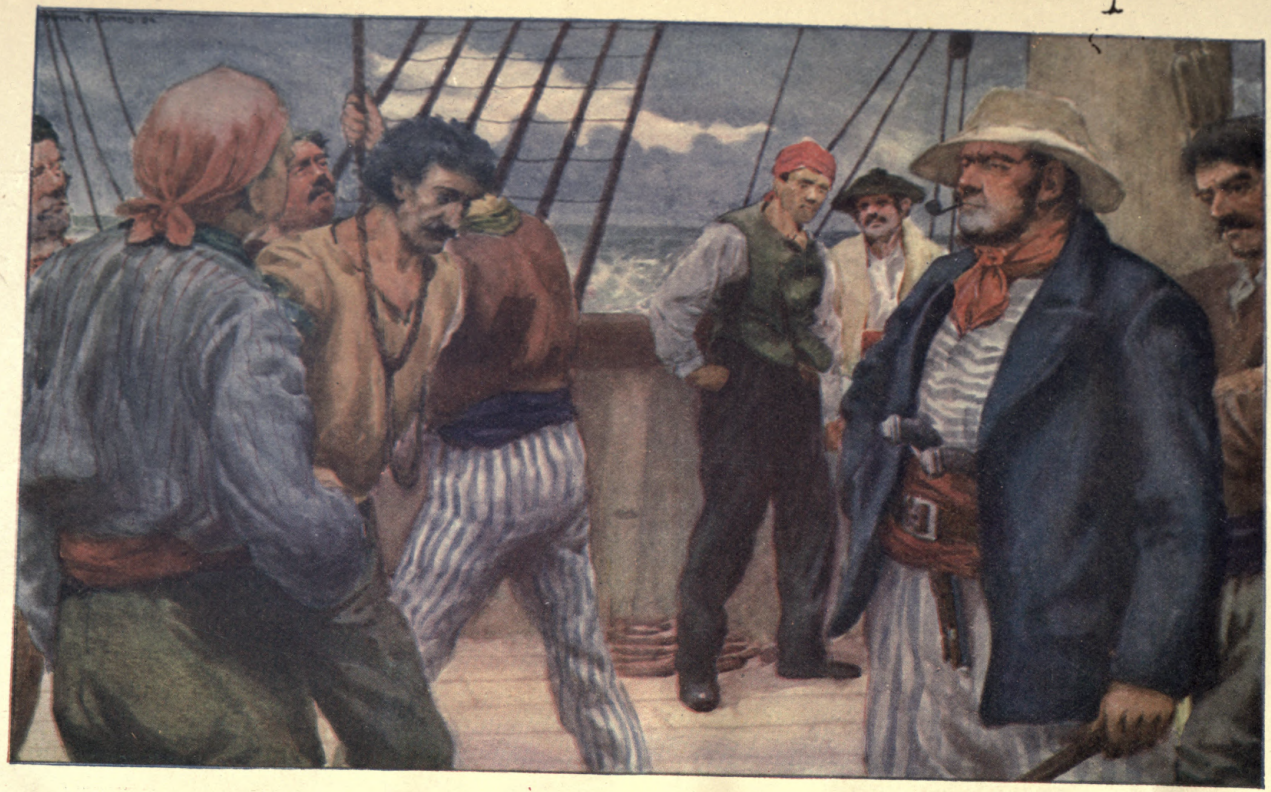
THE NOVELS OF
LEXANDRE DUMAS

IE ADVENGURES OF PGAIN PAMPHILE



THE EXECUTIONERS WENT ABOUT THEIR WORK IN DEAD SILENCE

THE NOVELS OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAMPHILE

AND

DELAPORTE'S LITTLE PRESENTS

NEWLY TRANSLATED BY

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WITH THREE ILLUSTRATIONS BY FRANK ADAMS

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INTRODUCTION

IF, following one of the most enterprising of our weekly journals, a French paper were to invite celebrities to summon up their recollections and supply lists of the authors who most charmed their childhood, we may hazard the conjecture that the name of Dumas would be found in many. This may surprise those who only know Dumas as the author of *Monte Cristo*, *The Three Musketeers*, and *The Black Tulip*, and who remember, more or less vaguely, as a matter of literary history, that in 1829 he headed the Romantic Movement with his drama *Henri III.;* and it is perfectly true that the enormous success of his novels altogether surpassed the reputation he had previously acquired as the writer of entertaining travels and delightful tales for young people. It is not, however, uncommon to find in contemporary literature affectionate tributes paid to some one or more of these tales, and the title that is recorded most frequently is *Le Capitaine Pamphile.*

Dumas wrote the first few chapters of *Captain Pamphile* as early as 1834, when they appeared in the second volume of the *Journal des Enfants*, the story being continued in the third and sixth and completed in the seventh volume. In 1835 the same chapters, entitled *Jacques I. et Jacques II.: Fragmens Historiques*, were reprinted in Dumas' *Souvenirs d'Antony*, which, containing stories so remarkable as *Blanche de Beaulieu* and *Le Cocher de Cabriolet*, were read by everyone who cared for the productions of the Romantic School. *Jacques I. et Jacques II.* had a great success, and in 1840, Dumas having completed the book, Dumont published it as *Le Capitaine Pamphile*, with the following editorial note:—

"At last we find ourselves in the fortunate position of being able to bring before the public the interesting series of adventures associated with the name of *Captain Pamphile.* It has required no less than the time which has elapsed since the first four chapters appeared in the *Souvenirs d'Antony* (from which we have reprinted them in order to lay before our readers a complete work), that is to say, five years, to procure the necessary documents relating to the characters in this history. These documents were scattered over the four quarters of the globe, but, thanks to the good offices of our consuls, we have succeeded in gathering them together. We feel amply rewarded to-day for our trouble by the conviction that we are presenting to the public a book which is so nearly perfect that only professional critics, with their well-known justice and discernment, are capable of pointing out the slight distance by which the account of *The Adventures of Captain Pamphile* falls short of absolute perfection."

The original text was not, however, exactly reproduced, and for the edification of the curious in such matters we translate the concluding paragraph of *Jacques I. et Jacques II.*, which should be read after the mention of the captain's purchase of a parrot on page 18 of the present edition.

"Gentlemen," said Jadin, breaking off short in his narrative, "as it has proved impossible for me to find out whether the parroquet in question was a true parrot or a cockatoo, and as it was important to clear this point up, I wrote to Captain Pamphile, in order to procure the most accurate information as to the family of the new personage we are about to bring under your notice, but before my letter reached him he, having disposed of his cargo most advantageously, had set out on a second voyage to India. Mme. Pamphile did me the honour to reply to my letter, saying that her husband would be back in September or October next; I am therefore obliged to ask you to wait till then for the continuation of the history of *Jacques I. et Jacques II.*"

For general reading in France the edition of 1840 has been entirely superseded by the issue of one illustrated by Bertall. The book with *Le Fléau de Naples* also forms a volume of the *Œuvres Complètes.*

Captain Pamphile, besides being a most amusing trifle, written with much grace and wit, has this distinction :—that no other book can well be compared with it. It is true that one or two of the adventures of the "worthy captain" recall those of Baron Münchausen, while others may have been inspired by Captain Marryat, of whose work Dumas was an admirer, but the conception and working out of the story, besides the character of the captain himself, are as widely different as can be. The stories about the animals, which are ingeniously made to serve as a peg on which to hang the said adventures, are no less amusing, and it is interesting to observe that these stories, written in 1834, are precisely in the same style as Dumas' more famous *Histoire de mes Bêtes*, composed about thirty years later. They are not only interesting in themselves, they introduce on the scene Dumas himself and a group of his friends, the famous painters—Decamps, Flers, Tony Johannot, and Jadin. Jadin accompanied Dumas on his excursions in the South of France and Italy, and is immortalized in the *Impressions de Voyage*, while Dauzats, of whom mention is made, supplied the material for the entertaining *Quinze Jours au Sinai* and for the drama and romance *Captain Paul*. Everyone is familiar with the name of Alphonse Karr, whose letter to Dumas is printed at the end of the present volume.

To give the reader an idea of the Dumas of 1840, which as we have seen was the year of publication of *Captain Pamphile*, we can scarcely do better than present his portrait as sketched by de Villemessant, the founder and brilliant editor of the *Figaro*. To assist the sale of the *Sylphide*, his journal for the time being, de Villemessant had the idea of giving a concert, and of issuing free tickets of admission to all his regular subscribers.

"Long before the commencement of the concert Herz's Hall was filled by a distinguished audience. It was not towards the platform that all eyes were directed, but towards the door of entrance, for Alexandre Dumas was expected. Suddenly a rustle and a murmur of pleasure ran through the hall from end to end: Alexandre Dumas had just arrived; he was about to enter. I have seen the entrance of many remarkable persons since then, but no sovereign presenting himself before spectators assembled to receive him ever produced such an effect. In an instant the entire audience rose and every look was fixed on the illustrious writer, whose high stature towered above the assembly, as, smiling right and left on friends and even on strangers, he slowly made his way to his stall, his progress impeded by the number of hands held out to grasp his as he passed.

"Alexandre Dumas was then in the height of his glory, and a grasp of his hand was better than a touch of genius to those receiving ft. All the opera glasses were turned on the young writer to whom he spoke two words in the crowd. 'He is a friend of Dumas; he must be someone very distinguished,' ran from mouth to mouth, while the young girls could not look enough at any young man lucky enough to be able to boast of such a friendship. In order to understand the prestige of Alexandre Dumas we must transport ourselves back to the time when all Paris fell under the charm of his matchless talent. Success, which is an accident in the lives of most writers, was to him a daily companion. Everything in him was stupendous: his imagination, his intellect, his gay good nature, and his lavishness.

"At no time and among no people had it till then been granted to a writer to achieve fame in every direction; in serious drama and in comedy, in novels of adventure and of domestic interest, in humorous stories and in pathetic tales he had been alike successful. The frequenters of the Théâtre-français owed him evenings of delight, but so did the 'man in the street.' Dumas alone had had the power to touch, interest, or amuse, not only Paris or France, but the whole world. If all other novelists had been swallowed up in an earthquake, this one would have been able to supply the lending libraries of Europe. If all other dramatists had died, Alexandre Dumas could have occupied every stage; his magic name on a play-bill or affixed to a newspaper story ensured the sale of the newspaper or a full house at the theatre. He was king of the stage, prince of feuilletonists, *the* literary man, *par excellence*, in that Paris then so full of intellect. When he opened his lips the most eloquent held their breath to listen; when he entered a room the wit of man, the beauty of woman, the pride of life grew dim in the radiance of his glory; he

reigned over Paris in right of his sovereign intellect, the only monarch who for an entire century had understood how to draw to himself the adoration of all classes of society from the Faubourg St. Germain to the Marais and the Batignolles.

"Just as he united in himself capabilities of many kinds, so he displayed in his person the perfection of many races. From the negro he had derived the frizzled hair and those thick lips on which Europe had laid a delicate smile of ever-varying meaning; from the southern races he derived his vivacity of gesture and speech, from the northern his solid frame and broad shoulders and a figure which, while it showed no lack of French elegance, was powerful enough to make green with envy gentlemen of the Russian Life-Guards.

"Nature had richly endowed him; intelligence and physical strength, intellect and health were his. At the period we are thinking of Alexandre Dumas, tall and slim, was the finished type of a perfect cavalier: what was heavy in his features was hidden in the light of his blue eyes; in the struggle between the two races which had taken place within him the negro had been subdued by the man of civilization; the impetuosity of the blood of Africa had been toned down by the elegances of European culture; the wit which flowed from his lips ennobled, so to speak, their form, and his ugliness was transfigured by the brilliant mind and consciousness of success which glowed behind it.

"Every quality displayed by this extraordinary man pleased and fascinated. His delight in his own strength, his self-satisfied smile, fatuous in anyone else, were in him an added grace. Never had been met before, and long will it be till we meet again, in the streets of Paris a man whose mere appearance drew all hearts to him.

"Alexandre Dumas had learned the great art of exciting no jealousy by his success. Simple and friendly with great writers, familiar with the less known, he gained the confidence of the one class and aroused the enthusiasm of the other, so that both those whose career was beginning and those who had succeeded were on his side. His exquisite courtesy, while it stifled envy in the germ, fascinated young writers, who were delighted to be met with such friendliness by the lion of the day.

"Passing through the whole length of the hall to reach the place I had reserved for him in the front row, he paused every instant to shake hands with one and another. Among the multitude of his admirers Dumas, who was always absent-minded, did not try to distinguish friends from mere acquaintances, for all he had the same smile, the same hand-clasp; I myself had only met him two or three times before, and yet that evening on seeing me he held out both his hands and said:—

"'*Bon soir, mon cher ami, tu te portes bien?*'"

It is now years ago since the American public was invited to purchase some "Historical Fragments" by Alexandre Dumas, to find that James I. and James II. were not monarchs, but monkeys.

An edition of *Captain Pamphile*, long out of print, was published in New York by Winchester, and episodes from the book adapted for use in schools have been edited by Mr. E. C. Morris (Longmans, 1892). Mr. Andrew Lang laid a few chapters from it under contribution when making up his *Animal Story Book* (Longmans, 1896).

R. S. G.

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

THE ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN PAMPHILE

CHAPTER I

INTRODUCING THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS OF THE STORY AND ITS AUTHOR

I WAS passing, in the year 1831, along a street near the Porte de Chevet, when I noticed an Englishman in a shop, turning over and over in his hands a turtle which he was proposing to buy, with the obvious intention of converting it, as soon as it became his property, into turtle-soup.

The resigned air with which the poor creature allowed itself to be thus examined without so much as trying to escape, by withdrawing into its shell, the cruelly gastronomic gaze of its enemy, went to my heart.

A sudden impulse seized me to save it from the grave of the stockpot, in which it had one foot already. I entered the shop, where I was then well known, and with a glance of intelligence at Madame Beauvais, I asked her if the turtle about which I had called the previous evening had been kept for me. Madame Beauvais grasped my meaning at once with that quickness of perception which characterises the Parisian shopkeeper, and, politely withdrawing the creature from the hands of the would-be purchaser, she placed it in mine, saying in what she supposed to be English to our Insular friend, who stared at her with open eyes and mouth: "Pardon me, my lord, the leetle tortue, this shentleman have her bought since the morning."

"Ah," said the newly-created peer to me, in excellent French, "then this charming animal belongs to you, Monsieur?"

"Yes, yes, my lord," interpolated Madame Beauvais, eagerly.

"Well, Monsieur," continued he, "you are now in possession of a little creature that will make into excellent soup. My sole regret is that probably it is the only one of its kind that Madame has for sale at present."

"We have the 'ope to-morrow to have some more," said Madame Beauvais.

"But to-morrow will be too late," answered the Englishman, coldly; "I have put all my affairs in order, so as to blow out my brains to-night, and I hoped, before doing so, to have enjoyed a basin of turtle soup."

So saying, he lifted his hat to us, and went out of the shop.

"Perdition!" I said to myself, after a moment's reflection, "the least I can do for such a gallant gentleman is to help him to gratify his last earthly wish."

And I rushed out of the shop, singing out, like Madame Beauvais, "My lord! my lord!"

But he was out of sight, and as I could not discover which turn he had taken, I had to give up the attempt to trace him.

I went home full of sad thoughts. My feelings of humanity towards the beast had made me cruel to the man. What a strangely constructed machine is the world, in which one cannot do a kind action to one creature without causing pain to another. Thinking thus, I reached the Rue de l'Université, climbed to my rooms on the third floor and laid down my new purchase on the carpet. It was just a turtle of the commonest sort—*testudo lutaria, sive aquarum dulcium;* which means, according to Linnæus among older writers, and Kay among more modern, marsh or fresh-water turtle.*

* It is well known that reptiles are divided into four classes. In these the chelonians or turtles take the first place, the saurians or lizards the second, the ophidians or serpents the third, and lastly the batrachians or frogs the fourth.

Now, in the social order of the *chelonians*, the marsh or fresh-water turtle holds pretty much the same rank as that occupied in our civil society by grocers, or in the military oligarchy by the National Guard.

For all that, it was the very strangest and most peculiar turtle that ever pushed four legs, a head, and a tail through the holes of a shell. No sooner did the creature feel herself on the floor, than she gave me a proof of her originality by making a bee-line for the fireplace with a speed which earned her on the spot the name of Gazelle, and then doing her best to force herself through the bars of the fender so as to reach the fire, the light of which seemed to have an irresistible attraction for her. Finally, at the end of an hour's fruitless endeavours, finding her attempt to reach it a hopeless failure, she quietly went to sleep, first extending her head and limbs through the apertures nearest to the blaze, thus choosing, for her special delectation, a temperature of from ninety to a hundred degrees Fahrenheit, as nearly as I could judge. This led to the conclusion that either by vocation or fatality she was destined one day to be roasted; thus it seemed that, by saving her from my Englishman's stewpan and making her an inmate of my room, I had only exchanged one method of cooking her for another. The sequel will show that I was not mistaken in my forebodings.

As I had to go out, and feared some harm might come to Gazelle in my absence, I called my servant.

"Joseph," I said to him, when he came, "please take charge of this animal."

He drew near my new pet with curiosity depicted on his countenance.

"Oh, fancy!" he cried, "it's a turtle! It could carry a cart on its back."

"Yes, I know that. But I hope you will never be tempted to try the experiment."

"Oh! that would not hurt him," replied Joseph, who was anxious to display his knowledge of natural history. "The Laon 'diligence' might drive over her back, and she would not be crushed, not she!"

Joseph spoke of the Laon 'diligence,' because he came from Soissons, through which it passes.

"Yes," I said, "I quite believe that the great sea turtle, the true turtle, *testudo mydas*, could bear such a weight; but I doubt whether this one, which belongs to the smallest species . . . ."

"That has nothing to do with it," replied Joseph, "these little creatures are as strong as Turks; and, look you, a waggon wheel running over it . . . ."

"Very good, very good. Kindly go out and buy her some salad and some snails——"

"What! snails? Is she weak in her chest? The master I lived with before I came to your honour used to take snail broth because he had '*phisics*'; well, that did not stop . . . ."

I was out of the room before he got to the end of his story. Half-way down the stairs I found I had come away without a handkerchief, and returned to get one. I discovered Joseph, who had not heard me come into the room, posing as the Apollo Belvedere, one foot on Gazelle's back, the other poised in air, so that not a grain of the ten stone the idiot weighed should be lost for the poor creature's benefit.

"What are you doing there, stupid?"

"I told you so, did I not, Monsieur?" replied Joseph, full of pride at having, at least partially, proved his proposition.

"Give me a pocket-handkerchief, and never again meddle with that animal."

"Here it is, Monsieur," said Joseph, bringing me what I wanted. "But you need have no fears for her; a waggon might pass over her."

I ran away as fast as I could; but I had not got twenty steps down the stairs before I heard Joseph grumbling to himself as he shut the door, "*Pardieu!* As if I did not know what I was talking about. Besides that, it is obvious from the conformation of these animals that a cannon loaded with grapeshot could . . . ."

Fortunately, the noise of the street below prevented my hearing the end of his cursed nonsense. That night I came home pretty late, as my habit is. The first step I took in the room I felt something crunch under my boot. I raised one foot hastily, throwing my weight on the other; the same crunching was heard again. I thought I had walked into a row of hen's nests. I lowered the candle to the floor. My carpet was covered with snails.

Joseph had obeyed me to the letter.

He had bought salad and snails, and had put tortoise and provender together into a basket in the middle of my room; ten minutes afterwards, either the heat of the room had roused the snails up or they had been seized with panic at the idea of being eaten alive, and the whole caravan had got on the march. Indeed, they had already done some considerable amount of travelling, as I could easily see by the silvery tracks left by the fugitives on the carpet and furniture.

As for Gazelle, she was still in the basket, up the sides of which she had found it impossible to climb. But some empty snail shells showed me that the flight of the Israelites had not been sufficiently rapid to prevent her getting her teeth into one or two of them before they had time to cross the Red Sea.

I at once began a careful inspection of the battalion which was manœuvring in my room, as I did not much care about being subject to their attacks during the night; then, gently picking up all the stragglers with my right hand, I placed them one by one in their guard-room, the basket, which I held in my left hand, and shut the lid down on them.

At the end of five minutes I began to perceive that if I left this menagerie in my room I ran the risk of going without a wink of sleep; there was a sound as if a dozen mice had been tied up in a bag of walnuts. I therefore took steps to convey the whole party to the kitchen.

On my way there I reflected that, at the rate Gazelle had been carrying on, if I left her in the midst of such a well-stocked larder I should find her dead in the morning from indigestion; at the same moment, as if by inspiration, there flashed across my mind's eye the recollection of a certain trough in the back yard, which the restaurant keeper on the ground floor used for scouring his fish in. This seemed to me such a desirable lodging for a *testudo aquarum dulcium* that I thought it useless to rack my brains to find another; so, taking Gazelle out of her dining-room, I bore her forthwith to her watery couch.

I returned upstairs at once and fell asleep, persuaded that I was the cleverest man in France for finding a way out of a difficulty.

Next morning Joseph awoke me the moment it was light.

"Oh, Monsieur, here's a pretty business!" he said, planting himself at my bedside.

"What business?"

"What your tortoise has done."

"What?"

"Well, would you believe it? She got out of your room—I do not know how—walked down the three flights of stairs, out into the open air, and straight into the restaurant keeper's fish-tank."

"Why, you fool, could you not guess I put her there myself?"

"Ah, well! Then you did a pretty piece of work."

"How so?"

"How? Because she has eaten up a tench, a splendid tench, weighing three pounds."

"Go and fetch Gazelle, and bring me a pair of scales."

While Joseph was executing this order I went to my library and opened my Buffon at the paragraph Turtles, for I was anxious to know if this *chelonia* was a fish-eater, and I read as follows:—

"The fresh-water turtle, *testudo aquarum dulcium* (that was Gazelle), especially prefers marshes and stagnant waters. When it gets into a river or pond it attacks all sorts of fish indiscriminately, even the largest: it grips them below the belly in its jaws, wounding them severely, and when they are thus weakened through loss of blood it devours them with the greatest avidity, leaving nothing whatever of them but the bones, the heads, and their swimming bladders, which last sometimes float up to the surface of the water!"

"The deuce!" said I; "the restaurant man has M. de Buffon on his side; what he says is quite possibly true."

I was thus engaged in meditation as to the probability of the accident which was said to have occurred, when Joseph returned, holding the accused in one hand and the scales in the other.

"Do you see," said Joseph, "this kind of animal eats a great deal to keep up its strength, especially fish, because the latter contains a great quantity of nourishment. Unless it did so, how could it bear, think you, to carry a cart on its back? See how strongly built sailors are in seaport towns; that is

because they live on nothing but fish."

I interrupted Joseph's harangue at this point.

"How much did the tench weigh?"

"Three pounds; the waiter asks nine francs for it."

"And you say Gazelle has eaten every morsel of it?"

"She has left nothing but the bones, the head, and the bladder."

"That is it exactly! Monsieur de Buffon is a great naturalist."*

"However," I muttered to myself, "three pounds. . . . That seems a little too much."

I put Gazelle in the scales. She only weighed two pounds and a half, shell and all.

The result of the experiment then was, not that Gazelle was innocent of the criminal charge, but that she had committed the offence on a fish of less than the alleged size.

This seemed likewise to be the opinion of the cookshop waiter; as he seemed very well pleased with the five francs I gave him in satisfaction of his claim.

The adventure with the snails and the accident to the tench had made me somewhat less enthusiastic about my new purchase; and as I happened to meet the same day one of my friends, a great savant and a talented artist, who was then engaged in turning his studio into a menagerie, I promised him that I would, the next day, augment his collection by the addition of a fresh object, belonging to the highly renowned family of the *cheloniæ*, at which he seemed greatly delighted.

Gazelle passed the night in my room, where, in the absence of the snails, she slept tranquilly.

In the morning, Joseph came in, as usual, gathered up the carpet strip by my bedside, opened the window, and began shaking out the dust; but, all of a sudden, he gave a cry of terror and craned his head so far out of window I really thought he was going to throw himself down.

"What is the matter, Joseph?" I asked, still only half awake.

"Alas! Monsieur, it is . . . . your tortoise was asleep on the carpet. I did not notice her . . . ."

"Yes, and . . . .?"

"And, my word! without doing it on purpose, I have shaken her out of window."

"You idiot, you!!"

I jumped out of bed.

"But there," said Joseph, whose face and voice were beginning to resume an expression of serenity, which was quite reassuring, "there she is, eating cabbage."

As a matter of fact, the creature, which had instinctively withdrawn inside its cuirass, had fallen by good luck on to a heap of oyster shells. This had broken its fall, and finding a head of cabbage conveniently within its reach, it had set to work on its breakfast as quietly as if a fall from the third floor were just an every-day incident in its life.

"I told you so, Monsieur!" reiterated Joseph in the joy of his heart. "I told you so; nothing can hurt these animals. Why, look you, while she's eating, if a carriage were to drive over her . . . ."

"Never mind that; go down at once and fetch her up."

Joseph obeyed orders. Meantime I dressed, and was ready before Joseph reappeared. Accordingly I went down to find him, and discovered him standing in the middle of an interested audience, to whom he was holding forth on the events of the morning.

I took Gazelle out of his hands, jumped into a cab, and drove to No. 109, Faubourg Saint Denis; then, after mounting to the fifth floor, I entered my friend's studio, aud found him busy at his easel.

Grouped about him were a bear, lying on its back and playing with a cork; a monkey seated in a chair, pulling out the hairs of a paint-brush one by one; in a big glass jar a frog seated on the third rung of a miniature ladder, which she could use for the purpose of climbing to the surface of the water when she so pleased.

My friend's name was Decamps, the bear's Tom, the monkey's James the First,† and the frog's Mademoiselle Camargo.

* Everybody should have his due; it is to M. Dandin, who wrote the continuation of M. de Buffon's work, that this eulogy ought, properly speaking, to be referred.

† So called to make a distinction from James II., an individual of the same species, belonging to Tony Johannot.

CHAPTER II

RELATES HOW JAMES THE FIRST CONCEIVED A VIOLENT DISLIKE TO TOM, ALL ON ACCOUNT OF A CARROT

MY entrance produced a profound sensation.

Decamps raised his eyes from that marvellous little picture of his, "Performing Dogs," which you all know so well, and which he was then giving the finishing touches to.

Tom let the cork he was playing with fall on his nose, and ran away growling to his kennel, which stood between the two windows.

James the First incontinently tossed the brush he was tearing to pieces behind his back, and picked up a straw, which he carried to his mouth with one hand, while he scratched his left leg with the other, raising his eyes with a pious look of injured innocence to heaven.

Last of all, Mademoiselle Camargo slowly climbed one step higher on her ladder: a feat which, under any ordinary circumstances, would have been considered as a sign of coming rain.

As for myself, I put Gazelle down at the door of the room, and came to a standstill on the threshold, saying:

"Here's the creature I spoke of, my boy. You see I stick to my word."

Gazelle was not at home for a moment or two; the motion of the cab had so upset her ideas of locality that, probably with a view to collecting her faculties and reflecting on her situation during her travels, she had withdrawn entirely within her house. Thus what I placed upon the floor looked like nothing in the world but an empty shell. Nevertheless, when Gazelle felt, by the correct position of her centre of gravity, that she had a solid resting place below her, she tentatively began to show her nose through the upper window of her dwelling. For prudential reasons, doubtless, this portion of her body was accompanied by the advance of her two forepaws; and, at the same time, as if all her members had been worked by a concealed spring, her two hind paws and tail appeared at the further extremity of the shell. Five minutes afterwards Gazelle had all sail set.

But she remained inactive yet a little longer, waving her head from side to side, as if trying to make certain of her course; then suddenly her eyes became riveted on her mark, and she dashed forward, as swiftly as if she were running the race against La Fontaine's hare, towards a carrot lying under the chair which served as a pedestal for James the First.

Just at first the latter contemplated the advance of the new arrival in his direction with comparative indifference; but directly he comprehended the apparent object of her quest, he gave signs of genuine disquietude, which he showed by a low grumbling, degenerating, as fast as she gained ground towards him, into piercing yells alternating with violent gnashing of his teeth. At last, by the time she had got to little more than a foot's distance from the precious vegetable, James's agitation had changed to downright despair; with one hand he grasped the back of the chair, with the other the straw-covered cross bar, and, probably hoping he might scare away this new parasite which was coming to devour his dinner, he shook the chair with all the strength of his wrists, throwing his two hind feet back like a kicking horse, and accompanying these antics with every gesture and grimace which he thought likely to disturb the automatic impassibility of his enemy. But all was useless; Gazelle did not slacken her speed by a single inch for anything he could do. James the First knew not to what Saint he could turn for succour.

Happily for James an unexpected ally appeared at the last moment. Tom, who had withdrawn to his lair on my arrival, had at last become used to my presence, and was paying, like the rest of the company, a good deal of attention to the scene enacting before our eyes. Astonished at first at the sight of this unknown animal, which, thanks to me, had become a fellow-lodger of his, and its new activity, he had followed its career towards the carrot with ever-increasing curiosity. Moreover, as Tom, too, was by no means indifferent to carrots, when he saw Gazelle had almost reached the precious morsel, he took three steps forward at a trot, and raising his great paw brought it heavily down on the back of the unhappy intruder. The flat of her shell struck the ground heavily, and she instantly shut herself up inside and remained motionless, only two

inches distant from the comestible which for the moment had become the goal of a triple ambition.

Tom seemed much surprised at seeing how head, legs, and tail had disappeared as if by magic. He brought his nose close to the creature's shell, sniffed noisily at the apertures in it, and finally, the more perfectly to study the organisation of the singular object before him, took it up, and turned it over and over between his paws. Then, as if convinced that he must have been the victim of an illusion when he conceived the absurd notion that a thing like that was endowed with life and the power of motion, he dropped it carelessly down, took up the carrot in his mouth, and set out on his return to his kennel.

But this action of his did not at all suit James. He had never suspected that the good service his friend Tom had done him was to be spoilt by such a display of selfish egoism. But, as he had not the same respect for his comrade as he felt for the stranger, he sprang like lightning from the chair, on which he had remained from prudential motives during the scene we have just described, and seized with one hand the carrot by its green top, while Tom held on to it by the root. He nerved himself for the combat with all his strength, grimacing, swearing, chattering with his teeth, while with his free hand he delivered a series of heavy blows on the nose of his placid antagonist, who, without returning the blows, yet at the same time without ever letting go his hold on the subject of litigation, merely laid back his ears and closed his little black eyes as each blow from the agile hand of James fell on his fat countenance. In the end the victory fell, as usually happens, not to the stronger, but to the more daring. Tom relaxed his clenched teeth, and James, the happy possessor of the coveted carrot, dashed up a ladder, carrying off the spoils of combat, which he proceeded to hide behind a plaster cast of Malagutti, which stood on a shelf six feet above the ground. This operation completed, he came quietly down again, certain in his own mind that neither bear nor tortoise could get it out of its hiding place.

As he reached the last rung, when it became a question of stepping on to the floor, he made a judicious halt, and, casting a glance at Gazelle, whom in the heat of his dispute with Tom he had quite forgotten, he found she was in a position which positively invited attack.

The fact was that Tom, instead of carefully replacing her in the position whence he originally took her, had, as stated, just let her drop casually out of his paws to alight where she might, so that the unfortunate beast, on recovering her senses, instead of being in her normal position on her belly, came to herself on her back, an attitude which, as every one knows, is in the highest degree antipathetic to every individual of the cheladonian race.

It was easy to see from the confident air which James bore in approaching Gazelle that he had instantly concluded that the accident had placed it beyond her power to offer any resistance. Nevertheless, at the distance of some six inches from the *monstrum horrendum*, he stopped a moment, looked carefully into the aperture nearest to him, and then started, with an exaggerated air of extreme nonchalance, on a tour of inspection round the citadel, which he reconnoitred for all the world like a general examining the defences of a town he proposes to attack. The survey completed, he stretched out one arm softly and felt one end of the shell with his finger-tips; then immediately, springing lightly backwards, without losing sight of the object on which his attention was engaged, he commenced a merry dance round on his hands and feet, accompanying the measure with a sort of song of triumph which it was his habit to indulge in, whenever, from a difficulty overcome or a peril braved, he saw reason to congratulate himself on his ability or courage.

However, the song and dance were suddenly cut short; a new idea flashed across James's brain, and appeared to absorb all his thinking faculties. He studied carefully the shape of the tortoise, to whom the touch of his hand had imparted an oscillatory movement which the spherical shape of the carapace made more pronounced, and approached with a sidelong gait like a crab's. Then, rising on his hind legs, he bestrode the shell as a rider does a horse, watched it a moment rocking between his legs, and finally, appearing completely reassured by the minute examination he had just made, he took a firm seat on his

rocking-horse, giving a good shove off with his feet, which he kept close to the floor. Thus balanced, he swung merrily to and fro, scratching his sides and blinking his eyes, gestures which, to those who knew him, were the manifestations of ineffable delight.

Of a sudden, James gave a piercing yell, bounded up perpendicularly three feet in the air, fell on his back, scrambled up his ladder, and took refuge behind the bust of Malagutti. This revulsion of feeling was brought about by Gazelle, who, tired of a game in which she had no share of the fun, had at last given signs of life by digging her sharp clammy claws into the bare, hairless flesh of James the First's posteriors. The latter was the more upset by this aggression, because the attack came from a totally unexpected quarter.

At this juncture, a customer came into the studio, and, on a sign from Decamps, I took my hat and stick and departed.

I was still on the landing, when Decamps called me back.

"By the way," he said, "come and spend the evening with us to-morrow."

"Why! What is going on in particular to-morrow?"

"We are going to enjoy a supper and a lecture."

"Nonsense!"

"Yes, Mademoiselle Camargo is billed to eat a hundred flies, and Jadin to read a paper."

CHAPTER III

HOW MADEMOISELLE CAMARGO ORIGINALLY CAME INTO M. DECAMPS' POSSESSION

NOTWITHSTANDING the verbal invitation Decamps had given me, I received the morning following a formal note. This letter was to remind me of the correct dress to be worn, no guests being admitted except in smoking jackets and slippers. I was punctual to time and in appropriate costume.

