, and withdraw it as soon as it gets a slight tinge of blue. It will then be sufficiently hard, but not brittle. An old steel file softened in the fire, and then beaten out to the proper size, is most excellent for the purpose.

The ribbon round the stick is a very rich and handsome edging or moulding ornament when neatly executed, and is worthy of any trouble that may be bestowed upon it.

To execute this, first raise a beading of the diameter of the intended ribbon; then take a pair of compasses, and mark off all along the top of the beading two and a half diameters of the beading. When this is done, set off at each mark one diameter; the marks will then be one diameter and one a half diameter alternately all along the top of the beading.

The one and a half diameter are the ribbon, the one diameter is the opening between the curls of the ribbon. Now take a bevel, and run a line diagonally through each mark at the angle wished to be given to the curl of the ribbon. An angle of about forty is the best. I may here remark that the width given to the ribbon or to the opening may be varied at pleasure. Some make the ribbon and opening of the same size; others make the ribbon one diameter and the opening one and a half diameter—the reverse of the above proportions; others, again, make ribbon one diameter, opening two diameters; but the proportions above given look better and richer, and, moreover, are more easily and quickly worked. If from the shape of the piece of wood, or any other circumstance, the bevel cannot be employed to mark on the beading the diagonal lines for the ribbon, a common flat ruler must be used, the spots for the lines being first measured off by compasses. Care must be taken to rule the first line at the proper angle, as all the others will take the shape from it.

Here is a sketch of the way the lines are ruled: 1-2, the diameter; 3-4, a diameter; 4-5, a diameter and a half; and so on. 1-3




forms an angle of forty degrees. After the diagonal lines for the ribbon have been successfully marked and drawn, the next thing is to draw the lines for the stick.

First, take a firmer chisel, and with moderate but decided drives with the palm of the hand cut perpendicularly down on the top of the bead at each diagonal mark. It must be cut down the eighth of an inch; then with a chisel adapted to the size cut out to the depth of the eighth of an inch the narrow pieces, the diameters,* leaving untouched all the pieces of one and a half diameter. This will leave a little flat place on the top of the parts forming the intervals between

* The top only.

the curls of the ribbon. Now mark a point on the top of the beading at each end to show the exact centre, and points on each side of these to mark the thickness of the stick. Take a flat ruler, and on the spaces cut out rule lines from the points at each end; and if these points have been correctly placed, the stick will run exactly down the centre. The thickness of the stick may be as much as one-fourth of a diameter, but one-sixth is a better proportion. The sketch here given will explain the method: 1-1 are the central points; 2-2 and 2-2 are points marking the thickness of the stick; 4 4 4 4 are the pieces cut out and the stick marked out. The stick is left unshaded, in order to show it better.

Take the firmer chisel, and cut perpendicularly down the lines marked for the stick, then with a moderately deep gouge




take out the wood, not quite down to the bottom, the cut sloping down from A to B. Undercut the stick, so that it may be clear from off the bottom, and the light may be seen under it. If the amateur will curl up a long narrow slip of paper, and lay it before him, he will see why the cut should slope down from A to B. When the wood between the curls of the ribbon has been cleared out, and the stick undercut, take out the small corners marked 5 in the sketch, to give the breadth of the ribbon below. To get the exact size of the corner to be cut out, measure across the ribbon as at the dotted line at 6, then put the point of the compass at 7, and prick off the breadth at 8. These corners must be cut and taken out neatly, or the effect will be spoiled, and the pieces taken out between the curls of ribbon and alongside the stick must be taken out neatly, and to the same depth, or the effect will be spoiled; and again, the stick must be perfectly in the centre, and of the same thickness throughout, or the effect will be spoiled. The corners of the ribbon must be very slightly rounded off and hollowed out, as shown at 7, so as to follow the curve of the ribbon. A look at the piece of curled paper before-mentioned will show this.

When all this has been done, there only remains to grain the curls of ribbon. This is done by two strokes of the graining-gouge on each side of the curls and on the top; one stroke being made up the ribbon, the other the contrary way, and each stroke from edge to edge. This gives the ribbon a wavy appearance, and makes it look richer. If the strokes on each side were made the same way, it would give the ribbon an odd, lop-sided appearance, very unartistic, unworkmanlike, and heavy.

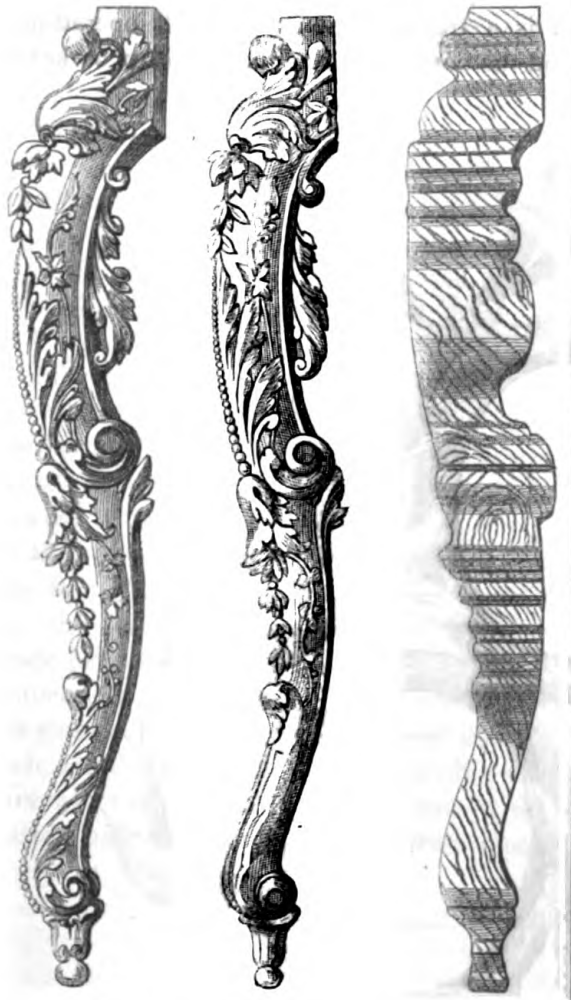
I will now endeavour, as I proposed at the commencement of this chapter, to show my readers how, in the higher branches of this beautiful art, the design is transferred to the wood, grounded, bosted, and finished.

Every piece of carving of any pretension goes through three stages after the design has been put on the wood. First it is blocked out or grounded—that is, the design is marked out by gouge and chisel, and the ground sunk; then it is bosted, or rough carved—"ebauché," the French term is—and then finished.

There are several ways of transferring the design to the wood. With the methods of taking off the design on tracing-paper, pasting the tracing on the wood, or of putting the design on to the wood by means of carbonic paper, my readers are already acquainted. These two methods are admirable for flat surfaces; but when the surface to be carved is rounded they cannot be employed, and recourse must be had to other means.

Here are engravings of a leg of the music-stool, to which I have already referred. A

very little consideration will show that it would be impossible, on account of its rounded form, to paste a tracing of the



design on it, or to use the carbonic paper, therefore some different plan must be adopted.

The design must be carefully traced off, and the tracing pasted on a piece of thin cardboard. One tracing will be required for each side of the leg; that which is intended for the reverse side may be copied off in pencil, as more expeditious. This pencil-tracing must be pasted on to the cardboard, pencil side next to the cardboard, and there will be a right and left copy of the design. The pencil marks will be very distinct through the tracing-paper, and cannot be rubbed out.

When the pasting has dried, the cardboard must be cut away very neatly to the outline. The tracing must now be put on a soft board, and pricked through at short intervals with a sharp-pointed pricker. When this has been done throughout, the tracing must be turned over on the board, and the projections raised by the pricker cut off with a very sharp chisel, and, when necessary, the holes round cleared with the pricker.

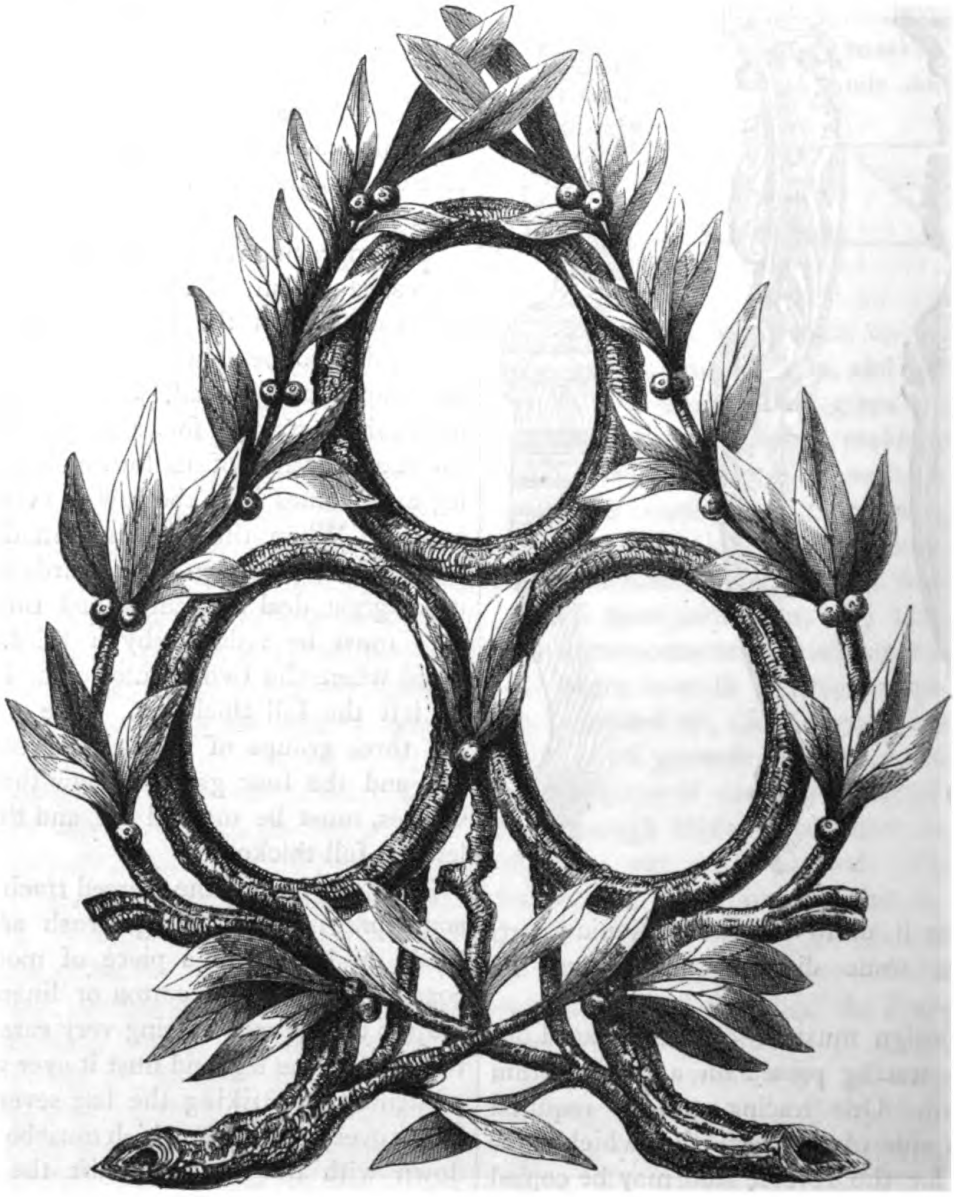
The wood for the leg having been selected, the design must be laid on, and the outline carefully traced with a pencil; it must then be taken to the saw-table and sawn out on both sides.

