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THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE

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"Saddle and Man Rolled on the Ground Under a Cloud of Dust."

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Young Folks' Library in Twenty Volumes
Thomas Bailey Aldrich, Editor-in-Chief

THE BOOK OF ADVENTURE

EDITED BY

NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

VOLUME VIII.

BOSTON
HALL AND LOCKE COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

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A DARING ESCAPE FROM A FRENCH PRISON

(From Cast up by the Sea.)

By SIR S. W. BAKER.

MORE than two months had passed wearily in the French prison, during which both Paul and Dick Stone had been buoyed up in inaction by the hope of carrying into execution a plan for their escape. The only view from the prison windows was the sea, and the street and beach in the foreground. The Polly still lay at anchor in the same spot, as some difficulty had arisen between Captain Dupuis and the captain of the corvette that had to be settled in the law courts.

In the meantime both Paul and Dick Stone had not only become great friends of the jailer, Jean Dioré, and his daughter, but Dick had quickly found an opportunity to disclose his secret, which succeeded in winning the heart of the enterprising Léontine. Dick had made a

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fellows, who had been liberated by Léontine, softly entered the room, carrying their shoes strapped to their belts, as had been directed by Paul.

No time was lost in useless greeting; but the severed bar of the window was at once made use of as a lever to remove the heavy stones, and in less than ten minutes an aperture was made sufficiently large for an exit.

Paul now fastened the rope that had been concealed in his mattress to the centre of the iron bar; then, lowering the other end from the window until it reached the fosse, he fixed the bar across the base, so that it was secured on either side by the masonry.

All was now ready, and, lest they should be disturbed, Dick Stone, having received the key from Léontine, locked the door on the inside.

Paul went first. It was with some difficulty that he squeezed his broad shoulders through the narrow opening; but once without the wall he nimbly lowered himself to the bottom, a depth of about sixty feet.

In a much shorter time than might be supposed the active sailors had succeeded in reaching the bottom of the fosse, without having made the slightest noise. The wind blew louder than before; there was no moon, and merely a faint light was given at intervals by the stars that every now and then peeped from between the driving clouds.

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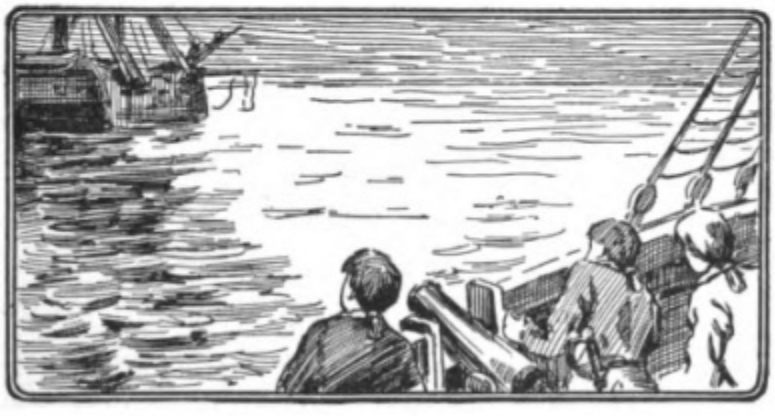
sailor's promptitude; "but I can't help larfing when I think of Captain Doopwee, who has put a cargo on board the Polly all for nothing, and has got knocked on the head into the bargain. Well, sarve him right, sarve him right," continued Dick, musingly; "he was a very purlite varmint, too purlite to be honest, by a long chalk." After this curt biographical memoir of the late Captain Dupuis, Dick Stone applied himself to his pipe, and kept the Polly's course N.N.E.

While Paul and Dick Stone were upon deck Léontine was lying upon a cot within the cabin. The excitement of the day had nearly worn her out, and despite the uneasy movement of the vessel, which tried her more severely than any danger, she fell asleep in the uniform of a private in the French chasseurs, and she dreamed happily that her brother Victor was released.



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EXPLORING THE BAGWORTHY WATER

(From Lorna Doone.)

By R. D. BLACKMORE.

WHEN I was turned fourteen years old, and put into good small-clothes, buckled at the knee, and strong blue worsted hosen, knitted by my mother, it happened to me without choice, I may say, to explore the Bagworthy water. And it came about in this wise: —

My mother had long been ailing, and not well able to eat much; and there is nothing that frightens us so much as for people to have no love of their victuals. Now I chanced to remember that once at the time of the holidays I had brought dear mother from Tiverton a jar of pickled loaches, caught by myself in the Lowman River, and baked in the kitchen oven, with vinegar, a few leaves of bay, and about a dozen peppercorns. And mother had said that in all her life she had never tasted anything fit to be compared with them. Whether she said so good a thing out of compliment to my skill in catching the fish and cooking them, or whether she really meant it, is more than I can tell, though I quite believe the latter, and so would

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"Dear me, how much you think of them! Why, they are only fish. But how your feet are bleeding! Oh, I must tie them up for you. And no shoes nor stockings! Is your mother very poor, poor boy?"