A painter's studio is well worth seeing, when the host, to do honour to his guests, decorates his walls with his collection of curios and works of art, gathered from the four corners of the earth. You think to enter an artist's workshop, and lo! you find yourself in a museum that would do credit to many a county town of provincial France. Suits of armour, dating from different centuries, represent the civilisation of mediæval Europe, and show by their style and shape to what epoch their manufacture may be assigned. This one, burnished on both sides of the breastpiece, with its sharp, bright ridge, and engraved with a crucifix and the Virgin below in prayer, carrying the legend, "Mater Dei, ora pro nobis," was forged in France and presented to King Louis XI., who had it hung on the walls of his ancient Castle of Plessis-les-Tours. Another, with the rounded breast still bearing the marks of the mace from whose blows it protected its master, received its dents in the tournaments of the Emperor Maximilian, and came to us from Germany. A third, embossed in relief with the Labours of Hercules, was perhaps worn by King François I., and is an authentic product of the Florentine workshops of Benvenuto Cellini. This Canadian tomahawk and scalping knife come from America; the one has broken French heads, the other has raised the perfumed locks of fair dead women. These arrows and this kreese are from the Indian Seas; the heads of the one and the blade of the other are deadly, for they have been poisoned with the sap of venomous plants from Java. This curved sabre was tempered at Damascus. This yatagan, with a notch on the back of its blade for every neck it has severed, was torn from the grasp of a dying Bedouin. Lastly, this long Arab musket with the silver mountings and rings was brought back from Casaubah perhaps by Isabey, who may have bartered it from Yousouf against a sketch of the Roads of Algiers or a plan of the Fort l'Empereur.

Now, after studying these trophies one by one, and each of them has the history of a world attached, look at these tables on which are shown, higgledy-piggledy, a thousand varied objects, astonished to find themselves together. Here are porcelains from Japan, Egyptian figurines, Spanish knives, Turkish poniards, Italian stilettos, Algerian slippers, Circassian caps, idols from the Ganges, crystals from the Alps. Look long and carefully; there is enough to keep you engaged for a whole long day. Under your feet are the skins of tiger,

lion and leopard, shot in Asia or Africa; above your head, with wings extended and poised as in life, is the seagull, that, as the wave curls and falls, dashes beneath the vault it forms as under an arch; the osprey that, watching the waters from above, close its wings and drops like a stone on any fish coming near the surface; the guillemot, that, when the sportsman's gun is pointed at him, dives as the trigger is pulled, rising again far beyond range; and last, the king-fisher, the halcyon of the ancients, with its brilliant plumage of mingled aqua-marine and lapis lazuli.

But what is above all likely to catch the eye of a connoisseur in an artist's interior is the heterogeneous collection of pipes which await, all ready filled, the Promethean fire which shall descend on them from heaven. For you must know there is nothing more fantastic and capricious than the tastes of different smokers. One will prefer the common short clay, to which our old seasoned vessels give the expressive name of "brûle-gueule." These are loaded up with the common Government tobacco called "caporal." Another will only touch his dainty lips with the amber mouthpiece of the Arabian *chibouk* that is filled with the black weed of Algiers or the green of Tunis. This smoker, grave as one of Fenimore Cooper's Indian braves, methodically draws through the calumet of peace long whiffs of Maryland; that again, sensuous as an Indian nabob, winds, like a serpent's coils, around his arm the sinuous folds of his *hookah*, which brings to his palate the latakia's fumes cooled and perfumed with rose-water and benzoin. There are some who from habit prefer the meer-schaum pipe of the German student and the strong short cigar of the Belgians to the *narghilé* of the Turk, sung by Lamartine, and the tobacco of Sinai, of which the repute is higher or lower according as it grows on or below the mountain's sides. Others, to complete the list, there are who will dislocate their necks to keep in an up-right position the *gorgory* of the negroes, while an obliging friend standing on a chair tries, with vast expenditure of char-coal and pulmonary vigour, first to dry and then to light the clay-caked growth of Madagascar.

When I entered the rooms of my host, pipes had been all chosen and seats all occupied. But all sat up to "attention" on seeing me come in; and, with a precision which would have done credit to a company of the National Guard, every pipe-stem, whether of wood or clay, of horn or ivory, of jasmine or of amber, was detached from the loving lips which pressed it, and was stretched towards me. By a wave of the hand, I declined the gifts with thanks, drew from my pocket a book of papelitos, and proceeded to roll between my fingers the Andalusian cigar-ette with all the patience and skill of some grey-haired Spaniard.

In five minutes' time, we were all float-ing in an atmosphere dense enough to drive a steamboat of a hundred-and-twenty horse power. As far as the smoke would allow, you could make out, over and above the guests, the ordinary boarders of the household, whose acquain-tance the reader has already made. There was Gazelle, who this evening showed the first symptoms of a very singular preoccupation; this was to climb up and on to the marble mantelpiece, so as to warm herself at the lamp, and she gave herself up to this impossible task with all the zeal and perseverance of her nature There was Tom, whom Alexandre Decamps was using as an arm-rest, much as he might the cushions of a lounge, and from time to time he raised his good-tempered head under his master's arm, snorted and sneezed to clear his nostrils from the smoke, and then resumed his slumber with a heavy sigh. There was James the First seated on a stool close beside his old friend Fau, who, by the free use of the whip, had brought his education to the present pitch of per-fection, and for whom he cherished the liveliest sense of gratitude, and the most implicit obedience. Finally, there was, seated in her glass jar and planted conspicuously in the middle of the circle of guests, Mademoiselle Camargo, whose gymnastic and gastronomic feats were to form the main entertainment of the evening.

It is important, before we go further, to look back a little and show our readers by what an unprecedented concatenation of events Mademoiselle Camargo, who was born and bred on the plain of Saint Denis, became the companion of Tom, who was a native of Canada, of James, who had first seen the light on the coasts of Angola, and of Gazelle, who had been captured in the marshes of Holland.

Everyone knows what a ferment of preparation begins to stir in the parts of Paris about the Rue Saint Martin and the Rue Saint Denis when the month of September brings back the commencement of the shooting season. Then every second person you meet is a citizen returning from the canal, where he has been to get his hand in by shooting swallows, leading his dog in leash, a gun on his shoulder, resolving to be less of a duffer this year than last, and stopping each of his acquaintances to ask, "Are you fond of quail, of partridge?" "Yes." "That's right. I will send you some on the third or fourth of next month." "Thanks." "By the way, I have just killed five swallows in eight shots." "Very good." "Not bad shooting, is it?" "Capital." "Good-bye." "Good night to you."

Thus, towards the end of the month of August, 1829, one of these sportsmen entered the front door of No. 109, Faubourg Saint Denis, and asked the *concierge* if Decamps was in. On receiving a reply in the affirmative, he went upstairs, dragging his dog step by step, and knocking the barrel of his gun against every turn, up the five sets of stairs which led to the studio of our great painter.

There he found only the artist's brother, Alexandre. Alexandre is one of those clever and original men who are instantly recognised as artists merely as they pass you in the street; who would be good at everything, if they were not too indolent ever to take any one thing up seriously; recognising by instinct the beautiful and the true wherever they come across it, without troubling themselves to enquire whether the work that excites their enthusiasm is pushed by a clique or signed by a great name; for the rest, a good fellow in every sense of the term, always ready to turn his pockets inside out for a friend, and, like all persons preoccupied by ideas worth the trouble of thinking of, easy to lead, not from any weakness of character, but merely from a hatred of discussion and a dread of being bored. With this kind of disposition, Alexandre easily allowed himself to be persuaded by the visitor that it would give him great pleasure to open the season with him on the plain of Saint Denis, where there were, it was reported, this year flights of quail, coveys of partridges, and flocks of hares. As a consequence of this conversation Alexandre ordered a shooting jacket from Chevreuil, a gun from Lepage, and a pair of leggings from Boivin's; the bills came to six hundred and sixty francs, without reckoning the cost of the shooting licence, which was delivered to him at the Prefecture of Police, on presentation of a certificate of good life and decent conduct, granted him without objection by the Commissary of his own district.

On the 31st August Alexandre made the discovery that there was but one thing wanting to make him a finished sportsman—to wit, a dog. Instantly he hastened to the house of the man who, along with his pack, had sat to his brother for his picture of "The Performing Dogs," and asked him if he had anything to suit him. The man replied that he had several animals of wonderful sagacity, just the thing for the work required, and, passing from his room into the kennels, with which it communicated, with one turn of his wrist he removed the three-cornered hat and uniform coat which adorned a species of black and white mongrel, immediately led him in, and introduced him to Alexandre as a thoroughbred dog of a very superior breed. The latter remarked that for a thoroughbred he had very straight, pointed ears, which seemed contrary to the received canons about breeding; but to this the man answered that Love was an English dog, and that it was the height of good breeding in England to wear the ears in that style. As, after all, this might be the truth, Alexandre forced himself to accept the explanation, and carried Love off to his house.

Next day, at five o'clock in the morning, our sportsman came and aroused Alexandre, who was still sleeping the sleep of the just, scolded him roundly for his laziness and dilatoriness, declaring that he would find, on his arrival, the whole plain already swept and devastated with powder and shot.

In fact, the nearer they got to the barrier, the louder and more frequent became the detonations. So our sportsmen quickened their steps, passed the custom-house, turned down the first alley leading to the plain, threw themselves into a cabbage garden, and fell instantly into the middle of a general action.

You must have seen the plain of Saint

Denis with your own eyes on the first day of the shooting season to form an idea of the mad scene it presents. Not a lark, not a house-sparrow flies by without being saluted by a thousand shots from every quarter. If perchance it falls, thirty gamebags open, thirty bourgeois quarrel over the slain, thirty dogs fall upon each other tooth and nail. If it continues its flight, every eye is fixed upon it; if it settles, every man starts running; if it gets up again, everyone fires. Now and then some of the pellets intended for the game find their billet in the gunners' bodies; you must not take any notice of that. Moreover, there is an ancient saw among Parisian sportsmen to the effect that lead is the friend of man. If this be true, I have to my credit three friends in my leg, which a fourth friend kindly placed there.

The smell of powder and the popping of the fowling-pieces produced the usual effect. No sooner had our sportsman began to scent the one and hear the other than he charged into the melée and commenced at once to bear his part in the Witches' Sabbath which had just drawn him within its circle of attraction.

Alexandre, less impressionable than his friend, advanced more leisurely, religiously followed by Love, whose nose never left his master's heels. But, as we all know, the work of a sporting dog is to quarter the ground and not to watch for missing nails in the soles of your boots; this thought naturally occurred to Alexandre after walking for half an hour. Consequently he waved his hand to Love and shouted:

"Seek!"

Love at once stood on his hind legs and began to dance. "Well!" said Alexandre, resting the butt of his gun on the ground and contemplating his dog, "it appears that Love, over and above his general education, possesses some agreeable accomplishments. I think I have been fortunate in my purchase."

However, as he had brought Love to hunt for game and not to dance, he seized the moment when Love resumed his ordinary four-footed attitude and made a second more expressive signal and said with a louder voice, "Hi! Seek!"

Love lay flat on his side, shut his eyes tight, and shammed dead. Alexandre took up his eye-glasses and scrutinised Love. The intelligent animal lay as still as a log; not a hair on his body stirred; life might have been extinct for twenty-four hours.

"That is very pretty," said Alexandre; "but, my dear friend, this is neither the time nor place for this sort of amusement, we have come out to shoot game; so let us shoot. Come along, stupid, let us get to work."

Love did not move.

"Wait a bit!" said Alexandre, picking up a pea-stick from the ground and going up to Love with the intention of laying it across his shoulders. "Wait a bit."

Directly Love saw the stick in his master's hands, he got upon his legs and followed all his movements with an expression on his countenance of remarkable intelligence. Alexandre, noticing this, deferred chastising him, and hoping that at last he was going to obey him this time, he extended the stick towards Love and repeated once more his command,

"Go! seek!"

Love took a run and made a flying leap over the pea-stick. Love understood three things perfectly: dancing on his hind legs, shamming dead, and jumping for his king.

Alexandre, who, for the time being, was no better pleased with the last accomplishment than with the two others, broke the stick across Love's back, who ran away howling towards our sportsman.

And so it happened, that just as Love reached him, our sportsman fired, and, by the greatest piece of luck, an unfortunate skylark, who got in the way of the shot, fell into the very jaws of Love. The dog blessed Providence for its gift, and without troubling to see whether it was wasted or not, he made only one mouthful of it.

Our sportsman flung himself upon the unhappy dog with the most terrible maledictions, seized him by the throat, and choked him till he was forced to open his jaws, in spite of his resistance to the operation. The sportsman plunged his other hand up to the wrist down the animal's throat, and drew it out grasping three feather's from the lark's tail. As to the body, that was gone beyond his reach.

The owner of the lark then felt in his

pockets for a knife with which to disembowel Love and thus to recover his game. But unfortunately for him and luckily for Love, he had lent his, the previous evening, to his wife to shape beforehand the skewers on which his partridges were to be trussed, and the wife had forgotten to give it back. Forced therefore to have recourse to less violent measures of punishment, he gave Love a kick which would have driven in any ordinary *porte-cochère*, placed carefully in his gamebag the three feathers he had rescued, and shouted at the top of his voice to Alexandre.

"You may make your mind easy, my dear friend, never again will I come out shooting with you. Your devil of a Love has just swallowed a magnificent quail of mine! Ah—come in here! you brute!"

Love took care not to "come in." On the contrary, he travelled, as fast as his legs would carry him, back towards his master, which seemed to show that, all things considered, he liked being beaten better than being kicked.

Nevertheless, the mouthful of lark had given Love an appetite, and as he went, he saw that here and there individuals apparently of the same species flew up in front of him. So, forgetting his terror, he began to run about in every direction, hoping, no doubt, that he might chance on a second toothsome windfall as good as the first one.

Alexandre followed him with great difficulty, cursing his own folly the while; Love's system of hunting was quite different from that of other dogs, that is, he carried his head high and his tail down. This showed that his eyesight was better than his sense of smell; but this interchange of faculties was intolerable for his master, for the dog kept circling about at exactly a hundred paces in front, putting up the game at just double the range of a fowling-piece and throwing his tongue after the birds till they settled down again.

The same game went on the whole day.

Towards five o'clock in the evening, Alexandre had covered some fifteen leagues and Love more than fifty; the one was exhausted with shouting, the other with barking. As to the sportsman, he had finished his quest and, quitting them both, had gone off to shoot snipe in the Pantin marshes. All at once Love made a point!

Such a sure, firm point it was, that he might have been, like the dog of Cephalus, changed into stone. At this sight, so novel for him, Alexandre forgot his fatigue, and ran like a lamplighter, trembling all the time lest Love should break before he got within range. But there was no fear of that. Love's feet were glued to the ground.

Alexandre came up to him, watched the direction of his eyes, and found they were fixed on a tuft of grass; under this tuft he perceived a greyish object. He judged it to be a young partridge separated from the rest of the covey; and trusting rather to his cap than to his gun, he laid the latter down, took his cap in his hand, and, approaching on tip-toe like a child after a butterfly, he clapped it over the unknown object, groped under it with the other hand, and drew out—a frog! Anybody else would have thrown the frog thirty yards away; not so Alexandre, for he reasoned that since this interesting creature had been sent to him by Providence in such a miraculous manner, there must be some hidden mystery in her destiny, and great events probably depended upon her career.

Thus, he put her carefully into his gamebag, brought her straight home, transferred her forthwith to a big glass jar, out of which we had eaten the last remaining cherries the day before, and poured over her head all the water left in the water jug.

All this care and attention for a frog would have seemed extraordinary on the part of a man who had obtained one in a less complicated fashion, but Alexandre knew what the capture of that frog had cost him, and he treated her accordingly.

She had cost him one hundred and sixty francs, without reckoning the gun licence.

CHAPTER IV

MADEMOISELLE CAMARGO IS BILLED TO EAT A HUNDRED FLIES, AND JADIN TO READ A PAPER

"HALLOA!" said Doctor Thierry, on entering the studio the next day, "so you've got a new boarder?"

And without responding to the amicable growls of Tom and the alluring gestures

of James, he went straight to the jar in which was Mademoiselle Camargo, and plunged in his hand.

Mademoiselle Camargo, who did not know that Thierry was a learned doctor of colossal intellect, commenced to swim round and round as fast as she could; but this did not save her from being seized in another moment by the extremity of her left hind leg, and so incontinently quitting her habitation head downwards.

"Why!" said Thierry, spinning her round as a peasant girl does a spindle, "it is, you see, a *Rana temporaria*, so called because of these two black marks extending from the eye to the tympanum; it lives equally well in running water and in swamps; some authors give it the name of the dumb frog, because it croaks below water, whereas the green frog can only croak when out of water. If you had a couple of hundred of 'em like this one, I should recommend your cutting off their hind legs, dressing them like fricasseed chickens, sending to Corcelet's for a couple of bottles of good Bordeaux, and asking me to dinner. But as there is only this one, we will rest content with clearing up, with her aid and your permission, a doubtful point in science, affirmed by many naturalists, viz., that this frog can go for six months without food."

With these words he let Mademoiselle Camargo go, and she, with the happy swing she could impart to her limbs, frolicked two or three times round her jar; and then, seeing a fly which had fallen into her domain, she made a dash up to the surface and sucked it down.

"I don't mind your taking that," said Thierry; "but, mind you, it is to last you for 183 days."

For, unfortunately for Mademoiselle Camargo, the year 1832 being leap year, Science gained twelve hours from this accident in the calendar.

Mademoiselle Camargo did not appear at all disquieted by this threat, and remained boldly with her head out of water, her four legs stretched out in careless comfort and quite motionless, for all the world as though she were resting on terra firma.

"Now," said Thierry, opening a drawer, "let us see to the prisoner's furniture."

He took out two cartridges, a file, a penknife, two paint-brushes, and four matches. Decamps watched his proceedings in silence and without in the least comprehending the preparations, which the doctor made as carefully as if about to perform a surgical operation. Then he emptied the powder into a snuffers-tray and kept the bullets, threw the quills and badger-hair to James, and kept the handles of the brushes.

"What devil's work are you after now?" said Decamps, snatching away from James his two best brushes; "you are making fine hay of my studio!"

"I am constructing a ladder," gravely replied Thierry.

In fact, he had just bored through with the file the two leaden bullets, had fixed firmly in the holes so made the brush handles, and in these handles, intended for the supports of the ladder, he fixed, crosswise, the matches, so makiug the rungs. In five minutes' time the ladder was completed and let down into the bowl, in which it remained on a firm base formed by the weight of the bullets.

Mademoiselle Camargo no sooner found herself in possession of this piece of furniture than she tried it, as if to make sure of its strength, by climbing up to the top step.

"We shall have rain," said Thierry.

"The deuce we shall," said Decamps; "and there is my brother who wants to go out shooting again to-day."

"Mademoiselle Camargo does not recommend it," answered the doctor.

"How do you mean?"

"I have just made a barometer for you, dear friend. Whenever Mademoiselle Camargo climbs up her ladder, it is a sign of rain; when she descends, you will have fine weather for certain; and when she stays about half way up, do not go out without an umbrella or a topcoat: the prediction is 'Change! Variable weather!'"

"There—fancy that!" said Decamps.

"Now," continued Thierry, "we are going to cover the top of the jar with the parchment, just as if it was still full of cherries."

"Here it is," said Decamps, giving him what he asked for.

"Now a piece of twine to tie it on tight."

"There you are."

"Then I must ask you for some wax! thank you . . . a light—that is right . . . and to make sure of my experiment (he melted the wax, sealed the knot, and applied the stone of his ring to

the seal) . . . there! . . . there she remains for six months. Now," he continued, piercing some holes in the parchment with a penknife, "now for pen and ink."

Have you ever asked a painter for a pen and ink? No? Then don't: for he will surely do as did Decamps—offer you a pencil.

Thierry took the pencil and marked the parchment:

"2nd September, 1832."

Accordingly, on the evening of the party, the commencement of which we have tried to describe to our readers, exactly one hundred and eighty-three days, or six months and twelve hours, had elapsed; and during the whole of this period Mademoiselle Camargo had gone on predicting, without making the mistake of a minute, rain, fine weather, and change; this regularity was the more remarkable in that she had not since her incarceration swallowed one single atom of food.

So, when Thierry, taking out his watch, announced the expiration of the last second of the sixtieth minute of the twelfth hour, and the jar had been brought forward, a common sentiment of pity took possession of the company when they saw the miserable condition to which the poor creature was reduced through having, at the expense of her stomach, thrown such a great and important light upon an obscure point in Science.

"See," said Thierry, triumphantly, "Schneider and Roësel were right."

"Right, right," said Jadin, taking up the jar and holding it at the level of his eyes. "But I am not yet convinced that Mademoiselle Camargo is still alive!"

"Oh! you must not listen to Jadin," said Flers; "he's always borne a grudge against Madame Camargo."

Thierry took up a lamp and held it behind the jar.

"Look," he said, "and you will see her heart beating."

In truth Mademoiselle Camargo had grown so thin that she was as transparent as crystal, and you could see all the organs of circulation; it was even possible to remark that the heart had only one ventricle and one valve. At the same time these organs performed their offices so feebly, and Jadin was only mistaken to such a small extent, that it was truly not worth while contradicting him, for you would not have given the poor creature ten minutes more to live. Her limbs had wasted to threads, and the hinder part of her body seemed only attached to the forepart by the bones which form the springs whereby frogs jump instead of walking. Besides all this, on her back had grown a sort of moss, which, under the microscope, became a regular thicket of marine grasses, intermingled with reeds and flowers. Thierry, as a botanist, even said that this impalpable growth belonged to the order of the mastics and the cresses. No one disputed his statement.

"Now," said Thierry, after each in turn had thoroughly examined Mademoiselle Camargo, "we must let her eat her supper in peace."

"And what is she to eat?" said Flers.

"I have her meal in this box."

And Thierry, raising the parchment, introduced into the space intended for air so many flies, each short of one wing, that he had evidently devoted his morning to catching them and his afternoon to mutilating them. We thought Mademoiselle would have enough to do to eat them in another six months; one of us even ventured to say so.

"Quite a mistake," said Thierry, "in a quarter of an hour not a fly will be left."

The least incredulous among us could not help giving signs of doubt at this. Thierry, strong in the success of his first experiment, replaced Mademoiselle Camargo in her usual position without deigning to answer.

He had scarcely resumed his seat when the door opened and the proprietor of the neighbouring café carried in a tray with tea, sugar, cups, and saucers. He was followed closely by two waiters carrying in a large basket, a large loaf of bread, a bun, a lettuce, and a good assortment of fancy patties and sweets. The loaf was for Tom, the bun for James, the green food for Gazelle, and the pastry for us. The animals were first attended to, and then the guests were asked to help themselves as they pleased—a plan which seems to me the best so far discovered for doing the honours of one's house pleasantly and successfully.

There was a moment of apparent confusion, while each settled himself down according to his fancy. Tom grumbled away with his bread to his kennel; James took refuge with his bun behind the busts

of Malagutti and Rata; Gazelle slowly dragged her lettuce under the table; as for the rest of us, we took a cake in one hand and a cup in the other, as is the usual custom of mankind, and in ten minutes had finished both tea and pastry. The proprietor of the café was summoned again, and appeared with his satellites.

"More!" said Decamps.

The proprietor, with many bows and respectful gestures, backed out to fulfil his instructions.

"Now, gentlemen," said Flers, looking at Thierry with a quizzical wink and at Decamps with the respect due to the host, "while we are waiting for Mademoiselle Camargo to finish her supper and for our own fresh supply of refreshments, I propose we should fill up the interlude with the reading of Jadin's paper. It treats of the history of the early years of James the First, whom we have all the honour to know pretty intimately, and in whom we all take so great an interest that the smallest details connected with his life acquire for us a special importance.—*Dixi.*"

Everyone bowed in sign of consent, one or two even clapped their hands.

"James, my friend," said Fau, who, as his tutor, was the most intimate of all of us with the hero of this history, "you see they are all talking about you. Come here."

And to these two words he added a whistle so well known as a private signal by James that the intelligent animal, with one spring from his shelf, landed on the speaker's shoulder.

"Well done, James; you are a very good boy to be obedient, especially when your chops are full of bun. Salute these gentlemen."

James carried his hand smartly to his forehead in a soldierlike manner.

"And if your friend Jadin, who is about to read your history, relates any calumnies, tell him at once that he is a liar."

James nodded his head up and down, showing he perfectly understood what he had to do.

James and Fau were in truth bound together by ties of the most harmonious friendship. On the part of the animal, especially, the affection was such as one never now finds among men; and on what did it turn? It must be confessed to the shame of the simian race, that it was not by improving the pupil's mind as did Fénelon for the Dauphin, but rather in pandering to his vices, as did Catherine towards Henri III., that the tutor had acquired this deplorable influence over his scholar. For instance, when he arrived in Paris, James was a connoisseur in good wine: Fau made him a drunkard; he was a Sybarite like Alcibiades: Fau made him a cynic after the school of Diogenes; he had a cultivated palate like Lucullus: Fau made him into a glutton like Grimod de la Reynière. It is nevertheless true that in exchange for the loss of his morals, he had gained many physical accomplishments which made him an animal of great distinction. Thus he knew his left hand from his right, he could sham dead for ten minutes running, he could dance on the tight rope as well as Madame Saqui; he went shooting, gun under arm and gamebag on back, showed his licence to the foresters and his heels to the police-constables. In short, he was a very facinating young roué, whose only fault was that unfortunately he had been born under the Restoration instead of under the Regency.

Thus, if Fau knocked at the street door, James would tremble with joy; when he walked upstairs, James approached instinctively. Then he would give little cries of pleasure and hop about on his hind legs like a kangaroo. When, finally, Fau opened the door, he would spring into his arms, as they still do at the Théatre Français in the *Deux Frères*. In a word, whatever belonged to James belonged to Fau, and he would have given him the very bun from between his teeth.

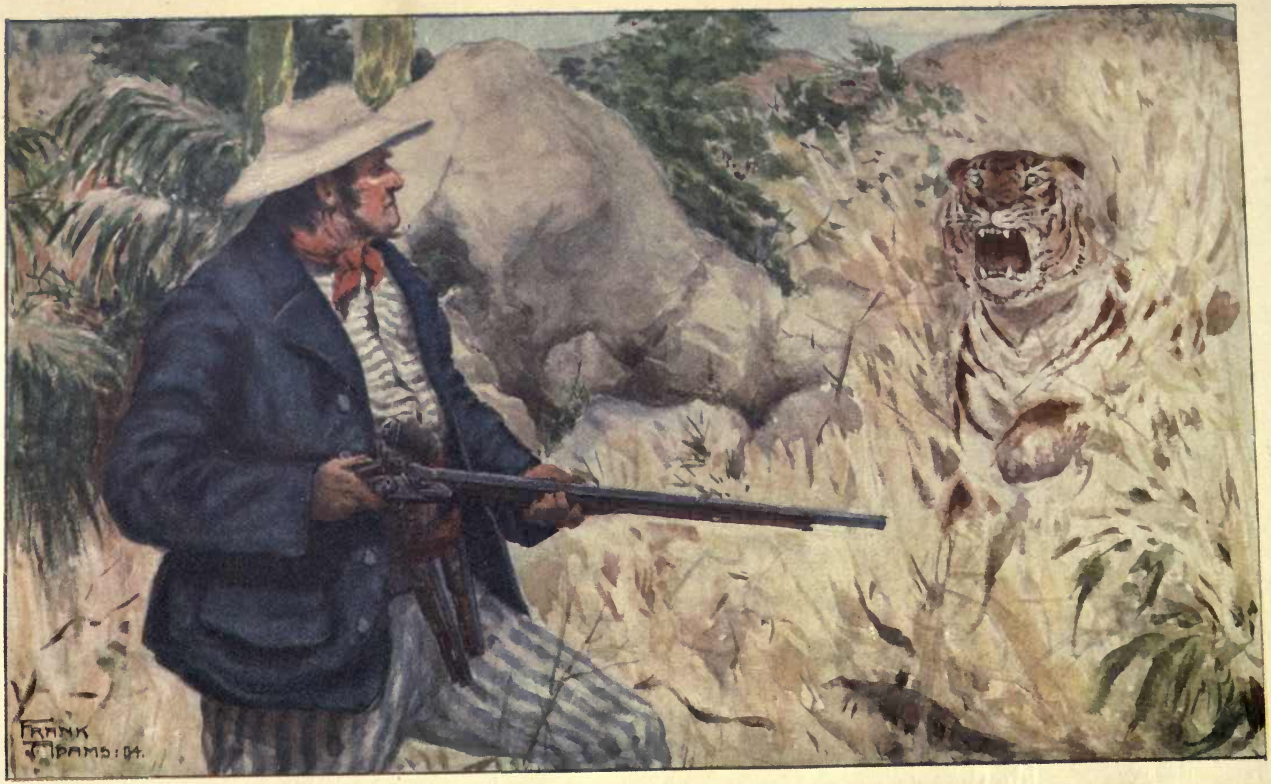
"Gentlemen," said Jadin, "if you will take your seats and light your pipes and cigars, I am ready."

Everyone obeyed. Jadin coughed, opened his manuscript, and read as follows:—

CHAPTER V

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE, MASTER OF THE TRADING BRIG "ROXELANE," FOUND BETTER SPORT ON THE BANKS OF THE RIVER BANGO THAN ALEXANDRE DECAMPS HAD ENJOYED ON THE PLAIN OF SAINT-DENIS.

ON the 24th July, 1827, the brig *Roxelane* set sail from Marseilles to load up with coffee from Mocha, spices from Bombay, and tea from Can-



IT WAS A ROYAL TIGER OF THE LARGEST SIZE

ton. She put in, for fresh provisions, at the Bay of St. Paul de Loanda, which lies, as every schoolboy knows, about half-way down the coast of Guinea.

While the victualling was in progress, Captain Pamphile, who was making his tenth voyage to the Indies, took his gun, and with the thermometer marking a hundred in the shade, amused himself by walking up the banks of the River Bango. The Captain was, excepting Nimrod, the mightiest hunter before the Lord who had ever appeared on this earth.

He had not taken twenty steps in the long grass which grows near the river before he felt his foot slip on something round and smooth like the trunk of a young tree. At the same moment he heard a sharp hiss, and ten paces from him he saw the uplifted head of an enormous boa constrictor, on whose tail he had just trodden.

Anyone but Captain Pamphile would have been somewhat frightened to find himself confronted by this terrific head, whose bloodshot eyes glared out at him like carbuncles. But the boa did not know Captain Pamphile.

"God 'a mercy, you filthy reptile you! Do you think to frighten me?" said the Captain. And as the serpent opened its great jaws to seize him, he drove a bullet slap through the monster's palate and out at the top of its head. The serpent collapsed, dead.

The Captain first leisurely reloaded, then, opening his clasp-knife, he went to the animal and slit up its belly, separated the liver from the entrails, as the Angel of Tobias did, and, after a short search, found a small blue stone about the size of a hazel-nut.

"Good," said he to himself.

And he put the stone into a purse in which there were already a dozen similar stones. Captain Pamphile was as learned as a mandarin; he had read *The Thousand and One Nights*, and was looking for the enchanted bezoar-stone of Prince Camaralzaman.

Thinking he had verily found it, he continued his sport. In about a quarter of an hour's time he saw that the grass was shaking some forty paces from him, and heard a terrible growling. At this sound every beast of the forest seemed to know that the king of them all was at hand. The birds stopped singing; two gazelles, terrified, bounded away and fled for the open plain; a wild elephant, which could be seen upon a knoll a quarter of a league away, raised his trunk ready for combat.

"Pr-r-r-r! pr-r-r!" rattled out Captain Pamphile, as if he were driving up a covey of partridges.

At this sound a tiger, which till then had been crouching down, stood up, lashing his sides with his tail; it was a Royal Tiger of the largest size. The huge beast bounded forward and landed within twenty feet of the hunter.

"Ho! ho!" cried Captain Pamphile, "so you think I am going to fire at long range, do you, and risk spoiling your skin? Pr-r-r! pr-r-r!"

The tiger made a second leap, which brought him to close quarters; but just as he landed, the Captain fired, and the ball pierced the animal's left eye. The tiger tumbled over like a hare, and died on the spot.

The Captain reloaded carefully as usual, drew his knife, turned the body over on its back, made an incision, and skinned the tiger as a cook would a rabbit. Then he wrapped himself in his victim's hide, just as, four thousand years before, the Nemean Hercules had done—a hero from whom, as a native of Marseilles, Captain Pamphile might claim descent; then he started once more on his quest for game.

Scarcely half an hour had passed when he heard a great splashing in the water of the river, up the course of which he was making his way. Running quickly to the brink, he saw that the cause of the commotion was a hippopotamus, which was swimming against the current and which from time to time came to the surface to blow.

"*Bagasse!*" cried Captain Pamphile. "There is a good six francs' worth of glass beads saved."

That was the price current of a bullock at St. Paul de Loanda, and Captain Pamphile had a reputation for economy. Thinking thus, guided by the bubbles which, ascending and breaking on the surface, betrayed the hippo's course below, he followed the animal's path, and when the enormous head came up, the sportsman, picking out the only vulnerable spot, sent a ball into the ear. The Captain would have hit Achilles in the heel at five hundred yards.

The monster swam round and round for some seconds, groaning frightfully, and beating the water with his legs. For a moment it seemed as if he would be swallowed up in the whirlpool which he made in his agony; but soon his strength was spent, and he rolled over like a log; then by degrees the white and shiny skin of his under parts appeared instead of the black wrinkled hide of his back, and with his last effort he ran aground, legs uppermost, among the reeds growing at the edge of the stream.

Captain Pamphile reloaded his gun, drew his knife, and cut down a sapling about the thickness of a broomstick, sharpened one end and made a slit in the other, stuck the pointed end upright in the carcase, while in the cleft he inserted a leaf torn from his memorandum book, on which he had written in pencil:

"To the cook of the trading brig *Roxelane;* this from Captain Pamphile, at present shooting up the River Bango."

Then he shoved the animal off with his foot, so that it got well into the current, and started off quietly floating down stream, duly labelled like a commercial traveller's portmanteau.

"Ah!" said Captain Pamphile, as soon as he saw his provisions fairly under weigh for his vessel, "I think I have fairly earned my breakfast."

And, as it was a literal fact that to think of a plan with him was to carry it out forthwith, he spread his tiger skin on the ground, sat himself down on it, took from his left pocket a case-bottle of rum which he placed to his right, from his right pocket a fine guava which he placed to his left, and from his game bag a piece of biscuit, which he placed between his legs.

This done, he proceeded to fill his pipe, so as to have nothing fatiguing left to do after his repast.