The engraving represents the leg in three stages, sawn out, blocked, and bosted and finished. When the leg is sawn out, the first thing to be done is to cut away all the superfluous wood, and reduce it to dimensions suitable for carving, and give it the rough outline of its future shape. The leg as it comes from the saw is everywhere square. When the edge is turned to the front it is at once seen that towards the back it is a great deal too thick, and this thickness must be reduced by a third. The wood where the two volutes come in must be left the full thickness. The depth of the three groups of pendant leaves at the top, and the four groups below the upper volutes, must be marked off, and the wood left the full thickness.

To make use of the pierced tracing, take some prepared whitening, crush and then tie it up loosely in a piece of moderately coarse, loose, woven cotton or linen cloth. Adjust the pierced tracing very carefully to the head of the leg, and dust it over with the whitening by striking the bag several light blows over the tracing, which must be pressed down with the fingers. Lift the tracing carefully and then pencil on the design, guided by the lines of white dots made by the whitening and by the tracing placed on the bench close in front.

Then do the same with the two volutes, and as soon as these three points are established commence cutting down the superfluous wood between them, rounding it off to its outside future shape. Then begin the

volute, and as soon as one is done hold the leg up, so that the eye may see both sides, and mark on the untouched side the level of the volute bosted on the other. The volute being bosted and the superfluous wood cut away, the bead ornament must be bosted also. The tracing must now be applied to the centre, between the head and the volutes, and as much marked off as possible, then to each part in succession. It is a troublesome and difficult operation, and the compasses and pencil must be kept



constantly at work. The reason for this plan of proceeding is that the tracing must be humoured to suit the curve of the wood; for it must be remembered that the design is a flat surface, but that the leg has become curved, and in consequence its surface has been enlarged, so that if the design were to be laid on the upper part and marked continuously downwards, the volutes would be out of place by nearly a quarter of an inch, and this quarter of an inch has to be distributed over the whole surface.

The amateur will now see that the advice I gave in a former chapter, to learn to use the pencil, was sound advice.

When one side is pencilled it may be

marked in with the tools, but before commencing the proceeding the two volutes and head ornament must be placed in position on the opposite side; by holding up the leg, the edge towards the carver, as mentioned before, so that the eye can see both sides, the level of the volutes and of each ornament can be easily marked off.

On this system the most difficult and intricate designs can be transferred from paper to the wood; but I repeat it, every one who wishes to become a skilful carver must learn to use the pencil so as to be able to pencil his design on the wood.

I recommend the design on previous page for a photograph frame to the notice of my young readers. When carved in sycamore wood, which is very white, it makes an elegant drawing-room ornament.

The wood should be half-inch. When the frame is sawn, the rabbet or channel for the photograph and glass should be made before any carving is attempted. The rabbet should be only just deep enough for the glass and the photograph—an eighth of an inch should suffice. This will enable the carver to sink the frame deeper, and let the foliage have more room. The leaves look richer if carved with a raised rib. The back should be closed in by a thin board, cut to the shape of the three frames; it should not come flush with the edge, and should be bevelled off. Four small screws will fasten it very well. The supporting leg should be five and a quarter inches long, and should be fastened to the centre of the back with a brass hinge screwed on to the foot a quarter of an inch below the top. Then from the hinge to the top of the foot outside, the wood should be bevelled off; this forms a shoulder, and enables the leg to support the frame at a proper angle.

The Acanthus Leaf.—This is most excellent practice, and I strongly recommend it to my readers. The wood should be one and a quarter inches thick, the leaf carved to the depth of an inch, leaving the quarter inch for the foundation. At each × the wood at this point should be left the full thickness; from the × it should slope away gradually. At o o o o, the leaf should be sunk as low as possible; that is, within a very little of the level of the ground. The wood should be walnut, pear, sweet chesnut, or lime wood.

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# A NIGHT AT A CAFFRE KRAAL.

BY LIEUTENANT-COLONEL DRAYSON, R.A.

The only way of seeing the inhabitants of a country in their natural state is to visit them in their own homes, to mix with them on what we may call friendly terms, and thus to become familiar with them. It was with some such intention as this, but more especially to seek some fresh hunting grounds, that we obtained a fortnight's leave to visit the ground between the two rivers, the Tugela and the Imvoti, on the south-east of Natal district, and to hunt there any game which we might come across.

In order to travel in what we call light marching order, we decided upon taking with us no wheeled vehicle, but to make use of an ox as our baggage animal. An ox that has been trained to carry a pack is termed a pack-ox, and is very useful for such a purpose as that to which we put him.

Two horses, one ox, a Caffre, and our ownself formed the party, whilst our stock of articles consisted of biscuit, some spiced beef, salt, blanket, powder, bullets and small shot, some beads for the Caffres, and a sketch-book, pencil, and knife.

The first day's journey was not without interest, for at the date at which we were

in South Africa every part was wild, and frequented by game. Where a railway now conveys goods, elephants used then to wander; where coffee and sugar are now grown, the giant euphorbia and umbrella acacia then gave shelter to the wild buffalo, or concealed the leopard; where solid brick houses now stand, a simple Caffre kraal then was the only habitation; whilst the lakes and rivers were tenanted by hippopotami and alligators, instead of bearing on their surface yachts and boats.

On the morning of our start we had not gone above a mile from our tent, when we saw, about a hundred and fifty yards before us, a duiker, which was standing in the road watching us. This small antelope was very good eating, so we sent a bullet at it. Although the range was a long one for a smooth bore, and the morning was scarcely yet light, we fancied we had struck the animal. Upon asking our Caffre, however, he said no, and smiled at our question.

When we reached the spot where the buck had stood we searched for spoor, and soon saw a spot of blood, which we showed to the Caffre, and which caused him at once to follow up these traces, when he soon found the buck lying dead, and almost concealed by the thick bush into which it had forced itself.

The hind quarters having been taken and hung on the pack-ox, we secured the remainder of the animal in a bush, in order to make a present of it to some Caffres, who lived at a kraal a short distance in advance. The head man of the kraal was a great friend and shooting companion of ours, so we always gave him a feed when we could do so. This Caffre, we knew, would have no difficulty in finding the remains of the buck, as he would follow our spoor, and at once discover where we had stopped, and where the remains of the buck were hung. As we passed his kraal we shouted to him and told him the news, and we afterwards found he had lost no time in securing the fore-quarters of the buck.

Crossing the Umgaine river, we took the high road to the Zulu country, and continued our journey till the sun was high up in the heavens, when selecting a shady place near a rippling stream, and where there was plenty of grass, we took the pack from the ox and the saddles from our horses, and turned the three out to graze.

We had provided ourselves with lucifer-matches wrapped in oilskin, an essential precaution, otherwise the heavy dews cause them to become so damp they will not light. We had also a flint and steel, and we knew how to procure a light by the aid of two sticks rubbed in a peculiar way. Thus the important aid, fire, could be easily procured, and we soon had a large fire burning, and the smoke stealing its way among the vine-hung branches above us.

When the glowing embers alone remained, we stuck slices of duiker on a forked stick, and toasted these over the fire, then, with the aid of a large leaf for a plate, a little salt for sauce, some biscuit, and a long draught from the pure stream beside us, we dined in a manner to be envied.

The hunter in Africa does not pay much attention to hours or minutes; a watch, in fact, is rarely carried. He judges of time by the height of the sun above the horizon and the length of shadows; so we cannot say that after an hour's rest we again mounted our horses, packed our ox, and started; but it was after *some* time we did so.

It was now very warm in the sun, but there was a cool breeze blowing, which rendered travelling at a walking pace very pleasant, and we pursued our journey with no interruption except that caused by occasionally meeting parties of Caffres carrying Indian corn for sale at Natal. These parties usually stopped and exchanged pinches of snuff with us, and inquired what was the news, whilst they gave us all the information they possessed relative to the game in their immediate vicinity.