"No," I said, being vexed at this; "we are rich enough to buy all this great meadow, if we chose; and here my shoes and stockings be."

"Why, they are quite as wet as your feet: and I cannot bear to see your feet. Oh, please let me manage them; I will do it very softly."

"Oh, I don't think much of that," I replied. "I shall put some goose-grease to them. But how you are looking at me! I never saw any one like you before. My name is John Ridd. What is your name?"

"Lorna Doone," she answered, in a low voice, as if afraid of it, and hanging her head so that I could see only her forehead and eyelashes; "if you please my name is Lorna Doone; and I thought you must have known it."

Then I stood up and touched her hand, and tried to make her look at me; but she only turned away the more. Young and harmless as she was, her name

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a coward not knowing where, but afraid to turn round or think of it, I felt myself going down some deep passage into a pit of darkness. It was no good to catch the sides, the whole thing seemed to go with me. Then, without knowing how, I was leaning over the night of water.

This water was of black radiance, as are certain diamonds, spanned across with vaults of rock, and carrying no image, neither showing marge nor end, but centred (as it might be) with a bottomless indrawal.

With that chill and dread upon me, and the sheer rock all around, and the faint light heaving wavily on the silence of this gulf, I must have lost my wits and gone to the bottom, if there were any.

But suddenly a robin sang (as they will do after dark, toward spring) in the brown fern and ivy behind me. I took it for our little Annie's voice (for she could call any robin), and gathering quick warm comfort, sprang up the steep way toward the starlight. Climbing back, as the stones glided down, I heard the greedy wave go lapping, like a blind black dog, into the distance of arches and hollow depths of darkness.

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the long black shadows moved on the greensward and the rocks.

Perhaps, indeed, it was their tending of the bonfire that prevented the lads from keeping a sharp look-out; at all events it was neither of them that first discovered that people were coming to their rescue. They had had the bonfire blazing for nearly an hour, when suddenly the young lady came to them and eagerly said something, and pointed towards the sea in the direction of the mainland.

Both of the lads withdrew from the glare of the bonfire and peered into the darkness with eyes that were well accustomed to descry distant objects.

"Well, now," said Colin M'Calmont, with some mortification, "it will be a strange thing if a French lady can make out what I cannot make out; but there is not anything that I can make out between here and the land."

"Your eyes are blind with the fire, Colin, and so are mine," said his companion. "I wish I could ask her what it is."

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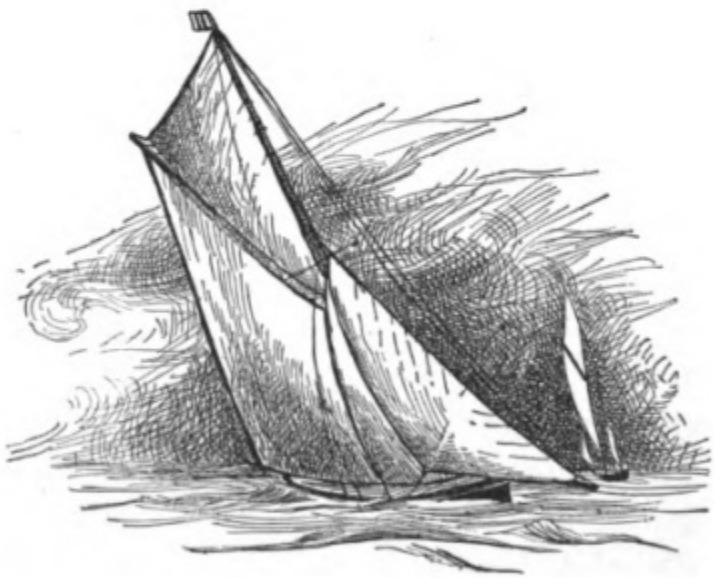
"You could not do better. And so that is all settled. But wait a minute, my lads; I think the next time you go out to frighten the Frenchmen from stealing the sheep at Farriskeir, you'd better leave the pistol ashore; you might get into trouble. And perhaps if the Government were to send the *Jackal* round that way once or twice about this time of the year, that would give them a greater fright than any horse-pistol."

So that was the end of the adventure; and if you should happen on the west coast of Lewis to run against a smart little cutter called the *Félicité*, and should wonder at the name, they will tell you the story there about the two boys who went to frighten the French fishermen away from Farriskeir and Rua-veg.