You may sometimes have seen Pantaloon carefully spreading his breakfast table, for Harlequin to eat? You may remember his face when turning round he finds his glass empty and his apples pilfered? You do? Well then, you can imagine that of Pamphile on finding his rum upset and his guava gone.

Captain Pamphile, whose freedom of speech the edict of the Home Minister had in no wise checked, gave vent to the most heartfelt "God 'a mercy!" that ever escaped from the mouth of a Provençal since first Marseilles was built; but as he was less easily taken in than our friend Pantaloon, as he had read both ancient and modern work of philosophy, and had learnt from Diogenes Laertius and from M. de Voltaire that there can be no effect without a cause, he at once began to search for the cause, of which the effect was so prejudicial to his interests. This he did without seeming to notice anything, without moving from his seat, and affecting the while to gnaw his dry bread. Only his head turned slowly from side to side, like a Chinese mandarin's. This was equally without result, until suddenly some substance fell on his head and remained entangled in his hair. The Captain put up his hand to the affected spot, and found the rind of his guava sticking there. Captain Pamphile then threw his head back and discovered, immediately above him, a monkey making faces at him from the branch of a tree.

Captain Pamphile felt for his gun, without losing sight of the thief; then, bringing it to his shoulders, he fired. The ape fell beside him.

"As I am a sinner!" said Captain Pamphile, on looking at his new victim, "I have killed a two-headed monkey." In fact, the animal lying at the feet of the Captain had two separate heads, quite distinct from each other, and the phenomenon was the more remarkable in that one of the two heads was dead, with its eyes shut, while the other was alive and had its eyes wide open.

Captain Pamphile, wishing to clear up this odd freak of natural history, took up the monster by the tail to examine it closely, but at once all cause of astonishment disappeared. The monkey was a female ape, and the second head was that of her young one, whom she was carrying on her back when the shot was fired, and who fell with her without letting go its mother.

Captain Pamphile, who would not have shed a single tear over all the devotion of Cleobis and of Bito, took the little monkey by the scruff of the neck, tore it from the corpse which he held in his arms, examined it as minutely as if he were M. de Buffon, and smiling with an air of great satisfaction:

"*Bagasse!*" cried he, "this is a piece of luck; it is worth fifty francs if it is worth a farthing, delivered alive at the

port of Marseilles." And he put it into his pouch.

Then, as Captain Pamphile was still fasting by reason of the incident described, he decided to return towards the bay.

Moreover, although his expedition had not lasted more than a couple of hours, he had killed a boa constrictor, a tiger, and a hippopotamus, and captured a live young ape. There are a good many sportsmen in Paris who would be very well satisfied to do the same in a whole day's shooting.

On his arrival on board the brig, he found the whole crew engaged about the hippopotamus, which had fortunately arrived as addressed. The surgeon was extracting the tushes to make into knife handles and false teeth; the quartermaster was cutting off the hide, and making it into strips for the manufacture of whips for dogs and gaskets for cabin boys; and the cook was cutting steaks from the ribs and fillets from the undercut for the Captain's table. The rest of the carcase was to be salted down for the use of the crew.

The Captain was so well pleased with all the energy displayed that he ordered an extra tot of grog all round, and remitted five lashes of the sentence of seventy to which a boy had been condemned.

They sailed that evening.

Having taken in so many provisions Captain Pamphile thought it unnecessary to touch at the Cape of Good Hope, and leaving on the right Prince Edward's Islands and on the left the Island of Madagascar he sailed into the Indian Ocean.

The *Roxelane* then bowled gaily along with the wind abaft, doing her eight knots an hour, which sailors say is good going for a merchantman. Suddenly one of the watch bellowed from the foretop:

"Sail ahoy!"

Captain Pamphile took his spy-glass and trained it on the stranger, looked at her with the naked eye, and again through the telescope; then, after a few moments of careful study, he called up the mate and without a word put the glass into his hands. The mate at once put his eye to it.

"Well, Policar," said the Captain, when he had given sufficient time for the officer to examine the object thoroughly, "what do you make of the craft?"

"'Faith, Captain, I call her a rum-looking sort of ark. As for her ensign,"—he brought the spy-glass up again—"the devil seize me if I can make out what nation flies it; it is a green and yellow dragon on a white ground."

"Well, my boy, bow down to it to the very dust, for before you is a vessel belonging to the son of the sun, to the father and mother of the human race, to the king of kings, to the sublime Emperor of China and of Cochin China. Besides that, I can see by her laboured roll and her snail's pace that she is not returning to Pekin with her hold empty."

"The devil!" said Policar, scratching his ear.

"What do you think of our falling in with her?"

"I think it would be funny if . . ."

"Would it not? . . . Well, I think so, too, my boy."

"Then we must . . . ?"

"Get the metal up on deck, and clap on every stitch of canvas."

"Ah, now she has just made us out."

"Then we will wait till dark, and till then will hold on quietly as at present, so that she may suspect nothing. As far as I can judge of her speed, about five o'clock we shall be in her wake; throughout the night we will sail abeam of her, and to-morrow at daybreak we will wish her good morning."

Captain Pamphile had a system. Instead of ballasting his vessel with broken stone and pigs of iron, he placed in the bottom of the hold half a dozen swivel guns, four or five twelve-pounder carronades, and a long eight-pounder; then he threw in casually a few thousand rounds of ammunition, half a hundred muskets, and a score of boarding cutlasses. On an occasion such as the present he would get all these little odds and ends up on deck, fix the swivel guns and carronades to their pivots, mount the long piece of eight on the poop, serve out the small arms to his men, and thus establish what he called his system of barter. Thus he was ready for trade when the Chinese discovered him in the morning.

On board the Imperial vessel stupefaction reigned supreme. The Captain had seen and recognized the previous evening a foreign merchantman, and after a pipe of opium had turned comfortably into his bunk; but here was the cat grown into a tiger during the night, here he

was showing his claws of iron and his teeth of brass.

They went and warned the Captain, Kao-Kiou-Kwan, of the plight in which he was. He was finishing a most enchanting dream: the Sun's son had just given him one of his sisters in marriage, so that he became brother-in-law to the Moon.

So he had a great deal of difficulty in making out what Captain Pamphile wanted. It was none the easier in that the latter spoke the tongue of Provence and the bridegroom answered in Chinese. At last there was found on board the *Roxelane* a Provençal deck-hand, who knew a little Chinese, and on board the ship of the Sublime Emperor a Chinaman who could speak tolerable Provençal, so that in the end the two skippers came to an understanding.

The result of the conversation was that half the cargo of the Imperial ship (master—Kao-Kiou-Kwan) was passed directly on board the merchant brig *Roxelane* (master—Pamphile).

And as this cargo consisted of coffee, rice, and tea, the system of barter rendered it unnecessary for Captain Pamphile to put in at Mocha, Bombay, or Pekin, so that he effected great economy, both of time and money.

This put him into such a happy mood that, when touching at the Isle of Rodriguez, he bought a parrot.

On arriving at the southern extremity of Madagascar, it was found that the supply of fresh water was getting low; but as the anchorage off Cape St. Mary was not safe for a vessel so deeply laden as the *Roxelane*, the Captain put his crew on half rations, and resolved not to bring to until he got to Algoa Bay. As he was looking after the filling-up of the water-casks at that place, he saw coming towards him a chief of the Gonaquas, followed by two men carrying a magnificent elephant's tusk slung across their shoulders, and looking for all the world like a Bible cut of the Israelitish spies bearing the grapes of Eshcol. This was a sample which the chief, Outavari (which, in the Gonaqua language, means "Son of the East") was carrying down to the coast, hoping to obtain an order for a quantity.

Captain Pamphile examined the ivory, and found its quality was excellent. He asked the Gonaqua chief how much he would have to pay for two thousand tusks as good as the sample. Outavari said he would charge exactly two thousand bottles of trade brandy. The Captain wanted to get the ivory cheaper; but the Son of the East held to his price, saying he had not asked for more than he meant to take; so the Captain had to give in to the negro's demand. He did not, however, do so very badly, for at this price he could make about ten thousand per cent. The price settled, the Captain asked him when he could take delivery of the goods. Outavari asked for two years' time; this period fitted in capitally with Captain Pamphile's engagements, so the two worthy negotiators shook hands on the bargain, and parted with the most profound feelings of mutual respect.

Now after all, this transaction, good as it was for him, did not sit altogether easy on the commercial conscience of the worthy master; he reflected, when alone, that if he bought ivory so cheap on the East of Africa, he ought to be able to buy it at half the rate on the Western side, since it was there that elephants were to be found in such multitudes that they had given the name to a river. He felt that he must purge his conscience of this sin, and so when he got to the thirtieth degree of latitude, he ran down for the land. But having made a mistake of one or two degrees in his reckoning, he made the mouth of the Orange River instead of the Elephant River.

Captain Pamphile did not mind a bit. The difference between the landfalls was so trifling that there could be little to choose as to the probable price of ivory: so he lowered the pinnace and ascended the river as far as the chief town of the Little Namaquas, which was two days' journey from the coast. He found the king, Outavaro, returning from a hunting expedition, in which he had killed fifteen elephants. Thus, there was no lack of samples, and the Captain could satisfy himself that they were even better than those of Outavari.

The result of this interview was a bargain between Outavaro and the Captain which was still better for the latter than that which he had concluded with Outavari. The Son of the West promised Captain Pamphile two thousand tusks for fifteen hundred bottles of brandy; that was twenty-five per cent. less than his brother chieftain's price; still, like him, he stipulated for two years to fulfill

his contract in. Captain Pamphile raised no objection to this delay; far from it, he saw it suited him excellently, as he would only have to make one voyage for the two consignments. Outavaro and the Captain shook hands over the bargain, and parted the best of friends in the world. The brig *Roxelane* proceeded on her voyage to Europe.

. . . . . .

At this point in Jadin's story the clock struck twelve, which is, perforce, bed-time for all who live above or about the fifth floor in Paris. All got up to go, when Flers reminded the doctor that there still remained one portion of his experiment to be verified. The doctor took the jar and held it up for all to see. Not a single fly was to be seen; while to compensate for their disappearance Mademoiselle Camargo had grown to the size of a turkey's egg, and looked as if she had come out of a bottle of furniture polish.

All went home after congratulating Thierry on his profound learning. The next day we received each a letter couched in the following terms: "Messieurs Eugéne and Alexandre Decamps have the honour to acquaint you with the sad loss they have sustained by the death of Mademoiselle Camargo, of indigestion, during the night of the 2nd - 3rd March. Your presence is requested at the funeral meal, which will take place at the residence of the lamented defunct at five o'clock (precisely) in the afternoon of the 4th instant."

CHAPTER VI

HOW JAMES THE FIRST, TORN FROM THE ARMS OF HIS DYING MOTHER AND CARRIED ABOARD THE "ROXELANE," BEGAN HIS CAREER THERE BY PLUCKING FOWLS, AND ENDED BY PLUCKING A PARROT.

As soon as possible after the funeral dinner, which was over between seven and eight o'clock, Jadin, whose reading at the last meeting had excited great interest, was asked to continue. Mademoiselle Camargo, in consequence of the nun-like existence she had led for the six months and one day during which she had inhabited the studio, had not been able to inspire either the minds or the hearts of the artist's friends with any very profound sentiments of esteem or affection. Thierry was the sole one among us with whom she had been on intimate terms; and even their relations had been purely scientific. Thus the regret we felt for her sudden end was of but short duration, and, moreover, was soon effaced by the thought of the great scientific demonstration illustrated by the untimely event. It will thus be readily understood that we returned eagerly to the adventures of our friend James, told as they were by a historian so faithful, conscientious, and ingenious as was Jadin, whose reputation as a painter was already established by his beautiful picture, "The Cows," and as a historian by his biography of Prince Henry, a work composed with the collaboration of M. Danzats, and which even before its appearance already obtained from all the recognition it deserved. Jadin then, without requiring to be pressed, drew his manuscript from his pocket and began again where he had left off.

. . . . . .

The parrot which Captain Pamphile had bought was a cockatoo of the handsomest kind, with a body white as snow, a beak black as ebony, and a crest yellow as saffron, a crest which he raised or lowered according as he was in a good or a bad temper, and which gave him at one time the paternal aspect of a grocer wearing his nightcap, at another the fierce, bellicose appearance of a National Guard with his plumed helmet. Besides these natural physical advantages, Catacwa had many accomplishments; he spoke with equal facility English, Spanish, and French, sang "God Save the King" like Lord Wellington, the "Pensativo estaba el Cid" like Don Carlos, and the "Marseillaise" like General Lafayette. One can understand that with such a talent for languages he was not slow, after falling among the crew of the *Roxelane*, in extending the circle of his acquirements; so much so that by the time, after about eight days' sail, he caught sight of the Island of St. Helena, he began to swear with great skill and propriety in Provençal, thus rejoicing greatly the heart of Captain Pamphile, who, like the Troubadours of old, spoke only the Langue d'Oc.

Thus, when, coming on deck after his night's rest Captain Pamphile had com-

pleted his inspection of the vessel, seen that each man and each thing was in its proper place, superintended the issue of grog to the sailors and of rope's end to the boys; when he had gazed at the sky, studied the sea and whistled to the wind, when at last he had arrived at that tranquil frame of mind which follows on the consciousness of duty done, he would stroll forward to Catacwa, followed by James, who grew visibly from day to day, and who shared with his feathered rival all the Captain's affection, and give the bird his lesson in Provençal. At the end of the lesson, if the pupil pleased him, he would put a piece of sugar between the bars of the cage, a reward which Catacwa seemed to value highly, and of which James was very jealous. So, directly the Captain's attention was diverted by some chance or other, James would steal up to the cage and manage so well that usually the piece of sugar passed into his keeping, and Catacwa, one claw uplifted, and his crest bristling with rage, would fill the air with his most formidable shrieks and his most blood-curdling oaths. As for James himself, he would stroll about with an innocent air near the cage where the bereft bird was screaming with anger, concealing the booty he had not time to munch in the pouch of his cheeks, so that it melted gently while he scratched his ribs and half closed his eyes in saintly meditation. Thus the only punishment of his theft was that he was obliged to drink his sugar instead of eating it.

It is obvious that this violation of the rights of property could be anything but agreeable to Catacwa, and as soon as Captain Pamphile returned to him he would launch out his whole vocabulary of talk. Unfortunately, none of his tutors, past or present, had taught him to cry "Stop, thief!" or its equivalent. So his master took this volley of words, which was really a denunciation in form of the robber, for a simple expression of welcome to himself, and thinking he had enjoyed his dessert, he would just scratch his poll with one finger. This pleased Catacwa to a certain extent, but undoubtedly less so than the lump of sugar in dispute would have done. Catacwa then came to the conclusion that he must look to himself only, if he wished to have his revenge. So, one day, when James, having stolen the lump of sugar, put his hand back into the cage to gather up the broken pieces, Catacwa swung himself head downwards by the foot, and, pretending to be solely absorbed in this gymnastic exercise, suddenly got hold of James's thumb and bit it to the bone. James gave a piercing yell, jumped into the rigging, and climbed as high as wood and hemp would carry him. At last when the main truck stopped his upward progress he stayed there, holding on to the mast with three of his paws, while he waved the fourth about as if he were sprinkling holy water on the faithful.

When dinner time came, Captain Pamphile whistled for James. But James did not answer; this silence was so contrary to his usual rules as to diet, that Captain Pamphile became uneasy about him and whistled again. This time he heard a sort of murmur coming down from the clouds, and raising his eyes he saw James waving his benediction to all on land or sea.

Upon this he and James exchanged signals, with the result that the latter was understood to flatly refuse to come down. Captain Pamphile, who had trained his crew to habits of absolute obedience, and was not going to allow his system of discipline to be broken by an ape, took the speaking trumpet and bellowed, "Double-Bouche!" The individual addressed appeared forthwith, climbing the kitchen ladder backwards and sidled towards the Captain much like a dog who expects a beating from his keeper. Captain Pamphile, who never wasted words with his inferiors, showed the boy the rebel sitting grimacing on the main top-gallant mast.

Double-Bouche grasped what was required of him at once, sprang up the ratlines, and began to climb the top mast shrouds with agility, showing that in honouring Double-Bouche with this hazardous mission, Captain Pamphile had made a most excellent choice.

Another consideration, which was determined, I will not say, by his knowledge of James's affections, but by that of James's appetite, largely influenced the selection made by Captain Pamphile. Double-Bouche was employed chiefly in the kitchen, where his talents were appreciated by all the ship's company, and by none more so than by James, who had a special liking for that part of the vessel

He was then bound with the strands of sympathy to the personage whom we have just introduced to the reader, and who owed the expressive nickname "of Double-Bouche," which had replaced his patronymic on board the *Roxelane*, to the facilities his post afforded him for dining before the rest, without prejudice to his right to dine again after them. James then understood Double-Bouche and Double-Bouche understood James, and the consequence of this mutual appreciation was that on this occasion James, instead of attempting to escape, as he would have done from anyone else, came down part of the way, and the two friends met on the main-top-gallant yard. They descended at once, one carrying the other, to the poop, where Captain Pamphile stood waiting for them.

Captain Pamphile had only one cure for wounds, of whatever kind they might be; this was a compress of brandy, arrack, or rum. He therefore soaked a rag in spirits and wrapped it round the wounded finger. When the alcohol first came into contact with the raw flesh, he started pulling a very wry face; but noticing that while the Captain turned his back, Double-Bouche quickly swallowed the dregs of the liquor from the glass in which the bandage had been dipped, the thought struck him, that however painful it might be as a dressing for a wound, it might prove beneficial if taken internally. So he put the tip of his tongue to the rag, then licked it, and, finally, as the taste grew on him, put his thumb into his mouth and sucked it. As Captain Pamphile had given orders that the bandage was to be kept wet by dipping it in the brandy every ten minutes, and as his orders were punctually carried out, in two hours or so James began to blink his eyes and waggle his head in a very queer fashion. The longer the treatment lasted, the fonder grew James of the remedy, and he ended by falling dead drunk into the arms of Double-Bouche, who took the patient down below and put him to bed in his own berth.

James slept for twelve hours without a move, and when he opened his eyes, the first thing that met them was the sight of his friend Double-Bouche plucking a fowl. This was no new sight for James; nevertheless, it seemed this time to claim his particular attention. He got up quietly, and crept near, his eyes fixed on the operation, and remained motionless and pre-occupied the whole time it lasted. When the fowl was plucked, James, who felt his head still a trifle heavy, went on deck for a breath of fresh air.

The wind remained fair the next day, so that Captain Pamphile, seeing all going well with the voyage, thought it unnecessary to husband his resources, and moreover he did not want to carry his poultry into Marseilles, not having bought them as a speculation. So he gave the order, on account of his health he said, that roast or boiled poultry should be on his table every day, in addition to his accustomed cut of hippopotamus and his bouillabaisse. Five minutes after the order was given, the quack of a duck, whose throat was being cut, was heard.

At this sound James slid down from his seat on the main-yard so quickly that a person ignorant of his egotistical character would have thought he was going to the rescue of the victim, and rushed into the cook's galley. There he found Double-Bouche fulfilling conscientiously his duty of cook's mate, so well that he did not leave so much as a bit of down on the bird's skin. This time, as before, James seemed to take the greatest interest in the operation; then, when it was finished, he went up on deck, and, for the first time since his accident, he drew near Catacwa's cage and walked round it several times, carefully avoiding coming within reach of the parrot's beak. Then, when at last he saw an opportunity, he made a grab at one of his tail feathers, and pulled so hard that, despite the flapping of Catacwa's wings and the oaths he swore, the quill came out in his hand. This experiment, of but little apparent importance at first sight, seemed to delight James beyond measure, for he executed a dance on all fours, springing up and down on the same ground, which was his way of expressing the liveliest feelings of supreme satisfaction.

In the meanwhile land was far out of sight on board, and the vessel ploughing the broad Atlantic with every sail set. All around was sea and sky and empty space stretching away to the far distant horizon. From time to time a sea-bird with wide-stretched wings would be

seen in the far distance, on its long journey from continent to continent, but nothing else. Then Captain Pamphile, trusting that instinct would teach Catacwa that her wings were unequal to the task of carrying her to land, opened his prisoner's cage and gave her complete freedom to fly about the rigging. Catacwa instantly profited by this liberty to get up to the top-gallant mast and, ravished with joy at her exaltation, she rattled off to the great satisfaction of the ship's company, all her choicest sayings in turn, making more noise by herself than did the five-and-twenty sailors who were watching her.

While this scene was going on above decks a different drama was being performed below. James, as was his custom, went to see Double-Bouche while the poultry was being plucked; but this time the boy, who had noticed how he had been watched at work, thought he had discovered in his comrade a vocation to the post he himself held. A happy thought struck Double-Bouche, which was to employ James henceforth in plucking his fowls and ducks, while he, changing places, folded his arms and looked on. Double-Bouche had one of those decided characters the possessors of which leave scarcely any interval between the inception and the execution of an idea, so he went and closed the door gently, picked up, as if by chance, a whip, which he stuck into the waist of his breeches, taking care to leave the handle showing, and, coming back to James, put into his hands the duck which it was his own proper task to pluck. At the same time he pointed with his forefinger at the end of the whip, which he intended employing as arbiter in case of dispute.

But James never even gave him the chance of calling in this third party. Either Double-Bouche had guessed rightly, or the new accomplishment which he put James in the way of acquiring appeared to the latter as the necessary complement to all good education. Whichever was the reason, James took the duck between his knees as he had seen his instructor do and set to work at the task with such ardour that Double-Bouche had no further need to interfere. Towards the end, as he saw the feathers give place to down, and the down to bare flesh, the energy he displayed amounted to enthusiasm; so far did it carry him that on the complete termination of the work James set to work at his triumphal dance just as he had done the evening before by the side of Catacwa's cage. For his part Double-Bouche was in ecstacy; he had only one thing to reproach himself with, which was that he had not profited at an earlier date by the goodwill of his acolyte; but he promised himself that he would not let his ardour cool for want of practice. So on the morrow, at the same time and place, with similar precautions, he began the second rehearsal of yesterday's play. It was as successful as the first. Thus the third day Double-Bouche, recognising James as his equal, tied his cook's apron round his waist, and gave him over entire charge of turkeys, fowls, and ducks. James showed himself more than worthy of this confidence, for at the end of a week he had left his professor far behind him both in quickness and dexterity.

As this went on, the brig sailed like an enchanted ship. She had passed by James's native land, left out of sight St. Helena and Ascension on her port beam, and was nearing the Equator under full sail. It was one of those days when in the tropics the sky seems to press down on the earth; the man at the helm was at his post, the look-out in the foretop, and Catacwa on the top-gallant mast. As for the remainder of the ship's company, each man tried to breathe fresh air wherever it seemed most likely to be obtained, while Captain Pamphile himself, lying in his hammock and smoking his long pipe, had himself fanned by Double-Bouche with a peacock's tail. This day, strange to say, James, instead of picking his fowl, put it untouched on a chair, took off his kitchen apron, and appeared either, like everybody else, overcome by the heat, or lost in his own thoughts. But this reaction was but of short duration. First he looked all around with quick and intelligent glances; then, as if frightened at his own audacity, he picked up a feather, put it to his mouth, and threw it aside with a gesture of indifference. Then he began scratching his sides and blinking his eyes. After a moment, with a little jump, which the closest observer would have thought quite purposeless, he got on the first step of the ladder, stopped a moment to look at

the sun through the hatchway, and then began to ascend nonchalantly to the upper deck, somewhat like a lounger who, for want of something better to do, strolls out on the Boulevard des Italiens.

On reaching the top step, James saw that the deck was quite abandoned; the brig might have been a derelict floating about at the mercy of the winds and waves. The solitude seemed to suit James exactly—he scratched his side, chattered with his teeth, winked, and did two of his perpendicular dancing steps, keeping a good look out all the time for Catacwa, who, he saw, was in her ordinary place flapping her wings and singing at the top of her voice, "God save the King." Then James instantly pretended to look the other way. He climbed slowly up the shrouds as far as possible from the mizzen mast, on the top of which the enemy was perched, gained the yards, stopped for a moment in the topmast shrouds, climbed the fore topmast, and finally ventured on the mizzen topmast stay. In the middle of this trembling bridge he hung himself, head downwards, by the tail, letting go altogether with his paws, and seeming as if he had gone up solely for the pleasure of enjoying a swing. Then, satisfied that Catacwa was not noticing him, he quietly approached her, always himself looking the other way, and, at the moment when his rival was at the very highest point of her song and pleasure, shouting at the top of her voice and flapping her wings like a coachman warming his arms on a wintry day, James rudely broke in on her triumphant song by seizing her in his left hand so as to pin her wings together behind her. Catacwa screeched for help; but no one heard or answered, so overcome was the entire ship's company by the stifling heat which the perpendicular sun shed from the zenith.

"Heaven above!" suddenly ejaculated Captain Pamphile, "here is a strange phenomenon! snow at the Equator!"

"No!" said Double-Bouche, "it is not quite like snow; it is . . . Oh! my eye! it is . . ." and he made a dash at the ladder.

"Well, what the devil is it?" cried Captain Pamphile, sitting up in his hammock.

"What is it?" cried Double-Bouche from the the top of his ladder. "It is James picking Catacwa's feathers!"

Captain Pamphile roused the echoes of his ship with some of the most tremendous oaths that had ever been heard at the Equator, and ran on deck himself, while the whole crew, startled out of sleep as if the powder magazine had blown up, tumbled up by every gangway the brig possessed.

"Now, you young lubber!" shouted Captain Pamphile, seizing a belaying pin, and addressing Double-Bouche, "what are you gaping at? Quick, stir yourself."

Double-Bouche sprang at the rigging, and ran up like a squirrel, but the quicker he climbed, the quicker worked James; Catacwa's feathers flew in clouds, and fell like snowflakes in December. Catacwa, seeing Double-Bouche nearing them, redoubled her screams; but just as her rescuer extended his arm, James, who, till then, had seemed to notice nothing of the commotion below, judged that his daily task was successfully accomplished, and let go his enemy, who had nothing but her wing feathers left. Catacwa, beside herself with pain and fear, forgot that the balance of her tail feathers was wanting, fluttered for a few seconds in an aimless fashion, and ended her grotesque movements by falling into the sea, where, her feet not being webbed, she was drowned.

. . . . . .

"Flers," said Decamps, interrupting the speaker, "you have a fine voice; call down to the Portière's little girl to bring some more cream; the jug is empty."

CHAPTER VII

HOW TOM HUGGED THE PORTIERE'S DAUGHTER, WHO WAS BRINGING UP THE CREAM, AND THE DECISION ARRIVED AT IN CONSEQUENCE OF HIS MISDEEDS

FLERS opened the door and went to the staircase, to call for the cream: then he returned without noticing that Tom, who followed him, remained outside; upon his resuming his seat, Jadin, who had left off at the death of Catacwa, was asked to continue his reading.

. . . . . .

Here, gentlemen (said he, showing the last page of his manuscript), I must substitute for written memoirs a verbal story, the subsequent events being of comparatively little importance. The offering made by James to the gods of the sea had the effect of making the elements propitious to Captain Pamphile's vessel. So the remainder of the voyage passed without further adventure. One day, only, there was reason to fear James had met with a fatal mischance. The following shows how it happened.

Captain Pamphile, while they were passing the latitude of Cape Palmas, within sight of Upper Guinea, found in his cabin a magnificent butterfly, a true flying flower of the tropics, with its wings bejewelled and glittering like the breast of a humming-bird. The Captain, as we have seen, neglected nothing which might make a bit of money on his return to Europe. So he captured his unfortunate visitor with the greatest care, for fear of chafing the velvet of its wings, and fastened it with a pin to the panelling of his room. Not one of you but has watched the dying agonies of a butterfly, and yet who, with the wish to keep, under a glass or in a box, this graceful child of the sun, has not stifled the tenderer feelings of the heart? You know, then, how long is the struggle, as the poor victim turns about the pivot on which its body is impaled, and dies a victim to its own beauty. Captain Pamphile's butterfly thus lived for some days, convulsively moving its wings as if it were sucking honey from a flower. This, of course, attracted James's attention, who watched it out of the corner of his eye, without seeming to notice it. Then, taking advantage of the Captain's back being turned, he jumped up, and guessing that the animal must be good to eat from its brilliant appearance, devoured it with his usual greediness.

Captain Pamphile turned round at the springs and somersaults of James; in eating the butterfly, he had swallowed the pin, which stuck fast in his throat; the unlucky glutton was choking.

The Captain, unsuspicious of the reason for these grimaces and contortions, thought he was playing, and was at first amused at his mad pranks; but when he saw that the antics seemed to be indefinitely prolonged, and that the voice of the acrobat seemed to grow more and more like the patter of a Punch-and-Judy show; also that James, instead of merely sucking his thumb, as he had taken to do since his mishap, had put the whole hand half way down his throat, he began to suspect something more than a desire to please in all these gambols, and went up to James. The poor devil rolled his eyes in a way which left little doubt as to the nature of his feelings, so that Captain Pamphile, thinking his well-beloved monkey was about to depart this life, shouted for the doctor with all the strength of his lungs, not so much that he believed in the power of medicine, as that he wished to have nothing to reproach himself with later on.

The voice of Captain Pamphile, in consequence of the interest he felt for James, took such a tone of distress that, besides the doctor, everyone within hearing ran to his help. Among the first to arrive was Double-Bouche, who, startled by the Captain's shout while he was following his usual avocation, ran in with a leek and a carrot, which he had been engaged in peeling, in his hand. The Captain had no trouble in explaining the reason for his cries. He only pointed to James, who still continued, in the middle of the room, to show the same signs of pain and grief. Everybody crowded round the invalid. The doctor declared that he was suffering from a brain fever, a malady to which that species of ape was particularly liable, as their habit of hanging by the tail sent the blood to the head; that he must, therefore, bleed James forthwith, but that, whether or no, as he had not been called directly the first symptoms of the disease showed themselves, he could not answer for the result. After this preamble, he drew out his instrument case, got ready his lancet, and desired Double-Bouche to hold the patient steady, for fear he might cut an artery instead of a vein.

The Captain and his crew had great confidence in the doctor, so that they listened with profound respect to the scientific dissertation, the gist of which we have just given; only Double-Bouche made a sign of dissent by shaking his head. Double-Bouche had an old grudge against the doctor. One day it happened that some preserved plums, which the Captain held in great esteem as having been given him by his wife—it happened,

then, that these plums, shut up in a certain drawer, were found to have sensibly diminished in number. On this Captain Pamphile had assembled his ship's company with a view to finding out what member of the crew had dared to put his teeth into the private store of the master of the *Roxelane*. Everybody had denied the theft, Double-Bouche with the rest, but as the last was a likely thief, the Captain had taken his denial for what it was worth, and asked the doctor if there were no means of arriving at the truth. The doctor, whose motto, like that of Jean Jacques Rousseau, was *vitam impendere vero*, had answered that nothing was simpler, and that there were two ways, both infallible. The first and speedier method was to rip up Double-Bouche, an operation he could perform in seven seconds; the second was to administer an emetic, which would entail a delay greater or less according to the strength of the drug, but would not under any circumstances be more than one hour. Captain Pamphile, who preferred gentle means, whenever possible, chose the emetic. The medicine was promptly and forcibly administered, and the suspect was handed over to the charge of two sailors, who had strict orders on no account to lose sight of him.

Thirty-nine minutes afterwards the doctor entered, watch in hand, bearing five plum stones, which Double Bouche had thought well to swallow with the plums for better security, and which, in spite of himself, he had just given up to meet the ends of justice. His guilt was flagrant, Double-Bouche having positively declared that he had eaten no fruit for eight days but bananas and Indian figs, and condign punishment was his instant fate. The prisoner was sentenced to fifteen days' bread and water with, by way of dessert, twenty-five lashes with a rope's end, which were regularly administered to him by the quartermaster. From this little event it came about that Double-Bouche, as we have said, hated the doctor cordially, and never let a chance pass from that time forth of making things unpleasant for that individual.

Moreover, Double-Bouche was the only one of the company who did not believe a word of the doctor's diagnosis. In his illness James exhibited certain symptoms which were very familiar to Double-Bouche from his having suffered in exactly the same manner, when, surprised in the act of tasting the Captain's bouillabaisse, he had to swallow a piece of fish before he had time to take out the bones. His glance then instinctively wandered round the room seeking for what, by analogy, he reasoned must have tempted James's appetite. The butterfly and the pin were gone; this was quite enough to show Double-Bouche exactly what was wrong. James had the butterfly in his stomach and the pin in his gullet.

Thus, when the doctor, holding his lancet ready, came cautiously up to James, whom Double-Bouche supported in his arms, the latter said, to the stupefaction and scandal of the Captain and his men, that the doctor was wrong; that James was not the least bit in the world menaced with apoplexy, but was suffering from strangulation; that there was nothing whatever wrong with the brain, but merely a big pin stuck in the œsophagus. Having had his say, Double-Bouche, trying on James the remedy with which he usually cured himself, forced down his throat after several attempts the leek he happened to be peeling when called by the Captain, thus driving the foreign body from the narrow passage where it was into the wider space below. Certain that the operation had been successful and would redound to his credit, he placed the moribund ape in the middle of the room. The latter, instead of going on with the antics which he had been performing before the crew five minutes earlier, rested for a moment quite quietly, as if to be certain that the pain was really past; then he began to blink, then to rub his stomach gently with one hand, and finally he stood up and danced on his hind legs, which, as we all know, was his expression for supreme contentment. But this was not all, for Double-Bouche, to give the final blow at the doctor's reputation, held out to the convalescent the carrot he had brought, and James, who was very fond of that vegetable, took possession of it at once and proved, by the way in which he munched it without delay and without interruption, that his digestive organs were again quite free from obstruction, and ready to recommence their duties. The amateur surgeon

was triumphant. As for the legitimate professor of the art, he made up his mind to take his revenge when Double-Bouche got ill; but unfortunately for him Double-Bouche had nothing whatever the matter with him during the rest of the voyage but a slight attack of indigestion in the latitude of the Azores, and this he treated himself, after the fashion of the ancient Romans, by putting his finger down his throat. The brig *Roxelane*, Captain Pamphile, after a successful run, arrived then, the 30th September, in the harbour of Marseilles, where were unladen, to the great advantage of the Captain, the tea, coffee, and groceries which he had obtained by barter from Captain Kao-Kiou-Kwan, in the Indian Archipelago; as for James the First, he was sold for the sum of seventy-five francs to Eugene Isabey, who gave him to Flers for a Turkish pipe, and Flers exchanged him for a Greek musket with Decamps.