By this means we learnt that elephants and buffaloes were often seen; leopards were common; that riet-bok and bush-bok of various kinds were to be found everywhere, whilst other game was also plentiful.

During our first day's journey we travelled about forty miles, and reached the house of a settler, to whom we had a letter of introduction. A bed, of course, was not to be thought of—such a luxury we had left behind us—but we had a roof over us, and a blanket round us, whilst a saddle made a very comfortable pillow.

We here ascertained that a Caffre, celebrated as a hunter, lived to the north-east, that he was young and rich, and possessed a gun; the settler had had some dealings with him, and informed us of the route to pursue so as to reach this Caffre's kraal.

Having risen early in order to start about sunrise, we were surprised to see our Caffre attendant sitting helplessly on the ground, and looking the picture of misery. Upon asking what was the matter, he informed us he was very ill, and could not go any further with us. A course of close cross-questioning elicited the fact, that he really was afraid to venture into an unknown district, and among Caffres who owned a different chief from his. Knowing that an unwilling and frightened servant was worse than none at all, we decided on leaving the man behind us, and also leaving one of our horses and the pack-ox. Taking only a blanket, plenty of ammunition, a little brandy, and our gun, we started on our solitary ride.

There is something very fascinating in travelling alone in a wild country, where everything possesses the charm of novelty, and where there is sufficient uncertainty, risk, or danger to keep one on the alert. To us this journey was charming. We were well armed and well mounted; we could speak the language of the people, and knew their ways and peculiarities sufficiently well to get on with them. We visited them, too, as a sort of benefactor, for we took care to have some beads as presents, some snuff as a means of opening friendship, and our gun to shoot any game which was beyond the powers of the Caffres' weapons.

We had been told the direction in which we were to ride, and as there was no regular road, but only foot-paths used by the Caffres in travelling from kraal to kraal, we made a somewhat circuitous journey, but it was necessary to do so in order to cross small streams and marshes at the most practicable places.

At each kraal that we passed the people turned out, and inquired where we were going, and what we proposed doing. Upon telling them we were going to hunt with their chief, they seemed much impressed with the importance of our business, and wished us every success.

About midday we halted at a kraal where several men were sitting having a talk; here we off-saddled, and bought some Indian corn for our horse, the price being about two dozen small beads. We then joined the Caffre men, and made inquiries relative to the game in their neighbourhood. After we had been conversing some time, a young man came and joined the group, and announced that he could not succeed as the wood was damp. Upon inquiry we found that what he could not succeed in, was in procuring fire by twisting a stick into a hole in another stick. Knowing that these men had seen but little of white men, we believed we could astonish them, so calling them to follow us, we entered the kraal in which they had been vainly endeavouring to light a fire, and having collected some dry grass, and a few sticks and large-sized wood, we turned our back to them and scratched a lucifer match. In an instant we had procured fire, which to them was obtainable only after about ten minutes' hard manual labour, and having lighted the grass and then the sticks, we soon had a large fire blazing in the hut.

We have often seen surprise depicted in the faces of those to whom unknown wonders have suddenly been revealed, but we never saw such indications of astonishment as those revealed by the Caffres in this hut. They were speechless with wonder, and remained so for fully a minute, when one old man murmured the word "*tagata*," which meant witchcraft, which was supposed to account for our skill in procuring fire.

Now amongst Caffres witchcraft is by no

means unpopular; a man or a woman who is supposed to possess supernatural powers is considered to be a person with whom it is better to be on friendly terms, and so we found that when to the *éclat* due to the fact of our being a hunter we added that of being a wizard too, we were at once set up as a most remarkable person, and treated with an extra amount of respect.

Having ascertained that we could reach the kraal of the Caffre chief about an hour before sundown, we resumed our journey, a young Caffre having volunteered to show us by what paths we could most easily proceed. From this lad we ascertained that the Caffre chief to whom we were going was very rich, he had about a thousand head of cattle, and my informant thought he had ten or twelve wives, he didn't quite know which. He was considered a bold and successful hunter, and was not afraid of any wild beast.

Having travelled some ten miles with this Caffre through a lovely country, in which there was some very fine timber, plenty of rippling streams, and most luxuriant grass, he at length pointed out a distant hill, and informed us that the chief's kraal was under it on the far side.

Another hour's ride brought us to this kraal, which consisted of fifteen huts, each circular in form, about six feet high, and in shape like half an orange. These huts were arranged in a circle, and outside this circle was a very stout fence, made of poles driven into the ground, between which branches of trees were placed, thus offering an insurmountable obstacle to any quadruped. An inner circle was made in the same way, and in this the cows and calves were placed soon after sunset.

The chief was not at home when we arrived, but several men were in their huts, who told us that the chief would soon be home. Having informed them that we had come to hunt, they immediately volunteered the information that there were buffaloes in a kloof not far off, that wild pigs were plentiful, and other game to be found.

Upon asking if Rietbok could be obtained, a young man said that he had seen a buck enter some reeds not half a mile from the kraal, and he thought we should have plenty of time to go to the place and return before dark. Having turned our horse out to graze, we walked towards the place with the Caffre and two other men, and then proceeded to take up our position in the most likely place for a shot at the buck.

We had scarcely reached a good station before the Caffres shouted to us to look out, and we then saw the buck rushing through the reeds and going off in the opposite direction. We knew we should only get a long shot at the animal, and so settled firmly on our feet, and took a steady aim at the buck. Fortunately for our reputation we were successful, the bullet struck the buck in the centre of the body, and as the creature was below us, we obtained a fair shot at its back. The bullet luckily broke its back, and the animal dropped to the shot.

The Caffres were immensely delighted and much impressed by the result of this shot, for to them a shot at a running animal was rarely successful. They at once tied the buck's legs together, cut a stout pole, and by this means carried the animal to the kraal.

On our arrival we met the young chief, to whom we introduced ourself, and received from him at once a welcome. He was much pleased at hearing of the death of the Rietbok, and he made no secret of the fact that he had fired at it with his musket so often without success, that he had at length given up wasting his powder and shot in that way. Powder he said was scarce, and he only fired at large animals which stood steady, and when they were close to him then his gun killed them, but if they were at any distance and were running, he saw no more of his bullets.

Having cut a couple of steaks from the buck, we intimated to the young chief that the remainder was a present for him, a gift which we knew he would fully appreciate, and which he acknowledged at once, by patting us on the back in a very friendly manner.

This young chief was a very fine young fellow; he was nearly six feet high, as active as a leopard, well-made, and handsome. The tails that he wore round his waist were composed almost entirely of the tails of leopards and the bush-cat, whilst he had a splendid necklace composed of the teeth of leopards. He was not more than about twenty years of age, and his manners would have done credit to a civilized gentleman.

Having seen our horse fastened up within the fence, and supplied with some corn, we accepted the invitation of the chief to enter his hut. The size of this hut we have already described, so when it is remembered that from the pole in the centre to the walls of the tent is only about eight feet, it will be seen that the hut is not very large. When we stooped and crept in at the small doorway, we found in the hut an old man; three young Caffre girls, about eighteen years of age, or perhaps younger; an old Caffre woman, and a dog. The young chief made the sixth person, and we made the seventh. Shortly after two Caffre men came in, and thus, with the dog, there were nine in the small hut.

It was an interesting scene, for this was high life among the Caffres. The three young girls were the chief's sisters, at present unmarried, for he was standing out for a very high price for them, as they were handsome and well-bred. We ascertained that he wanted fifty cows for each of them, a price much larger than usual.

We were soon all seated round the fire watching the cooking of some buck's-meat and Indian corn, which was stewing in a large pot. During this process the Caffre girls had been whispering to one another, and having some jokes and fun at our expense; and on subsequent inquiry we ascertained they had only seen two other white men all their lives. In the hut there were a few short logs of wood that served for pillows, some skins of buck, several assagies and two shields, some earthen and wicker vessels, and several gourd snuff-boxes.

As there was no chimney or window, and as the doorway did not allow the smoke from the wood fire to escape out of it, we soon found the effect of the smoke almost painful; our eyes smarted and watered, whilst, to our disgust, not the slightest effect was visible in the eyes of any of the Caffres present, a proof of what can be arrived at by practice.

After a time the hut got fearfully hot and close, and finding we could endure it no longer, we informed the chief that we preferred lying down outside, a proceeding that seemed to astonish him, for to him his hut was a mansion possessing every comfort. It, however, wanted one most essential item viz., fresh air, which we could obtain outside.

Taking from the hut a gourd of milk and some stewed buck's flesh, we seated ourselves outside the hut, and made our dinner, whilst we carried on a conversation with the chief, who remained inside. We soon finished our meal, and then informed our host that we intended to go to sleep, as he had agreed that we should start some time before sunrise, in order to get a shot at some buffaloes which we knew would be grazing outside a kloof near his kraal at sunrise on the following morning.

Having taken our saddle for our pillow and a blanket for our covering, we lay down and endeavoured to go to sleep. It was a lovely moonlight night, a heavy dew was falling indicative of a fine day on the morrow, whilst there was not a breath of wind stirring. Near us there was the sound of the Caffres' voices, as they conversed in low tones. At a distance we heard the long weird-like howl of the strand wolf, as it roamed about in search of some carrion on which to feast. Not far off we could distinguish the complaining cry of a leopard or tiger-cat as it scented some prey, but knew that it was now beyond its reach. Several large night birds flitted silently over us, occasionally gliding in their flight close down to us, and then darting off like ghosts, so quietly did they move. Object after object disappeared, and at length we dropped to sleep, as pleasantly as though we had been reclining on a feather-bed.