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THE FIRST SALLY THAT DON QUIXOTE MADE

AND HIS ADVENTURE WITH THE WINDMILLS

(From the Adventures of Don Quixote de la Mancha.)

By MIGUEL DE CERVANTES.

AS soon as these arrangements were made, he no longer deferred the execution of his project, which he hastened from a consideration of what the world suffered by his delay: so many were the grievances he intended to redress, the wrongs to rectify, errors to amend, abuses to reform, and debts to discharge!

Therefore, without communicating his intentions to anybody, and wholly unobserved, one morning before day, being one of the most sultry in the month of July, he armed himself cap-à-pie, mounted Rozinante, placed the helmet on his head, braced on his target, took his lance, and, through the private gate of his back yard, issued forth into the open plain, in a transport of joy to think he had met with no obstacles to the commencement of his honorable enterprise. But scarce had he found himself

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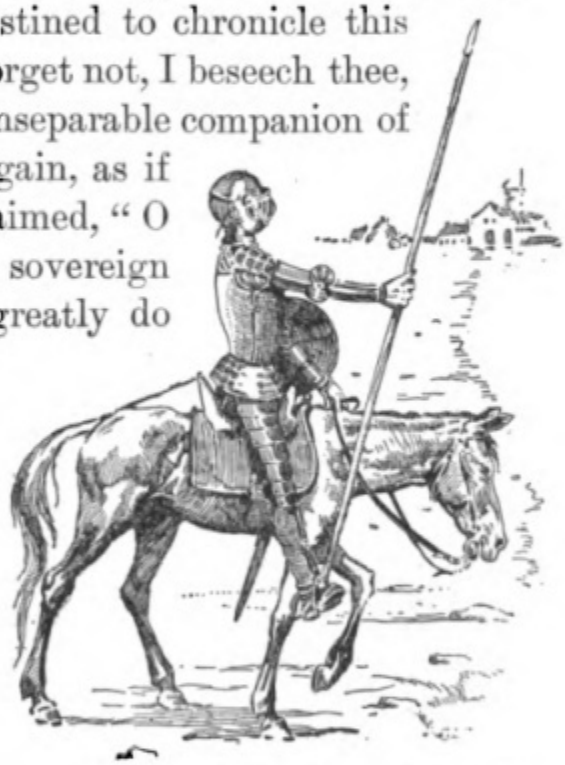
nowned knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha, quitting the slothful down, mounted Rozinante, his famous steed, proceeded over the ancient memorable plain of Montiel' (which was indeed the truth). O happy era, happy age!" he continued, "when my glorious deeds shall be revealed to the world! deeds worthy of being engraven on brass, sculptured in marble, and recorded by the pencil! And thou, O sage enchanter, whosoever thou mayest be, destined to chronicle this extraordinary history! forget not, I beseech thee, my good Rozinante, the inseparable companion of all my toils!" Then again, as if really enamored, he exclaimed, "O Dulcinea, my princess! sovereign of this captive heart! greatly do you wrong me by a cruel adherence to your decree, forbidding me to appear in the presence of your beauty! Deign, O lady, to think on this enslaved heart, which for love of you endures so many pangs!"



In this wild strain he continued, imitating the style of his books as nearly as he could, and proceeding slowly on, while the sun arose with such intense heat that it was enough to dissolve his brains, if any had been left. He travelled almost the whole of that day without encountering anything worthy of recital, which caused him much vexation, for he was impatient for an opportunity to prove the valor of his powerful arm.

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DON QUIXOTE'S ADVENTURE WITH THE WIND-MILLS.

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ing to venture all on the fortune of a single blow. The Biscayan perceiving his intention, resolved to do the same, and therefore waited for him, covering himself well with his cushion; but he was unable to turn his mule either to the right or left, for, being already jaded, and unaccustomed to such sport, the creature would not move a step.

Don Quixote, as we before said, now advanced towards the wary Biscayan, with his uplifted sword, fully determined to cleave him asunder; and the Biscayan awaited him with his sword also raised; and guarded by his cushion. All the bystanders were in fearful suspense as to the event of those prodigious blows with which they threatened each other; and the lady of the coach and her attendants were making a thousand vows and promises of offerings to all the images and places of devotion in Spain, that God might deliver them and their squire from this great peril.

But the misfortune is, that the author of this history, at that very crisis, leaves the combat unfinished, pleading, in excuse, that he could find no more written of the exploits of Don Quixote, than what he has already related. It is true, indeed, that the second undertaker of this work could not believe that so curious a history should have been consigned to oblivion, or that the wits of La Mancha should have so little curiosity as

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not to preserve in their archives, or cabinets, some memorials of this famous knight; and, under that persuasion, he did not despair of finding the conclusion of this delectable history.