And that is how James passed from the banks of the Bango River to No. 109, Rue du Faubourg Saint Denis, where his education was, thanks to the paternal care of Fau, brought to the state of perfection which you all appreciate so highly in him.

. . . . . .

Jadin was modestly acknowledging the plaudits of the meeting, when we were startled by loud cries from the outside of the door. We rushed towards the staircase and found the Portière's daughter nearly fainting in the arms of Tom, who, frightened in his turn by our sudden appearance, started off downstairs at full gallop. A moment later we heard a second cry, shriller even than the first; an old Marquise, who had lived on the third floor for the last thirty-five years, had been disturbed by the noise, had come out candle in hand, met the fugitive face to face, and gone off in a dead faint. Tom ran upstairs again a few steps, found the door of the fourth floor open, went in as if the rooms belonged to him, and fell into the midst of a wedding supper. In an instant a fearful hubbub arose, the guests, bride and bridegroom at their head, made a dash for the stairs. The whole house, from cellar to attics, was out in less than no time, the lodgers lining the bannisters, all talking at once and not one of them listening. Eventually they came back to the fountain head of information; the little girl, who gave the alarm, explained that she was going upstairs without a light, carrying the cream, when she felt that someone had thrown an arm round her waist. Supposing that some impertinent lodger had taken this liberty, she retaliated by a sound box on the ear. Tom replied to the blow by a growl which at once betrayed his identity; the girl, terrified at finding herself in the claws of a bear instead of, as she thought, in the arms of a young man, had given the scream which brought us all out. Our appearance had, as has been said, frightened Tom, and Tom's fright had brought about the subsequent events, namely, the Marquise's fainting fit and the upset of the wedding party.

Alexandre Decamps, who was Tom's especial friend, made his excuses to the company, and as a proof of his good manners, promised to bring him back as St. Marthe led the famed *Tarasque* with a mere bit of blue or pink riband. On this a little scamp of a boy brought him the bride's garter, which he had just got hold of to give to the guests, when the alarm was given. Alexandre took the riband, entered the dining-room, and found Tom walking with the greatest cleverness in and out among the various dishes on the table, where he was just eating his third currant cake. This fresh transgression was his ruin; the bridegroom, unfortunately, had exactly the same tastes as Tom; he called round him all those who were fond of cake. Loud murmurs arose forthwith, and the docility with which poor Tom followed Alexandre did little to allay their anger. At the door of the apartment they met the landlord. The Marquise had just given notice to quit; the bridegroom declared he would not stay another quarter of an hour in the house unless justice was done him; and the rest of the lodgers joined in the chorus. The landlord turned pale as he thought of the empty house and vanished rents, and he therefore told Decamps that, much as he desired to retain him as a tenant, it would be impossible for him to do so unless he at once gave up keeping an animal which, at such a time of day and in a respectable house, was the occasion of so grave a scandal. On his part Decamps, who was beginning to get disgusted with Tom, made only sufficient

demur to give his surrender the appearance of a favour. He gave his word of honour that Tom should be sent away the next day, and to reassure those of the lodgers who demanded instant expulsion, declaring their inability to go to bed if there was any delay, he went down to the backyard, shoved Tom into a dog kennel, pushed the door of the kennel against the wall, and piled up a heap of paving stones on the top of the kennel.

Thus the promise, the execution of which had commenced so brilliantly, appeared satisfactory to the complainants; the Portière's daughter dried her tears, the Marquise calmed down after three several nervous paroxysms, and the bridegroom magnanimously said he would be satisfied with hot buns in default of currant cakes. All went to their respective rooms, and two hours afterwards perfect tranquility reigned again.

As for Tom, at first he tried, like Enceladus, to get rid of the mountain which weighed him down, but finding this too much for his strength, he made a hole in the wall and walked out into the next garden.

CHAPTER VIII

HOW TOM BROKE THE WRIST OF A MUNICIPAL GUARD, AND THE ORIGIN OF THE TERROR WITH WHICH HE REGARDED ALL MEMBERS OF THAT HIGHLY RESPECTABLE FORCE

THE tenant of the ground floor of No. 111 was not a little surprised to see next morning a bear walking about among his flower-beds. He immediately reclosed his verandah door, which he had just opened with a view to taking a similar walk, and attempted to discover through the glass by what means this new gardener had obtained access to his premises. Unfortunately the opening was hidden by a clump of lilac, so that the search, prolonged though it was, produced no satisfactory result.

Then, as the tenant of the ground floor of No. 111 was fortunate enough to be a regular subscriber to the *Constitutionnel* newspaper, he remembered having read, a few days previously, under the heading "Valenciennes" that that town had been the scene of an extraordinary phenomenon; a shower of frogs, accompanied by thunder and lightning, had fallen, and so heavy was it that the streets of the town and the roofs of the houses were completely covered.

Immediately after Tom's appearance the sky, which two hours before had been ashen grey, became blue as indigo. The patron of the *Constitutionnel* looked up to the sky and, seeing it was black as ink, and that Tom was in his garden without visible means of entrance, he began to think that a phenomenon similar to that at Valenciennes was about to be repeated, with the sole difference that instead of frogs it would rain bears. One was no more surprising than the other, the hailstones were simply larger and more dangerous, that was all. Having taken up this idea, he turned round and looked at his barometer. The index pointed to "much rain" and "very stormy"; and as he looked there was a clap of thunder. The room, too, was lit up with the bluish light of a flash of lightning; the reader of the *Constitutionnel* thought there was not a moment to be lost, and hoping to have company in the approaching storm, he sent his valet for the commissary of police, and his cook for a corporal and nine men, so that, whatever happened, he would have the protection of the civil power and also that of the military.

In the meantime, the passers-by, seeing the cook and valet running wildly out of No. 111, assembled round the front door and made all kinds of guesses at what might be going on within. They interrogated the "portier," but the "portier," greatly to his own disgust, knew no more than anybody else; all he could tell them was that the alarm, whatever its cause, began in the apartments situated between the entrance and the back garden. At this moment the subscriber to the *Constitutionnel* appeared at the door of the verandah which opened on to the courtyard, pale and trembling, and shouted for help. Tom had seen him through the glass door, and being well accustomed to human society, he had trotted up to him, with a view to making his acquaintance; but the reader of the *Constitutionnel*, misunderstanding his intentions, had taken a simple act of politeness for a declaration of war, and prudently beaten a retreat. On arriving at the courtyard door he heard a cracking noise at the windows of the garden door. Upon this

the retreat degenerated into a panic flight, and the fugitive appeared, as we have said, before the loungers and gossips, showing visible signs of the greatest distress and calling for help with the full power of his lungs.

Then, as usually happens under such circumstances, the crowd, instead of responding to the appeal, melted away. The only one left was a Municipal Guard, who stood his ground, and, advancing to the subscriber of the *Constitutionnel*, touched his shako, and asked how he could serve him. But the poor man had neither speech nor language left; he pointed without a word to the door he had left open and the steps he had descended so precipitately. The Municipal Guard saw that the danger must lie there, bravely drew his sword, ascended the steps, went through the door, and stood inside the room.

The first thing that met his eyes was the good-tempered face of Tom, who, standing upright on his hind legs, had put his head and fore-paws through a pane of glass, and was leaning on the framework of the window and looking with curiosity at the unknown furniture of the room.

The Municipal Guard stopped short, uncertain, brave as he was, whether to advance or retreat. But hardly had Tom caught sight of him than, staring at the apparition with haggard eyes, he withdrew his head from the casement, and fled with the utmost speed of all four legs to the most remote corner of the garden, blowing hard like a terrified buffalo, and showing manifest signs of the terror which the sight of the constable's uniform inspired.

As, so far, we have presented our friend Tom to our readers as possessing both reason and good sense, we must be allowed, notwithstanding the critical situation, to interrupt our narrative while we explain how it came about that he was suddenly frightened by the representative of the law, seeing that so far no hostile demonstration had been made; and without some such explanation the irreproachable reputation he has left behind him might suffer.

It was an evening during the Carnival of the year of grace 1832. Tom had been in Paris barely six months, and yet the artistic society in which he moved had already so civilised him that he was one of the most amiable bears you could wish to meet. He would go and open the door when the bell rang, mount guard for hours at a time standing on his hind legs with a halberd in his hand, and dance a minuet, holding a broomstick with infinite grace behind his head. He had passed the day in these innocent recreations, to the great satisfaction of the studio, and had just dropped off into the sleep of the just in the wardrobe which he used as his kennel, when a knock was heard at the front door. At the sound James showed so many signs of joy that Decamps knew at once that it was his beloved tutor who was coming to see him.

As he had supposed, the door opened and disclosed Fau, muffled in a masquerade dress. James, as was his custom, threw himself into his arms.

"Very well, very well indeed!" said Fau, placing James on the table, and putting his walking-stick into his hand, "you are a charming little animal. Port arms! Present arms! Ready! Fire! Capital! I will get a complete uniform made for you as a Grenadier, and you shall mount guard instead of me. But, just now, I have not come for you, but for your friend Tom. Where is the animal in question?"

"Where?" replied Decamps. "In his kennel, I believe."

"Tom, come here! Tom!" called Fau.

Tom gave a low growl, which explained that he quite understood that he was the person wanted, but that he did not feel at all eager to respond to the invitation.

"Very well," said Fau, "so that's the way you obey me, eh? Tom, my friend, do not oblige me to have recourse to forcible measures."

Tom stretched out one paw, which appeared at the door of his wardrobe, without any more of his body being visible, and began to yawn plaintively and slowly like a child ordered to get up, who dares not protest otherwise against the tyranny of his schoolmaster.

"Where is the broomstick?" said Fau, in a menacing tone, and making a clatter with the bows, assegais, and fishing tackle which hung behind the door.

"Adsum!" called Alexandre, pointing to Tom, who, at this well-known sound, had jumped quickly up and approached Fau with an innocent and friendly kind of apologetic manner.

"That is right at last," said Fau; "be a good fellow, now; I have come on purpose for you all the way from the Café Procope to the Faubourg Saint Denis."

Tom shook his head up and down, down and up.

"All right; now shake hands with your friends. Well done!"

"Are you going to take him away?" said Decamps.

"A little way," said Fau, "and we are going to get him something pleasant, too!"

"And where are you going together?"

"To the *bal masqué*, that is all. . . . . Come, come, Tom, let us be going, my friend. We have a cabriolet hired by the hour."

And, as if Tom understood the force of this last argument, he went down the stairs four steps at a time, followed by his chaperon.

When they reached the coach, the driver opened the door, lowered the steps, and Tom, guided by Fau, got inside the conveyance as if he had been accustomed to go out driving every day of his life.

"Well, I never!" said the driver; "that is a funny dress. One would take him for a real bear. Where am I to drive you, my good people?"

"To the Odéon," replied Fau.

"Grrooonn!" said Tom.

"There—there—no need to get angry," said the driver; "it *is* a good step, but we shall get there all in good time."

In point of fact, half an hour later the coach stopped at the door of the theatre. Fau got out first and paid the fare; then he gave Tom a hand, took two tickets at the box-office, and entered the hall without the slightest objection being raised by the officials.

The second turn they took round the room, people began to follow Tom. The truth with which the new arrival imitated the gait of the animal whose skin he bore struck some of the learned in natural history. The investigators then drew gradually closer, and, wishing to find out if his talent for imitation extended also to the voice, they gave little tugs at the hair on his tail or pinched his ears.

"Grrooonn!" growled Tom.

A cry of admiration burst from the circle. It was absolutely life-like.

Fau led Tom to the refreshment stall, and gave him some sweet pastry, of which he was very fond, and the voracity with which he ate was so exactly like that of the real animal that the gallery roared with laughter. Then he gave him a glass of water, which Tom took carefully between his paws, as he was in the habit of doing when by chance Decamps did him the honour of asking him to dine at table, and he drank it at one gulp. Then the enthusiasm reached its highest point.

At this moment, when Fau came to leave the counter, he found such a tightly-packed circle round them, that he began to fear Tom might be tempted to have recourse to his teeth and claws to clear a way, and this would have complicated matters a good deal; so he led him aside into a corner, put him with his back resting against the angle of the walls, and ordered him to remain there until further orders. This was, as we have said, a form of drill perfectly familiar to Tom, as it was the way he had been taught to mount guard, and, moreover, suited well the natural indolence of his character. Thus, far more scrupulously obeying his orders than many a National Guard of my acquaintance, he did his turn of sentry-go, patiently waiting for his relief. A harlequin then gave him his stick to complete the parody, and Tom gravely placed his heavy paw atop of his wooden musket.

"Are you aware," said Fau to the obliging son of Bergamo, "who it is you have just lent your stick to?"

"No," replied Harlequin.

"Can't you guess?"

"No! I haven't a notion!"

"Come, look again. The grace of his movements, the neck for ever bent over the left shoulder, like Alexander the Great's—the perfect mimicry . . . . what! you don't recognise him?"

"No, upon my word of honour!"

"Odry," whispered Fau; "Odry, in the costume he wears in *The Bear and the Pacha*."

"But—he plays the white bear."

"Exactly. That is why he has borrowed Vernet's bearskin, to make the disguise perfect."

"Oh, nonsense! You are joking," said the harlequin.

"Grrooonn!" said Tom.

"Ah, now I recognise his voice," said Fau's new acquaintance. "You should tell him to disguise it better. How strange I did not know him sooner."

"Yes, I will," said Fau, walking towards the hall; "but we must not

bother him too much, for fear of offending him. I will try and get him to dance the minuet."

"Oh—really?"

"He promised he would. Tell your friends that, so that no one may go playing tricks on him."

"All right."

Fau crossed the room, and the Harlequin, delighted, went from one masker to another to tell them the news, and to repeat the advice given; upon which everybody discreetly fell back. Just then, the band struck up the first bars of the galop, and all made for the dancing room; but, before following his companion, the facetious Harlequin advanced towards Tom on tip-toes, and, whispering in his ear, said:

"I know you, my pretty fellow!"

"Grrooonn!" answered Tom.

"Oh, *groon, groon, groon*, as much as you please; but you *are* going to dance the minuet; you will dance the minuet, my dear, good Odry?"

Tom nodded his head slowly up and down, down and up, as he always did when asked questions, and the Harlequin, satisfied with this sign of assent, went off to find a Columbine with whom to dance the galop himself.

While this dance was going on, Tom was left alone with the barmaid, he standing motionless on his part, but with longing eyes fixed on the pyramids of tarts and cakes with which the buffet was crowned. The girl noticed his marked attention to her wares, and seeing an opening for a sale, she took a plate and stretched out her arm; Tom extended his paw, and politely took a tart, then a second, and then a third. The barmaid went on handing tarts, and Tom accepted them thankfully, so that he was well on in his second dozen when the galop finished and the dancers came back to the crush-room. Harlequin had recruited a Shepherdess and a Pierrette, and he introduced these ladies as partners for the minuets.

Then, as an old acquaintance, he came up to Tom and whispered a few words to him. Tom, whom his repast had put into a charming frame of mind, replied with one of his most amiable grunts. The Harlequin turned towards the spectators, and announced that the Signor Odry consented with great pleasure to gratify the wishes of the assembly. At these words rounds of applause, mingled with cries of "To the saloon!" broke forth; the Pierrette and the Shepherdess each took one of Tom's paws. Tom, for his part, like a gallant cavalier, followed where they led, looking from one to the other of his two partners with an air of great astonishment, and was soon in the middle of the floor. All took up positions to watch, some in the boxes, some in the balconies, while the majority stood round in a circle, and the band struck up.

The minuet was Tom's strong point, and the masterpiece of Fau's course of instruction. Thus success was assured from the first opening of the first figure, and the enthusiasm rose as the dance went on. Towards the end the applause was deafening. Tom was carried in triumph to the stage box. There the Shepherdess took off her crown of roses and placed it on his head. The whole house clapped and shouted, one voice even crying, "Long live Odry the First!"

Tom leant on the balustrade of his box with a grace all his own. Just as his triumph was complete, the first bars of the next country dance were played, and the crowd ran off to take their places, except a few courtiers of the new king, who stayed on in the hope of getting some free passes for the theatre out of him. But to all of their requests Tom replied with nothing but his everlasting "Grrooonn."

As the joke began to be monotonous, one by one fell away from the neighbourhood of the obstinate vizier of the great Shah-i-Baham, acknowledging his talent as a figure dancer, but declaring his conversation most insipid. Soon only three or four persons cared to notice him, and in an hour's time he was left absolutely alone. *Sic transit gloria mundi.*

At last the time for closing the ball-room drew near; the floor was gradually cleared, the boxes were empty. Some stray dim rays of dawn were creeping in through the windows of the *foyer* when the box-opener, going her rounds, heard from one of the stage boxes of the lower tier a prolonged sound of snoring, which betrayed the presence of some belated masker. She opened the door and found Tom, who, tired out with the stormy night he had spent, had retired to the back of his box, and resigned himself to slumber. The rules on this point are

strict, and every box-opener is a bond slave to rules and regulations. Therefore she entered the box, and with that politeness which is characteristic of the estimable class of society to which she had the honour to belong, she pointed out to Tom that it was nearly six o'clock in the morning, which was surely high time to be starting homewards.

"Grrooonn!" said Tom.

"I quite understand," replied the courteous official; "you are more than half asleep, my good man. But you would sleep better still in your own bed. Come! come! And your wife must be getting anxious, too. He does not hear a word, upon my soul! What a hard sleeper he is!" She tapped him on the shoulder.

"Grrooonn!"

"All right, all right. But really, there's a time for everything; and this is not the time for larks. Besides, we know who you are, my noble gentleman. Look, they are lowering the footlights and putting out the lustre. Shall I send for a coach for you?"

"Grrooonn!"

"Get along with your nonsense, the Odéon is not a pothouse; come, be off. Ah, so that is the way you take it! Oh, Monsieur Odry, for shame! To an actress as was, too! Very well, Monsieur Odry, I shall call the guard; the Commissary has not gone to bed yet. Ah, you won't obey the rules! You use your fists! You would strike a woman! We'll soon see! Hi! Commissary! Mister Commissary!"

"What is the matter now?" growled the fireman on duty.

"Help, fireman, help!" cried the distressed damsel. "Hi, hi! Police!"

"What's the row?" came from the Sergeant who was in command of the patrol.

"It's Mother What's-her-name shouting for help from the stage boxes."

"Coming."

"Here, this way, Sergeant!" cried the woman.

"Coming, coming. Where are you, my dear?"

"Come on, there are no steps. Here, here! He is in the corner right against the stage door. Oh, the ruffian! He's as strong as a Turk."

"Grrooonn!" grunted Tom.

"There, do you hear? Is that, I ask you, the language of a Christian gentleman?"

"Come, come, my friend," said the Sergeant, who, as his eyes got accustomed to the gloom, began to make out Tom in the darkness. "We all know what it is to be young, and there,—I'm like other people, I like a bit of fun, don't I, darlint? But I've got to obey orders. Time's up now for being in quarters; so, smart with the left foot! Double! March!!"

"Grrooonn!"

"Bravo! bravo! A perfect imitation of a bear's growl. But we've got to try another sort of game now. Come, come, mate, just keep your temper, and come along quietly. Ah, you won't? You want to give trouble! Very good, we shall have the laugh on our side presently. Here, my lads, just lay hold of this bruiser and run him out into the street."

"He won't budge, Sergeant."

"He won't? But what are our musket butts for? Give it him about the legs."

"Grrooonn! Grrooonn! . . ."

"Hit him hard, lay it on stiff."

"Look here, Sergeant," said one of the Municipal Guards, "I've got a notion it's a real bear. I laid hold of the scruff of his neck just now, and the skin seems firm on the flesh."

"Oh, then, if it is a bear, we must treat it with kindness, and get the owner to pay us for our care of it. Go and fetch the fireman's lantern."

"Grrooonn!"

"Bear or no bear," said one of the men, "he's had a good licking, and if he's got any memory at all, he won't forget the Municipal Guard in a hurry."

"Here is what you want," said one of the patrol, bringing the lantern.

"Put the light close to the prisoner's face."

The soldier obeyed.

"It is an animal's snout," pronounced the Sergeant.

"Oh, Christ!" said the box-opener, bolting for her life. "A real bear!"

"Well, yes—a real bear. We must see if he carries a passport and conduct him to his domicile; there will no doubt be a reward. He has probably strayed away, and, being partial to society, he entered the Odéon, while the ball was going on."

"Grrooonn!"

"There, you see, he admits the fact."

"Look here, look here," said one of the soldiers. "There is a little bag hung round his neck."

"Open the bag."

"A card!"

"Read the card."

The soldier took it and read:—

"My name is Tom. I reside at 109, Faubourg Saint Denis. I have five francs in my purse, two to pay the hackney coach, and three as a reward for the person bringing me back."

"Gospel truth, there are the five francs!" said the municipal guardian.

"The citizen's papers are quite in order," said the Sergeant.

"Now for two volunteers to conduct him to his place of domicile."

"Here!" said the policemen in chorus.

"No promotion by favour; all to go by seniority and merit. Let the two men holding most good-conduct badges have the benefit of the affair. Go, my sons."

Two Municipal Guards came up to Tom, passed a rope round his neck, and, for the sake of extra precaution, took three turns of it round his muzzle. Tom made no resistance. The butt-ends had made him as supple as a glove. Forty paces from the Odéon one of the Guards said, "It's a fine night. Suppose we don't take a coach; we shall be giving our gentleman a nice little walk."

"And then we shall each have fifty sous instead of thirty."

Motion carried unanimously.

In half-an-hour's time they were at the door of No. 109. At the third time of knocking the doorkeeper opened the door herself, half asleep.

"Here, Mother Wake-her-up," said one of the Municipal Guards, "we have brought one of your lodgers home. Do you recognise him as a member of your menagerie?"

"My goodness! Yes, I do," said the Portière. "It is Monsieur Decamps' bear."

The same day a bill amounting to seven and a half francs for tarts and cakes was presented at Monsieur Odry's house. But the vizier of Shah-i-Baham easily proved an alibi; he was on guard at the Tuileries.

As for Tom, from that day forth he walked in great terror of that respectable corps which had beaten him with their butt ends, and had made him travel on foot, although he had paid his full cab fare.

Thus no one will be surprised that, when he saw the face of the municipal guardian appear in the doorway of the sitting-room, he beat a retreat to the uttermost end of the garden. Nothing makes a man more bold than seeing his enemy giving ground before him. Moreover, as we have said, this guardian was not wanting in courage; so he set out in pursuit of Tom, who, finding himself driven into a corner, tried to climb the wall. But finding, after a few attempts, that he could not escape that way, he faced his foe, and, standing on his hind legs, prepared to make a sound defence, utilising for the purpose the boxing lessons which his friend Fau had given him.

The municipal guardian, on his part, threw himself promptly and properly into the first position and proceeded to attack *secundum artem*. At the third lunge, he feinted at the head and cut at the leg. Tom defended with the second guard. The municipal then threatened a cut to the right; Tom recovered and countered heavily at the sword arm, and catching the hilt a blow with the full force of his fist, he bent back his enemy's wrist so violently that he dislocated it. The municipal dropped his sabre, and was thus at the mercy of his adversary.

Happily for him, and unhappily for Tom, the Commissary arrived at this moment on the scene. He saw the act of rebellion against the arm of the law, took his sash from his pocket and wound it three times round his waist. Then feeling himself supported by the guard, sent the corporal and his nine men into the garden with orders to deploy into line of battle, and himself took post, on the verandah behind, to superintend the firing. Tom, preoccupied with these manœuvres, allowed the Municipal Guard to retreat, which he did, holding his right hand in his left, and remained himself upright and motionless against the wall.

Then the trial began. Tom, accused of having, during the night, broken into an inhabited dwelling, and having attempted to commit murder on the person of a public official, which said attempted murder only failed owing to circumstances which were independent of his will, and

being unable to produce witnesses in his defence, was condemned to suffer the penalty of death. Consequently, the corporal was desired to proceed with the execution of the sentence, and gave the order to his men to handle their fire-arms.

Upon this, dead silence fell upon the crowd which had assembled behind the patrol, and was broken only by the voice of the corporal giving his words of command. One after another he went through the twelve motions of loading. Notwithstanding his instructions, after the word "Present," he turned back once more to the Commissary before giving the fatal word, "Fire!" and a murmur of compassion ran through the assembly.

But the Commissary of Police, who had been disturbed in the midst of his breakfast, was inexorable; he raised his hand as a signal to proceed.

"Fire!" said the corporal.

The soldiers fired, and the unfortunate Tom fell pierced with eight bullets.

At this very moment Alexandre Decamps came back with a letter from M. Cuvier, giving Tom admission to the Jardin des Plantes, and making him the successor of Martin.

CHAPTER IX

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE PUT DOWN A MUTINY ON BOARD THE BRIG "ROXELANE," AND WHAT WAS THE SEQUEL THEREOF

TOM was a native of Canada. He belonged to that herbivorous species of apes, which, while generally confined to the mountains lying between New York and Lake Ontario, sometimes in the winter, when driven down by the snow from among the ice-bound peaks, ventures to descend in famishing bands to the very outskirts of Portland and Boston.

Now, if our readers care to know how Tom managed to travel from the banks of the St. Lawrence to those of the Seine, they must be good enough to look back to the end of the year 1829, and to follow us to the northern extremity of the Atlantic Ocean, between the coast of Iceland and the promontory of Cape Farewell. There we shall show them, "walking the waters like a thing of life," the brig of our old friend Captain Pamphile. The adventurer in question, forsaking for once his old love for the East, this time turned away towards the Pole, not, however, like Ross, or Parry, seeking to explore the North-west Passage, but with a more utilitarian and certainly a more lucrative aim. Captain Pamphile, having two years to wait for his cargoes of ivory, was making use of the time in attempting to introduce to the Northern Seas that system of barter which we have watched him practising with so much success in the waters of the Indian Archipelago. The theatre of his early exploits was becoming somewhat unproductive, in consequence of the frequent colloquies he had held with passing ships in those latitudes, and, moreover, he felt the need of change of air. Only, this voyage, instead of seeking a cargo of tea and spices, Captain Pamphile directed his attention to the acquisition of sperm oil.

Given the character of our worthy filibuster, it will be obvious that he would not waste time in selecting whaling hands for his crew, or in fitting out his ship with whaleboats, lines, and harpoons. He was quite satisfied with a careful inspection, as he put to sea, of the swivel guns, the carronades, and the long eights, which, as we have said, he made serve him for ballast. He had put his muskets in good order, sharpened up his boarding cutlasses, laid in provisions for six weeks, passed the Straits of Gibraltar, and in the month of September—that is to say, just when the fisheries are at their best—he was cruising about the 60th parallel of latitude, and forthwith began to ply his trade.

As we have seen, Captain Pamphile liked well-finished work. So, he gave special attention to such vessels as he conjectured, from the way they sailed, to hold good and sufficient cargoes. We know what his method of bargaining was in these delicate negotiations. He had made no appreciable change in his system, notwithstanding the change in locality. Thus it is needless to repeat the details to our readers.

We need only say that the success of the system was complete. Thus, he was returning with not more than fifty of his casks empty, when chance threw in his

way, off the banks of Newfoundland, a barque returning from the cod fisheries. Captain Pamphile, while undertaking grand speculative ventures, by no means despised smaller transactions. He therefore did not let this opportunity of completing his cargo pass. The fifty empty casks were passed on board the fishing smack, and in exchange for them the fishermen kindly sent Captain Pamphile fifty full barrels. Policar brought to his notice the fact that the full casks were not so high by three inches as the empty ones. But Captain Pamphile was good enough to condone this irregularity, in consequence of the cod having been only just salted the day before. Only he examined the whole of the casks one by one, to satisfy himself as to the good quality of the fish. Then, after ordering the lot to be headed down, he had them lowered into the hold, with the exception of one cask which he kept out for his own table.

In the evening, the doctor entered his cabin just as he was sitting down to supper. He came to ask, in the name of the crew, for three or four casks of fresh cod. For the space of nearly a month, the ship being short of food, the sailors had been living on whale steaks and seal cutlets. The captain asked if they were out of provisions. The doctor replied that they still had a certain amount of the kind we have mentioned, but that this sort of food, anything but good when fresh, was far from being improved by being salted down. Pamphile, upon this, remarked that he was very sorry indeed to refuse, but he had an order from the firm of Breda and Company, of Marseilles, for exactly forty-nine barrels of salt cod, and he could not disappoint such good customers. Moreover, if the crew wanted fresh cod, they had only to fish for them, as they were quite at liberty to do, he, Captain Pamphile, placing no obstacle whatever in their way. The doctor went back to the crew. In ten minutes' time Captain Pamphile heard the sound of a great commotion on board the brig *Roxelane*. A hubbub of voices shouted, "Boarding pikes! Cutlasses!" and one sailor cried "Hurrah for Policar! Down with Captain Pamphile!" Captain Pamphile judged it was about time to show himself. He got up from his seat, put a brace of pistols in his belt, lit his short pipe, which he never smoked but in very stormy weather, and took in his hand a sort of full dress cat-o'-nine-tails, elaborately constructed, which he carried only on very great occasions. He went on deck and found a mutiny in active progress. Captain Pamphile walked forward into the middle of the ship's company, who were gathered about in groups, looking to right and left the while for any man bold enough to say the first word. A stranger would merely have supposed Captain Pamphile to be making an ordinary tour of inspection, but to the crew of the *Roxelane*, who well knew his long arm, it was something quite different. They knew that Captain Pamphile was never so near a dangerous outburst as when he said nothing; and his silence was terrifying. At last, after two or three turns up and down, he stopped in front of his first officer, who seemed to be mixed up in the disaffection along with the others.

"Policar, my lad," said he, "can you tell me which way the wind is?"

"But—Captain," said Policar, "the wind is . . . You said the wind?"

"Yes, I said the wind. How's the wind?"

"Upon my word!" said Policar, "I don't know."

"Very well, I am going to tell you, I am!"

And Captain Pamphile looked aloft at the sky, which was overcast, with an air of serious consideration; then, holding up his head towards the breeze, he whistled as sailors do.

Finally, turning to his first officer:—

"Well, Policar, my fine fellow, I can tell you what the wind's doing, I can. It's going to blow a gale."

"I thought as much," said Policar.

"And now, Policar, my man, will you have the goodness to tell me what is going to fall?"

"What is going to fall?"

"Yes, to come down like hail."

"Upon my word and honour, I don't know what's going to come down," said Policar.

"Well, I'll tell you; rope's ends and cat-o'-nine-tails are. So, friend Policar, if you want to keep out of the storm, look sharp and get into your cabin, and don't come out again till I tell you. Do you understand me, Policar?"

"Aye, aye, sir," said Policar, going below.

"That's a very intelligent young man," said Captain Pamphile to himself. Then he paced up and down the deck two or three times more and presently stopped dead in front of the carpenter, who held a pike in his hand. "Good-day to you, Georges," said he to the carpenter. "What is that little plaything you've got there, my lad?"

"Why! Captain . . ." stammered the carpenter.

"Lord ha' mercy, why, it's my broom!" suddenly cried the Captain.

The carpenter dropped the pike, the Captain picked it up and broke it into two halves as he might have snapped a willow wand. "I see how it was," continued Captain Pamphile, "you wanted to brush your clothes. Very good, my friend, very good indeed. Cleanliness is next to godliness, so they say." He made a sign for two of the crew to come to him.

"Come here, you two; each of you lay hold of one of these bits of stick and dust his jacket for poor old Georges; and Georges, my boy, mind you stay inside your jacket during the operation!"

"How many lashes, sir?" asked the men.

"Well, say five-and-twenty each of you."

The flogging began, the two fellows striking blow for blow with the regularity of a pair of Virgilian shepherds. The Captain counted the strokes, and at the thirtieth Georges fainted.

"That will do," said the Captain. "Carry him to his hammock. He can have the rest to-morrow. Give every man his due."

The Captain's orders were obeyed. Then he paced three times up and down the deck again, finally stopping in front of the sailor who had shouted, "Hurrah for Policar! Down with Captain Pamphile."

"Well," said he, "how's that sweet voice of yours getting on, Gaetano, my boy?"

Gaetano tried to speak, but, hard as he tried, nothing came of the effort but indistinct gurgles and mutterings.

"Goodness me!" said the Captain, "the man's lost his voice. Gaetano, my son, this is dangerous, and calls for prompt treatment. Doctor, tell off four dressers for the job this minute."

The doctor chose four men, who came round Gaetano.

"Come here, my dear boys," said the Captain, "and mind you follow my directions carefully. You must get a line and reeve it through a block; then you will take one end and knot it round this honest lad's neck for a cravat; then you must haul in the slack till you've lifted our man thirty feet in the air. You will keep him there for ten minutes, and when you ower him, he'll talk like a starling and sing like a blackbird. Look alive, my hearties, look alive!"

The executioners went about their work in dead silence, and the Captain's orders were followed out from start to finish without the faintest protest being raised. Captain Pamphile watched it with so much care that he let his pipe go out. In ten minutes time the body of the rebellious sailor was let down on the deck perfectly rigid. The doctor came up and satisfied himself that he was really dead; then they tied one cannon ball to the neck of the corpse and two to the feet, and pitched it into the sea.

"Now," said Captain Pamphile, taking his cutty out of his mouth, "all of you go and relight my pipe, and take care that only one man brings it back." The nearest sailor took the relic of antiquity from the hand of his superior, with signs of the most profound respect, and descended the main hatchway, followed by the whole crew, leaving the Captain alone with the doctor. A moment afterwards Double-Bouche appeared, carrying the relighted cutty.

"Ah, it's you, you young brigand," said the Captain. "And what were you doing while these good people were walking about the deck discussing their business? Answer me that, you little blackguard."

"My word," said Double-Bouche, seeing from the Captain's manner that he had nothing to fear, "I was dipping a crust of bread into the stew-pan to see if the stew was good, and my fingers into the saucepan to see if the sauce was properly seasoned."

"Very well, you young imp, you may take the best of the stew and the sauce, and turn out the rest of it as soup for my dog. As for the sailors, they can eat dry bread and drink plain water for three days. That is a good preventive against scurvy. Let us go to dinner, doctor."