We had not been unconscious for more than an hour, judging by the moon's movement, when we awoke with a feeling of anxiety. Our first idea was that a snake was near us, and as one gets into the habit of being very cautious when one lives in a country frequented by dangerous animals, we did not move, though our gun was resting against our body. Although we had been asleep, we were yet conscious that some living thing had passed near us; and what this was we did not know. We determined to keep awake and watch, for to sleep with any suspicion of danger is almost impossible. Suddenly the dog in the hut gave a low growl, but we heard a blow given it by some one, and all was again quiet. We lay watching for nearly half-an-hour, but seeing or hearing nothing we gradually ceased our vigilance, and again went to sleep.

Suddenly we started up awake, for some creature had pulled the blanket near our head, and we had felt the breath of some animal passing over us. The moon was shining so brightly that we could see well round us, so that nothing escaped our sight that could be seen by daylight. Feeling that something was near us, we grasped our gun, started up, and found ourselves face to face with a large hyæna, which immediately shuffled off behind one of the huts.

As it would be dangerous to fire a bullet in this enclosure, we decided not to fire at the beast. So calling to the chief, we informed him that a hyæna was in the enclosure. In an instant the alarm spread, and from every hut issued one or two men, each with his bundle of assagies and a shield. Two or three men rushed to the doorway by which the enclosure was entered, and then found that some of the cross bars had been forced on one side, and thus the hyæna had effected an entrance. Expecting the brute would attempt to rush out this way, the men stood ready, in order to stab with their spears as soon as the creature came near them, others ran round the side of the hut near where it had concealed itself, so as to be ready to give it the first spear.

Our own part in the affair was to be that of a looker-on; we did not wish to discharge our gun at so useless an animal as a hyæna, for the flesh was mere carrion, and the skin worthless. If we saw any one in danger of being torn by the animal, then and only then should we run the risk of a shot. We had just decided on this course of action, when a Caffre caught sight of the hyæna skulking behind some brushwood; in an instant the Caffre hurled his assagy with a true aim, and struck the animal in the body. Finding concealment of no further use, the gaunt brute jumped up, and with the assagy in it rushed towards the doorway, by which it had entered; there it was met by a volley of spears, all of which stuck in it, or made a deep wound, and then as the animal bounded away dropped out. From one side to the other, and round and round the furious monster rushed, but everywhere it encountered only spears. The dogs in the huts were barking loudly, anxious to join in the hunt, but the Caffres thought they would only be in the way, and so kept them shut up. The hyæna, although immensely strong, is an abject coward, and so it merely rushed about, trying to find some place of escape or concealment. The Caffres danced, shouted, and gesticulated whilst they hurled their assagies with an accuracy and a power that was surprising, until the hyæna sunk exhausted from loss of blood, and instantly died. Its carcase was carried far away, and during the night we could hear various wild animals squabbling over its flesh.

It being after this scene within an hour of daylight, we took some milk, and following the chief, started on our journey after buffaloes.

# PRÆPOSTORIAL REMINISCENCES.

## Raffles.

Raffles at a public school may be divided into two classes—small boys' raffles, conducted personally, and big boys' raffles, the business of which is transacted by small boys on commission. It is almost needless to say that both are generally, if not always, strictly forbidden by the authorities.

While remembering the rule "seniores priores," we must not forget that "the boy is father of the man;" and so, considering the small fry as the boy and the big fellows as the father, we will deal with lower-school raffles first. Raffles generally flourish either at the beginning or end of the school half-year. At the beginning the new boys are "flush," and have "lots of tin," which, with characteristic heedlessness, they are willing to invest, in the hope of furnishing their studies cheaply and handsomely with some of the splendid prizes advertised. At the end many fellows are leaving, and wish to get rid of their study adornments as advantageously as possible; accordingly they have recourse to raffles, the shares in which must be paid for out of "journey money."

Regularly at the commencement of the half, Von Skrout and Sharpe mi. used to have a raffle. At the period of their greatest success, these two worthies were both aged fourteen, Von Skrout being a few months older than his "chum."

We will suppose it to be the second day after the return. Sharpe mi. has succeeded in scraping through his holiday task, but Von Skrout has, as a matter of course, been "bucked." They have perambulated the town during the day, visited the various tradesmen whom they honour with their patronage, and paid off portions of their "ticks." In the evening the captain of the house has gone his rounds, and is engaged in counting the school subscriptions for the current half-year, which he has just been collecting.

After seeing that the coast is clear, Sharpe mi. glides into Von Skrout's study, and is soon vigorously demolishing some rare Russian jam and biscuits. Von Skrout, a little fat Russian, the very embodiment of impudence and as merry as a sand-boy, is engaged in unpacking a large hamper, out of which he has just produced the jam, so quickly disappearing beneath Sharpe mi.'s attack.

"Hang those subs.," at length Sharpe remarks, "what with them and 'ticks,' I'm nearly stumped already." Sharpe always makes out that he brings back plenty of pocket-money, but his "little bills" are so heavy that he is soon short of the "needful." In reality he has about half-a-sovereign for himself when the subscriptions are paid. Skrout, on the other hand, used to astonish his friends by returning from St. Petersburgh with some thirteen pounds. "Well, I suppose we must have a raffle?" rejoins the Russian. "I've paid about five pounds in 'ticks' to-day, and unless I send them some jolly, good presents, my people will wonder what I've done with all my 'tin.'" It was always his custom to send to Russia various presents on his return to school.

Their usual plan is decided upon. They both have nicely-furnished studies, but neither has the slightest intention of robbing his walls of a single picture, or his brackets of a single ornament, for the purpose of forming prizes for the coming raffle. Our young friends have learnt by experience that no investment is so profitable as that in which the stock costs nothing; the expenses are *nil*, and the returns sure.

By the help of their amusing cheekiness, and the fact that they were the acknow-

ledged comic characters of the house—being, to boot, good players at almost every game—they were on more familiar terms with the head fellows of the house than could possibly have been the case had they been more like ordinary mortals. Moreover, both being intolerably lazy, many of the Sixth Form boys had once been in the same form with them, and owing to the friendships then made, though they themselves were low in the school, yet they were comparatively still admitted into the society of their old associates.

Having arranged that Von Skrout should visit the Upper Boys' studies, and Sharpe mi. those inhabited by members of the Lower School, they commence a systematic course of plunder throughout the house.

Let us accompany Von Skrout on his ourney. Almost every door is immediately opened on his well-known voice being heard. If he has entered the study of some good-natured, easy-going fellow, after some commonplace remarks, the Russian is suddenly struck with the appearance of some picture, which he declares just spoils the effect of the study. "I've always told you so, Ginger," he adds, and assures him that he had much better let him have it, as he is about to have a raffle. If it is a picture, "Ginger" doesn't much care about, perhaps after some time he parts with it. The next study is visited. Here he obtains an old penwiper, in the next a broken vase; from the "Martin" of the house he secures a long disused birdcage, or a badly-stuffed owl. The next occupant is requested just to examine his cupboard, and see if there isn't something he can part with. Many fellows give some worthless article, for the fun of hearing of the progress of one of the well-known raffles conducted by Von Skrout and Sharpe mi.

But the latter's progress and mode of business among the Lower Boys is very different. He has to deal with fellows in the same form as himself, and with those below him. As they are often the butts of his jokes, they don't appreciate his fun in the same manner as their superiors, and are apt to object to his entering their abodes. Moreover, many know that he is given to "making hay" in a study when he once gets in. Accordingly, it is often only by the direst threats, or the most winning persuasion and assurances of quick departure, that he is admitted. He frequently, too, gets in under false colours or by false pretences. "I say, Jones, lend us a match, there's a good fellow;" or, "I say, Brooke, show us where the construe begins;" or, "Smith, open quick! here's White chivying me, no humbug!" are some of the ruses he employs. When he is approaching a study where he knows admittance will be refused, he forces some miserable little fag to go and knock at the door; following close behind him, he inserts the handle of a broom he has obtained from another study through the space made by opening the door, and soon manages to squeeze himself in.

On some he levies black mail for refusing admission; he refuses to depart from others unless they give him something for a prize. He offers to buy up any little things that Green doesn't want. Green is willing to sell, and delighted to find that Sharpe mi. doesn't object to the price he names. Sharpe mi., having obtained all he can, coolly informs him that of course he doesn't intend to pay "ready money," but that all will be settled after Midsummer. (N.B. The Christmas holidays are just over.) He offers his next victim six shares in the raffle for that picture, "The last struggle." Sixpence a share," he says, "and that picture isn't worth a bob." Many give him something for peace' sake; from all he obtains more or less.

The scene now changes to Von Skrout's study again. The two marauders have returned, and are examining their spoil in high glee. Von Skrout next proceeds with a huge piece of drawing-paper in his hand to the study of a great, good-natured fellow in the Fifth Form, and requests him to draw up a notice. Most of the prizes are shown him, and, after examining them, he produces the following:—

NOTICE!

Grand Half-yearly Raffle.

Conducted by W. K. Von Skrout and G. H. Sharpe.

There are no less than fifty magnificent prizes, of which the following are some of the most important:—

FIRST PRIZE.

Pair of magnificent engravings, "Peace" and "War," value when new . . . . £1 0 0

SECOND PRIZE.

Splendid stuffed owl, suitable for a corner bracket, value when new — 15 0

THIRD PRIZE.

Handsome carved corner bracket, suitable for a stuffed bird, value when new . . . . — 5 6

FOURTH PRIZE.

Two pots of beautiful roses. "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." Let it not be the case with these; let them bloom in the summer, and delight their possessor with their fragrant perfume; value when new . — 4 0

FIFTH PRIZE.

Handsome vase, value when new . — 4 0

SIXTH PRIZE.

Racy painting, "The last struggle," value when new . . — 3 6

SEVENTH PRIZE.