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ON THE TRAIL

(From the Last of the Mohicans.)

By J. FENIMORE COOPER.

"If you find a man there, he shall die a flea's death."
Merry Wives of Windsor.

THE party had landed on the border of a region that is, even to this day, less known to the inhabitants of the States, than the deserts of Arabia, or the steppes of Tartary. It was the sterile and rugged district which separates the tributaries of Champlain from those of the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the St. Lawrence. Since the period of our tale, the active spirit of the country has surrounded it with a belt of rich and thriving settlements, though none but the hunter or the savage is ever known, even now, to penetrate its wild recesses.

As Hawkeye and the Mohicans had, however, often traversed the mountains and valleys of this vast wilderness, they did not hesitate to plunge into its depths, with the freedom of men accustomed to its privations and difficulties. For many hours the travellers toiled on their laborious way, guided by a star, or following the direction of some watercourse, until the scout called

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a halt, and holding a short consultation with the Indians, they lighted their fire, and made the usual preparations to pass the remainder of the night where they then were.

Imitating the example, and emulating the confidence, of their more experienced associates, Munro and Duncan slept without fear, if not without uneasiness. The dews were suffered to exhale, and the sun dispersed the mists, and was shedding a strong and clear light in the forest, when the travellers resumed their journey.

After proceeding a few miles, the progress of Hawkeye, who led the advance, became more deliberate and watchful. He often stopped to examine the trees; nor did he cross a rivulet, without attentively considering the quantity, the velocity, and the color of its waters. Distrusting his own judgment his appeals to the opinion of Chingachgook were frequent and earnest. During one of these conferences, Heyward observed that Uncas stood a patient and silent, though, as he imagined, an interested listener. He was strongly tempted to address the young chief, and demand his opinion of their progress; but the calm and dignified demeanor of the native induced him to believe that, like himself, the other was wholly dependent on the sagacity and intelligence of the seniors of the party. At last, the scout spoke in English, and at once explained the embarrassment of their situation.

"When I found that the home path of the Hurons

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formidable engine. Just then a few dark looking heads gleamed out of the dwellings, and the place seemed suddenly alive with beings, which, however, glided from cover to cover so swiftly, as to allow no opportunity of examining their humors or pursuits. Alarmed at these suspicious and inexplicable movements, he was about to attempt the signal of the crows, when the rustling of leaves at hand drew his eyes in another direction.

The young man started, and recoiled a few paces instinctively, when he found himself within a hundred yards of a stranger Indian. Recovering his recollection on the instant, instead of sounding an alarm, which might prove fatal to himself, he remained stationary, an attentive observer of the other's motions.

An instant of calm observation served to assure Duncan that he was undiscovered. The native, like himself, seemed occupied in considering the low dwellings of the village, and the stolen movements of its inhabitants. It was impossible to discover the expression of his features, through the grotesque mask of paint under which they were concealed; though Duncan fancied it was rather melancholy than savage. His head was shaved, as usual, with the exception of the crown, from whose tuft three or four faded feathers from a hawk's wing were loosely dangling. A ragged calico mantle half-encircled his body, while his nether

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with a sort of silly curiosity. In the meantime, the uplifted hand of Hawkeye was above him. But, without any apparent reason, it was withdrawn, and its owner indulged in another long, though silent, fit of merriment. When the peculiar and hearty laughter of Hawkeye was ended, instead of grasping his victim by the throat, he tapped him lightly on the shoulder, and exclaimed aloud, —

"How now, friend! have you a mind to teach the beavers to sing?"

"Even so," was the ready answer. "It would seem that the Being that gave them power to improve his gifts so well, would not deny them voices to proclaim his praise."

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THE OLD COCKED HAT

(From The Watch Fires of '76)

By SAMUEL ADAMS DRAKE.

A BOSTON boy, I was born in an old house on Copp's Hill, near the burying-ground, which, I can promise you, I gave a wide berth after dark. I lived with my grandparents, my own father having been lost at sea. The old folks used to give me the run of the house; and many is the romp I've had, playing hide-and-seek around the huge chimney-stack in the garret, knocking my head against the big, cob-webbed rafters, from which all sorts of old cast-off clothes were hanging limp and forlorn. How they did scare me!