And the Captain went back to his cabin,

called for another plate for his guest, and resumed his dinner of fresh cod as if there had been no interruption between the first and second courses. At the end of dinner the Captain went on deck again to make his evening rounds. Everything seemed in perfect order, the quartermaster at his post, the steersman at the helm, and the look-out in the fore-top. The brig was under full sail, and was doing her steady eight knots an hour, having to port the banks of Newfoundland and to starboard the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The wind was west-north-west, and seemed likely to hold. So that Captain Pamphile, after a stormy day, counting on a quiet night, went below to his cabin, took off his coat, lit his pipe, and leaned out of the stern-ports, following with his eyes now the trail of his tobacco smoke, now the wake of the vessel.

Captain Pamphile, as the reader will have noticed, was more of a man of action than of poetry and picturesque imagination; still, like the true sailor he was, he could not be a spectator of the cloudless moon silvering the waves of ocean without dropping into that sympathetic and pensive mood that comes over every seaman when contemplating the element on which he lives and moves.

He had been leaning thus for perhaps two hours, his body half in, half out of the port, hearing nothing but the wash of the passing waves, seeing nothing but the cape of St. John disappearing on the horizon like a sea mist, when he suddenly was recalled to himself by someone gripping him by the collar of his shirt and the seat of his breeches. At the same time as he was seized, the hands which had taken this liberty with him appeared to execute a sort of see-saw movement, the one on his collar bearing down, the other lifting, so that Captain Pamphile's feet were raised considerably higher than his head. The Captain tried to call for help, but he had not time to do so. As he opened his mouth the individual who guided his movements, having brought his body into the desired degree of inclination, let go simultaneously both shirt and breeches, so that Captain Pamphile, obeying, in spite of himself, the laws of equilibrium and gravity, took a nearly vertical plunge, and disappeared in the silvery wake of the *Roxelane*, which continued on her rapid and even course without the least consciousness that she had been widowed of her captain.

Next day, at ten o'clock, as Captain Pamphile had not, according to his invariable custom, started on his round of inspection on deck, the doctor entered his cabin, and found it empty. In a moment, the news of the captain's disappearance flew round the crew. The command of the vessel devolved as a matter of right upon the mate; consequently they ran to bring Policar from the cabin in which he was conscientiously keeping his arrest, and he was proclaimed captain.

The first act of authority on the part of the new skipper was to serve out to each man a share of the cod and a double ration of brandy, and to remit in Georges' favour the twenty stripes which remained of his sentence.

Three days later than the events we have just described, not a soul on board the brig *Roxelane* troubled either more or less about Captain Pamphile than would have been the case had that worthy mariner never existed.

CHAPTER X

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE, THINKING TO LAND ON AN ISLAND, LANDED ON A WHALE INSTEAD, AND BECAME THE SLAVE OF BLACK SNAKE

BY the time Captain Pamphile regained the surface of the water, the brig *Roxelane* was beyond hailing distance, so he knew better than to tire himself by useless shouts for help. He began by taking his bearings with a view to making out what might be the nearest land, and coming to the conclusion that it should be Cape Breton, he laid his course for it by the help of the Pole Star, which he kept carefully on his right hand.

Captain Pamphile swam like a seal. Nevertheless, after four or five hours of this exercise, he began to feel a little tired. Moreover, the sky was overcast, and the beacon light by which he had been steering had disappeared; thus he thought he could not do better than take a rest. So he stopped his forward stroke, and, turning over, floated on his back.

He remained for about an hour in this position, making no movement beyond what was necessary to keep his face above water, and watching the stars one by one being blotted out from the sky. However great the stock of philosophy possessed by Captain Pamphile, it will be understood that the situation was not altogether amusing for him. He was quite familiar with the lie of the coast around him, and knew that he must still be three or four leagues away from the nearest land. Feeling his strength renewed by the temporary repose he had taken, he had just renewed his swim with fresh vigour when he saw, a few yards beyond him, a black something on the sea, which the darkness of the night had prevented his observing sooner. Captain Pamphile considered it to be some isle or rock which navigators and geographers had overlooked, and he swam towards it. He soon reached it, but he had some difficulty in gaining a footing, as the surface of the ground, incessantly washed by the waves, was very slippery. But after a few attempts he succeeded, and found himself on a small hillock of an island from twenty to twenty-five yards in length, and rising in the centre to a height of ten feet above the level of the sea. It was entirely uninhabited.

Captain Pamphile soon explored the whole of his new domain. It was barren and naked, except for a sort of tree about as thick in the stem as a broom-stick and from eight to ten feet high, entirely destitute of branches and leaves, and for some low weeds which were still wet, showing that, in stormy weather, the waves washed completely over the rock. To this circumstance Captain Pamphile attributed the incredible ignorance of cartographers, and made a firm resolve that, as soon as he got back to France, he would send to the Society of Exploration a scientific memoir correcting the mistakes of his precursors. He was thus forming his plans and projects, when he thought he heard some one talking not far off. He looked about on all sides, but, as we have said, the night was so dark that he could distinguish nothing. He listened once again, and this time he heard clearly the sound of several voices, albeit the words were still unintelligible, Captain Pamphile had in the first instance thought of hailing the speakers; but, on second thoughts, as he did not know whether those who were approaching through the darkness were friends or foes, he determined to await the course of events. In any case, the island on which he had landed could not be so far from the mainland as to leave him in much danger of dying of hunger in so frequented a neighbourhood as that of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. He determined then to keep still until daylight, unless he were discovered himself. Accordingly he placed himself at the end of his isle furthest removed from the point whence proceeded the sounds of the human voice, which under certain circumstances man dreads more than the roaring of beasts of prey.

All was still again, and Captain Pamphile began to hope that things would pass off without further adventure, when he felt the ground move under him. His first thought was that there was an earthquake; but within the whole perimeter of his island he had not seen the smallest sign of a mountain bearing the appearance of a volcano; then he recollected having heard accounts of submarine formations which appear suddenly on the surface of the sea, remain above it sometimes days, sometimes months, sometimes years, give colonists time to sow crops, to build cabins, to form a community, and then, at a given moment, go down as they came up, without apparent cause, carrying with them the over-confident population which has made its home on them. Whatever might happen, as Captain Pamphile had not had time to sow or build, and would not have to lament either for his corn or his houses, he simply prepared to resume his swim, only too happy that his miraculous island had remained long enough above the surface to allow him to take a rest upon it. Thus he had quite resigned himself to whatever might be the will of God, when, to his great astonishment, he saw that his island, instead of disappearing, was actually moving through the water, leaving behind it a wake like that astern of a vessel. Captain Pamphile was on a floating island; the miracle of Latona was being performed again for his benefit, and he was drifting, on some unknown Delos, towards the shores of the New World.

Captain Pamphile had seen so much in the course of his nomadic and adventurous life that he was not the man to

be astonished at a trifle like this; the only thing he thought strange was that his island, as if endowed with intelligence such as he had never dared to expect, was steering straight for the northerly point of Cape Breton. As he had no preference for one point over another, he resolved to let the island go wherever its business seemed to take it, and to take advantage of the circumstance by travelling in its company. But as the slippery state of the ground was rendered still more dangerous than before by the motion, Captain Pamphile, although he had sea-legs, still climbed towards the top of his island, and, holding on by the isolated and leafless tree which seemed to mark the centre, awaited events with patience and resignation.

Yet, Captain Pamphile, who had become, naturally enough, all eyes and ears, in the intervals of light when the wind, driving aside the clouds, allowed some star to sparkle like a diamond in the heavens, thought he saw, like a black speck, a little island acting as guide to the larger, keeping about fifty paces in front. Moreover when the waves, which broke against his domain, were less noisy, those same voices which he had heard before for a moment, again struck on his ear, borne on the murmuring wind, vague and unmeaning as the sounds of the spirits of the deep.

It was not until dawn began to break in the east that Captain Pamphile found his bearings completely, and was astonished that, with the intelligence for which he gave himself credit, he had not grasped the situation much sooner. The small isle travelling in front was a boat manned by six Canadian Indians, the large island on which he stood was a whale, which the former allies of France were towing off to cut up, and the branchless and leafless tree to which he was clinging was the harpoon that had dealt death to the sea-monster, and which, penetrating four or five feet into the wound it had caused, stood still eight or nine feet above it. The Hurons, on their part, when they saw the double capture they had made, allowed an exclamation of surprise to escape them. But, remembering immediately that it is beneath the dignity of man to appear surprised by anything, they went on rowing in silence towards the land, without taking any further notice of Captain Pamphile. The latter, seeing that the savages, notwithstanding their apparent indifference, never took their eyes off him, affected to maintain the greatest calm, although the strange situation in which he was really caused him considerable perturbation of spirit.

As the whale reached to within about a quarter of a league of the northern end of Cape Breton, the skiff stopped; but the enormous cetacean, continuing the impulse of motion imparted to it, ranged up gradually to the little boat till it brought the latter alongside. Then the native who appeared to be the commander of the crew, a great, strong fellow of over six feet, painted blue and red, with a black snake tattooed on his chest and carrying on his shaven crown the tail of a bird of paradise plaited into the only lock of hair he had kept on his head, stuck a large knife into his waistcloth, took a tomahawk in his right hand, and advanced, slow and dignified, towards Captain Pamphile.

Captain Pamphile, who, for his part, had seen every savage race of the known world, from those who come down from La Courtille on Ash Wednesday mornings to those of the Sandwich Isles who treacherously slew Captain Cook, quietly allowed him to approach, without apparently taking the least notice of him.

Three paces distant from the European, the Huron stopped and fixed his eyes on Captain Pamphile; Captain Pamphile resolutely declined to recede a hair's breadth and gazed back at the Huron with as much calm and tranquility as the latter affected. At last, after ten minutes of mutual inspection: "The Black Snake is a great chief," said the Huron.

"Pamphile, of Marseilles, is a great Captain," said the Provençal.

"And why, my brother," answered the Huron, "did he leave his vessel and embark on the Black Snake's whale?"

"Because," said the Captain, "his crew threw him overboard, and, tired of swimming, he took a rest on the first thing he came across, without waiting to enquire to whom it belonged."

"Very good," said the Huron, "Black Snake is a great chief, and Captain Pamphile will be his servant."

"Just say that over again," said the Captain, in a tone of banter.

"I say," repeated the Huron, "that

Captain Pamphile will row Black Snake's boat when he is on the water, will carry his birch bark tent when he travels by land, will light his fire when it is cold, will keep the flies off when it is hot, and will mend his mocassins when they are out of repair; in return for which Black Snake will give Captain Pamphile the leavings of his dinner and such old beaver skins as may be of no use to himself."

"Ah, well!" said the Captain, "and supposing the conditions do not suit Captain Pamphile and that he declines them?"

"Then Black Snake will raise Captain Pamphile's scalp, and hang it up before his door with those of seven Englishmen, nine Spaniards, and eleven Frenchmen which are already there."

"Very good," said the Captain, seeing that he was not the stronger of the two, "Black Snake is a great chief, and Pamphile shall be his servant."

Upon this Black Snake made a signal to his crew, who in due course landed on the whale and surrounded Captain Pamphile. The chief said something to his men, and they proceeded at once to land on the animal several small boxes, a beaver, two or three birds which they had killed with bows and arrows, and everything necessary for kindling a fire. Then Black Snake got on board the canoe, took an oar in each hand, and proceeded to row towards land.

The captain was engaged in watching the departure of the chief, and in admiring the speed with which the little boat skimmed over the sea, when three Huron Indians approached him: one took off his neck-tie, the second his shirt, and the third his trousers, in the pocket of which was his watch. Then two others followed, one of them holding a razor, and the other a sort of palette made up of little cockle shells filled with yellow, red, and blue pigments. They made a sign to Captain Pamphile to lie down, and while the remainder of the band lighted a fire, as they would on a real island, plucked the birds and skinned the beaver, they proceeded with the toilette of their new comrade. One shaved his head, leaving only the lock which the savages are in the habit of growing; the other dipped his brush in the various colours, and painted him all over after the latest fashion obtaining among the dandies of the River Ottawa and Lake Huron.

The first preparation made, the two valets of Captain Pamphile went and brought, one a handful of feathers from the tail of the whip-poor-will they were just singeing, the other the skin of the beaver they were beginning to cook. Coming back to their victim, they fastened the plume of feathers to the one lock of hair which they had left him, and tied the beaver's skin round his loins. The operation being now complete, one of them gave Captain Pamphile a small piece of looking glass. He was hideous! In the meantime, Black Snake landed and took his way to a good-sized house which could be seen from a distance showing white above the sands. He soon came out accompanied by a man dressed as a European, and from his gestures it was plain that the child of the desert was showing to the man of civilisation the capture he had made in the open sea and which he had brought during the night to within sight of the coast.

After a few moments, the inhabitant of Cape Breton got into a boat with two slaves, pulled off to the whale and rowed round it, but without landing on it; then, after having probably decided that the Huron had told him the truth, he returned to the Cape, where the chief awaited him, sitting motionless on the ground.

Then the white man's slaves brought out sundry articles which the Captain could not see properly on account of the distance, and placed them in the skiff of the red man; the Huron chief took his paddles and rowed back again to the island where his crew and Captain Pamphile awaited his coming.

He landed just as the beaver and the stork were done to a turn, ate the tail of the beaver and the wings of the whip-poor-will, and in accordance with his agreement, gave the remains of his dinner to the servants, among whom it seemed to please him greatly to include Captain Pamphile. Thereupon the Hurons brought him the booty taken from their prisoner, so that he might, as chief, make choice of such of the spoil as should be most to his liking.

Black Snake looked with considerable disdain at the Captain's neckerchief, shirt and breeches; but, on the other hand, his attention was much attracted

by the watch, the use of which he was evidently ignorant of. Nevertheless, after having turned it over and over, held it up by its short chain and swung it by the longer chain, he listened attentively to its ticking. Then, turning it backwards and forwards again to try and discover its mechanism, he put one hand to his own heart, while with the other he again placed it to his ear. At last, convinced that it was a living creature, since it had a pulse which beat in unison with his own, he placed it with the greatest care beside a small tortoise about the breadth of a five-franc piece and the thickness of half a walnut, in a box, which, richly incrusted with shell work, evidently held his most valued treasures. Then, as if well pleased with the share of the plunder he had taken, he pushed away with his foot the tie, shirt, and pantaloons, generously leaving them at the disposition of his crew.

Breakfast over, Black Snake, the Hurons, and the prisoner left the whale for the canoe. Captain Pamphile then saw that the goods brought in her for the Hurons were two English muskets, four bottles of brandy, and a barrel of powder. Black Snake, considering it beneath his dignity to cut up the whale he had killed, had bartered it with a colonist for spirits, ammunition, and arms.

As they embarked, the resident of Cape Breton reappeared on the shore, and, followed by five or six slaves, got into a larger boat than he had selected for his first visit to the whale. As he pushed off from shore, Black Snake, on his part, gave the order to leave the whale, so that its new owner might see there was nothing to fear. Then began Captain Pamphile's apprenticeship. A Huron, supposing that he would be ignorant of the use of the oar, placed a paddle in his hands, but as he had served in every grade, from cabin boy to captain, he made use of it with so much strength, precision, and skill, that Black Snake, to show his great satisfaction, gave him his elbow to kiss. The same evening the Huron chief and his followers stopped for the night on a large rock which stretches out, at some distance from a smaller one, into the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Immediately some set to work pitching the birch-bark tent, which the North American Indians generally carry with them when they travel or go on a hunting expedition, while others scattered about the rock and searched in the clefts for oysters, mussels, sea-urchins, and the products of the ocean, which they collected in such numbers that, after providing for the Great Snake, there was plenty left for everybody else.

After supper, the Great Snake sent for the box in which he had put the watch, so that he might see that it had not met with any accident. He took it up, as he had done in the morning, with the greatest care; but no sooner had he lifted it out than he perceived that the beating of the heart had stopped. He put it to his ear, and heard no sound; then he tried warming it with his breath, but finding every effort was in vain—"Here," said he, handing it to its owner with an expression of deep contempt, "take back your animal; he is dead."

Captain Pamphile, who valued his watch greatly as being a present from his wife, did not wait for a second offer, but hung the chain round his neck, delighted to get his timepiece back, and took good care not to wind it up.

At break of day, they started again, travelling still westward; in the evening they landed on the shores of a solitary inlet in the Island of Anticosti, and the following day, about four in the afternoon, doubling Cape Gaspé, they entered the St. Lawrence River, which they had to ascend to Lake Ontario, whence the chief expected to reach Lake Huron, on the banks of which was his wigwam.

CHAPTER XI

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE TRAVELLED UP THE ST. LAWRENCE RIVER FOR FIVE DAYS, AND MADE GOOD HIS ESCAPE FROM BLACK SNAKE TOWARDS THE END OF THE SIXTH DAY

CAPTAIN PAMPHILE had, as we have seen, adapted himself to circumstances with more promptitude and resignation than might have been expected of a man of so violent and overbearing a disposition. It was because, thanks to the many different situations in which he had been thrown during the course of a very stormy life, of which we

have only shown the reader the successful side, he had fallen into the habit of taking immediate and decided resolutions. Moreover, as we have said, he had quickly seen that his was the weaker side, and he at once drew, from an ancient spring of philosophy which he held in reserve for similar occasions, an appearance of resignation which duped Black Snake, clever as that noble savage was.

It must be confessed, too, that Captain Pamphile, being devoted as he was to the great art of navigation, was not devoid of a certain sense of pleasure in watching the degree of perfection to which its practice had been brought among the natives of Upper Canada.

The timbers of the canoe, in which Captain Pamphile was the sixth hand, were constructed of a strong elastic wood covered by strips of birch-bark sewn together, and the seams covered with a thick coating of pitch. Within she was lined by very thin planks of pine placed one joint above another like the tiles on a roof.

Our connoisseur, then, was impartial enough to render justice to the builders of the vessel in which he was being carried, much against his will, from the North to the South; he had given only one sign, but that indicated the opinion of the master, of his satisfaction with the light build of the canoe. In fact, this lightness gave it two great advantages. The first was that, given an equal number of rowers, it could beat easily by a considerable distance in five minutes the best English-built racing craft, and the second, peculiar to the locality, was that it could be readily lifted on shore and carried without difficulty by a couple of men, when the rapids which were scattered about the river forced the crew to take to the banks, sometimes for the distance of two or three leagues. It is true that there was one drawback to these two advantages; a single false movement caused it to turn bottom upwards in a moment. But this mattered little to men who, like the Canadian Indians, live as much in the water as on the land; as for Captain Pamphile, we know he belonged to the family of the seals, otters, and other amphibious animals. At the close of the first day of inland navigation, the boat was brought to in a little inlet on the right bank; the crew drew her up at once on land, and prepared to pass the night on the soil of New Brunswick. The Black Snake was so pleased with the intelligence and docility shown by his new servant during the forty-eight hours they had passed together that, after leaving over for him, as on the previous evening, a goodly portion of his supper, he gave him a buffalo hide, on which there still remained some hair, to serve for a mattress. As to bed clothes, the Captain was obliged to do without any. Moreover, as our readers will recollect if they have good memories, his only garment was the beaver's skin which depended from his hips half way down his legs; so it is not surprising that the worthy merchant skipper, accustomed to the temperature of Senegambia and the Congo, passed the whole night shifting his beaver's skin from place to place, so as to warm the different parts of his body in succession. Nevertheless, as there is a good side to everything, his insomnia gave him the opportunity of observing that his companions were extremely distrustful of him; at each movement of his, however slight it was, a head would be raised and two eyes, glowing like those of a wolf through the gloom, would be fixed upon him. Captain Pamphile saw that he was closely watched, and consequently he himself became doubly prudent.

The next day, the boatmen started before it was light. They were still in the estuary of the river, where it is broad enough to be like a lake running into the sea. There was then nothing to interfere with their progress, the current being all but imperceptible, and the wind, whether fair or ahead, making little difference to the light canoe. On each side the landscape spread before the eye like a boundless plain, losing itself in the blue horizon, with here and there houses appearing as white spots. Now and again, in the hazy depths which the eye failed to pierce, there was to be seen the snowy peak of some mountain belonging to the range which stretches from Cape Gaspé to the source of the Ohio; but the distance was so great that it was scarcely possible to tell whether the fading apparition belonged to the sky or earth. The day passed by in the midst of these scenes, to which Captain Pamphile seemed to give constant attention and profound admiration. Still this two-fold sentiment, strong as it appeared to be,

never caused him to forget for a moment his duty as a sailor. So Black Snake flattered both by his good taste and by his good work, gave him, while they were taking a rest, a pipe ready filled. This favour was the better appreciated by the Captain in that, from the time when Double-Bouche had relit his short clay, after he had let it go out during the mutiny, he had been obliged to forego the luxury of a smoke. So he bowed at once and said, "The Black Snake is a great chief," a compliment to which Black Snake responded by saying, "Captain Pamphile is a faithful servant."

This ended the conversation, and each began to smoke.

In the evening they landed on an island; the ceremony of supper was gone through, as usual, much to the general satisfaction. The previous night made Captain Pamphile somewhat anxious as to how he was to bear the cold, which, of course, is more intense on an island nearly level with the water than on the wooded mainland. But on unrolling his buffalo-hide he found a woollen blanket inside. Decidedly, Black Snake was not a bad sort of master, and if Captain Pamphile had not already formed some plans for the future, he might have stayed on in his service. But, however pleasant he found it to lie between his blanket and buffalo robe on an island in the River St. Lawrence, he still had the weakness to prefer his berth on board the good ship *Roxelane*. Still, however inferior his temporary couch might be, the Captain slept without waking until daybreak.

About eleven o'clock on the third day Quebec hove in sight. Captain Pamphile had some hope that Black Snake would put in at that town; thus, directly he saw the town, he set to work with such vigour at rowing that he gained extra consideration from the great chief, and that he failed to pay as much attention to the Falls of Montmorency as the sight deserved. But he was mistaken in his conjectures. The bark passed by the harbour, doubled Diamond Cape, and went on till they landed opposite the Falls of La Chaudière.

As it was still daylight, Captain Pamphile had time to admire this magnificent cascade, which falls from a height of one hundred and fifty feet, with a breadth of two hundred and sixty, spreading out like a sheet of snow on a carpet of verdure and running between banks wooded nearly to the edge, while from the forest here and there stand up masses of rock looking like the bald and white foreheads of weather-beaten old men. Supper and night followed as usual.

The next day the boat was launched at daybreak. Notwithstanding his philosophy, Captain Pamphile began to experience some anxiety. He could not help reflecting that the further he penetrated inland, the greater was his distance from Marseilles, and the more difficult became any attempt at escape. Thus he rowed with more negligence than the great chief had ever remarked in him, but he was forgiven in view of his former alacrity. Suddenly his eyes became fixed on the horizon, and his paddle stopped working, and as the sailor who pulled bow to his stroke continued to row, the canoe swung completely round.

"What is the matter?" said Black Snake, getting up from the bottom of the boat where he had been lying, and taking his calumet out of his mouth.

"The matter is," said Captain Pamphile, pointing to the South, "either I am ignorant of sailor craft, or we are going to have a bit of a gale."

"And where does my brother see the sign which shows that God has commanded the tempest to 'Blow and destroy'?"

"Egad!" said the Captain, "in that cloud which is coming up black as ink."

"My brother has the eyes of a mole; what he sees is not a cloud."

"You are joking," said Captain Pamphile.

"Black Snake has the eye of an eagle," said the chief; "let the white man wait, and judge for himself."

In fact, this cloud advanced with a speed and rush such as Captain Pamphile had never seen in a true cloud, however hard blew the wind which drove it; at the end of three seconds, our worthy mariner, confident as he was of his knowledge, began to feel sundry doubts. At last, before a minute had passed, he saw that he was wrong and Black Snake right. The cloud was nothing but a serried mass of innumerable pigeons taking flight towards the North.

At first the Captain could not believe his eyes. The birds came with so much noise and in such quantities that it seemed

impossible for the pigeons of the whole world united to form so dense a body. The sky, which northwards still retained its azure blue, was entirely covered to the south as far as the eye could see with a grey sheet, the extremities of which were out of sight. Soon the sheet, intercepting the rays of the sun, blotted it out instantaneously, so that one might suppose twilight was falling on the boatmen. In a moment, a kind of advance guard made up of some thousands of the birds passed over with the rapidity of magic; then, almost immediately, the main body followed, and daylight vanished as if the wings of the tempest had been stretched between sky and earth.

Captain Pamphile saw this phenomenon with astonishment bordering on stupor; while the Indians, on the contrary, accustomed to similar sights every five or six years, gave utterance to cries of joy and got ready their arrows to profit by the winged manna which the Lord had sent them. For his part, Black Snake loaded his gun with a deliberation which proved his faith in the size of the living cloud passing over him. Then, when ready, he leisurely raised the gun to his shoulder and, without troubling to take aim, pulled the trigger. As he fired a sort of opening like that of a well appeared, letting in a ray of light, which again disappeared instantaneously; some fifty pigeons, which had come within the circle formed by the shot, fell like rain into and around the canoe. The Indians picked them all up, to the last bird, greatly surprising Captain Pamphile, who saw no reason for this care, seeing that if one or two more shots had been fired, the canoe itself would have caught sufficient to provision the crew without the trouble of turning her to right or left. But, turning round, he saw that the chief had lain down again, placed his weapon at his side, and resumed his calumet.

"Has Black Snake finished his sport already?" said Captain Pamphile.

"Black Snake has killed with one shot as many pigeons as were wanted for his supper and for that of his followers; a Huron is not a white man who destroys to no purpose the creatures of the Great Spirit."

"Ah!" said Captain Pamphile, half to himself, "that is not badly reasoned, for a savage; but I should not be sorry to see two or three more holes in this feathered canopy above our heads, if it was only to make certain that the sun was still in its proper place."

"Look, and make your mind easy," answered the chief, stretching out his hand to the south.

In fact, on the southern horizon a golden light began to appear, while in the opposite direction, towards the north, the whole landscape was being plunged into darkness; then the head of the column must at least have reached the mouth of the St. Lawrence. Thus they had obviously covered in a quarter of an hour the distance the boat had just taken four whole days to accomplish. Above, the grey cloth continued to skim over, as if the genii of the Pole were dragging it to them, while the daylight, swift in its turn as had been the darkness, came on at a rapid rate, descending in waves on the mountains, streaming down the valleys and spreading in broad lakes over the meadows. At last, the flying rearguard passed like a mist over the face of the sun, which, the last veil gone, smiled as before on the earth beneath.

Brave as was Captain Pamphile, and little danger as there was in the phenomenon which he had just witnessed, he had been ill at ease during the time the artificial night reigned. Thus it was with real joy that he welcomed the light, resumed his oar, and began to row, while the rest of Black Snake's followers plucked the pigeons killed by his gun and by their arrows.

Next day the boat passed Montreal, as it had passed Quebec, Black Snake showing that he had no intention whatever of stopping in the town. Far from this, he made a sign to the rowers which guided them to the right bank of the river. This was the dwelling place of the tribe of Cochenonegas Indians, and their chief, sitting and smoking on the shore, exchanged a few words with Black Serpent in a language which the Captain could not understand. A quarter of an hour afterwards they came to the first rapids of the river. Instead of trying to pass them by punting up with the poles kept in the bottom of the canoe, Black Snake ordered the crew to land, and sprang out himself, followed by Captain Pamphile. The boatmen put the canoe on their shoulders, the crew formed themselves into a caravan, and instead of laboriously pushing their bark

up the rushing river, they quietly marched along its bank. In a couple of hours the rapids were past, the canoe was afloat once more, and flying over the surface of the stream.

Thus they had been travelling for about three hours, when Captain Pamphile was aroused from his reflections by a joyful cry which came from all except the chief. This exclamation was caused by a new sight, almost as singular as that of the previous day, only this time the miracle was performed, not in the air, but on the water. A band of black squirrels were on the move from east to west, just as the pigeons of the day previous had been emigrating from the south to the north and were passing across the whole width of the St. Lawrence. Doubtless for some days they had been assembled on the bank and waiting for a favourable wind, for as the stream as this point is over four miles broad, good swimmers though these animals are, they could not possibly have crossed without the help which God had just sent them. In fact, a lovely breeze had been blowing for an hour from the mountain, so that the whole flotilla had started on its voyage, each squirrel spreading its tail as a sail, and only making sufficient use of its feet to keep in the right direction.

As the natives were still fonder of squirrel than they were of pigeon, the crew of the canoe at once prepared to hunt the emigrants; the great chief himself even did not seem to despise this form of recreation. So he took a blow tube, and, opening a small box made of birch-bark beautifully worked with strings of elk hide, took out a score of little arrows scarcely two inches long and fine as steel wire, sharply pointed at one end and having the other end bound with thistle down so as exactly to fit the calibre of the tube from which they were to be propelled. Two Indians prepared similar weapons, two others were told off to row, to Captain Pamphile and the fifth Indian was assigned the duty of collecting the slain and withdrawing from their bodies the small missiles with which the Indians hoped to compass their destruction. In ten minutes' time the boat was brought within range and the sport began.

Captain Pamphile was struck dumb with astonishment; never had he seen such skill displayed. At thirty or forty paces the Indians struck the animals they aimed at, generally in the breast, so that in ten minutes time the river was covered for a fairly wide circle round the boat with dead and wounded. When about sixty had been stretched on the battle-field, Black Snake, true to his principles, gave a signal to stop the slaughter. He was obeyed by his men with an alacrity which would have done credit to the discipline of a Prussian squadron, and the fugitives who by this time did not disclaim the use of their legs as well as of their tails, scurried to land with all speed, without the Indians making any attempt at pursuit.

In the meanwhile, short as had been the time thus occupied, a storm had crept up without the Indians noticing its approach, and Captain Pamphile was interrupted before he had got half through his task by orders to take part in managing the boat; his share was simply to pull at the fourth oar, so as to land, if possible, as Black Snake hoped, before the storm burst. Unfortunately the wind came directly from the shore they wished to reach, and the waves got up so rapidly that they might have thought themselves out in the open sea before they had gone any distance.

To put a climax to their discomfort, night came on, and the stream was only lit up from time to time by the flashes of lightning; the frail craft was tossed about like a nutshell, first on the top of a wave and then down in the trough, so that it seemed as if every moment she must be swamped. Still they were making some progress, and in spite of the darkness the bank could be seen like a black line, when the canoe, darting forward like an arrow from the crest of a wave, came with a crash on a rock and broke up as if made of glass. Then it was each for himself, and all struggled singly to reach dry land. Black Snake was the first to land; instantly he kindled a fire by rubbing two sticks together, so that his companions might be guided so as to rejoin him. This proved a useful precaution, and in ten minutes the whole company—except Captain Pamphile—was assembled in a circle round the great chief.

CHAPTER XII

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE SPENT TWO VERY EVENTFUL NIGHTS, ONE IN A TREE, THE OTHER IN A HUT

THE FIRST NIGHT.

THANKS to the care we have taken to explain to our readers that Captain Pamphile was a first-class swimmer, they are not likely to have been much disturbed at seeing him with the rest of his fellow-travellers immersed in the river. In any case, we hasten to reassure them by stating that after a deadly struggle of ten minutes' duration he found himself safe and sound on the shore. Scarcely had he shaken the wet off, an operation which, thanks to the paucity of his attire, did not take long, before he saw the fiery beacon Black Snake had raised to rally his attendants. His first step was to turn his back on the flame and to get away from it as quickly as possible. In spite of the delicate attentions which the great chief had lavished on him during the six days passed in his company, Captain Pamphile had constantly cherished the hope that one day or another an opportunity might occur for parting company with him; thus for fear that chance might fail to help him a second time, he took instant advantage of the first opportunity offered, and in spite of the darkness and the storm he plunged into the forest, which extends from the margin of the river to the base of the mountains.

After about two hours' walking, Captain Pamphile, hoping he had put a sufficient distance between himself and his enemies, decided to make a halt and to deliberate as to how he might pass the night in the best manner possible.

The position was anything but comfortable. The fugitive found himself with his beaver skin for his sole article of clothing, and it was, moreover, to serve him besides for both bed and bedding. He was shivering beforehand in anticipation of the night he was likely to have, when he heard, from three or four different directions, distant howls which quickly aroused him from this first preoccupation to the thought of another prospect still less to his taste. For in these howls Captain Pamphile could recognise the voices of hungry wolves, which are so common in the forests of North America, that at times, when they are short of food, they will even come out in the streets of Portland or of Boston.

He had not time to form a plan before fresh howls resounded still nearer him; there was not a moment to lose. Captain Pamphile, whose gymnastic education had been sedulously cultivated, included among his most celebrated talents an aptitude for climbing a tree like a squirrel. He therefore selected an oak of moderate size, embraced its trunk as if to tear it up by the roots, and reached its lowest branches just as the cries which had first warned him sounded for the third time at a distance of less than thirty steps from where he was. The Captain had made no mistake; a pack of wolves, who had been spread over a circle a league in circumference, had scented him and were galloping back towards the centre, where they hoped to find their supper. They arrived too late; Captain Pamphile was on his perch.

Notwithstanding this, the wolves did not consider themselves beaten; nothing is more persevering than an empty stomach; they collected round the tree and began to howl so plaintively that Captain Pamphile, brave as he was, could not, while listening to their mournful, long-drawn cry, help feeling some degree of fear, although he was, as a matter of fact, quite free from all immediate danger. The night was dark, but still not so dark that he could not see through the gloom the brown backs of his enemies, like the waves of a heaving sea: moreover, each time one of them raised its head, Captain Pamphile saw two live coals shining through the darkness, and as the disappointment was general, there were moments when the whole ground below him seemed spangled with flashing carbuncles which, crossing each other as they moved, formed weird and diabolical figures. . . . But soon, from gazing constantly at the same point, his vision became confused; fantastic shapes took the place of the actual forms beneath; his mind, somewhat shaken by the effect of a sensation never before experienced ceased to remember the real danger, while dreaming of supernatural terrors. A crowd of beings, who were neither, men nor beasts, took the place of the familiar quadrupeds surging about below him; he seemed to see demons springing

up with flaming eyes, holding hands and dancing round and round in a hellish ring. Astride on his branch like a witch on her broomstick, he saw himself in the middle of an infernal revel in which he, too, was called to take his part.

The Captain felt by instinct that vertigo was dragging him down, and that if he gave in to it, he was lost; with a last effort of will he gathered all the strength of body and mind left to him and lashed himself to the trunk of the tree with the rope which fastened the beaver's skin to his waist, and clasping his hands together around the branch above him, he laid his head back and shut his eyes.