Pretty birdcage, a rare chance, value when new . . . — 3 0

EIGHTH PRIZE.

Eight fives balls, value when new — 2 8

NINTH PRIZE.

Collection of rare postage stamps, value when new . . . — 2 6

TENTH PRIZE.

A splendid illumination, value when new . . . . . — 2 3

And forty more ornamental and useful articles. Never was such an opportunity offered to new members of the school of furnishing their studies handsomely and cheaply! The remaining prizes consist of pictures, photographs, inkstands, vases, pen-wipers, brackets, rulers, etc., etc., etc. Total value of articles, £5 10s.

| | s. | d. |
|---|---|---|
| 1 share . . | — | 6 |
| 4 shares . . | 1 | 0 |
| 10 shares . . | 2 | 0 |
| 20 shares . . | 2 | 6 |

(N.B. One of the best investments.)

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 50 shares . . | 4 | 0 |

Others proportionately on an equally liberal scale!

N.B. Every one draws for himself. Drawing to take place in Sharpe mi.'s study next Saturday afternoon, at three o'clock.

The two proprietors then write several copies of the notice and distribute them to their agents in the various houses, offering them five shares in the raffle for every ten they obtain.

Every day during the week Von Skrout and Sharpe, with their agents, are busily engaged in obtaining shares. With consummate art, they excite the new boys' imaginations with a glowing description of the prizes, and impress upon them the liberality of their offers. "Sixpence a share, twenty shares for half-a-crown," is continually ringing in the ears of the newly come. Out of the seventy or eighty new boys, there are but few who can resist the tempting offers made them.

At length the eventful Saturday arrives. Long before the appointed hour, Sharpe mi.'s study is surrounded by an eager, pushing throng. Inside, Von Skrout and his friend are engaged in filling a great paper-chase "scent" bag with the lottery tickets. So that all may be enabled to draw the shares they have bought, they have to make an immense number of blanks. As all the tickets were paid for at the time of taking them, the prizes are now fearlessly exhibited. There we see the "splendid stuffed owl," with one glass eye alone visible, looking as if it would fall to pieces every moment.

There stand the "two pots of beautiful roses," which, judging from their moribund appearance, have but little chance of either "blushing unseen," or "blooming in the summer and delighting their possessor with their fragrant perfume." Around are scattered the "useful and ornamental articles:" prints cut out of some weekly paper representing the "pictures," jam pots, the "vases," and pieces of rag the "penwipers."

One by one the deluded youngsters are admitted. Von Skrout, with a very grave face holds the bag, and Sharpe mi., with an equally grave face, hands the prizes to those on whom Fortune deigns to smile. At last every prize has been drawn except "the owl;" the small fag who obtains that work of art is so delighted, that he is persuaded to take ten more shares. Von Skrout remarks that some more blanks must be added to make matters fair. The small fag then eagerly inserts his hand in the bag, in which there is not a single prize remaining.

Von Skrout and Sharpe mi. discover, when all is over, that they have netted about three pound ten apiece! The big boys' raffles were generally far more *bonâ fide*. Knowing very well that it was from the lower boys alone they would obtain shares, and being too high in the school to go canvassing themselves, they used to offer their fags so much on the number of shares they obtained. Very often, not wishing their own names to be connected with it, they pretended to give their agents the prizes they offered, and they conducted the raffle as though it was their own "spec." It was always found that a raffle was a much more lucrative method of disposing of the furniture of a study than an auction.

But no raffle was ever conducted in such a masterly manner as those of which Von Skrout and Sharpe mi. were the proprietors.

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# CHESS.

## CHAPTER XII.—*Continued.*)

### Game the Fifth.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. B to B 4. | 3. P to K Kt 4. |

This move, which is given by Polerio, is a very weak defence, as it involves the immediate loss of the Gambit pawn.

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. P to K R 4. | 4. P to Kt 5, or (A.) |

If 4. P to K R 3, or 4. B to Kt 2

5. P to Q 4, and White speedily secures the advantage, *e.g.*

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. P to K R 3 | 5. P to Q 4 / B to Kt 2 |
| 6. P takes P / P takes P | 7. R takes R / B takes R |
| 8. Q to K R 5 / Q to K B 3 | 9. P to K 5 / Q to K Kt 2 |

10. Kt to K R 3, with the advantage.

And if

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. P to K B 3 | 5. Q to R 5 (ch.) |

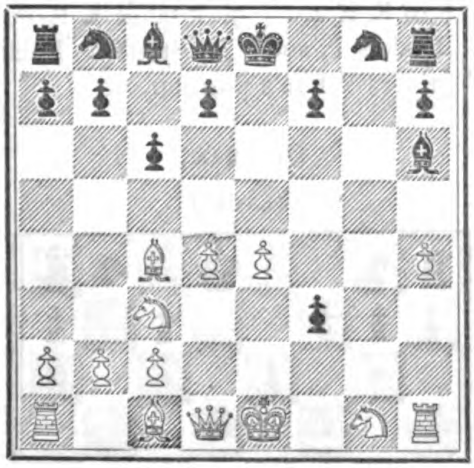
And White mates in four moves.

| | |
|---|---|
| 5. P to Q 4. | 5. B to K R 3. |
| 6. Kt to Q B 3. | 6. P to Q B 3. |
| 7. K Kt to K 2. | 7. P to K B 6. |
| 8. P takes P. | 8. P takes P. |

9. Kt to K Kt sq., regaining the Gambit Pawn.

DIAGRAM

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

We prefer the following Variation from "Staunton's Handbook," p. 331.

(A.)

| | |
|---|---|
| | 4. B to K Kt 2. |
| 5. P to Q 4. | 5. P to K R 3. |
| 6. P takes P. | 6. P takes P. |
| 7. R takes R. | 7. B takes R. |
| 8. Q to R 5. | 8. Q to B 3. |
| 9. P to K 5. | 9. Q to Kt 2. |

10. Kt to K R 3, with the better game.

---

GAME THE SIXTH.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P takes P. |
| 3. B to Q B 4. | 3. Q to K R 5 (ch.) |

This is the old classical defence to the Bishop's Gambit, recommended by Ponziani, but condemned by other authorities. It leads to an infinity of beautifully intricate variations, in which the slightest error in the defence will be fatal; and hence it has of late years been generally discarded in favour of the Bilguer and Lopez Counter Gambits, and the Hanneken or Prussian Defence, which, as we have already shown, give the second player a perfectly safe and easy game. Formerly the move 3. Q to K R 5 (ch.) was thought to ensure Black the advantage. Recent analysis, however, has demonstrated the fallacy of this opinion; and it is now admitted that, with the best play, the Defence cannot do more than draw the game.

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. K to B sq. | 4. P to K Kt 4 (best), or Variations I., II., III. |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3. | 5. B to Kt 2. |
| 6. P to Q 4. | 6. P to Q 3. |

6. $\overline{\text{Kt to K 2}}$ is now considered inferior.

| | |
|---|---|
| 7. Kt to K B 3. | 7. Q to K R 4. |
| 8. P to K R 4. | 8. P to K R 3. |
| 9. P to K 5. | 9. P takes P, or (A.) |

10. Kt takes K P.

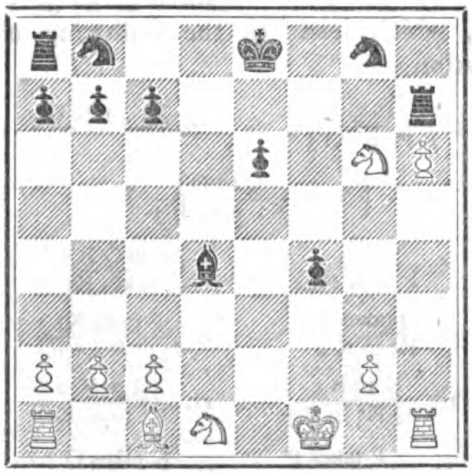
White may also play here Q Kt to Q 5, with a good game.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 10. Q takes Q (ch.) |
| 11. Kt takes Q. | 11. B to K 3. |
| 12. B takes B. | 12. P takes B. |
| 13. Kt to Kt 6. | 13. R to R 2. |
| 14. R P takes P. | 14. B takes Q P. |

15. P takes R P, and White has regained the Gambit Pawn, and has rather the better position, in the opinion of Mr. Staunton.

DIAGRAM.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

---

(A.)

| | |
|---|---|
| | 9. Q to K Kt 3. |
| 10. Q to K 2. | 10. K to Q sq. |

If 10. K Kt to K 2 — 11. Kt to Q Kt 5 / Kt to Q R 3

12. P to K R 5, followed by K P takes P,

with the superiority.

| | |
|---|---|
| 11. B to Q 3. | 11. B to K B 4. |
| 12. B takes B. | 12. Q takes B. |
| 13. K P takes P. | 13. Q B P takes P. |
| 14. K R P takes P. | 14. K R P takes P. |
| 15. R takes R. | 15. B takes R. |
| 16. Kt to K 4. | 16. K to Q 2. |
| 17. Kt takes K Kt P. | 17. B takes Q P. |
| 18. Kt takes B. | 18. Q takes Q Kt. |
| 19. Q to K 4. | |

And again Mr. Staunton pronounces White to have the better game. We extract the above Variations from the "Praxis," pp. 346, 347. We will give the Petroff and Grimm attacks in our next chapter.

---

### Variation I.

On Black's fourth move.