Being a boy, what most charmed me in this museum of antiquities was an old sword, with the blade peeping out at the end of the scabbard, just like Jim Bolles the tinker's toes out of his boots. It went beyond my small strength to draw it, so firmly was the weapon rusted in the sheath; but with it loosely belted round me, and dragging on the floor behind me, and an old

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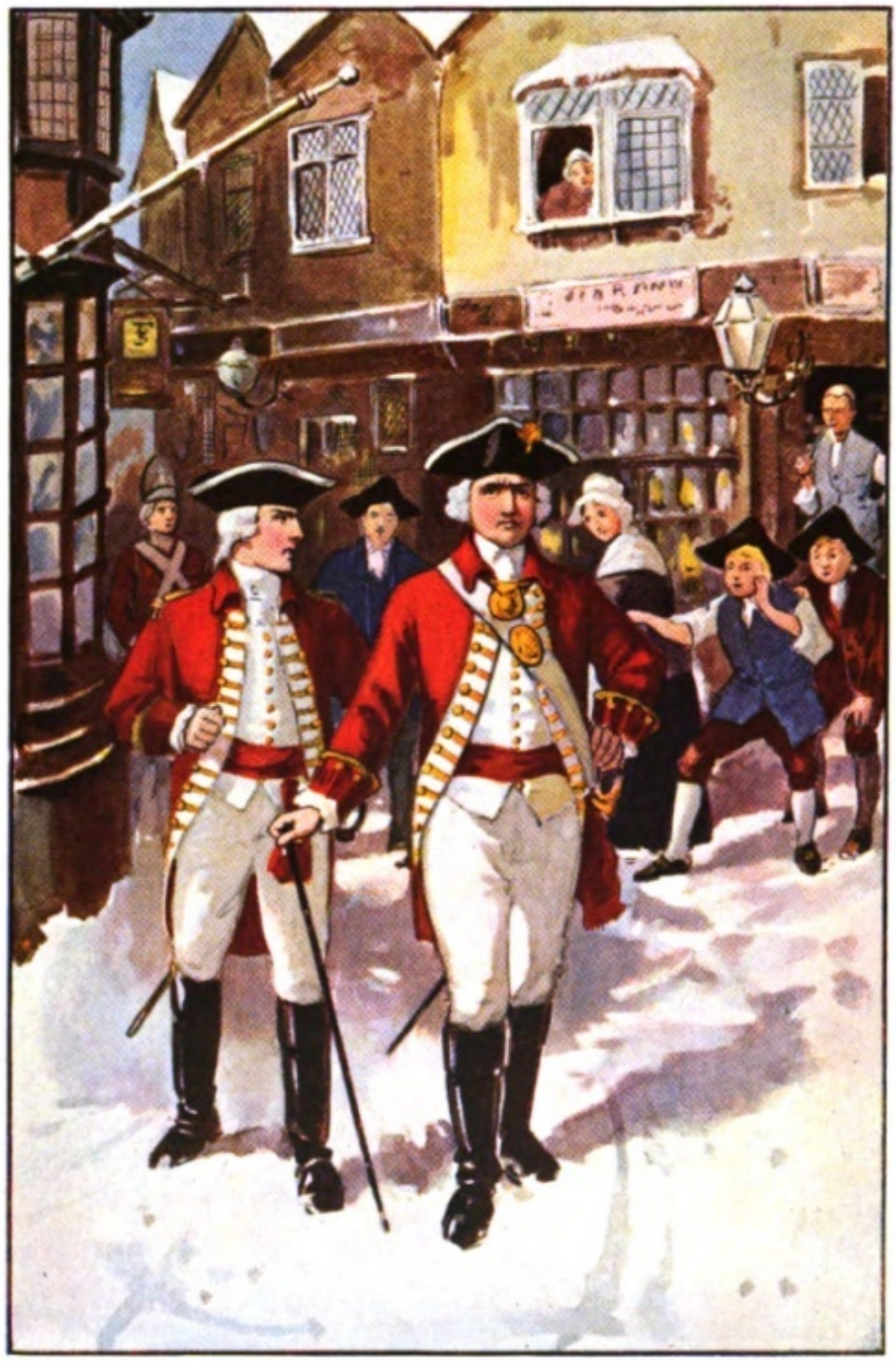

Boston Boys Guying British Officers.

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FALSE TEETH, AN EYEGLASS, AND WHITE LEGS

(From King Solomon's Mines.)