Then insanity and delirium mastered him completely. Captain Pamphile first felt his tree moving, bending and swaying like the masts of a ship in a heavy sea. Then it seemed as if the tree was trying to drag its roots out of the ground, as a man endeavours to free his feet when caught in a quicksand; after some moments of violent effort the oak succeeded, and from the wound thus made in the earth bubbled up a fountain of blood, which the wolves lapped up greedily. The tree took advantage of their rush round the blood to get away from them, but staggering blindly and moving much as a cripple might hop on his wooden leg. Soon, their thirst assuaged, the wolves, the demons, the vampires, from whom the brave Captain had fancied himself freed, again started in pursuit of him. They were led by an old woman who kept her face hidden and carried a huge knife. The whole hunt went at a mad gallop.

At last the tree, tired, panting, gasping for breath, seemed completely exhausted, and threw itself down like a man utterly spent with fatigue; then the wolves and demons, still headed by the old woman, came fiercely on with their blood-stained tongues and their glowing eyes. The Captain gave a shout of terror and tried to stretch out his arms, but before he could move there came a hissing sound behind him, an icy terror passed over him, he seemed bound by the links of a cold chain which was suffocating him; and then gradually the pressure seemed to relax, the phantoms faded, the howls became stilled, the tree was shaken two or three times more, and then all was once more darkness and silence.

Little by little, thanks to the quiet, Captain Pamphile's nerves regained their steadiness; his blood, which had been boiling with delirium, cooled down, and his mind, as it became calm, returned from the shadowy region in which it had been wandering to the actual world of nature; he glanced around him and found himself alone in the midst of the same dark, dreary forest as before. He pinched himself to make sure that he was really in the body, and finally took a calm view of his actual situation; tied to the tree, astride on the branch, he was, if not so comfortable as in his hammock aboard the *Roxelane*, or even on the buffalo hide of the great chief, at any rate safe from the attacks of the wolves. They, moreover, had left him, at least for a time. In looking down to the foot of the trunk the Captain thought there was something rolling and moving about around it, but as the faint noises he seemed to hear soon ceased entirely and the fancied movements ended at the same time, Captain Pamphile made up his mind that this last fancy was only a delusion left by the impression of his horrible dream; and finally, breathless, sweating from every pore, tired to death, at last he dropped off into a slumber as deep and quiet as the precarious nature of his sleeping-place would allow.

Captain Pamphile was aroused at sunrise by the twittering of a thousand birds of different kinds flying about gaily among the waving branches of the tree tops. He opened his eyes, and they rested on the wide arches of verdure which stretched above him, pierced at intervals by the first rays of the rising sun. He was not a devout man by nature, but he had, like all sailors, that feeling of the grandeur and power of God, which is developed in the hearts of all those who work on the boundless ocean. His first thought then was to render thanks to Him who holds the world, sleeping or waking, in the hollow of his hand; then after thus instinctively keeping his eyes upturned to heaven for a short time, he turned them to earth, and at the first glance downwards all the strange events of the night became explained to him.

For twenty paces round the oak the ground was trampled and scored by the claws of the wolves, as if a cart had been driven round and round, while at the base of the tree one of these animals,

crushed and shapeless, was hanging half out of the jaws of an enormous boa constrictor, whose tail was bound about the tree seven or eight feet above the base. Captain Pamphile had been hanging between two dangers which had counteracted each other; under his feet the wolves, above his head the serpent. The hissing he had heard, the cold compression he had felt, were the sound of the serpent's voice and the cold of his coils winding round him. The sight of the reptile had frightened away his carnivorous foes, with the exception of one, which, entangled in the coils of the monster, had been crushed to death. The swaying of the tree which the Captain had experienced was caused by the struggles of the victim. Then, when the reptile conquered, he proceeded to devour his prey, and, as is the habit of the tribe, he swallowed half and left the rest of the body exposed, awaiting its turn for gradual deglutition.

Captain Pamphile stayed for a moment looking at the sight below. Many times, in Africa or in India, he had seen similar serpents, but never under circumstances so fitted to impress him; thus, although he knew that, as the reptile was now, it was quite incapable of doing any harm to him, he considered how he might get down without descending by the trunk. Therefore he first untied the rope by which he was lashed, then, crawling backwards along the branch until it gave beneath his weight, he trusted to its spring and let himself hang by his hands so that his feet reached far enough down for him to drop without fear of serious harm. As he hoped, when he let go, he found himself safe on the ground.

He moved off without delay, looking back more than once. He walked in the direction of the sun. There was no track in the forest to guide him, but with the hunter's instinct and the sailor's knowledge he needed only a glance at the earth and a look at the sky to keep his direction exactly. Thus he walked boldly on, as if he were quite at home in this vast wilderness; the further he got into the depths of the forest, the more wild and grand its character became. Gradually the leafy vault grew thicker and thicker until it was quite impervious to the sun. The trees shot up closer and closer together, straight and upright as the shafts of pillars, and bearing like pillars a roof impervious to light. Even the wind blowing over the dome of verdure failed to penetrate the shades below; since the creation of the world all this part of the forest had slept in an eternal twilight. By the dim light of this semi-night Captain Pamphile saw large birds whose species he could not make out, and flying squirrels springing and leaping lightly and noiselessly from branch to branch. In these gloomy vistas all nature seemed to have lost its natural colour and to have assumed the tints of nocturnal moths; a hind, a hare, and a fox which fled from the sound of the steps which invaded their abode, all three seemed to have adopted the monotonous and uniform colour of the mosses over which they travelled without a sound. From time to time Captain Pamphile stopped, startled by what he saw; great yellow fungi, growing one over the other like the bosses of shields, took shape and colour so like crouching lions that, although he knew well that the king of creation was not to be met with in this part of his domain, he still trembled at the evidence of his eyes.

Great climbing parasitic plants, which seemed to gasp for breath, twined about the trees, grew high among their tops, hung to the branches in festoons till they touched the roof. Through this they seemed to glide like serpents, reaching up to spread their scarlet, perfumed crowns to the light of the sun, while such flowers as were obliged to bloom half way up grew pale, scentless, sickly, as if jealous of the happiness of their friends basking in the brilliant day and in the smiles of God.

About two o'clock Captain Pamphile was reminded by a certain feeling of emptiness in the region of his stomach that not only had he had no supper, but that his usual breakfast hour was passed. He looked around; birds flew from branch to branch and flying foxes sprang from tree to tree as if they had been accompanying him on his march; but he had neither gun nor blowpipe with which to kill them. He tried flinging stones at them, but a very few essays convinced him that the exercise was more likely to increase his hunger than to bring him the means of satisfying it. So he decided to fall back on the vegetable world in default of an animal diet. This time his search was better rewarded. After hunt-

ing about carefully for some time in the twilight of the forest he found two or three roots of the cyperus tribe and a few of the plants commonly known as Carib cabbages.

Thus he had procured all he wanted to satisfy the first craving of hunger; but Captain Pamphile was a man who liked to provide for the future. He reflected that as soon as he had assuaged the pangs of hunger, he was likely to feel those of thirst; so he began to search for a stream, as he had searched for roots. Unfortunately water seemed harder to find than food.

He listened carefully; no murmur reached his ear. He sniffed the air, to catch any indication of the presence of water. But there was no stir or breath of wind under this gigantic roof, vast as it was. Under its canopy there was a heavy, thick atmosphere which even the animals and the plants, obliged to grow in its shade, seemed to breathe with difficulty, as if it had scarcely vigour enough in it to support life.

Then Captain Pamphile adopted another plan. He picked up a sharp pebble, and, instead of continuing a useless quest, he went from tree to tree, examining each trunk carefully, till he seemed to have found what he was looking for. It was a noble maple, young, supple, and strong. He encircled it with his left arm, while with his right he drove the pebble into the bark. Some drops of that precious vegetable blood, from which the Canadians make a better sugar than that of the cane, at once gushed out as if from a wound. Captain Pamphile, satisfied with his experiment, sat quietly down at the foot of his victim, and began his breakfast; and when he had finished, he put his parched lips to the wound from which the sap was now running like a fountain, and then went his way fresher and stronger than ever.

About five o'clock in the evening Captain Pamphile thought he saw some rays of light breaking through the leafy canopy; he stepped out more vigorously at the sight and reached the edge of this forest, which, like that of Dante, seemed to belong neither to life nor to death, but to some nameless power intermediate between the two. He seemed as if bathed in an ocean of light; he plunged into its waves, gilded, as they were, by the rays of the setting sun, as a diver, long held at the bottom of the sea by a branch of coral or the tentacles of a cuttlefish, when he gets free from the deadly obstacle, springs up to the surface and breathes free air again.

He had reached one of those vast meadows interspersed like lakes of vegetation and light among the spreading forests of the New World; on the far side of the clearing another line of trees stretched like a dark and solid wall, while above it again could be seen the snowy summits, floating in the last rays of the departing day, of the mountains whose chain bisects the length of the peninsula.

The Captain looked about him with satisfaction; for he saw that he had not wandered from his path.

At last his eye was caught by a white and wavy cloud which mounted from the depths below towards the sky. It did not take him long to discern that it was the smoke from a hut, or to decide that, whether it held friend or foe, he would march on it, the memory of the night he had just passed strongly influencing his decision.

THE SECOND NIGHT.

Captain Pamphile found a small pathway which seemed to lead from the forest to the hut. He followed it, although it was not without a certain amount of fear lest he should encounter an adder or a rattlesnake, common reptiles in these parts, that he walked between the high and tufted grasses.

As he drew near the smoke which guided him, he got a view of the hut situated at the junction of the plain and forest. Night overtook him before he reached it, but his path was the more easy to find and keep.

The door was open towards the traveller, and opposite the door inside the hut burned a fire which seemed kindled as a beacon on purpose to guide his solitary steps. From time to time a form passed and repassed before the flame, showing black against the hearth.

When somewhat nearer, he saw that it was the figure of a woman, and advanced with fresh confidence; at last he stepped on to the threshold and asked whether there was room for him by the fire which he had seen from so far and had wished for so long.

A species of grunt, which the Captain

interpreted as a sign of assent, answered his question. Accordingly, he entered without further hesitation, and sat down on an old stool which seemed to be awaiting his coming at a convenient distance from the fire.

On the other side of the hearth, his elbows on his knees, and his head in his hands, motionless and still as a statue, crouched a young Red Indian of the Sioux tribe; his long maple-wood bow lay near, and at his feet were several pigeons and small quadrupeds which had been killed by his arrows. Neither the arrival nor the actions of Pamphile seemed to rouse him from the appearance of apathy which the savage employs to conceal his perpetual distrust of civilized man; for the young Sioux had recognized the traveller to be a European by the mere sound of his footfall. Captain Pamphile, for his part, watched him with the careful manner which a man adopts when he knows that for one chance of meeting a friend there are ten of coming across an enemy. Then, as his scrutiny showed him nothing but what he saw at first, and as that left him in uncertainty, he decided to begin a conversation with him.

"Is my brother asleep," he asked, "that he does not even raise his head at the entry of a friend?"

The Indian shuddered, and without answering except in dumb show, he raised his face and pointed with his finger to one of his eyes, hanging by a sinew to its socket, and from the hole left by it a stream of blood falling down over his chest. Then, without a single word or a single groan, he let his head fall back into his hands once more.

An arrow had broken just as he was bending his bow, and one of the splinters of the shaft had flown back into the young Indian's eye. Captain Pamphile saw at a glance what had happened, and addressed no more questions to him, respecting the strength of mind of this heroic native of the wilderness. Then he turned again to the woman.

"The traveller is weary and hungry: can his mother give him a meal and a bed?"

"There is a cake baked in the embers, and in the corner there is a bear's skin; my son may eat the one and sleep on the other."

"Have you nothing else?" continued Captain Pamphile, who, after the frugal meal he had made in the forest, would not have been sorry to get a better supper.

"Certainly, I have something else," said the old woman, coming forward with a quick step, and fixing her greedy eyes upon the gold chain by which the watch was hung, which had been returned to him by the great chief. "I have .... My son has a fine chain there! .... I have salt buffalo and good venison. I should be very glad to get a chain like that."

"Very well, bring your salt buffalo and your venison pasty," answered Captain Pamphile, avoiding a direct promise or refusal to the request of the old woman. "Then, if you have, in some corner or other, a bottle of maple rum, it would not be out of place, I think, in such good company."

The old woman went away, turning her head from time to time to stare at the bauble which she coveted so much; then at last, raising a reed screen, she went through into another part of the hut. Scarcely had she gone, when the young Sioux quickly raised his head.

"Does my brother know where he is?" said he in subdued tones to the Captain.

"'Faith, I do not," said the latter carelessly.

"Has my brother any weapon to defend himself with?" continued he, speaking still lower.

"None," said the Captain.

"If that is so, let my brother take this knife and keep awake."

"And for yourself?" said the Captain, hesitating to accept the proffered weapon.

"I have my tomahawk. Hush!"

With these words, the young native dropped his head into his hands again and resumed his motionless pose, as the old woman again lifted the curtain and came in, carrying the supper. The Captain concealed the knife in his waistcloth; the old woman again looked at the watch.

"My son," said she, "met a white man on the warpath; he slew the white man and took his chain; then he rubbed it till he removed the bloodstains. That is why it shines so brightly."

"My mother is mistaken," said Captain Pamphile, beginning to suspect the unknown danger of which the Indian

had warned him. "I ascended the Ottawa River as far as Lake Superior to hunt buffaloes and beavers; then, after collecting many skins, I exchanged half for firewater and half for this watch, in the town."

"I have two sons," said the old woman, putting the rum and meat on the table, "who have been hunting buffalo and beaver for ten years, and never have they been able to take enough skins into the town to buy a chain like that. My son says he is hungry and thirsty: my son may eat and drink."

"Does not my prairie brother want supper?" said Captain Pamphile to the young Sioux, drawing his stool up to the table.

"Pain is nourishment," said the young hunter, without stirring; "I feel neither hunger nor thirst; I am weary and will sleep. May the Great Spirit watch over my brother!"

"How many beaver skins did my son give for that watch?" interrupted the old woman, returning again to her favourite subject.

"Fifty," said Captain Pamphile, without thinking, and bravely attacking a buffalo steak.

"I have by me ten bear skins and twenty beavers; I give them to my son for the chain alone."

"The chain goes with the watch," replied the Captain. "They cannot be separated; moreover, I do not wish to part with either."

"Very well," said the old woman, with the smile of a witch, "let my son keep them! Every living man is master of his own property. It is only the dead who can own nothing."

Captain Pamphile gave a quick glance at the young Indian, but he seemed sound asleep. He then turned again to his supper and did as much justice to it as if he had been in a far less precarious position. Having finished his repast, he threw an armful of wood on the fire and stretched himself on the buffalo rug spread in one corner, not with a view of going to sleep, but to disarm all suspicion on the part of the old woman, who had again withdrawn to the inner room and disappeared from view.

A few moments after Captain Pamphile had lain down, the curtain was gently lifted, and the ugly head of the hag appeared, fixing eager eyes first on one, then on the other of the sleepers. Seeing that neither moved, she came into the room and crossed to the entrance door of the hut, where she listened as if expecting someone else. But as no sound fell on her ear, she turned inwards again, and as if she feared to waste time, she took from the walls of the hut a long kitchen knife, mounted cross-legged on the frame of a grindstone, and turning it with her foot, began to carefully sharpen her weapon. Captain Pamphile watched the water falling drop by drop on the whetstone, and did not lose one of the motions which the flickering flame of the fire illuminated.

The preliminaries spoke for themselves; the Captain furtively drew his knife from his girdle, felt the point with his finger, passed his thumb along the edge, and, satisfied with the trial, he awaited events, lying quiet and apparently in deep and calm sleep. The old woman went on with her devilish occupation, but at last she stopped suddenly and listened. The sound she heard came nearer; she got up with a spring, as if the thought of murder had restored all the activity of youth to her withered limbs, hung the knife up again on the wall, and went to the door. This time, her long-expected confederates actually arrived, and, making a sign to them to hurry, she re-entered the hut and again took a look at her guests. Neither of them had stirred, and, to all appearance, both were in a deep sleep.

Close behind her came two young braves of tall stature and powerful build; they carried a stag on their shoulders which they had just killed. They halted and gazed silently with threatening looks at the guests whom they found in their cottage, and one of them asked his mother in English what she meant by allowing these brutes of savages to come there. The old woman put her finger to her lips; the hunters threw their venison down at Captain Pamphile's feet. They disappeared behind the screen followed by their mother, who took with her the maple rum, which her guest had scarcely touched, and the hut was left to the two sleepers.

Captain Pamphile remained as he was for some seconds without moving; no sound was heard but the quiet, regular

respirations of the Indian: his breathing was so perfectly natural that the Captain began to think that, instead of pretending to be asleep, he was really so. Then, doing his best to follow the pattern he had before him, he turned over, as if actuated by one of those spasmodic movements which the wakeful brain imposes on the sleeping body, and thus, instead of keeping his face to the wall, he lay with it turned towards the Indian.

After lying thus for a moment, he half opened his eyes; he saw that the young Sioux was still in the same position, except that his head was only supported by his left hand; the other hand was hanging by his side and thus rested close to the haft of his tomahawk.

Just then a slight sound was heard, and the Indian's fingers closed round his weapon, so the Captain saw that, like himself, the young man was watching and waiting his chance to meet the common peril.

Soon the screen was raised a little, and the two young Indians glided out one after the other, crawling silently like a couple of snakes. Behind them appeared the head of the old woman, her body still remaining in the darkness of the inner chamber. Evidently she thought there was no need to take an active part in the coming scene, but she wanted to be ready, in case of need, to encourage the assassins with gesture and voice.

The youths got up slowly and silently without losing sight of the Indian and Captain Pamphile. One carried a curved blade, sharp as a razor on its inner edge; he was making straight for the Indian, when his brother made signs to him to wait till he also was armed. In fact, he went to the wall on tip-toe and took the knife. Then they exchanged a last glance of intelligence, and both sought their mother's eyes with a questioning look.

"They are asleep," whispered the hag, "go on!"

The young men obeyed, each going to the victim he had chosen. One raised his arm to strike the Indian, the other bent over Captain Pamphile with his knife raised to stab.

Simultaneously the two assassins staggered back, each with a cry of pain on his lips; the Captain had buried his knife to the hilt in the breast of one, and the other's skull had been split in two by the Indian's tomahawk. Both stood on their feet for a moment, swaying about like drunken men, while the travellers instinctively drew together; then the youths fell outwards like two saplings torn up by the roots from the ground. As they fell the hag gave vent to an oath, and the Sioux to a shout of triumph; a second more, and he dashed into the inner room, taking his bowstring with him. Soon he returned dragging the old woman by her hair, and, taking her outside the hut, he bound her firmly to a young birch tree growing about ten paces from the door. Then he re-entered with a spring like a tiger's, picked up the knife dropped by one of the assassins, and with its point tried if there was any life in their bodies. As neither of them gave any signs of vitality he motioned Captain Pamphile to leave the hut. The latter obeyed mechanically, and the young Sioux then took a blazing pine torch from the hearth, set fire to the four angles of the hut, came out with the firebrand in his hand, began to circle round the burning cabin in a strange dance, singing the while a song of victory.

Notwithstanding the Captain's familiarity with scenes of violence, his whole attention was aroused by this one. Indeed, the locality, the loneliness, the danger through which he had just passed, all gave the act of justice which was being carried out a peculiar character of wild vengeance. He had often heard, as a matter of common report, that in the district lying between the Falls of Niagara and the Atlantic seaboard, it was the recognised law that the dwellings of murderers should be burned to the ground; but he had never been present at an execution of the kind.

Leaning against a tree, as still and rigid as if bound and strangled himself, he watched a black, dense smoke pouring out from every opening, and tongues of flame dancing like reddened lancepoints along the roof; soon columns of blazing fire arose, driven before the wind, now curled aloft like serpents, now floating out like streamers. As the flames rose and fell, the young Indian, like the demon of the conflagration, circled round, dancing and singing without a pause. In a few moments, all the flames became one and formed an immense bonfire, throwing its light for half a league around, stretching on one side across the broad green

plain, on the other losing itself in the vaulted depths of the forest. At last, the heat became so great that the old woman, tied ten paces from the fire, began to shriek with pain. Suddenly the roof fell in, a column of fire like the eruption of a volcano shot up, sending a million sparks aloft; then, one by one, the walls fell in, and at each fall the light and heat of the fire diminished. The darkness conquered bit by bit the ground it had lost, and at last there remained nothing of the accursed hut but a mass of burning embers, covering the corpses of the murderers with a glowing tomb.

Then the dance and chant of the native ceased, and, lighting from his torch a second pine branch, he handed it to the Captain.

"Now," said he, "where is my brother going?"

"To Philadelphia," answered Captain Pamphile.

"Very well, let my brother follow, and I will be his guide till he reaches the border of the forest."

With these words, the young Sioux plunged into the depths of the wood, leaving the hag, half consumed, by the side of the smoking embers of her cabin.

Captain Pamphile, with a last look at the scene of desolation, followed his young and courageous fellow-traveller. At break of day they arrived at the edge of the forest and the foot of the mountains; there the Sioux stopped.

"My brother has reached his destination," said he; "from the top of these hills he will see Philadelphia. Now, may the Great Spirit be with my brother!"

Captain Pamphile considered what recompense he could make to the native for his devotion; and as he had nothing but his watch to give, he began to take it off, but his companion stopped him.

"My brother owes me nothing," said he; "after a fight with the Hurons, the Young Elk was taken prisoner and transported to the neighbourhood of Lake Superior. He was already bound to the stake; the men had their knives drawn to scalp him, and the women and children were dancing and singing his death song, when some soldiers, born, like my brother, on the other side of the great salt water, drove off the Hurons, and saved the Young Elk. I owed my life to them, and I have saved yours. When you meet these soldiers, you will tell them that I have paid my debt."

With these words, the young Indian turned back into the forest. Captain Pamphile followed him with the eye as long as he was in sight; then, after he was lost to view, our worthy sailor tore up a young ebony sapling to serve as a walking-stick and weapon, and started to climb the mountains.

The Young Elk had not lied: on reaching the crest, he saw Philadelphia before him, sitting like a queen between the green waters of the Delaware and the blue waves of Ocean.

CHAPTER XIII

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE MET TOM'S MOTHER ON THE BANKS OF THE DELAWARE, AND WHAT BEFELL IN CONSEQUENCE

ALTHOUGH he estimated by eye the distance to Philadelphia from where he was at two good days' journey, Captain Pamphile continued his journey with all his energy, only stopping from time to time to look for birds' eggs and edible roots; as for water, he had soon come on the upper springs of the Delaware, and the stream, flowing full to its banks, relieved him from all anxiety on that score.

He thus marched on gaily, in sight of the rest he craved after so much toil, enjoying the wonderful scenery which opened on his view, and in that happy frame of mind which the traveller feels who regrets nothing but the want of a friend to whom he can unburden the overflowing well of his thoughts. As he reached the top of a small hill, he thought he saw, half a league ahead of him, a small black object coming to meet him. He tried for a moment to make out what it was, but the distance being too great, he walked on, without troubling more about it, and the ground being very broken, he soon lost sight of it. He went on then, whistling an air which was popular at that period on the Cannebière, and twirling his stick round and round like a windmill, till the same object reappeared some hundred of yards nearer. This time the Captain himself was seen

HE RAISED HIS STICK

and examined by the new personage we have just introduced, much as he was observing the latter. Captain Pamphile made a kind of telescope of his hand, looked at him through the improvised tube, and saw that it was a negro.

This meeting seemed the more happy, as the Captain had no wish to pass a third night similar to the two preceding ones, and hoped to get some information from him about a resting-place and bed; he stepped out, therefore, quicker than before, regretting that the undulations of the ground prevented him from keeping his new acquaintance in sight, but hoping to be able to meet and question him on the brow of a small hill which seemed about half-way between himself and the place where he last saw the figure. Captain Pamphile's strategic calculations proved to be perfectly correct; on the top of the hill he came face to face with the person he wanted to meet. Only, the hue of the person in question had deceived the Captain's eye. It was not a negro he confronted, but a bear.

Captain Pamphile's rapid glance told him at once in how great danger he stood; but we are saying nothing fresh when we state that the Captain was just the man to grasp and meet on the instant the perils of a situation like this. A cursory glance around him showed him at once that there was no hope of avoiding the encounter. On the left flowed the river between high banks, too swift to be practicable to a swimmer, except at the risk of a greater danger than that confronting him on the bank; on the right hand were pointed rocks, practicable for lizards, but inaccessible to all other terrestrial animals; behind and before, a road, or rather a path, about as broad as that on which Œdipus met Laïus.

For his part, the animal had come to a standstill about ten paces from Captain Pamphile, seeming himself to be taking stock of the situation with great care.

Captain Pamphile had, during his life, come across many cowards carrying brave faces, and he augured from this halt that perhaps the bear was as much afraid of him as he was of the bear. He moved on to meet him, the bear did the same; Captain Pamphile began to think he had made a mistake in his conjectures, and halted. The bear continued to advance. Thus his doubts were cleared up for certain. It was obviously not the bear that was afraid. Captain Pamphile turned on his left heel, so as to leave the way clear for his adversary, and began to retreat. He had not taken three paces before he was stopped by the scarped rocks. He placed his back against them, so as to avoid being taken in rear, and awaited events.

The development was speedy. The bear, which was of the largest kind, advanced by the path up to the point where Captain Pamphile had left it; then he turned exactly at the same angle as the able strategist with whom he had to deal, and made straight for him. The situation was indeed critical; the place was solitary; there was no help to be hoped for from anyone for the Captain: his sole weapon was his stick, which was but a poor arm of defence. The bear was not two paces from him. He raised his stick. . . . . But lo! as he did so, the bear stood up on his hind legs, and . . . . began to dance.

It was a trained bear, which had broken its chain and escaped from New York, where it had had the honour of performing before Mr. Jackson, the President of the United States.

Captain Pamphile, reassured by the terpsichorean performance of his enemy, now saw that the latter was muzzled and had a piece of broken chain hanging round his neck. He at once calculated how much a man, reduced as he was to penury, could profit by such a happy adventure, and as neither his birth nor his education was such as to give rise to false aristocratic fancies, he thought the trade of a bear-leader very much more honourable than many others he had seen carried on by some of his fellow countrymen in France and abroad. Thus, he took the end of the dancer's rope, hit him a blow with his stick on his snout, to make him understand it was time to finish his minuet, and then resumed his journey towards Philadelphia, leading him in leash as if he had been a retriever.

In the evening, as he was crossing an open prairie, he noticed that his bear stopped in front of certain plants which were unknown to him. The wandering life which he had led had taught him to study carefully the instincts of animals. He presumed that these constant halts must have an object; so the next time the animal showed a disposition to stop, Captain Pamphile halted too, and gave

him time to develop his intentions. He had not long to wait for a reward; the bear scraped up the ground; then, in a few moments, he uncovered a bunch of roots which looked quite appetising. Captain Pamphile tasted them; they combined the flavour of truffles and potatoes.

The discovery was valuable; and so he allowed his bear full time to look for more; in an hour's time they had gathered sufficient to provide both man and beast with supper.

After the repast, Captain Pamphile looked out for a solitary tree, and when he had satisfied himself that not even the smallest of reptiles was concealed in the foliage, he tied the bear to the trunk and used him as a short ladder for getting into the lower branches. Having climbed up, he made himself safe as he had done in the forest, only this night he was left in perfect peace, the wolves being kept at a distance by the scent of the bear.

Next morning, Captain Pamphile awoke calm and refreshed. His first thought was for his bear, who, he found, was sleeping quietly at the foot of the tree. Captain Pamphile went down and woke him up. Then the pair amicably started on the road to Philadelphia, where they arrived about eleven o'clock at night. Captain Pamphile had marched like Jack the Giant-Killer's ogre.

He searched about for an inn, but he could not find a single landlord who was willing at that hour of night to find room for a bear and an Indian savage. Thus he was already beginning to think himself worse off in the capital of Pennsylvania than he had been in the forests of the St. Lawrence, when he saw a brilliantly-illuminated tavern, from which there flowed such a torrent of laughter, rattle of glasses, songs and oaths, that he saw there must be some ship's company inside that had just been paid off. Forthwith hope returned to the Captain's heart. Either he was quite ignorant of the ways of the sailor, or else within there was waiting for him wine, money, and a bed—the three things he most longed for in his present situation. Thus he was going in with confidence, when all of a sudden he stopped short, as if he had been nailed to his tracks.

In the midst of the uproar of shouts, oaths, and general rowdiness, he seemed to recognise, in one of the drunken songs, a familiar Provençal air. He stopped there listening with all his ears, so improbable did it seem that he had heard aright. But soon, when the refrain was taken up in chorus, he had no doubt whatever that he had his own countrymen before him. He then advanced a little farther and stopped again; but this time the expression of his face was that of such supreme astonishment that it bordered on idiotcy; not only were the men those of Southern France, not only was the song a song of Provence, but the man who was singing it was Policar! The crew of the *Roxelane* were spending the proceeds of her voyage at Philadelphia.

Captain Pamphile took the situation in at a glance, and made up his mind what to do; thanks to the barber and the painter commissioned by Black Snake, he was so well disguised that his most familar friend would not have known him. He boldly opened the door and entered the room with his bear. A general shout of welcome greeted the new comers.

Captain Pamphile had but one cause for doubt; he had forgotten to ask his bear for a rehearsal, so that he had not the faintest notion as to what the animal could do; but the intelligent beast made out his own programme at once. The instant he got inside, he began to trot round the room to clear a ring for his performance. The sailors took their places on the forms and benches. Policar took the chair, and the performance began. There was nothing in the world which a bear could be taught, that Captain Pamphile's bear did not know; he danced the minuet like Vestris, he rode a broomstick like a wizard, he pointed out the most drunken man in the room in a way which would have shamed the learned ass. Thus, when the performance was over, there was such an unanimous shout of applause that Policar declared he would buy the bear at any price from its owner, to make it a present to the ship's company. His proposition was received with a shout of acclamation. The offer was then renewed in a formal manner; Captain Pamphile asked ten crowns for his beast. Policar, who was in a generous mood, gave him fifteen, and, paying the money down, he became the owner of the animal on the spot. As for Captain Pamphile, he left the audi-

torium at the commencement of the first part of the second performance without his departure being noticed or his identity being suspected by any one of the sailors. Our readers have sufficient intelligence to understand for themselves the cause of Captain Pamphile's disappearance. Nevertheless, that no sort of doubt may remain as to the actual facts, we will give a full and complete explanation, suited to all who from indolence or any other motive may be disinclined to hazard a conjecture.

Captain Pamphile had lost no time. From the moment he entered the tavern, he had kept one eye on the performance of his bear, while with the other he counted the number of the sailors. All were in the tavern from the first to the last. It was thus certain that not one man was on board ship. Double-Bouche alone was absent from the assembly, and Captain Pamphile guessed from that fact that he had been left on board the *Roxelane* for fear the ship might take it into her head to set sail on her own account for Marseilles. Following out his train of reasoning, Captain Pamphile made for the sea front, walking down Water Street, which ran parallel to the quay.

On arriving at the harbour, he took a look at all the vessels in the anchorage, and, in spite of the darkness, he recognised five hundred yards or so away the *Roxelane* riding gracefully on the flowing tide. Not a light was visible, not a thing to show that there was a living soul on board. Captain Pamphile's conjectures were perfectly correct, and without a moment's hesitation he plunged head first into the river and swam silently out to the vessel.

Captain Pamphile swam twice round the *Roxelane* to make sure that no one was on the look out; then he slipped under the bowsprit, got hold of the rope ladder, and began to climb it, stopping at each step to listen for any sound. All remained quiet; Captain Pamphile took his last step upwards and was on the deck of his ship. Then he began to breathe freely once more; he was at home at last.

The first thing Captain Pamphile wanted was a change of raiment. The dress he wore was a little too near that of nature, and might lead to a mistake in his identity. So he went down to his old cabin and found everything was in its former place, just as if nothing unusual had happened. The only change was that Policar had brought his own things in there, and like the tidy man he was, had stowed away those of Captain Pamphile in a trunk. So little had the furniture been disturbed that on Captain Pamphile feeling with his hand in the place where he used to keep his piece of phosphorus, he found it at once, and at the ninth attempt he was successful in obtaining a light. He forthwith proceeded to dress; it was a great feat accomplished in having recovered his vessel, but this was not enough; he had also to regain his own face, and that was more difficult. The great chief's artist had done his work conscientiously. Captain Pamphile nearly left the skin of his face on his towel. But at last he got rid of his foreign decorations, and by diligent rubbing our worthy mariner managed to reduce his face to personal ornaments only. Then he looked at himself in a small mirror, and although careless as a rule of appearances, he experienced some pleasure in again seeing himself as he had formerly been.

Having got through the first transformation, the remainder of his task became perfectly easy of accomplishment. Captain Pamphile opened his chest, drew on his trousers, which were striped lengthways, buttoned his waistcoat, which was striped crossways, put on his back his jacket, which was striped both ways, took down his straw hat from the peg on which it hung, wound his red sash round his waist, stuck his silver-mounted pistols in his belt, extinguished the light, and went up on deck. There he found, as before, solitude and silence. Double-Bouche was still invisible, just as if he was wearing the ring of Gyges and had turned the bezel inwards.

Fortunately Captain Pamphile knew the habits of his subordinate, and also where to look for him when he was not in his proper place. In fact, going straight down the kitchen companion, stepping carefully lest the steps should creak, he saw through the half-closed door Double-Bouche getting ready his own supper and cooking for that purpose a steak of cod *à la mâitre d'hôtel*. It seemed that the cod was just done as Captain Pamphile arrived, for Double-

Bouche laid his table and put his fish on to a plate. He put the plate on to the table and took up his mug. Finding it nearly empty, and fearing he might want some more liquor in the middle of his repast, he went out by the door leading to the caboose to fill it up. Supper was thus left all ready. Captain Pamphile was hungry, so he went in and sat down to eat it.

It may be because the Captain had not tasted European cooking for a whole fortnight, or perhaps because Double-Bouche really was an artist in the trade he so much enjoyed practising, at any rate the former found the supper excellent, although it had not been prepared for him, and acted accordingly. He was well engaged in enjoying it, when he heard a scream behind him; turning his head he saw Double-Bouche in the middle of the doorway pale and terror-struck; he took Captain Pamphile for a ghost, although the said captain was engaged in an occupation which we believe is peculiar to the inhabitants of the world of flesh and blood.

"Well, stupid," said the Captain, without interrupting his meal, "come, come, what are you thinking about? Don't you see I am choking with thirst? Come, quick, something to drink!"