4. P to Q 3.

5. Q to K B 3.

This is considered to be White's bes move by Jaenisch. Walker gives 5. P to Q 4, which leads to the following continuation :—

5. P to Q 4 / B to K Kt 5 — 6. Kt to K B 3

( If 6. Q to Q 3 / Kt to Q B 3 )

6. P to K Kt 4 — 7. Kt to Q B 3 / B takes Kt

8. Q takes B / Kt to K 2 — 9. P to K Kt 3 / Q to R 6 (ch.)

10. K to B 2 / Q Kt to B 3 — 11. Kt to K 2 / Kt to K Kt 3

12. P takes P / Q takes Q (ch.) — 13. K takes Q

and the game is perfectly even.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 5. P to K Kt 4. |
| 6. P to K Kt 3. | 6. Q to Kt 5. |
| 7. P to Q 3. | |

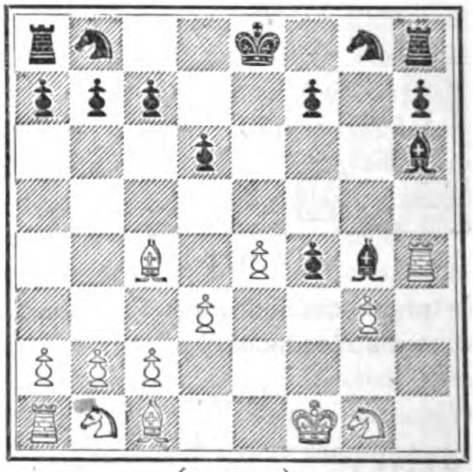
If 7. P to Q 4 / Kt to Q B 3, etc.

| | |
|---|---|
| | 7. B to K R 3. |
| 8. Q takes Q. | 8. B takes Q. |
| 9. P to K R 4. | 9. P takes K R P. |

10. R takes P, and "La Stratégie Raisonnée" prefers White's position.

Diagram.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

### Variation II.

On Black's fourth move.

4. Kt to Q B 3.

This move is recommended by Mr. Boden, and the authors of "La Stratégie Raisonnée" consider it to be as strong a move as 4. P to K Kt 4, which is pronounced by the other leading authorities to be Black's best play.

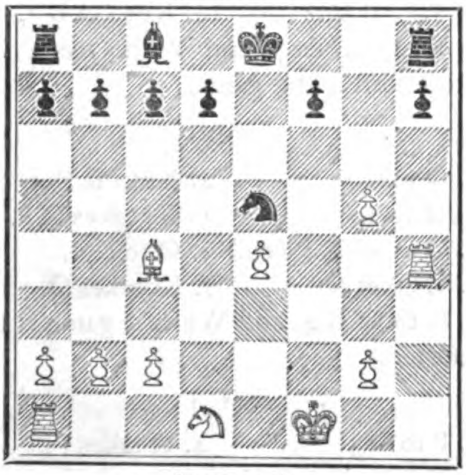
| | |
|---|---|
| 5. Kt to K B 3. | 5. Q to K R 4. |
| 6. P to Q 4. | 6. P to K Kt 4. |
| 7. P to K R 4. | 7. B to Kt 2. |
| 8. Kt to Q B 3. | 8. Kt takes Q P. |
| 9. Kt takes Kt. | 9. Q takes Q (ch.) |
| 10. Kt takes Q. | 10. B takes Kt. |
| 11. P takes P. | 11. B to K 4. |
| 12. R to K R 4. | 12. Kt to K 2. |
| 13. B takes P. | 13. Kt to K Kt 3. |
| 14. B takes B. | 14. Kt takes B, |

and the game is declared equal.

We slightly prefer White's position, since, after retreating the threatened Bishop, he will be able to play his Knight to King's third, and then, by Castling on Queen's side, bring both his Rooks into active co-operation.

DIAGRAM.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

VARIATION III.

On Black's fourth move.

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| | | 4. Kt to K B 3. |
| 5. | Kt to K B 3. | 5. Q to R 4. |
| 6. | P to K R 4. | 6. Kt takes P (best). |
| 7. | Q to K 2. | 7. P to Q 4. |
| 8. | B takes P. | 8. Q takes B. |
| 9. | Kt to Q B 3. | 9. Q to K 3. |

10. Kt takes Kt, and again the game is declared even.

These latter variations are seldom played, the move of 4. P to K Kt 4 being usually adopted. We have given them in order that our readers may be able to diversify the defence, and, moreover, they are perfectly safe modes of play, and lead to positions of equality in every instance.

---

SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS.

PROBLEM

By W. T. Pierce, Esq.

White to play and mate in two moves.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Kt to K 2. | 1. K moves. |
| 2. Mates. | |

---

PROBLEM

By Ercole del Rio.

White to play and win in three moves.

| | |
|---|---|
| 1. Kt to K 6 (ch.) | 1. Q takes Kt (best) or (A.) |
| 2. Q to K R 6 (ch.) | 2. K takes Q. |

(If 2. $\frac{\text{K to Kt sq.}}{}$ or 2. $\frac{\text{K to R sq.}}{}$ 3. $\frac{\text{Q to K B 8 mate}}{}$)

3. B to K B 8 mate.

(A.)

1. P takes Kt.

2. Q mates.

---

CHAPTER XIII.

THE GAMBIT DECLINED.

GAME THE FIRST.

| WHITE. | BLACK. |
|---|---|
| 1. P to K 4. | 1. P to K 4. |
| 2. P to K B 4. | 2. P to Q 4. |

This is considered Black's strongest move; but he may also play 2. B to Q B 4, or 2. Kt to K B 3, for the consequences of which modes of play see Games the Second and Third.

3. P takes Q P, or Variation I.

3. P to K 5.

If, 1stly:

3. $\frac{\text{P takes K B P}}{}$ 4. $\frac{\text{Kt to K B 3, or } (a)\ (b.)}{\text{Q takes P (best)}}$

5. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{}$, and White has the better developed game.

(*a.*)

4. $\frac{\text{B to Q B 4}}{}$. The game is now reduced to a variation of the Bishop's Gambit by a simple transposition of moves, and the proper continuation now is:—

4. $\frac{\text{B to Q 3}}{}$ 5. $\frac{\text{Kt to K B 3}}{\text{B to K Kt 5}}$

6. $\frac{\text{Castles}}{\text{Kt to K 2}}$ 7. $\frac{\text{P to Q 4}}{\text{Q Kt to Q 2}}$

8. $\frac{\text{B to Q Kt 3}}{\text{P to K Kt 4}}$ 9. $\frac{\text{P to Q B 4}}{\text{P to Q Kt 3}}$

10. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{\text{Castles}}$ 11. $\frac{\text{Kt to K 4}}{\text{P to K B 3}}$, and the game is about even.

(*b.*)

4. $\frac{\text{B to Q Kt 5 (ch.)}}{\text{B to Q 2}}$ 5. $\frac{\text{Q to K 2 (ch.)}}{\text{Q to K 2}}$

6. $\frac{\text{Kt to Q B 3}}{\text{Kt to K B 3}}$ 7. $\frac{\text{B takes B (ch.)}}{\text{Q Kt takes B}}$

8. $\frac{\text{P to Q 4}}{\text{Castles (Q. R.)}}$, and again the game is equal.

If, 2ndly:

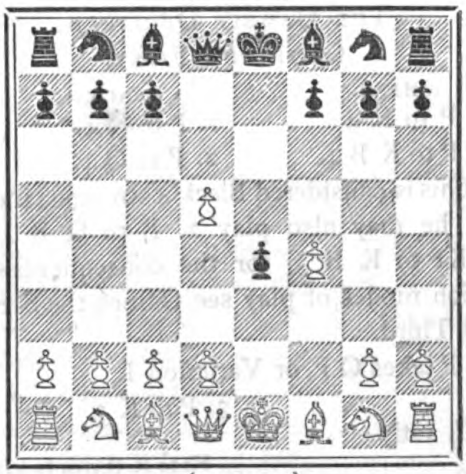
3. $\frac{}{\text{Q takes P}}$ 4. $\frac{\text{Q Kt to B 3}}{\text{Q to K 3, or Q to Q sq.}}$,

and Black has lost time.

4. B to Q Kt 5 (ch.), or (A.) (B.) (C.) (D.)

As White has the choice of four other moves here (for which see (A.) (B.) (C.) (D.), we give a Diagram showing the position after Black's third move.

(BLACK.)



(WHITE.)

| | |
|---|---|
| | 4. P to Q B 3. |
| 5. P takes P. | 5. P takes P. |
| 6. B to Q B 4. | 6. Kt to K B 3. |
| 7. P to Q 4. | 7. Q Kt to Q 2. |
| 8. K Kt to K 2. | 8. Kt to Q Kt 3. |
| 9. B to Q Kt 3. | 9. B to Q R 3. |
| 10. Q Kt to B 3. | 10. B to Q Kt 5. |
| 11. Castles. | 11. B takes Q Kt. |
| 12. P takes B. | 12. K Kt to Q 4. |
| 13. R to K sq. | 13. Castles, |

and the game is about even, Black's superior position constituting a full equivalent for his numerical inferiority.