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

THE magic of the place, combined with the overwhelming sense of dangers left behind, and of the promised land reached at last, seemed to charm us into silence. Sir Henry and Umbopa sat conversing in a mixture of broken English and Kitchin Zulu in a low voice, but earnestly enough, and I lay, with my eyes half shut, upon that fragrant bed of fern and watched them. Presently I missed Good, and looked to see what had become of him. As I did so I observed him sitting by the bank of the stream, in which he had been bathing. He had nothing on but his flannel shirt, and his natural habits of extreme neatness having reasserted themselves, was actively employed in making a most elaborate toilet. He had washed his guttapercha collar, thoroughly shaken out his trousers, coat, and waistcoat, and was now folding them up neatly till he was ready to put them on, shaking his head sadly as he did so over the numerous rents and tears in them,

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The old man smiled. "That my lord cannot do," he said.

I raised the rifle, and covered the buck. It was a small animal, and one which one might well be excused for missing, but I knew that it would not do to miss.

I drew a deep breath, and slowly pressed on the trigger. The buck stood still as stone.

"Bang! thud!" The buck sprang into the air and fell on the rock dead as a door nail.

A groan of terror burst from the group before us.

"If ye want meat," I remarked coolly, "go fetch that buck."

The old man made a sign, and one of his followers departed, and presently returned bearing the klipspringer. I noticed, with satisfaction, that I had hit it fairly behind the shoulder. They gathered round the poor creature's body, gazing at the bullet hole in consternation.

"Ye see," I said, "I do not speak empty words."

There was no answer.

"If ye yet doubt our power," I went on, "let one of ye go stand upon that rock that I may make him as this buck."

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melting teeth touch them," said the old man. "Surely his slaves shall carry the things."

"But I want to put 'em on!" roared Good, in nervous English.

Umbopa translated.

"Nay, my lord," put in Infadoos, "would my lord cover up his beautiful white legs (although he was so dark Good had a singular white skin) from the eyes of his servants? Have we offended my lord that he should do such a thing?"

Here I nearly exploded with laughing; and meanwhile, one of the men started on with the garments.

"Dash it!" roared Good, "that black villain has got my trousers."

"Look here, Good," said Sir Henry, "you have appeared in this country in a certain character, and you must live up to it. It will never do for you to put on trousers again. Henceforth you must live in a flannel shirt, a pair of boots, and an eye-glass."

"Yes," I said, "and with whiskers on one side of your face and not on the other. If you change any of these things they will think we are impostors. I am

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very sorry for you, but, seriously, you must do it. If once they begin to suspect us, our lives will not be worth a brass farthing."

"Do you really think so?" said Good, gloomily.

"I do, indeed. Your 'beautiful white legs' and your eye-glass are now *the* feature of our party, and as Sir Henry says, you must live up to them. Be thankful that you have got your boots on, and that the air is warm."

Good sighed, and said no more, but it took him a fortnight to get accustomed to his attire.

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A BRAVE WOMAN'S ADVENTURE

(From Astoria.)

By WASHINGTON IRVING.

AS the party were proceeding up the Columbia, near the mouth of the Wallah-Wallah river, several Indian canoes put off from the shore to overtake them, and a voice called upon them in French, and requested them to stop. They accordingly put to shore, and were joined by those in the canoes. To their surprise, they recognized in the person who had hailed them the Indian wife of Pierre Dorion, accompanied by her two children. She had a story to tell, involving the fate of several of our unfortunate adventurers.

Mr. John Reed, the Hibernian, it will be remembered, had been detached during the summer to the Snake river. His party consisted of four Canadians, Gilles Le Clerc, François Landry, Jean Baptiste Turcot, and André La Chapelle, together with two hunters, Pierre

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caught two of the horses belonging to the party. Then collecting her clothes, and a small quantity of beaver meat and dried salmon, she packed them upon one of the horses, and helped the wounded man to mount upon it. On the other horse she mounted with her two children, and hurried away from this dangerous neighborhood, directing her flight for Mr. Reed's establishment. On the third day, she descried a number of Indians on horseback proceeding in an easterly direction. She immediately dismounted with her children, and helped Le Clerc likewise to dismount, and all concealed them-

selves. Fortunately they escaped the sharp eyes of the savages, but had to proceed with the utmost caution. That night, they slept without fire or water; she managed to keep her children warm in her arms; but before morning, poor Le Clerc died.

With the dawn of day, the resolute woman resumed her course, and, on the fourth day, reached the house of Mr. Reed. It was deserted, and all around were marks of blood and signs of a furious massacre. Not doubting that Mr. Reed and his party had all fallen victims, she turned in fresh horror from the spot. For two days she continued hurrying forward, ready to sink for want of food, but more solicitous about her children

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than herself. At length she reached a range of the Rocky mountains, near the upper part of the Wallah-Wallah river. Here she chose a wild, lonely ravine, as her place of winter refuge.