Double-Bouche's knees trembled and his teeth chattered.

"Who am I speaking to?" continued the Captain, holding out his glass. "Come, now! are you going to bring me something or not?"

Double-Bouche came forward much as if he was walking to the scaffold, and tried to obey; but in his terror he poured half the wine into the glass and half over the edge of it. Captain Pamphile affected not to notice this clumsiness, and he placed the glass to his lips. Then, after tasting its contents, he smacked his lips.

"By Gad!" he said, "you seem to know where to go. And where did you draw this wine from, eh, Mister Butler?"

"Why!" answered Double-Bouche, nearly fainting with fright, "why, from the third cask on the left."

"Ah, precisely! Château Lafitte; so you like Lafitte? . . . I ask you, do you like Lafitte? Answer my question, if you please!"

"Why, certainly," answered Double-Bouche, "certainly, sir, only . . ."

"Only! You mean it does not go well with water? Very well, my lad, then have some without water."

He took the pannikin from Double-Bouche, poured out another glass of wine and handed it him. Double-Bouche took it, hesitated a little, and then, taking a desperate resolution, at last,

"Your very good health, sir!" said the boy, and swallowed the bumper without once taking his eyes off the Captain. The tonic took immediate effect, and Double-Bouche regained a little confidence.

"Well," said the Captain, who saw with pleasure this physical and moral improvement in Double-Bouche, "now that I know your taste for cod *à la mâitre d'hôtel* and your liking for Château Lafitte, suppose we talk over our own little affairs. What has gone on since I left the vessel?"

"Well, first, Captain, they promoted Policar in your place."

"Fancy that!"

"Then they decided to sail for Philadelphia, instead of going straight to Marseilles, and to sell half the cargo there. So they sold it, and for the past three days they have been eating as much of the proceeds as they could not drink, and have been drinking as much as they could not eat."

"Yes, yes," said the Captain. "I saw them at work."

"That's all, sir."

"Egad? But it is quite enough for me. And when are they to sail?"

"To-morrow."

"To-morrow? Then it was about time I came back! Now hark'ee, Double-Bouche, my lad; you like good soup?"

"Yes, sir."

"Good beef?"

"Better still."

"Fat poultry?"

"Rather."

"And good Château Lafitte?"

"I'd give my life for it."

"Well, Double-Bouche, I hereby appoint you chief cook of the brig *Roxelane*, pay to be a hundred crowns a year, and a twentieth share in the profits."

"Really and truly?" said Double-Bouche. "Will you swear to it?"

"I will, by my word of honour."

"It's a bargain I accept gladly. What have I got to do to earn my pay?"

"You've got to hold your tongue."

"That's easy enough."

"Not to tell a soul I'm alive."

"Good!"

"And in case their departure is delayed, to bring to my hiding place a slice or two of this capital cod and a bottle of this excellent Lafitte."

"Certainly. And where are you going to hide, sir?"

"In the powder magazine, so that I can blow you all sky-high in case things don't go as I wish."

"Very good, sir; I will try not to displease you."

"Then the thing is settled?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you will bring me twice a day some Bordeaux and codfish?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; good evening to you."

"Good evening, sir! Good evening! A good night's rest to you, sir!"

These reiterated good wishes were all but superfluous. Our worthy sailor, strong as he was, could scarcely keep his eyes open, so, as soon as he got into the powder magazine and had shut the door from inside, he made himself a sort of bed between two casks and adjusted a smaller barrel to serve as a pillow, and was asleep almost before he lay down. He slept as soundly as if he had never been obliged, owing to the circumstances we have narrated, to leave his vessel, and he never woke or moved for twelve solid hours.

When he came to himself he felt, by the motion of the ship, that the *Roxelane* was under weigh. During his sleep the ship had got up anchor and was dropping down to the open sea, unsuspicious of the addition to her crew which she had on board. In the midst of the noise and confusion which always occur at sailing, Captain Pamphile heard a scratching at the door of his hiding place; this was Double-Bouche bringing his food.

"Well, my boy," said the Captain, "here we are—off!"

"As you see, she is moving."

"And where are we bound?"

"To Nantes."

"And where are we?"

"Off Reedy Island."

"Good. They are all aboard?"

"Yes, all."

"And they have not recruited anybody?"

"Yes, they have—a bear."

"And when shall we be at sea?"

"Oh! this evening; wind and stream are with us, and at Bombay Hook we shall catch the ebb-tide."

"Very good. And what's the time?"

"Ten o'clock."

"I am quite satisfied with your intelligence and punctuality, and I add another hundred livres to your pay."

"Thank'ee, sir."

"And now, off with you—smart's the word!—and bring me my dinner at six o'clock."

Double-Bouche made a sign that he would be punctual, and went out enchanted with the Captain's manners. Ten minutes afterwards, as the Captain was finishing his breakfast, he heard Double-Bouche crying. From the regularity of the sounds he at once recognised them as produced by the blows of the rope's end. He counted twenty-five stripes, not without a feeling of insecurity for himself, for he had a presentiment that he was interested in some way in the chastisement administered to his purveyor. But as the cries ceased, without indication of any unusual event occurring on board, and as the *Roxelane* continued her course as before, his disquiet was soon allayed.

At the end of an hour more he knew from the roll of the vessel that she must be off Bombay Hook, the swell of the tide having taken the place of the river's current. So the day passed. About seven o'clock in the evening there was again a scratching at the door of the magazine. Captain Pamphile opened it, and Double-Bouche appeared for the second time.

"Ah, my lad!" said the Captain, "is there anything fresh on board?"

"Nothing, Captain."

"I think I heard you singing a tune which I know."

"Ah! you mean this morning?"

"Yes."

"They gave me twenty-five with the rope's end."

"What for? Tell me all about it."

"What for? Because I was seen going into the magazine, and they wanted to know what I was doing there."

"They are very inquisitive; and what answer did you give to these busybodies?"

"Oh! I said I had been stealing powder to make fireworks with."

"And they gave you twenty-five cuts for that?"

"Oh! that's nothing; there is plenty of wind blowing, and I feel all right now."

"A hundred livres additional a year for the rope's-ending."

"Thank'ee, sir."

"And now, apply a little rum externally and internally, and turn in. I need not tell you where the rum is kept?"

"No, sir."

"Good evening, my brave lad."

"Good evening, sir."

"By-the-bye, where are we now?"

"Between Cape May and Cape Henlopen."

"Capital," muttered the Captain, "we shall be on the high seas in three hours more."

And leaving him in this happy expectation Double-Bouche closed the door.

Four more hours passed without bringing any change in the relative positions of the different individuals who made up the *Roxelane's* crew, only the latter part of the time passed slowly and anxiously for Captain Pamphile. He listened with increasing attention to the different sounds which told him what was going on around and above him. He heard the sailors turning into their hammocks, he saw through the cracks in the door the lights being put out; little by little silence fell on all, then the silence was broken by the snores of the sleepers, and Captain Pamphile, feeling that he could venture to leave his hiding-place, opened the magazine door and put his head out on the main deck. All was peaceful as a nunnery; Captain Pamphile went up the six steps which led to the Captain's cabin, and on tip-toe approached the door. He found it half open, took a moment to draw a long breath, and then looked cautiously in. It was only lighted by some straggling moonbeams, which came in by the stern window. They fell on a man leaning out of the window and apparently so absorbed in the contemplation of an object outside that he did not hear Captain Pamphile opening the door and bolting it behind him. This preoccupation on the part of his adversary, easily recognisable as Policar although he had his back towards the door, seemed to effect a change in the Captain's plans; he replaced the half-drawn pistol in his belt, and slowly and silentiy crept up to Policar, halting at each step and holding his breath for fear of disturbing him. Then, when at last within reach, profiting by the experience he had had himself under similar circumstances, he grasped Policar with one hand by the collar of his coat, with the other by the seat of his breeches, and, before he had time to offer the least resistance or to utter a single cry, sent him, with the same swing he had felt himself, to investigate at close quarters the object he had been so intently watching from the stern port of the vessel.

Then, seeing that the last-named event had not in any way disturbed the slumbers of the crew, and that the *Roxelane* continued to make her ten knots an hour, the Captain quietly went to rest in his hammock, which he appreciated the more from having been temporarily dispossessed, and soon slept the sleep of the just.

As for Policar, the object which he had been watching with so much attention was nothing more nor less than a hungry shark which was following in the wake of the vessel in the hopes of picking up some unconsidered trifle.

Next morning, at daybreak, Captain Pamphile got up, lit his pipe, and climbed on deck. The man on watch, who was pacing up and down to keep himself warm, saw his head, his shoulders, his chest and his legs appearing successively at the top of the companion, and stopped short, thinking he must be dreaming. It was Georges, the sailor whose jacket Captain Pamphile, a fortnight before, had had dusted down with the butt-end of a boarding pike.

The Captain passed by him without appearing to notice his astonishment, and sat down, as was his custom, on the stern sheet gratings. He had been sitting there half an hour or so, when another hand came on deck to relieve the watch; but barely was his head above the hatchway before he too stopped dead, staring wildly at Captain Pamphile. You might have thought that gallant tar was a second Perseus, armed with the terrors of Medusa's head.

"Well," said Captain Pamphile, after a moment of silence, "what are you after, Baptiste? Aren't you going to relieve poor Georges, who is half frozen with cold, after three long hours on duty? What sort of a way is that? Come! hurry up a bit, my man!"

The sailor obeyed mechanically, and advanced to take his comrade's place.

"That's all right!" continued Captain Pamphile, "every man in his turn; fair play's a jewel. Now, Georges, my lad, come here; take my pipe, it's gone out; go and light it, and rouse out all hands to fetch it back again."

Georges, trembling from head to foot, took the pipe, went down the ladder to the main deck reeling like a drunken man, and reappeared immediately with the lighted cutty in his hand. He was followed by the whole ship's company, who lined the deck without speaking a single word.

Then Captain Pamphile got up and paced up and down the decks from end to end, now on the port, now on the starboard side, just as if nothing unusual had happened. Each time as he passed along the ranks of the crew, the men shrank back from him as if his very touch were deadly; and yet he was unarmed, while the crew numbered seventy all told, and had at their disposal the whole armament of the *Roxelane*.

After a quarter of an hour of this silent tour of inspection, the Captain stopped at the master's hatchway, looked once more around him, descended the companion, and entering his cabin called for his breakfast.

Double-Bouche brought a cod steak *à la mâitre d'hôtel* and a bottle of Bordeaux-Lafitte. He had taken up his duties as master cook.

This was the only change made on board the *Roxelane* during her passage from Philadelphia to Havre, where she anchored, after a pleasant voyage of thirty-seven days, carrying one man less and one bear more than her original complement.

Moreover, as it happened, the animal was a she-bear, and, strangely enough, she was big with young when Captain Pamphile met her on the banks of the Delaware. She gave birth to two cubs in Paris, where her master had taken her to present to M. Cuvier.

Immediately Captain Pamphile made up his mind to profit by this event in spite of the slight depreciation of the original animal, and he sold one of the young bears to the landlord of the Montmorency Hotel, where some of our readers may have seen it playing about on the balcony, till it was sold to an Englishman to take to London. The other he sold to Alexandre Decamps, who christened it Tom, and handed it over for its education to Fau.

Under the latter's able tuition Tom would have developed into a most superior bear, surpassing even the Great Bear of the Arctic Sea, had it not been for the melancholy event which we have described, whereby he was cut off in the flower of his youth.

And that is how Tom came to be transferred from the banks of the St. Lawrence to those of the Seine.

CHAPTER XIV

HOW JAMES THE FIRST, FAILING TO DIGEST THE PIN ON WHICH THE BUTTERFLY WAS IMPALED, SUSTAINED A PERFORATION OF THE PERITONEUM

"MISFORTUNES never come singly," says the proverb, and this is profoundly true. Only a day or two after Tom's death, James the First showed unmistakable signs of illness, which alarmed the whole colony, with the exception of Gazelle. The latter, remaining three-fourths of the day tucked into her shell, seemed quite indifferent to any events which did not directly bear on her personal comfort, and, moreover, as we know, she was not on very intimate terms with James.

The first symptoms of the disorder showed themselves in continuous somnolence, accompanied by heaviness in the head; in two days' time his appetite gave way entirely, and was succeeded by an insatiable and increasing thirst; towards the middle of the third day the comparatively slight colic from which he suffered became so intense and unintermitting that Alexandre Decamps took a cabriolet and went for Doctor Thierry. The latter at once recognised the serious nature of the attack, although he could not precisely diagnose it, being undecided as to whether it was inflammation of the bowels, paralysis of the intestines, or peritonitis. At any rate he began by taking a couple of ounces of blood from him, promised to return in the evening to bleed him again, and ordered that during the interval thirty leeches should be

applied to the abdominal region. Further, James was to be given soothing drinks and everything calculated to allay internal inflammation. James allowed the treatment to be carried out with a resignation which showed he himself understood the serious nature of his case.

In the evening, when the doctor returned, he found that far from yielding to the remedies applied, the disease had made progress; there was increased thirst, complete loss of appetite, swelling of the abdomen, and inflamed tongue; the pulse was small, weak, and quick, and the sunken eyes showed the suffering which poor James felt. Thierry bled him again, taking another two ounces, James submitting without a murmur, as earlier in the day he had felt some little relief after a similar operation. The doctor ordered the cooling drinks to be continued throughout the night; and a nurse was sent for, to keep on administering them hour by hour. Soon a little old woman, who might almost have passed for a female of James's species, arrived, and directly she saw the invalid, demanded an increase in the wages she generally received, under the frivolous pretext that, as she was accustomed to nurse men and not monkeys, the task was beneath her dignity. The matter was arranged, as matters usually are when it is a question of dignity, by paying a double fee.

It was a bad night for both. James kept the old woman from her sleep, and the old woman beat James; the noise of the combat reached Alexandre's room, and he got up and entered the sick chamber. James, exasperated by the disloyal conduct of the old woman towards him, had rallied all the strength he possessed, and, as she bent down to hit him, he seized her cap and tore it in pieces.

Alexandre arrived just in time to see the end of the row. The old woman gave her account of the affair in words, and James his by signs. Alexandre soon saw that the old woman was in the wrong. She still wished to defend her conduct, but the bottle, the contents of which were still almost untouched, although the night was two-thirds gone, completed the evidence against her.

The old woman was paid off and turned out, in spite of the unholy hour, and Alexandre, to James's great delight, continued the watch by the bedside which the infamous hag he had sent off had begun. Then the energy which the patient had shown was followed by a complete collapse; James fell back as if he were dying. Alexandre thought that the last moment had come, but on bending over James he saw that it was an attack of feebleness and not actual death. About nine o'clock in the morning James stirred and partially raised himself in bed, showing some signs of pleasure; as he did so, the sound of footsteps was heard, and the bell rang. For a moment James tried to get up, but he fell back exhausted; the door opened and Fau appeared. He had been told by the doctor how ill James was, and he came to see how his pupil was.

For a few moments James's emotion caused him to forget all his pain. But soon his physical condition triumphed over his moral force; fearful nausea supervened, followed in half an hour's time by vomiting. The doctor arrived while this was going on; he found the patient lying on his back, with his tongue blanched, dry and covered with mucous deposit. His breathing was short and stertorous; the scene between James and the old woman had hastened the progress of the disease. Thierry at once wrote off to one of his fellow practitioners, Doctor Blasy, sending the note by one of the lads in Decamps' studio. A consultation was necessary, Thierry being no longer in a position to answer for his patient.

Towards mid-day Doctor Blasy came. Thierry introduced him to James's room, detailed the symptoms, and showed him his prescriptions; then after he had himself examined the unfortunate James, he agreed with Thierry that his treatment had been correct and that the patient was suffering from congestion of the bowels, caused by eating too much white lead and Prussian blue.

The patient was so weak that they dared not take the risk of more bleeding, and the men of science had to fall back on the possible efforts of Nature. The day passed away thus, broken from time to time by recurrent attacks. In the evening Thierry came again, and a glance showed him that the disease was gaining ground. He shook his head sadly, wrote out no fresh prescription, and said that if the patient seemed to show a liking for any particular thing, he might have whatever he fancied. The

same remark is often heard in the condemned cell on the eve of an execution, and threw everybody into despair.

In the evening Fau came, declaring that he and no one else should sit up with James. In consequence of the doctor's decision, he filled his pockets with sugar plums, pralines, and fresh almonds. Being unable to save James, he wished at least to soothe his last moments.

James received his visit with a transcendental look of joy. When he saw him sit down in the place vacated by the old woman, he understood the devoted affection of his master, and thanked him by a little murmur of pleasure and contentment. Fau began to give him a glass of the draught prescribed by Thierry. James, evidently for fear of displeasing Fau, swallowed it with a great effort, but he brought it up again with such fearful spasms that Fau thought he would die in his arms. However, at the end of a few minutes he became somewhat calmer, and, trembling as he was in every limb, he found a short respite to his sufferings more from exhaustion than actual sleep.

About two o'clock in the morning the first symptoms of cerebral disturbance appeared. Not knowing how to calm the patient they offered James some sugared almonds. He at once understood what they were, holding as they did the first place in his gastronomic affections. A week before he would have submitted to any chastisement on the chance of obtaining a supply of these delicacies. But sickness is a hard instructor. It had left James with the will to enjoy pralines, but had removed the power. James sadly picked out the sweetmeats which seemed to hold the best almonds and to be the best coated with sugar, and, unable to swallow them, he concealed them in the pouches with which Nature had endowed him on each side of his mouth, so that very soon his cheeks hung down to his breast, like Charlet's whiskers did until he had them cut.

But, although James could not, greatly to his regret, swallow the pralines, he still felt a certain pleasure in the preliminary operation which he managed to accomplish. Moistened by the saliva, the sugar coating of the almonds slowly melted, and this gave a certain pleasure to the dying monkey. As the sugar melted, the volume in his pouches diminished and left room for more pralines. James put out his hand. Fau understood James, offered him a handful of sweets, from which the patient picked such as suited him, and the pouches again seemed quite full and round. As for Fau, he began to hope a little from what had passed, for, as the pouches diminished in size, he supposed that this was due to mastication, and augured from this that there must be a sensible improvement in the state of the patient, who was now able to eat, while a short time before he could not even drink. Unfortunately, Fau was wrong. About seven in the morning the cerebral attacks became frightful. This Thierry had foreseen, for instead of asking, when he came, how James was, he asked if he were dead or not. On being told he was not, he seemed surprised, and entered the room where he found assembled Fau, Jadin, Alexandre and Eugène Decamps. The patient was at his last gasp. Then, being unable to save his life, and certain that he had not two hours to live, he sent the servant with instructions to go to Tony Johannot and bring back with him James the Second, so that James the First, dying in the arms of one of his own kindred, might at least communicate to him his last wishes.

The scene was piteous; everybody loved James, who, except for the faults common to all his kind, was what amongst men of the world is called a downright good fellow. The only dry eye among those present was that of Gazelle, who, as if to fling a last insult at the poor dying ape, came into the room dragging with her from the studio a carrot, which she proceeded to eat underneath a table in an impassive manner, which indicated an excellent digestion, but a very hard heart. James gave her many sidelong looks, which would not have altogether befitted his position had he been a Christian, but which were certainly excusable in a monkey. While this was going on, the servant returned bringing James the Second. James the Second had not been warned as to the scene which awaited him, so that his first impulse was one of extreme terror. The death-bed on which lay one of his own kind, the view of the animals of another kind which surrounded the

dying monkey—animals he recognised as men, who as a race were in the habit of persecuting his own — everything impressed him so gravely that he began to tremble in every limb.

But to allay his fears, Fau came to meet him with a sugar-plum in his hand. James the Second took the sweetmeat, turned it over and over to see if there was anything noxious concealed in it, tasted it with the tip of his tongue, and then at last, convinced by the evidence of his senses that no harm was to be done to him, recovered little by little from his state of fear.

Then the servant put him down close to the bed of his fellow-countryman, who, making a last effort, turned towards him a face on which death was written. James the Second then understood, or, at least, appeared to understand what was expected of him; he came up to his dying comrade, all disfigured as he was from the fact of his pouches being stuffed full of sugared almonds, and taking him gently by the paw, seemed to beg him to confide his last wishes to him. The invalid, making an obvious effort to rally his energy, succeeded in sitting up; then whispering some words in his mother tongue into the ear of his friend, he pointed to the impassive Gazelle, with a gesture similar to that with which, in Alfred de Vigny's fine drama, the dying Maréchal d'Ancre points out to his son Albert de Luynes, his father's murderer. James the Second nodded his head, to show he understood, and James the First fell back, motionless.

Ten minutes later he carried his two hands to his head, looked round the circle of those about him, as if to bid them an eternal farewell, and raising himself for the last time with a feeble exclamation, fell back in the arms of James the Second.

James the First was dead.

Among the bystanders there supervened a moment of stupefaction, which James the Second seemed at first to share. With fixed eyes he watched his dead friend, rigid himself as the corpse before him. Then, after thus staring at him for five minutes, so as to be perfectly certain that there was not the faintest trace of life in the body before his eyes, he took the mouth of the corpse between his two paws, opened the jaws and, taking the pralines out of the pouches, incontinently crammed his own cheeks with them. That which had been taken for the devotion of a friend was really but the greed of an heir-at-law!

Fau snatched the body of James the First from the arms of his unworthy executor, and handed it over to Thierry and Jadin, who asked for it in the names of Science and Art respectively. Thierry wanted to make a post-mortem examination as to the cause of death, while Jadin wished to take a cast of the head so as to preserve the face among the collection of casts of celebrities. Priority was given to Jadin, so that his operation might be completed before death had changed the expression of the features, and it was settled that he should pass the body on to Thierry, for him to make the autopsy. As the modelling allowed a spare hour to Thierry, he employed it in going to look up Blasy, with whom he planned to go to Fontane's,* where the body was to be taken, and where it would be placed at the disposal of the surgeons. These arrangements made, Jadin, Fau, Alexandre, and Eugène Decamps took a carriage and went to Fontane's studio, carrying with them James the First, and leaving James the Second and Gazelle in sole charge of the house. The model, taken with great care, succeeded to perfection, and the likeness was taken with a fidelity which left to James's friends the consolation of preserving a perfect likeness of the defunct. They had just finished this last sad function when the two doctors arrived. Art had done her part; it was now the turn of Science. Fau, Alexandre and Eugène Decamps retired, not having the courage to witness this second operation, and Jadin alone remained. Having opened the body, they found the contents of the peritoneum much discoloured, with here and there white patches mingled with a bloody mucus. All this was evidently an effect, and not the cause. Then almost in the middle of the lesser bowel they found a slight ulceration surrounding the point of a pin, the body of which was buried in the intestines. They at once recollected the incident of the butterfly pin, and all was clear to them. Death had been inevitable, and the two doctors had the consolation of knowing that although they had made a slight mistake as to the cause of the malady, it could not but have proved fatal, and that none of the

* A celebrated modeller of the day.

resources of science could have saved him from the consequences of his gluttony.

As for Fau, Alexandre and Eugène Decamps, they went sadly up the stairs of No. 109, and on the second floor they smelt a strange odour of frying fat. As they got higher the smell became stronger, till when they got to their own landing, they became certain that the odour came from their rooms. They opened the door hurriedly, for, as they had not left the cook at home, they were at a loss to interpret the meaning of these culinary operations; the smell came from the studio, which they entered at once. A sound of frizzling came from the stove, and a thick heavy smoke was pouring up from it. Alexandre opened the stove door, and there on the glowing embers was Gazelle, turned over on her back and done to a cinder in her own shell.

The vengeance of James the First had been carried out by James the Second. He was pardoned on account of the goodness of his intentions, and sent home to his master.

CHAPTER XV

HOW TONY JOHANNOT, NOT HAVING LAID IN FIREWOOD ENOUGH TO LAST THE WINTER, PROCURED A CAT, AND HOW IN CONSEQUENCE OF THE SAID CAT'S DEATH, JAMES THE SECOND GOT HIS TAIL FROZEN

SOME time after the events we have just narrated, winter began, and everyone had made such provision to pass it in comfort as his resources permitted and his foresight suggested. But, as Matthieu Laensberg had prophesied a mild season for that year, many had laid in but a poor stock of firewood. Among these was Tony Johannot, influenced either by his belief in Matthieu Laensberg, or perhaps by other reasons, into which we need not be indiscreet enough to pry. The result of this neglect on his part was that about the 15th of January the talented artist of the "King of Bohemia and his Seven Castles," on going to fetch a log of wood for his stove, found that if he continued to keep up fires both in his studio and his bedroom, he would scarcely have enough to last him a fortnight.

Moreover, skating had been going on for a week, the river was full of broken ice as in the time of Julian the Apostle, and M. Arago, disagreeing with the Canon of Saint Barthélemy, announced from the top of the Observatory that the cold, already fifteen degrees below freezing point, would probably go down to twenty-three degrees, that is to say, within six degrees of the temperature experienced during the retreat from Moscow. And as the future may safely be predicted from the past, people began to believe that M. Arago was right, and that for once in a way Matthieu Laensberg might have made a mistake.

Tony came out of his wood shed greatly distressed at the result of his investigations. It seemed a choice between freezing by day or freezing by night. However, after thinking deeply, while working up a picture of Admiral Coligny being hanged at Montfaucon, he saw a way out of the difficulty—namely, to carry his bed into his studio. As for James the Second, a bearskin rolled up in four would do for him very well. Thus, the same evening, both he and James made their move, and Tony slept warm and happy with the thought that providence had led him to make such a fortunate choice.

The next morning he wondered for a moment where he was; then, as he recognised his studio, his eyes, with the paternal instinct which the artist feels for his work, turned towards his easel. James the Second was seated on the back of a chair, just within easy reach of the picture. Tony, when he first looked, thought that the intelligent animal, from constantly watching painting, had become a connoisseur in the art, and as he had placed himself very close to the work, it seemed evident that he was admiring its high finish. But soon Tony found he had made a great mistake; James the Second loved the taste of white lead, and the picture of Coligny being nearly finished, and all the high lights being put in with the pigment in question, James was engaged in licking it off with his tongue wherever he could find it.

Tony jumped out of bed and James jumped off his chair. But it was too late; all the flesh tints executed in this colour were cleared off down to the bare

canvas. The Admiral's body was gone completely; there was the gibbet and there was the rope, but there was no one hanging to it. Clearly the Protestant hero must be hanged all over again. Tony at first was in a fearful rage with James, but on reflection he saw that after all it was his own fault for not tying the monkey up, and went to get a chain and a staple. He fixed the staple in the wall, fastened one end of the chain to it, and, having thus made all his preparations for the following night, he set to work again on his Coligny, who was almost hanged again by five o'clock in the evening. Then, thinking he had done quite enough work for one day, he went for a turn on the boulevard, dined at the Taverne Anglaise, and afterwards went to the theatre, where he remained till about half-past eleven.

On re-entering his studio, which he found still cosy with the warmth of the day, Tony saw with great satisfaction that nothing was out of place and that James was asleep on his cushion; he went to bed himself and was soon sleeping the sleep of the just.

About midnight he was awakened by the noise of clanking irons. You might have supposed the ghosts in one of Anne Radcliffe's blood-curdling romances were dragging their chains up and down the studio. Tony did not believe much in phantoms, so, thinking someone was stealing his wood, he felt with his hand for an old damascened halberd decorated with a tuft, which hung on the wall among other trophies. He saw his mistake at once, and recognising the origin of the disturbance, he ordered James to go to bed again. James obeyed, and Tony, with the longing for rest which is produced by a hard day's work, resumed his broken slumbers. But in half an hour he was aroused again, this time by smothered cries. As Tony's house was situated in an unfrequented street, he thought that somebody was being assassinated under his windows, jumped out of bed, took a pair of pistols, and opened the shutter. The night was calm, the street quiet. Not a sound broke the silence of the neighbourhood, except that low murmur which broods at all times over Paris, like the measured respiration of a sleeping giant. Then he shut his window, and found that the sighs of distress came from within the room itself. As he and James were alone in the room, and that he had himself nothing to complain of beyond being turned out of bed, he went to James. James, for want of something to do, had been amusing himself by walking round one of the legs of the table underneath which he had been put to sleep. But at the end of five or six turns his chain had got shortened up. James did not notice this, and continued his walk, so that he was at last brought up by his collar, and as he tried to go on forwards instead of turning back, each effort he made to get free increased the danger of strangulation. This was the cause of the moans which Tony had heard.

Tony was quite ready to leave James as he was, as a punishment for his stupidity, but if he condemned James to be throttled, he condemned himself to the loss of his night's rest. He therefore untwisted the chain as many times as James had twisted it, and James, glad to find his respiratory organs free, lay down humbly and quietly. Tony, for his part, did the same, hoping that nothing further would occur to trouble his rest until the morning. But here again he was disappointed, for James, having had his habits interfered with, could not close an eye, now he had already got through the eight hours' sleep which was his usual quantum. The consequence was that in twenty minutes' time Tony got out of bed again, but this time he did not take either a halberd or a pistol, but a cane.

James saw at once what he was about, and hid himself under his cushion; but he was too late. Tony was merciless, and James received a punishment conscientiously proportionate to his crime. This calmed him down for the night, but then it was Tony's turn to be unable to get to sleep, so he got up bravely, lit his lamp, and unable to paint by artificial light, began one of those exquisite woodcuts which have made him the king of engravers.

It can easily be understood that, although Tony made a little money through his insomnia, things could not go on long in this fashion; so, as soon as daylight appeared he set himself seriously to consider if there were not some means of conciliating the necessity for repose with the exigencies of his purse. He was in the midst of his most abstruse calculations, when he saw entering his studio a

pretty cat of the neighbourhood named Michette. James liked her because she let him do what he pleased to her, and she was fond of James because he used to hunt the fleas in her coat. Tony no sooner recollected this intimate friendship than he saw his way to turning it to his own advantage. The cat, with her winter fur, might very well take the place of a stove. Thinking thus, he took up the cat, who in ignorance of the duty she was to perform, made no resistance whatever, put her into the barred hutch belonging to James, pushed James in behind her, and went back to the studio to watch through the keyhole the effect of his arrangements.

At first the two captives each tried every way of getting out which their diverse characters suggested to them. James jumped against the three walls of his cage one after the other, and then returned to shake the bars with his hands, then went through the same performance twenty times before he made up his mind that the procedure was quite hopeless. Michette stayed at first exactly where she had been put down without moving anything but her head, then, returning to the gratings, she rubbed gently against them first with one side then with the other, arching her back and stiffening her tail; then after turning twice, she tried, purring all the time, to get her head between each of the spaces between the bars; then when she saw that this was an impossibility, she gave three or four piteous mews; finally, when they produced no effect, she made herself a nest in the corner of the cage, rolled herself up in the hay, and soon appeared like an ermine muff looked at end on.

As for James, he went on for perhaps a quarter of an hour, springing, jumping, and scolding; then, seeing that all his antics were unavailing, he went and plumped down in the opposite corner to that occupied by the cat. For a short time, warmed by the exercise he had taken, he sat still with his blood still in full circulation, but soon, as the cold gained on him, he began to shiver all over.

Then it was that he began to notice his friend warmly wrapped up in her furry covering, and his egotistical instinct gave him the idea of the advantage he might gain from his forced imprisonment in company with his friend. Following up his plan, he crept up quietly to Michette, lay down close to her, passed one arm under her body, put the other into the upper opening of the natural muff which she made, wrapped his tail in a spiral round that of his neighbour, who kindly tucked both tails in between her legs, and this done, appeared perfectly reassured as to his future.

Tony also was impressed with the same idea, and satisfied with what he had seen, he withdrew his eye from the keyhole, rang for his housekeeper, and desired her to serve every day for Michette food suited to her tastes in addition to the carrots, nuts, and potatoes which formed James' ordinary diet.

The housekeeper followed his orders exactly; and everything would have gone well with the daily routine of Michette's and James' establishment, had not the latter upset the whole arrangement by his gluttony. From the first day he noticed that there were certain new dishes served at the two meals which were brought him regularly, the one at nine in the morning, the other at five in the evening. As for Michette, she at once understood that the milk of the morning dish and the meat of the evening were intended for her, so that she commenced to eat the one and the other, perfectly satisfied with them, but still in that slightly disdainful manner which may often be noticed when well-bred cats are taking their dinners.

At first, undecided as to the character of these comestibles, James let her feed alone; then when Michette, as became a well-mannered cat, left a little of her bread and milk on the plate, he came behind her, tasted it, and finding it good, finished it off. The same thing occurred at dinner, James finding the meat sop equally to his taste, and he passed the night snugly, lying close up to Michette as usual, asking himself how it came to pass that he, a son of the house, should be fed on carrots, nuts, potatoes, and other uncooked vegetables, while a mere stranger was regaled on delicate and succulent viands.

The result of his lying awake thinking was that James held Tony's conduct to be supremely unfair, and he resolved to restore things to their natural order by eating the cooked food himself and leaving Michette the carrots, the nuts, and the potatoes.

So the next morning, when the housekeeper brought the two breakfasts, and

Michette went purring to her saucer, James took her under his arm, turning her head away from the saucer, and held her thus as long as the saucer held anything; then, having finished the sop, and satisfied with his meal, he let Michette go, leaving her at liberty to make her breakfast off the vegetables. Michette went about smelling the carrots, the nuts, and the potatoes; then, discontented with them, she returned, sadly mewing, and lay down near James. He, with his stomach comfortably plenished, at once busied himself with extending the soft warmth which he experienced in his abdominal regions to his paws and his tail, these extremities being much more sensitive to cold than all the rest of his body. At dinner the same manœuvres took place, but this time James was still more pleased with his change of diet, and the meat-sop appeared to him as much superior to the milk as the milk itself was to the carrots, the nuts, and the potatoes. Thanks to this very comforting food and to Michette's fur, James passed an excellent night, without paying the least attention in the world to the distress of poor Michette, who, with an empty and famishing stomach, mewed piteously from night to morning, while James snored like a canon in his stall and dreamt golden dreams. This went on for three days, to James's great delight and Michette's great privation.

At last, on the fourth day, when dinner was brought, Michette had not sufficient strength to make even a show of approaching the saucer, and she remained curled up in her corner, so that James, freer in his movements, since he was not obliged to control those of Michette, dined better than he had ever done. Having finished his dinner, he went, according to custom, and lay down near his cat, and, feeling that she was colder than usual, he embraced her the more closely with his paws and tail, scolding and grumbling because his warming pan was getting cold.