(A.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. Kt to Q B 3. | 4. Kt to K B 3. |
| 5. P to Q 3. | 5. B to Q Kt 5. |
| 6. B to Q 2. | 6. P to K 6. |
| 7. B takes P. | 7. Castles. |
| 8. K Kt to K 2. | 8. R to K sq. |
| 9. B to Q 2. | 9. B takes Kt. |
| 10. B takes B. | 10. Kt takes P. |
| 11. Q to Q 2. | 11. Kt to K 6. |
| 12. B to K 5. | 12. Kt takes B. |
| 13. R takes Kt. | 13. P to K B 3. |
| 14. B to Q B 3. | 14. B to K Kt 5. |
| 15. R to K B 2. | 15. Q to Q 4. |
| 16. K to B sq. | 16. Kt to Q B 3. |

17. Kt to K Kt 3, and White has a Pawn ahead with a safe game.

(B.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. Q to K 2. | 4. Kt to K B 3. |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3. | 5. Kt takes Q P. |
| 6. Q takes K P (ch.) | 6. Q to K 2. |
| 7. Q takes Q. | 7. Kt takes Q. |

8. B to Q B 4, and White's game is to be preferred.

(C.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. P to Q 3. | 4. Q takes P. |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3. | 5. B to Q Kt 5. |
| 6. Q to Q 2. | 6. Q to K 3. |
| 7. P takes P. | 7. B takes Kt. |
| 8. Q takes B. | 8. Q takes P (ch.). |
| 9. K to B 2. | 9. Kt to K B 3. |
| 10. B to Q 3. | 10. Q to Q B 3. |
| 11. Q takes Q. | 11. Kt takes Q. |

12. Kt to K B 3, even game.

(D.)

| | |
|---|---|
| 4. B to Q B 4. | 4. Kt to K B 3. |
| 5. Q Kt to B 3. | 5. B to Q Kt 5. |
| 6. K Kt to K 2. | 6. B to K Kt 5. |
| 7. Castles. | 7. Castles. |
| 8. P to Q 4. | 8. P to Q B 3. |
| 9. P takes Q B P. | 9. Q Kt takes P. |
| 10. B to K 3. | 10. Kt to Q R 4. |
| 11. B to Q Kt 3. | 11. Kt takes B. |
| 12. R P takes Kt. | 12. B takes Q Kt. |
| 13. P takes B. | 13. Kt to Q 4, |

followed by P to K 6, and Q to B 2, with the better game.

---

VARIATION I.

Beginning at White's third move.

3. Kt to K B 3.

This move, according to the German "Handbuch," should give Black the better game, as follows:—

| | |
|---|---|
| | 3. Q P takes P. |
| 4. Kt takes P. | 4. B to K 3. |
| 5. Kt to Q B 3. | 5. P to K B 4 (best). |
| 6. Q to K R 5 (ch.) | 6. P to K Kt 3. |

| | | |
|---|---|---|
| 7. | Kt takes K Kt P. | 7. B to K B 2. |
| 8. | Q takes K B P. | 8. B takes Kt. |
| 9. | Q to K 5 (ch.) | 9. Q to K 2. |
| 10. | Q takes R. | 10. Kt to K B 3. |
| 11. | P to K Kt 4. | 11. Q Kt to Q 2. |
| 12. | P to B 5. | 12. Castles. |
| 13. | P takes B. | 13. B to Kt 2. |
| 14. | Q takes R (ch.) | 14. K takes Q, |

and Black has the better game.

---

### Miscellanea.

#### The Chessmen of King Louis le Saint.

Count de Basterot, in his *Traité Elémentaire*, published in 1853, gives an interesting account of these chessmen, which are still preserved at the Hotel de Cluny, in Paris. He writes as follows: "Before the Revolution, there was at the *Garde Meuble*, in Paris, a chess-board made of crystal, which, together with the pieces belonging to it, was generally thought to be the same that was sent to Louis IX. on his crusade by the old man of the mountain, as narrated by Joinville in his biography of the king. During the Revolution, both board and men disappeared; but soon after the return of Louis XVIII. to the Tuileries, they were sent back to him. The king afterwards often used it, when, one day, being about to play, he missed the Black Queen, which could not be found. Annoyed at this circumstance, the King gave the board and remaining chessmen to one of his courtiers, and they may still be seen in the collection at the Cluny Museum."

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#### The Introduction of Chess into Europe.

Chess is by some supposed to have been introduced into Europe in the twelfth century, at which time it was commonly played at Constantinople. The Princess Anna Commena, in the *Life* of her father, Alexius Commenus, Emperor of Constantinople, informs us that the Arabians introduced chess into Greece. The Emperor Alexius died A.D. 1118. Chess was introduced into Spain by the Moors, and probably first became known in England in the thirteenth century, on the return of Edward I. from the Holy Land. No less than twenty-six English families have emblazoned chess-boards and chess-rooks on their arms. Tradition preserves an account that the Emperor Charlemagne was a chess-player. A set of chessmen, of great antiquity and most elaborately carved, were kept in the treasury at St. Denis, and the historian Carte gives a circumstantial narrative of a chess match between Henry I. of England before his accession, and Louis le Gros, son of Philip of France.

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## MODERN MAGIC.

### BY PROFESSOR HOFFMANN.

#### Tricks with Coin without Apparatus.

There is an immense variety of tricks with coin—some with apparatus, some without; some demanding a thorough mastery of sleight-of-hand; some so simple as to be within the compass of the merest tyro. The only classification which I shall attempt will be to divide them into such as do and such as do not require special apparatus.

A Florin being spun upon the table, to tell blindfold whether it falls head or tail upwards.

You borrow a florin, and spin it, or invite some other person to spin it, on the table (which must be without a cloth). You allow it to spin itself out, and immediately announce, without seeing it, whether it has

fallen head or tail upwards. This may be repeated any number of times with the same result, though you may be blindfolded, and placed at the further end of the apartment.

The secret lies in the use of a florin of your own, on one face of which (say on the "tail" side) you have cut at the extreme edge a little notch, thereby causing a minute point or tooth of metal to project from that edge of the coin. If a coin so prepared be spun on the table, and should chance to go down with the uotched side upwards, it will run down like an ordinary coin, with a long continuous "whirr," the sound growing fainter and fainter till it finally ceases; but if it should run down with the notched side downwards, the friction of the point against the table will reduce this final whirr to half its ordinary length, and the coin will finally go down with a sort of "flop." The difference of sound is not sufficiently marked to attract the notice of the spectators, but is perfectly distinguishable by an attentive ear. If, therefore, you have notched the coin on the "tail" side, and it runs down slowly, you will cry "tail;" if quickly, "head."

If you professedly use a borrowed florin, you must adroitly change it for your own, under pretence of showing how to spin it, or the like. You may, however, openly use a florin of your own, with little risk of suspicion attaching to it as being prepared.

You should not, if you can help it, allow your audience to imagine that you are guided by the sound of the coin, as, if once they have the clue, they will easily learn to distinguish the two sounds. They are not, however, likely to discover the secret of the notch, and if any one professes to have discovered the trick, you may, by again substituting an unprepared florin, safely challenge him to perform it.

### Odd or Even, or the mysterious addition.

This is a trick of almost childish simplicity, depending upon an elementary arithmetical principle. I have, however, known it to occasion the greatest perplexity, even to more than ordinarily acute persons.

You take a handful of coins or counters, and invite another person to do the same, and to ascertain privately whether the number he has so taken is odd or even. You request the company to observe that you have not asked him a single question, but that you are able, notwithstanding, to divine and counteract his most secret intentions, and that you will, in proof of this, yourself take a number of coins, and add them to those he has taken, when, if his number was odd, the total shall be even; if his number was even, the total shall be odd. Requesting him to drop the coins he holds into a hat, held on high by one of the company, you drop in a certain number on your own account. He is now asked for he first time whether his number was odd or even, and, the coins being counted, the total number proves to be, as you stated, exactly the reverse. The experiment is tried again and again, with different numbers, but the result is the same.

The secret lies in the simple arithmetical fact, that if you add an odd number to an even number, the result will be odd; if you add an odd number to an odd number, the result will be even. You have only to take care, therefore, that the number you yourself add, whether large or small, shall always be odd.

### To change a Florin into a Penny, back again, and then to pass same invisibly into the pocket of the owner.

This is a trick of genuine sleight-of-hand, and will test your expertness in two or three different passes. Having beforehand palmed a penny in your right hand, you borrow from one of the company a florin, requesting the owner to mark it in such manner that he may be able to identify it again. Make him stand up facing you, your own right side and his left being towards the audience. Taking the marked florin between the fingers and thumb of the right hand (the back of which, from your position,

will be toward the spectators), you ask him whether he is nervous, whether he can hold fast, and so on. On receiving satisfactory replies, you state that you are about to put him to the test, and request him to hold out his right hand, telling him that you are about to count three, and that at the word "three" you will drop the florin into his hand, when he is to close his hand tightly upon it. You accordingly count "One! two! three!" each time making a motion as of dropping the florin into his hand, and at the word "three" actually do drop it, when he closes his hand upon it, as directed; but you are not satisfied. "That won't do, my dear sir;" you exclaim—"you are not half quick enough—you allow all the electric fluid to escape. You will never make a conjuror at that rate. We'll try once more, and, pray be a little quicker in your movements. Oblige me with the coin again. Now, then, are you ready—One! *two!!* THREE!!!" giving the words with great energy. As you say "three," you stamp your foot, and apparently again drop the florin, but really drop the penny instead, by Change 3. He is sure this time to close his hand very quickly, and, having no reason to the contrary, naturally believes that it is the florin which he holds, your previous feint, when you did actually drop the florin, being specially designed to lead him to that conclusion. You next request him to hold the closed hand high, that all may see it. This draws the general attention to him and away from yourself, and enables you to place in your palm the florin, which was left, after the change, in the crook of your right thumb. You continue, "You did better that time, sir. Now, what will you bet me that I cannot take that two-shilling piece out of your hand without your knowing it?" Whether he admits or defies your power, the course of the trick is the same. "Well," you say at last, "you seem so determined that I am almost afraid to take the whole of the two-shilling piece away from you, I think I must be content with one-and-elevenpence of it. Allow me to touch your hand with my wand." You do so, and on opening his hand he discovers that the two-shilling piece has changed into a penny. You thank him for his assistance, hand him the penny, and dismiss him to his seat. Naturally enough, he objects to accept the penny in place of his florin. You pretend at first not to understand him, but, as if suddenly enlightened, you exclaim, "Oh, the florin, you want the florin? My dear sir," indicating the penny, "that *is* your florin. At present it is under an electric influence, but you have only to wait till that goes off (it won't take more than three weeks or so), when it will resume its former appearance. You don't believe me, I see; but I can easily convince you by discharging the electric fluid, when the change will take place at once. Observe!" You take the penny between the thumb and second finger of the left hand, as directed for Pass 4 (*see* Fig. 65), and make Change 4, making a gentle rubbing movement with the fingers and thumb of the right hand before you open that hand and disclose the restored florin, and at the same time carelessly drop your left hand to your side, and let fall the penny into your secret pocket on that side. Bring up the left hand again, showing, but without apparent design, that it is empty; and still holding the coin in the right hand, make Pass 1, as if you transferred it to the left hand. Make a motion with the left hand as if handing the coin, and say to the owner, "Will you be good enough to examine the coin, and see that it is the same you marked." He naturally holds out his hand for the coin, which he believes to be in your left hand, and which you pretend to give him; but the coin has vanished. "Well," you say, "is it the same florin?" Looking, probably, rather foolish, he replies that he has not got it. "Not got it?" you say; "why, I have just given it to you. I passed it into your pocket. Look for yourself." He forthwith begins to search his pockets. "You are trying the wrong one," you say, "this is the pocket." As if desiring merely to assist his search, you plunge into the pocket (either one which he has not yet tried) your right hand (in

the palm of which the coin was left after the pass), and letting the coin drop to the finger ends, take it out as if it was already in the pocket, as nine-tenths of the audience will fully believe it to have been.