She had fortunately a buffalo robe and three deer-skins; of these, and of pine bark and cedar branches, she constructed a rude wigwam, which she pitched beside a mountain spring. Having no other food, she killed the two horses, and smoked their flesh. The skins aided to cover her hut. Here she dragged out the winter, with no other company than her two children. Towards the middle of March, her provisions were nearly exhausted. She therefore packed up the remainder, slung it on her back, and, with her helpless little ones, set out again on her wanderings. Crossing the ridge of mountains, she descended to the banks of the Wallah-Wallah, and kept along them until she arrived where that river throws itself into the Columbia. She was hospitably received and entertained by the Wallah-Wallahs, and had been nearly two weeks among them, when the two canoes passed.

On being interrogated, she could assign no reason for this murderous attack of the savages; it appeared to be perfectly wanton and unprovoked. Some of the Astorians supposed it an act of butchery by a roving

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band of Blackfeet; others, however, and with greater probability of correctness, have ascribed it to the tribe of Pierced-nose Indians, in revenge for the death of their comrade hanged by order of Mr. Clarke. If so, it shows that these sudden and apparently wanton outbreakings of sanguinary violence on the part of savages, have often some previous, though perhaps remote, provocation.

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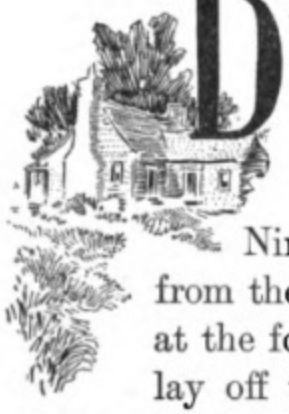
AN ADVENTURE IN WAR TIME

(From Horse Shoe Robinson.)

By JOHN P. KENNEDY.



DAVID RAMSAY'S house was situated on a by-road, between five and six miles from Musgrove's mill, and at about the distance of one mile from the principal route of travel between Ninety-Six and Blackstock's. In passing from the military post that had been established at the former place, towards the latter, Ramsay's lay off to the left, with a piece of dense wood intervening. The by-way, leading through the farm, diverged from the main road, and traversed this wood until it reached the cultivated grounds immediately around Ramsay's dwelling. In the journey from Musgrove's mill to this point of divergence, the traveller was obliged to ride some two or three miles upon the great road leading from the British garrison, a road that, at the time of my story, was much frequented by military parties, scouts, and patrols, that were concerned in keeping up the communication between the several posts which were established by the British authorities along that frontier. Amongst the Whig

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within view of Ramsay's house. Like a practised soldier, whom frequent frays have taught wisdom, he resolved to reconnoitre before he advanced upon a post that might be in possession of an enemy. He therefore dismounted, fastened his horse in a fence corner, where a field of corn concealed him from notice, and then stealthily crept forward until he came immediately behind one of the outhouses.

The barking of a house-dog brought out a negro boy, to whom Robinson instantly addressed the query, —

"Is your master at home?"

"No, sir. He's got his horse, and gone off more than an hour ago."

"Where is your mistress?"

"Shelling beans, sir."

"I didn't ask you," said the sergeant, "what she is doing, but where she is."

"In course, she is in the house, sir," — replied the negro with a grin.

"Any strangers there?"

"There was plenty on 'em a little while ago, but they've been gone a good bit."

Robinson having thus satisfied himself as to the safety of his visit, directed the boy to take his horse and lead him up to the door. He then entered the dwelling.

"Mistress Ramsay," said he, walking up to the dame, who was occupied at a table, with a large trencher

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posted behind a tree, and Robinson only tarried a moment to make the boy repeat the signals agreed on, in order to ascertain that he had them correctly in his memory. Being satisfied from this experiment that the intelligence of his young companion might be depended upon, he galloped across the intervening space, and, in a few seconds, abruptly reined up his steed, in the very doorway of the hut. The party within was gathered around a fire at the further end, and, in the corner near the door, were four muskets thrown together against the wall. To spring from his saddle and thrust himself one pace inside of the door, was a movement which the sergeant executed in an instant, shouting at the same time, —

"Halt! File off right and left to both sides of the house, and wait orders. I demand the surrender of all here," he said, as he planted himself between the party and their weapons. "I will shoot down the first man who budges a foot."

"Leap to your arms," cried the young officer who commanded the little party inside of the house. "Why do you stand?"

"I don't want to do you or your men any harm. young man," said Robinson, as he brought his rifle to a level, "but, by my father's son, I will not leave one of you to be put upon a muster-roll if you raise a hand at this moment."

Both parties now stood, for a brief space, eying each

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this order victors and vanquished returned to David Ramsay's.

"Well, I have brought you your ducks and chickens back, mistress," said the sergeant, as he halted the prisoners at the door; "and what's more, I have brought home a young sodger that's worth his weight in gold."