To make a marked Florin and Penny, wrapped in separate Handkerchiefs, change places at command.

Borrow a florin and a penny, requesting the owners to mark them, that they may be sure of knowing them again. Also borrow two pocket-handkerchiefs.

It may be well to mention, once for all, that it is generally desirable to borrow from the audience, when you can, any indifferent article used in a trick (*e.g.*, a hat, a watch, or a handkerchief), as you thereby seem to give a guarantee for the absence of preparation. Articles so borrowed are taken upon trust, so to speak, and by making a secret exchange, you may still use a prepared substitute, which will escape the close scrutiny to which any article confessedly provided by yourself is sure to be subjected.

While the articles above mentioned are being collected from the audience, you secretly palm in your left hand a penny of your own. Receiving the borrowed coins in your right hand, you apparently transfer them to the left, but really only transfer the florin, the marked penny remaining in your right hand. This may be effected by making Pass 2 with the marked penny, at the same time allowing the marked florin to drop from the palm, as directed in Change 3. Take the earliest opportunity of transferring the marked penny to the palm of the right hand, and showing the marked florin and the substitute penny (which the spectators take to be the genuine one) on the palm of the open left hand, place them on your table, begging the audience to observe that they do not for one moment leave their sight. Then picking up with the right hand the florin, on which you may casually show the mark, and throwing one of the borrowed handkerchiefs over the hand, take hold from the outside, through the handkerchief of *apparently* the florin which you have just shown, but really of the marked penny, and transfer the marked florin to the palm. The shape of the coin, which the audience take to be the florin, will be distinctly seen through the handkerchief, whose folds will fall down around it. Give the handkerchief containing the coin to some person to hold, requesting him to hold it tightly just below the coin, and well above his head, that all may see it. This takes it out of the range of his eyes, and prevents his indulging any desire for a premature examination of the contents. Now take up the substitute penny, and apparently wrap it, in like manner, in the second handkerchief, really substituting as before, the coin concealed in your palm. The substitute penny, which remains in your right hand, you must drop into your secret pocket at the first available opportunity. Give the second handkerchief to another person to hold. The first handkerchief now, to all appearance, contains the florin, and the second the penny. Invite the two persons to stand face to face, the hands holding the handkerchiefs just touching, and after gravely cautioning them to hold very tight, etc., etc., give their hands a gentle rap with your wand, saying, "Change." Upon examination, the coins are found to have obeyed your commands.

Managed with neatness and address, this is an admirable drawing-room trick; the previous marking of the coins apparently precluding any possibility of using substitutes, and thus allowing the spectator no alternative but to admit that by some mysterious means the identical coins have changed places.

A similar trick may be performed without the use of the handkerchief. As before, you borrow a marked florin and penny, exchanging the latter for one of your own, and palm the genuine one. Taking up the marked florin from the table, you hand it to some one to hold, substituting for it as you do so the genuine penny by Change 3 as indicated in the trick last described. The florin is thus left in your right hand. Palm

it, and take up the substitute penny between the second finger and thumb of the left hand, and pretend by Pass 4 to transfer it to the right, which you immediately close. Drop the penny into your secret pocket on the left side, and announce that by your magic power you will compel the penny which you hold to change places with the florin held by the spectator. When the hands are opened, the supposed change is found to be accomplished.

To make two marked Coins, wrapped in separate Handkerchiefs, come together in one of them.

The coins and handkerchiefs borrowed for the purpose of the last trick will again serve in this one. Again palm in your right hand a penny of your own, and throw over the same hand one of the borrowed handkerchiefs. This will effectually conceal the substitute penny, which you may now take between the finger and thumb. Holding the handkerchief spread out upon the open hand, you take up with the left hand the marked penny and place it on the handkerchief, as if to wrap it therein, but at the same time with the third finger push a fold of the handkerchief under the substitute penny in your right hand. You now invert the handkerchief over your left hand for an instant, allowing the marked penny to drop back into that hand, and at the same time twist the fold already mentioned around the substitute. The audience see the shape of a coin wrapped up in the handkerchief, and naturally believe that it is that of the marked penny which you have apparently placed inside it. In reality, it is that of your own penny wrapped merely in an outside fold. You now hand the handkerchief to some one to hold, requesting him to grasp the coin, and hold tightly.

The marked penny, it will be remembered, remains in your left hand, and the marked florin on the table. As you go to take up the latter, you transfer the penny to your right hand, and palm it; then pick up the florin, holding it at the tips of the fingers. Spread the second handkerchief on the open palm of the left hand. Bring the florin down smartly upon it, and by the same movement let the penny fall from the palm on to the handkerchief. The two coins will now be lying (covered by the right hand) on the handkerchief, a couple of inches apart. Close the left hand on both coins, and turn the hand over so that the edges of the handkerchief hang down. With the right hand grasp the handkerchief five or six inches below the coins. Take one of these through the handkerchief between the finger and thumb of the left hand, letting the other fall loose inside the handkerchief, which you then invite some one to hold in like manner, but in a horizontal position (*see* Fig. 75). This position is

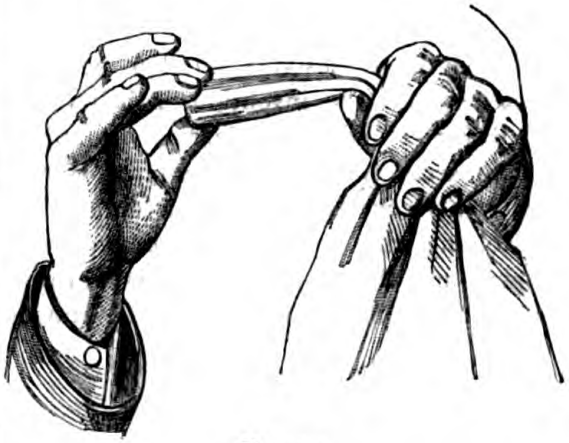

Fig. 75.

adopted in order that the two coins may not, by any accidental chink, prematurely disclose the fact that both are already in the handkerchief.

You now announce that you are about to make both coins pass into one handkerchief. Advancing to the person who holds the first handkerchief, you request him, still maintaining his hold, to remove his hand four or five inches below the coin, to give you room to operate. First showing that your hand is empty, you gently rub the substitute penny through the handkerchief between your finger and thumb, when, being only wrapped within a fold, it quickly falls into your hand. No one ever thinks of inquiring, at this point, whether it is the marked one or not. Taking it in the left hand in position for

Pass 4, you say to the person holding the second handkerchief, "Having extracted this penny from the one handkerchief, I will now pass it into the other, and for this purpose I won't even touch the handkerchief. I have only to take the coin in my hand, and say, 'Pass!' Will you be good enough, at the word pass, to let go of the coin you are holding, but still keep hold of the handkerchief with the other hand." Appearing, by Pass 4, to take the penny in the right hand, you open that hand with a quick motion towards the handkerchief, saying, "Pass!" The person holding the handkerchief looses his hold, as directed, when the two coins are heard to chink together, as though the second coin had just arrived in the handkerchief, and on examination they are, of course, found to be those marked.

I may here describe another and still neater mode (the invention, I believe, of M. Robert-Houdin) of apparently wrapping a coin securely in a handkerchief, though really only covered by an outer fold.

Holding the coin upright between the fingers and thumb of the left hand, throw the handkerchief fairly over it. Having



FIG. 76.

shown that it is fairly covered, remark, "But perhaps you may fancy I have changed the coin. Allow me to show you that I have not." With the right hand palm upwards, take the coin through the handkerchief (as shown in Fig. 76) between the first and second fingers of that hand. For a moment let go with the left hand (but without removing it from under the handkerchief). Turn over the right hand towards yourself, and again seize the coin with the left hand; but this time nip the opposite edge of the coin to that which it first held, and through the double thickness of the handkerchief. Remove the right hand from the coin, and with it raise the outer



FIG. 77.

edge of the handkerchief and show the coin, as in Fig. 77. Now let the edges of the handkerchief fall. Apparently the coin is underneath and in the centre of the handkerchief; but in reality it is outside, lying in a slight fold on the side away from the spectators.

The above description sounds intricate, but, if carefully followed with the coin and handkerchief, will be found perfectly simple in practice. It is worth while taking some pains to acquire this sleight, as it will be found of constant use in coin tricks.

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