"Heaven bless my child! my brave boy!" cried the mother, seizing the lad in her arms, unheeding anything else in the present perturbation of her feelings. "I feared ill would come of it; but Heaven has preserved him. Did he behave handsomely Mr. Robinson? But I am sure he did."

"A little more venturesome, ma'am, than I wanted him to be," replied Horse Shoe; "but he did excellent service. These are his prisoners, Mistress Ramsay; I should never have got them if it hadn't been for Andy. In these drumming and fifing times the babies suck in quarrel with their mother's milk. Show me another boy in America that's made more prisoners than there was men to fight them with, that's all?"

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HOW THEY TOOK THE GOLD-TRAIN

(From Westward Ho!)

By CHARLES KINGSLEY.

"God will relent, and quit thee all thy debt,
Who ever more approves, and more accepts
Him who imploring mercy sues for life,
Than who self-rigorous chooses death as due,
Which argues over-just, and self-displeased
For self-offence, more than for God offended."

Samson Agonistes.

A FORTNIGHT or more has passed in severe toil, but not more severe than they have endured many a time before. Bidding farewell once and forever to the green ocean of the eastern plains, they have crossed the Cordillera; they have taken a longing glance at the city of Santa Fé, lying in the midst of rich gardens on its lofty mountain plateau, and have seen, as was to be expected, that it was far too large a place for any attempt of theirs. But they have not altogether thrown away their time. Their Indian lad has discovered that a gold-train is going down from Santa Fé toward the Magdalena; and they are waiting for it

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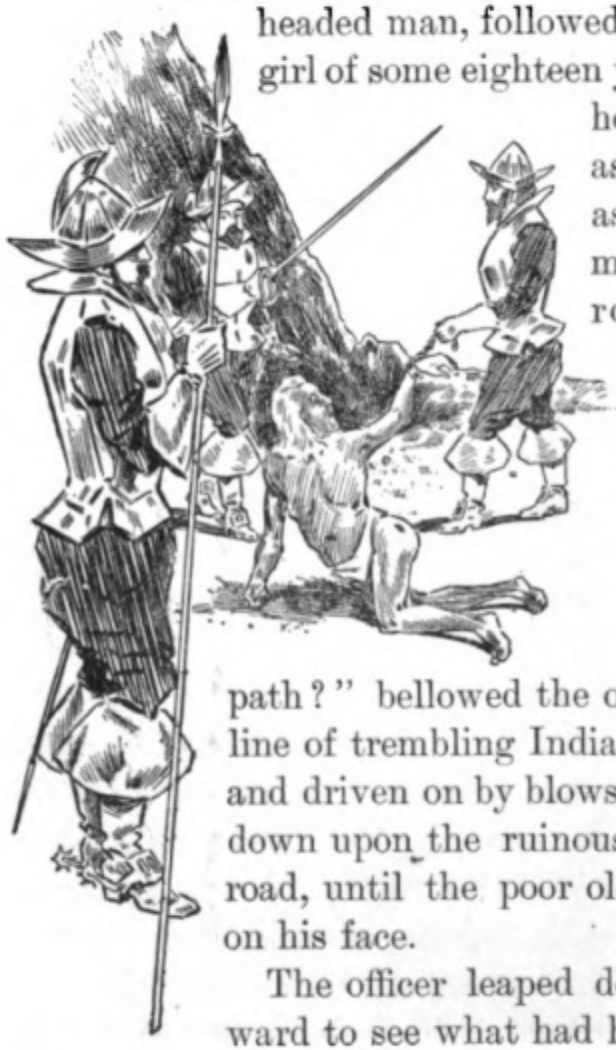
a pistol-shot against the naked limbs of the silent and uncomplaining victim.

Suddenly the casus belli, as usually happens, arose of its own accord.

The last but one of the chained line was an old gray-headed man, followed by a slender graceful girl of some eighteen years old, and Amyas's heart yearned over them as they came up. Just as they passed, the foremost of the file had rounded the corner above; there was a bustle, and a voice shouted, "Halt, Señors! there is a tree across the path!"



"A tree across the path?" bellowed the officer, . . . while the line of trembling Indians, told to halt above, and driven on by blows below, surged up and down upon the ruinous steps of the Indian road, until the poor old man fell grovelling on his face.

The officer leaped down, and hurried upward to see what had happened. Of course, he came across the old man.

"Sin pecado concebida! Grandfather of Beelzebub, is this a place to lie worshipping your fiends?" and he pricked the prostrate wretch with the point of his sword.

The old man tried to rise: but the weight on his

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