The next day Michette was dead and James's tail was frost-bitten.* That morning Tony himself, uneasy at the increasing cold of the night, went, on rising, to visit his two prisoners. He found that James had fallen a victim to his own selfishness, and was chained to a corpse. He took up the dead and the living, one almost as still and cold as the other, and carried them into his studio. No amount of extra heat could revive Michette; but as James was only in a state of collapse, he gradually recovered the power of movement, his tail only remaining frozen. Moreover, as it had been frozen while wound about Michette's tail, it remained in the form of a corkscrew, a shape unheard of and unknown among the simian race up to that day. This gave James an air of the most fantastic of fabulous monsters conceivable by the imagination. Three days later a thaw set in; moreover, the thaw brought about an event which we cannot pass over in silence, not because it was important in itself, but on account of the disastrous effect it had on James's tail, which was already somewhat compromised by the events we have already detailed.

Tony had received, during the frost, two lion skins, viâ Algiers, from one of his friends who was shooting in the Atlas Mountains. These two lion skins were sent fresh and uncured, and being frozen by the cold, had thus lost their peculiar smell. Tony had placed them in his room, meaning to have them properly tanned when the opportunity offered, and to decorate his studio with them. But, when the thaw came and everything, except James's tail, thawed, the skin, becoming soft again, emitted the acrid, strong odour which warns all denizens of the wilds of the presence of their king, the lion. The consequence of this was that James, who, after meeting with his accident, had again been allowed to live in the studio, smelt, with the keen sense peculiar to his race, the terrible stench which gradually spread through the room, and he gave unmistakable signs of discomfort, these being at first attributed by Tony to the loss of use of one of his most necessary members.

This condition of restlessness lasted for two days; for two whole days James, dwelling constantly on the same idea, sniffed every breath of air which stirred, jumped from chairs to tables and from tables to bookshelves, ate his food in haste, looking about him in terror all the time, drank in great gulps, nearly

* As the various morals of our stories are self-evident, we think it unnecessary to develop them in detail to our readers, otherwise than by the simple narration of the events as they occurred. To do so would be robbing them of many fine opportunities of pondering the penalties invariably attendant on selfishness and gluttony.

choking himself as he drank; in a word, was leading a life of dire alarm, when it chanced that I paid a call on Tony.

As I was one of James' great friends and never entered the studio without bringing him something good to eat, he ran up to me as soon as I appeared, to make sure that I had not forgotten him. Then the first thing that struck me as I offered him a Havannah cigar, an article of which he was very fond, not to smoke, as our young men of fashion do, but simply to chew, as he had been taught by the sailors on board the *Roxelane*; the first thing, I repeat, I noticed was the extraordinary tail, which I did not remember at all, and the second was the nervous trembling and feverish excitement which I had never before seen him in. Tony gave me the explanation of the first phenomenon, but as to the cause of the second he was as ignorant as I was, and proposed to send for Thierry in order to consult him about it.

I was leaving him, agreeing in the wisdom of the proposed course, when, in passing through the bedroom, I was struck with the wild beast kind of atmosphere emanating from it. I asked Tony what caused this, and he pointed to the two lion skins. I saw at once what was the matter; it was clear that the skins were the cause of James's torments. Tony would not credit me, and as he still believed that James was seriously ill, I proposed a simple experiment to show that if James were really ill, it was from terror. This experiment was very easy to carry out. It was only to call his two studio lads, who were playing marbles during our temporary absence, to place on each a lion's skin and to send them into the studio crawling on all fours and tricked out like the Nemean Hercules. Already the open door of the bedroom allowed the odour of lion to reach him stronger and more directly than before. James's distress was visibly increasing. He sprang on to a set of steps, and, getting up to the very top, he turned his head towards us, sniffing the air and giving little screams of fear, showing that he smelt the approaching peril, and knew from which side to fear attack. In fact, after a few moments, one of the boys, duly caparisoned, went down on all fours and crawled towards the studio, followed closely by his comrade. James's distress reached its height. As he saw the head of the first lion appear at the door, his distress became terror. A frenzied terror, mad, hopeless; the terror of the bird fascinated by the snake; a terror such as shatters all physical strength, paralyses all moral courage; fear such as ends in vertigo, causing the sky to swim before the eyes and the solid earth to rock, and from which a man, losing his every faculty, falls panting as in a dream, without even a cry. Such was the effect produced by the mere sight of the lions. They took a step towards James, and James fell prone from the top of his ladder.

We ran to his aid; he had fainted. We revived him; he was tailless! The frost had made it as brittle as glass, and the fall had broken it short off!

We had not intended to carry the joke so far, so we sent the lion skins out to the store room, and in five minutes the boys returned in their ordinary aspect and dress. As for James, he came to himself, with faint piteous cries, and as he sadly opened his eyes and recognised Tony, he threw his arms round his neck and hid his face in his breast.

While this was going on, I was getting out a glass of claret to try and give James back a little of the courage he had lost. But James had no heart either to eat or drink; at the faintest noise he trembled in every limb, and yet, little by little, while still sniffing the air occasionally, he began to perceive that the danger seemed to have passed away.

Suddenly the door opened once more, and in one bound James was out of Tony's arms and back on his ladder, but instead of the monsters he feared would enter by the open door, appeared his old friend, the cook, and the sight restored still further his sense of security. I took advantage of the happy moment to offer him a saucer of Bordeaux. He looked at it for a moment with an expression of distrust, looked at me again to be sure that it was the hand of a friend which offered him the tonic draught, and then wetted the tip of his tongue with it. He drew his tongue back within his mouth, as if he were doing me a favour, but at once found out, with the delicate sense of taste which characterised him, that the unknown liquid possessed an excellent

aroma of its own. He then returned to the saucer for his own delectation, and after three or four laps his eyes became brighter, and he gave several low gurglings of pleasure, which showed that he was gradually recovering his ordinary joyous mood. Finally, after emptying the saucer, he got up on his hind legs, looked round for the bottle, saw where it was on the table, and ran to it with sufficient agility to show that his muscles were recovering their tone, and took it down, handling it much as a clarionet player does his instrument. He inserted his tongue into the neck, but unfortunately its length was insufficient by several inches for the task he set it. Then Tony, taking pity on him, poured out a second saucer of wine.

This time James did not want any pressing; on the contrary, he put his mouth into it so quickly that he swallowed nearly as much through his nostrils as between his lips, and had to stop to sneeze. But this was only for a moment. James at once set to work again, and in a few minutes the saucer was as clean as if it had been wiped with a napkin. James, as the saucer became empty, began to show signs of being in liquor; every trace of fear had gone and was replaced by a swaggering and vainglorious manner; he looked for the bottle again, which Tony had, after moving it, replaced on another table, and tried to walk on his hind legs towards it. But, finding that he was likely to be more secure if he had four supports, he dropped down at once on all fours and began to walk, with the gravity of incipient drunkenness, towards the goal he had set himself to attain. He had got about two-thirds of the way towards the bottle, when, lying just before him, he came on his own tail.

The sight diverted his attention for a moment from his objective. He stopped and looked at it, wagging the little stump which was all that was left him, and, after a few seconds, he walked round it so as to make a more detailed examination; then he took it up and turned it over and over like a thing that roused his curiosity somewhat, smelt it, tasted it by just touching it with his teeth, and finding both smell and taste insipid, he threw it down with an expression of profound disdain, and resumed his route towards the bottle.

It was one of the funniest displays of drunkenness I have ever seen in my life, and as such I leave it to the appreciation of my readers. Never after that did James again mention his tail, but never a day passed without his calling for his bottle. So, as I write to-day, not only is this our last hero enfeebled by age, but he is debased by drink.

CHAPTER XVI

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE OFFERED A PRIZE OF TWO THOUSAND FRANCS AND THE CROSS OF THE LEGION OF HONOUR TO HAVE THE MOOT POINT SETTLED, ONCE FOR ALL, WHETHER JEANNE D'ARC'S NAME WAS WRITTEN WITH A "Q" OR A "K"

ALTHOUGH our readers may have forgotten a little, through the lively interest they no doubt felt in the fate of James the First, about the events which took place before those just narrated, they probably can remember that on his return from his eleventh voyage to the East with the cargo of tea, spices and indigo obtained from Captain Koa-Kio-Kwan, after purchasing his parrot in the Rodrigue Islands, the worthy mariner whose veracious history we are relating had put in at Algoa Bay and afterwards at the mouth of the Orange River. At each of the two coasts, it will be remembered, he had struck bargains; first with a Kaffir chief named Outavari and then with a Namaqua chief named Outavaro for four thousand elephants' tusks. Further, it was, as we have related, with a view to giving his two worthy contractors time to meet their engagements, that the Captain undertook that famous cod-fishing expedition during which he had so many trying days, and which, nevertheless, ended by contributing greatly to his renown, thanks to his courage and presence of mind, seconded as these were by the devotion of Double-Bouche. The latter, it will be remembered, was rewarded by promotion to the high office of master cook of the trading brig *Roxelane*.

Thus, after having disposed of his cod at Havre and his bear cubs in Paris,

Captain Pamphile's next step was to commence his preparations for the thirteenth voyage, which promised to be quite as certain of successful results as had been the previous twelve. Thus, following up his previous procedure, which he knew had produced so much profit on former occasions, he took the coach for Orléans in the Rue de Grenelle St. Honoré and put up at the Hôtel de Commerce. There, in answer to the customary enquiries of the landlord, he stated that he was a member of the Institute, belonging to the Branch of Historical Science, and that he had come to the chief town of the Department of the Loiret in order to conduct an enquiry as to the correct orthography of the name Jeanne d'Arc, which it appeared some wrote with a Q and some with a K, not to speak of others who, like the writer, spell it with a C.

At a time when all serious thinkers are turning their attention to historic research, a pretext of this sort would naturally seem quite plausible to the good people of Orléans, who would naturally believe a discussion of this kind to be of sufficient importance to engage the attention of the Académie des Inscriptions, and to warrant its sending one of its most important members to investigate the important question on the spot. Consequently, the very day of his arrival, the distinguished traveller was presented by his host to a member of the Municipal Council. He in his turn introduced him to the Recorder, who introduced him to the Mayor, and before the end of the week the latter presented him to the Prefect. The latter, flattered by the honour done to the town through him, asked the Captain to dinner, so as to arrive the more quickly and surely at the solution of the great problem, inviting to meet him the last descendant of Bertrand de Pelonge. As everyone knows Bertrand brought Jeanne la Pucelle from Domrémy to Chinon, and from Chinon to Orléans, where he married, and his race was perpetuated down to our time, when it flourished in all its splendour in the person of M. Ignace Nicolas Pelonge, wholesale wine and spirit merchant, Place du Martroy, and moreover Sergeant-Major in the National Guard and Corresponding Member of the Academies of Carcassonne and of Quimper-Corentin. As for the suppression of the particle "de" in the name which, like Cassius and Brutus, is conspicuous by its absence, this was a sacrifice which M. de Pelonge, senior, made to the cause of the people during the famous night on which M. de Montmorency burned his patent of nobility and M. de la Fayette renounced his title of Marquis.

Chance served the worthy Captain beyond his desires. What he appreciated, as we may well believe, in the citizen Ignace Nicolas Pelonge, Sergeant-Major of the National Guard and Wholesale Spirit Merchant, was not the distinction gained from his ancestry, but what he had created for himself, Citizen Ignace Nicolas Pelonge being known as making, not only in France but abroad, large consignments of vinegar and of spirits to other merchants. Now, we know the need Captain Pamphile had for a considerable quantity of alcohol, engaged as he was to deliver to Outavari and to Outavaro, to the one fifteen hundred, to the other two thousand, bottles of brandy in exchange for an equivalent number of elephants' tusks. Thus he accepted with great pleasure M. le Préfet's invitation to dinner.

The dinner was severely literary. The guests, warned beforehand as to the illustrious man they were invited to meet, all came prepared with treasures of local erudition, and each one was in possession of such irresistible proofs of the correctness of his own opinion that, by dessert time, the followers of William the Cruel and those of Peter of Fénin were about to throw the Government House plates at each other's heads, if Captain Pamphile had not intervened with a proposition. He asked the representatives of each class of opinion to submit their views in memoranda addressed to the Institute, promising to distribute two thousand francs from the Prix Montyon fund and a Cross of Honour to those whose opinion might be adjudged correct at the awards of the 27th, 28th, and 29th July following.

This offer was received with enthusiasm, and the Prefect rose to propose a toast in honour of the distinguished body who favoured the City of Orléans with this mark of esteem, and who had sent one of its most renowned members to

draw from the local springs one of the rays with which the Parisian Sun enlightens the world.

Captain Pamphile rose, and with tears in his eyes, and in a voice broken with emotion, replied for the body of which he formed part, that if Paris was the sun of Science, Orléans, thanks to the valuable information they had given him—which information he would with all haste transmit to his colleagues—could not fail to be known before long, as the moon. The guests swore in chorus that this was the height of their ambition, and that when that ambition was satisfied the Department of Loiret would be the proudest of all the eighty-six departments of France. On the termination of this speech the Prefect put his hand to his breast, told his guests that he carried the thought of them always next to his heart, and suggested that they should retire to the drawing-room for coffee.

This was the moment secretly awaited by each for the purpose of making interest with Captain Pamphile; no one was ignorant of the influence which so distinguished a member of the Institute, full of learning as he had showed himself during dinner, was sure to have with his colleagues; moreover, he had delicately hinted that he was likely to be chosen as recorder of the votes, and in that case his opinion would carry great weight. So his right-hand neighbour, instead of allowing him to proceed straight to the drawing-room, drew him aside into a corner of the dining-room and asked him how he liked raisins. The Captain, who had nothing to say against that excellent fruit, praised them highly, upon which his friend pressed his hand warmly and asked him what his address was. The worthy "savant" replied that his scientific domicile was at the Institute, but that he actually lived chiefly at Havre, where he had gone with a view to making observations on the flux and reflux of the tides, and that anything sent to the address of his brother, master of the brig *Roxelane*, would find him in due course.

The same thing happened as regards his left-hand neighbour, who was watching his turn for a word apart with the recorder of the commission; he was, in private life, a highly esteemed confectioner, and he enquired, with the same interest as had his fellow townsman, the grocer, how Captain Pamphile liked sweetmeats and sweetcakes. The Captain replied that it was a matter of common knowledge that the Academy as a body was very fond of confectionery, and, as a proof of what he stated, he did not mind telling him in confidence that this honourable assembly, which every Thursday meets with the ostensible object of discussing science and literature, has no other object in sitting with closed doors but only, by eating roseleaf conserve and drinking red-currant syrup, to ascertain what progress is being made in the manufactures of the Millelots and Tanrades; while doing this they had for a long time seen the danger of over centralisation in the manufacture of confectionery, and that the pâte d'Auvergne and the nougat of Marseilles were certainly worthy of Academic honours. As for himself, he considered he was very fortunate in finding, by experience, that the confectionery of Orléans, of which till that day he had heard nothing, was not a whit behind that of Bar and Châlons. This discovery he hoped to lay before the Academy at one of the earliest of its forthcoming meetings. His left-hand neighbour shook Captain Pamphile's hand and asked him his address, and the Captain having answered him exactly as he had his right-hand neighbour, at last found himself free to pass into the drawing room, where the Prefect awaited him with coffee. Albeit the Captain knew very well how to appreciate the Arabian berry, and what he now tasted seemed to him to have come direct from Mocha, he reserved all his spoken praise for the liqueur glass of brandy which accompanied it, and which he declared better than the finest cognac he had ever tasted. At this eulogy, the descendant of Bertrand de Pelonge bowed; he was the wine merchant in ordinary to the Prefecture, and the arrow of flattery, which Captain Pamphile let fly, hit the very centre of the mark.

Then followed a long conversation between Citizen Ignace Nicolas Pelonge and Captain Amabile Désiré Pamphile, in which the merchant showed great practical knowledge and the Academician equal theoretical erudition. The result of the discussion was that Captain Pamphile learned exactly what he wished to hear, namely, that Citizen Ignace Nicolas Pelonge was about to send fifty pipes of this same brandy, each

holding five hundred bottles, to Messrs. Jackson and Williams, of New York, with whom he had commercial dealings, and further that the consignment, standing actually packed on the Quai de l'Horloge, was to be sent down the Loire to Nantes, and there was to be transferred to the full-rigged ship *Zephyr* (master, Malvilain), to sail for North America. She was to be ready for sea in from a fortnight to three weeks.

There was not a minute to lose if Captain Pamphile wished to appear on the scene at an opportune moment. So, he took his leave that same evening of the authorities of Orléans, saying, that the clear way in which they had enlightened him that evening rendered a further prolonged stay in the capital of the Department of the Loiret quite unnecessary. He, therefore, once more shook hands with the grocer and the confectioner, kissed the wine merchant, and departed from Orléans the same night, leaving the most prejudiced against the Academy entirely reassured as to the character of that most estimable body.

CHAPTER XVII

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE MADE THE COAST OF AFRICA AND FOUND HIMSELF CONSTRAINED TO LOAD UP WITH BLACK IVORY INSTEAD OF WHITE.

THE day after his arrival at Havre, Captain Pamphile received half a hogshead of raisins and six dozen pots of sweetmeats, which he ordered Double-Bouche to lock up in his private cupboard. That done, he busied himself getting the vessel fitted up for sea, which did not take long, for, as we have seen, the worthy mariner nearly always sailed in ballast and took on board his cargo in the open sea. So well did he work that at the end of a week he doubled the Cape of Cherbourg, and in a fortnight's time he was cruising between the 47th and 48th parallels of latitude, just across the course which the ship *Zephyr* should take to reach New York from Nantes. The consequence of this clever manœuvre was, that one fine morning, as Captain Pamphile, half asleep and half awake, was dreaming lazily in his hammock, he was roused from his semi-somnolence by the cry, "Sail—ho!" from the man on the look-out.

The Captain sprang out of his hammock, seized a telescope, and without staying to put on his breeches, ran up on deck. His appearance in the dress of ancient mythology, might have seemed strange in a vessel where greater attention was paid to details than was the case on board the *Roxelane*, but it must be confessed to the shame of the crew, that not one of them paid the slightest attention to this infraction of the laws of decency, so accustomed were they to the vagaries of the Captain. As to the latter, he quietly walked across the deck, climbed into the shrouds, mounted a few steps of the ratlines, and with as much self possession as if he were clothed properly, commenced his inspection of the vessel which had been sighted. After a few moments, he was certain that it was the vessel he expected; so orders were promptly given to mount the carronades on their pivots and the piece of sight on its carriage. Then seeing that his orders were being obeyed with the customary smartness, the Captain ordered the helmsman to hold on the same course, and went below so as to be able to present a more decent appearance on his meeting with his fellow commander, Captain Malvilain.

When the Captain returned to the deck, the two vessels were about one league apart, and a sailor could recognise in the new arrival the sober steady gait of the honest merchantman, deeply laden, and with all its sails set making its five or six knots before a steady breeze; it was clear that if she had been tempted to bear away, the brisk and lively *Roxelane* could have overhauled the *Zephyr* in a couple of hours. But nothing was further from the thoughts of the latter's crew than flight, confident as they were in the peace sworn by the Holy Alliance, and in the total and entire abolition of piracy, the funeral oration of which had been published by the *Constitutionnel*, before their departure. The vessel then continued her course on the faith of the treaties, and she was not more than half a gunshot from Captain Pamphile, when the following words rang out on board the *Roxelane*, and, carried by the wind, found their way to the astonished ears of the master of the *Zephyr*.

"Ship ahoy! Lower a boat, and send the captain on board of us."

There was a moment's pause, then the following reply came from the ship: "We are the merchant vessel *Zephyr*; captain, Malvilain; cargo, brandy; bound from Nantes to New York."

"Fire!" said Captain Pamphile.

A flash of light and a cloud of smoke, followed by a noisy report, appeared on the forecastle of the *Roxelane*, and simultaneously the blue sky appeared through a rent in the foresail of the innocent and inoffensive ship, from which came the words, repeated slowly and distinctly, as if there had been some misinterpretation of the original statement:—

"We are the trading ship *Zephyr*—Captain Malvilain — cargo, brandy—bound from Nantes to New York."

"Ship ahoy!" replied the *Roxelane*, "Lower away a boat and send your captain aboard us."

Then, as the ship still appeared to hesitate, and the long eight was ready again,

"Fire!" ordered Captain Pamphile, a second time. And the ball ricocheted over the crests of the waves and lodged just eighteen inches above the water line.

"In the name of heaven, who are you, and what do you want?" came in a voice which the effect of the speaking trumpet made the more melancholy.

"Ship ahoy! Lower away a boat! Send your Captain aboard us," came from the imperturbable *Roxelane*.

This time, whether the brig had made a mistake or not before, whether her crew were deaf or only pretending to be, there was no mistaking the necessity for obedience. A third shot, if this time it struck below the water line, the ship would be sunk! So the captain of the *Zephyr* lost no time in answering; and it was obvious to all eyes that he was anxious his crew should get the gig lowered as soon as possible.

As soon as it touched the water, six sailors slid down the falls one after another; the captain following them, took his seat in the stern, and the gig, unhooked from the ship, like a child leaving its mother, was rowed quickly across the space between the two vessels, and made for the brig's starboard quarter; but a sailor standing on the bulwarks beckoned to them to come alongside to port, that is on the side reserved for honoured visitors. Captain Malvilain could not object to the manner of his reception, which was that due to his rank.

At the top of the ladder Captain Pamphile awaited his brother officer; then, as our worthy mariner was a man who knew how to conduct himself, he began by apologising to Captain Malvilain for the lack of ceremony in his invitation to him. He followed up his apologies by enquiries as to his wife and children, and being assured that they were in good health, he invited the captain of the *Zephyr* down to his cabin, where he wished, as he said, to discuss an affair of some importance.

Captain Pamphile's invitations were generally given in such an irresistible manner that refusals were out of the question. Captain Malvilain therefore yielded with a good grace to the desire of his brother mariner, who, after bowing him in before himself, in spite of the polite refusal of this honour on the part of the guest, closed the door behind him, telling Double-Bouche to excel himself if possible, so that Captain Malvilain might carry away a happy impression of the *Roxelane's* hospitality.

In half an hour's time Captain Pamphile half opened the door and gave Georges, who was on duty in the saloon, a letter from Captain Malvilain to his chief officer; this letter conveyed an order to send on board the *Roxelane* a dozen of the fifty pipes of spirits shipped on the *Zephyr* by order of Ignace Pelonge et Cie. This was really two thousand bottles in excess of what was strictly necessary for Captain Pamphile to take; but, as a prudent man, he thought it well to allow for the possible wastage which a two months' voyage might effect. Moreover, he could, if he chose, take the whole, and when thinking to himself of the power which his host used with such moderation, Captain Malvilain thanked our Lady of Guerrand that he had got off so cheaply.

The transfer was effected in about two hours, and Captain Pamphile, sticking to his system of politeness, was thoughtful enough to carry out the arrangements during dinner time, so that his colleague's feelings should not be hurt by the sight of what was going on. They had got as far as the raisins and sweetmeats of the dessert, when Double-Bouche came and whispered a word to his master; the latter nodded as if satisfied, and ordered coffee. It was served at once, accompanied by a bottle

of cognac, which the Captain at once recognised at the first sip as the same which he had tasted at the table of the Prefect of Orleans. This gave him a high opinion of the probity of Citizen Ignace Nicolas Pelonge, in that he sent his consignments out corresponding so closely with his samples.

Coffee finished and the twelve pipes stowed below, Captain Pamphile had no motive for any further detention of his colleague, so he conducted him, with the same marks of respect as he paid him on arrival, to the port gangway, where the gig was waiting and took leave of him there, following him with his eyes to the *Zephyr* with looks full of incipient friendship. Then, as he saw him mount to his own deck and judged from the movements of the crew that he was about to get under way again, he again put the speaking trumpet to his lips, but this time it was to wish him a good voyage.

The *Zephyr*, as if she were only waiting for this, at once trimmed her sails to the wind and glided away towards the west, while the *Roxelane* luffed up till she headed nearly due south. Captain Pamphile continued, as they parted, to make signals of friendship, and Captain Malvilain returned the courtesy. This exchange of compliments was ended only by nightfall, and by sunrise the next day the two vessels were far out of sight of each other.

Two months subsequent to the events we have just described Captain Pamphile anchored at the mouth of the Orange River and ascended the stream with an escort of twenty well armed sailors to pay his visit to Outavaro

Captain Pamphile, who was an acute observer, noticed with astonishment that a great change had come over the country since he had left it. Instead of the rich plains covered with rice and maize, with the roots of the crops bathed in the waters of the river, instead of the flocks and herds which used to come, bleating and lowing, to refresh themselves on its banks, there was nothing but untilled land and a silent desert. At first he thought he had made a mistake and had come to the Fish instead of the Orange River; but having taken observations, he found that his calculations were correct, and, in fact, after twenty hours' journey up the river, he came in sight of the capital of the Little Namaquas.

The town was inhabited only by women, children, and old men, all in the direst poverty, for this is what had happened. Immediately after Captain Pamphile's departure Outavari and Outavaro, attracted, the one by the two thousand, the other by the fifteen hundred bottles of brandy which they were to receive for their ivory, had both started from their respective sides on a grand hunting expedition. Unfortunately the elephants were to be found in an extensive forest, which lay as neutral ground between the Little Namaquas' country and that of the Kaffirs. So no sooner did the two parties meet each other and understood that their objectives were the same, and that the success of one nation meant the detriment of the other, than the embers of the old feud which had never been quenched between the sons of the east and of the west, broke out into flame once more. Each party, being armed for the chase, was equally prepared for war, and so, instead of listening to the advice of some of the greybeards and acting in concert to obtain the four thousand tusks, they attacked each other, and on the first day of their meeting fifteen Kaffirs and seventeen Namaquas lay dead on the battlefield.

From that day forth there reigned bloody and relentless war between the two tribes, in the course of which Outavari was killed and Outavaro wounded. The Kaffirs elected a new chief, and Outavaro recovered. Thus, both leaders being in their places again, the strife went on more briskly than before, and each party called up all its warriors to keep its army up to strength. In the end each nation had made a supreme effort to back up its chief by calling up all its population from the ages of sixteen to sixty to join the army, and the forces of the two nations had been for a few days lying thus face to face, so that one general action was likely to decide the fate of the war.

This is how it came to pass that there were only women, children, and dotards left in the Namaquas capital; and they were already, as we have said, in a state of absolute destitution. As for the elephants, they were gaily slapping each other with their trunks and taking advantage of the preoccupation of their human enemies, browsing at their ease

on the fields of maize and rice surrounding the deserted villages.

Captain Pamphile saw in the twinkling of an eye what steps he ought to take. His agreement had been personal with Outavari and not with his successor. He was therefore free to do as he liked about the latter, and his natural ally was obviously Outavaro. He ordered his men to overhaul their muskets and pistols and served out four dozen cartridges to each man. Then he asked for a young Namaqua sufficiently intelligent to act as a guide, and timed his march so as to arrive in camp at dead of night.

All was carried out exactly as he planned, and on the second night, about eleven o'clock, Captain Pamphile entered Outavaro's tent, where the latter, who had decided on attacking the next morning, was holding council with the oldest and wisest of his nation's leaders.

Outavaro recognised Captain Pamphile with the certainty and promptitude which is a characteristic of the memory of the savage; thus, directly he saw him, he rose and came forward with one hand on his mouth and the other on his heart, as if to signify that heart and tongue were one in the speech he was about to make. He said in broken Dutch that, as he had failed to carry out his bargain, the tongue which had lied and the heart which had deceived were both Captain Pamphile's to be torn out and thrown to his dogs, as was the befitting punishment of the liar and the deceiver. The Captain, who spoke Dutch like William of Orange, answered that he had no use for the tongue and heart of Outavaro, that his dogs were quite satisfied already, having found the pathway strewn with corpses of Kaffirs, and that he had come prepared to make a much better offer than that which his faithful friend and ally, Outavaro, proposed. This was, that he should help Outavaro in his war with the Kaffirs, on the understanding that all prisoners made during or after the battle should become the sole property of Captain Pamphile, to do with as he or his appointed agents might decide. Captain Pamphile, it will be surmised from his style, had been a lawyer's clerk previous to his developing into a buccaneer.

This proposal was too good to be refused, and it was received with enthusiasm, not only by Outavaro, but by the whole council of war. The oldest and wisest of the councillors took their cups from their lips and their quids from their cheeks to offer both to the white chief. But the latter said majestically that it was for him to treat the assembly, and he sent Georges to go and bring from his baggage two ells of Virginian tobacco twist and four bottles of the Orleans spirits, which were received and duly handed round with expressions of the deepest gratitude.

When the repast was over, as it was then about one o'clock in the morning, Outavaro sent them all away to sleep at their posts, and stayed alone with Captain Pamphile, so as to settle with him the plan of the coming battle.

Captain Pamphile, knowing that the first duty of a general is to obtain a clear idea of the ground on which he is to manœuvre, and considering it improbable that there was a good map of the country to be had, he asked Outavaro to guide him to the loftiest point of the neighbourhood, the moon being bright enough to light up the country as clearly it would be illuminated in the twilight of Northern latitudes. There was just what was required, in the shape of a small hill on the edge of the forest, where the right wing of the Little Namaquas rested. Outavaro signified to Captain Pamphile to follow in silence, and led him over a path on which they were obliged to spring like tigers at times and at others to crawl like serpents. Fortunately in the course of his adventures Captain Pamphile had crossed many worse places in the morasses and virgin forests of America, so in half an hour's time he had crawled and climbed to such purpose that he found himself and his guide on the top of the hillock.

Then, although the Captain was accustomed to contemplate the grandest scenery in nature, he could not help pausing to admire the panorama which lay before him. The forest made a vast semi-circle, within which was contained the forces of the two nations. It formed a great black mass which threw its shadow across the two camps, seeming impenetrable to the eye, and uniting the horns of the semicircle, forming the chord of an arc, ran the Orange River like a liquid riband of silver. Beyond, again, the landscape was lost in the horizon which, without a visible boundary, stretched

away to the country of the Great Namaquas.

All this immense tract, which kept, even at night, its warm and clear-cut features, was lit up by the bright tropical moon, which alone knows what goes on among the unexplored wastes of the African Continent. From time to time the silence was broken by the howls of the hyænas and jackals which followed in the track of the two armies; while again, above all, rose the roar of some prowling lion. At this sound all became silent, as if the universe was listening to its Master's voice, from the song of the humming bird which sings its love song from the petals of a flower, to the voice of the hissing serpent, which, erect above the undergrowth, calls in its own fashion for its mate. Then once more the lion's voice is hushed, and all the many sounds, which were silenced by his roar, break forth again upon the jungle and the night.

Captain Pamphile, as we have said, remained for a moment gazing at the sight before him; but, as we know, the worthy sailor was not the man to allow sentimental considerations to interfere for long with the serious business which had brought him to the spot. Thus his second thoughts brought him back full into the midst of his material interests. Then he observed, on the far side of a small stream which flowed from the depths of the forest into the Orange, the whole of the Kaffir army lying asleep in their bivouacs, watched over by a few sentinels, who might have been taken for statues. Like the Little Namaquas, they seemed resolved to offer battle on the morrow, and to be awaiting, with a firm front, the onslaught of their foes. Captain Pamphile reconnoitred their position at a glance, and calculated the chances of a surprise; then, as he had settled his plans, he made a sign to his companion, and they returned to camp as stealthily as they had left it. He had scarcely got back before he aroused his men, took twelve with him, leaving eight with Outavaro, and accompanied by about one hundred Little Namaquas, whom their chief had ordered to follow the white captain, he plunged into the forest, made a long march in a direction, and so came out and hid himself and his men in the fringe of wood which covered the rear of the Kaffir position.

He disposed his men so that between each pair of sailors, who were extended at considerable intervals, there should be ten to twelve Namaquas; he made all lie down, and awaited events.

There was not long to wait; at daybreak, loud shouts announced to Captain Pamphile that the battle had begun. Soon among the shouts rose the sound of sustained musketry, and this was quickly followed by a panic among the enemy's ranks, who, turning tail, fled for the forest. This was what Captain Pamphile was waiting for, and he had only to show himself and his men to complete the defeat.

The unfortunate Kaffirs, surrounded both behind and before, shut in on one side by the river, on the other by the forest, did not even attempt to fly further; they fell on their knees and thought that their last hour was come. In fact, probably not one would have escaped destruction at the hands of the Namaquas had not Captain Pamphile reminded Outavaro that their slaughter was a breach of his convention. The chief exerted his authority, and, instead of using their clubs and knives, the conquerors proceeded to bind the vanquished hand and foot. Then, when the operation was completed, they collected, not the dead, but the living. They slackened the cords which bound their legs, and made them march willy-nilly to the capital of the Little Namaquas. As for the few who had escaped, their number was too small to cause any disquietude.

As this last decisive victory was due to Captain Pamphile's intervention, he was received with all triumphal honours. The women danced in front of him with garlands, the girls strewed roses in his path. The old men saluted him with the title of The White Lion, and the whole nation united in a great feast in his honour. When the rejoicings were over, the Captain, after thanking the Namaquas for their hospitality, announced that the time he could devote to pleasure had expired, and that he was reluctantly compelled to return to business; therefore he desired Outavaro to make the prisoners over to him. The chief admitted the justice of the demand, and led him to the large shed into which they had been thrown on their arrival, and in which they had been left forgotten till then. As three days had elapsed since

their capture, some had died of their wounds, others of hunger, and some of the heat. Thus it was high time, it will be admitted, that Captain Pamphile looked to his merchandise, which was beginning to deteriorate.

Captain Pamphile went down the ranks of the prisoners, in company with the doctor, himself handling the sick, looking at the wounds, helping with the bandages, and separating the bad from the good, like the Angel of the Day of Judgment. After doing this, he took a muster of the sound ones and found he had two hundred and thirty negroes in excellent condition.

All these could be recommended as well-seasoned men; they had passed through the fight, the march, and the starvation. They could be sold and bought with perfect confidence; there was no fear of deterioration. So pleased was the Captain with his bargain that he presented Outavaro with a quarter pipe of brandy and twelve ells of tobacco twist. As a return for his civility, the chief of the Namaquas lent him eight large canoes for the embarkation of the prisoners, and he himself, with his family and the nobles of his kingdom, accompanied him to his ship in his state barge.

The Captain was received by the sailors who had remained on board with so great a show of pleasure that the chief of the Namaquas was much impressed by the affection in which the worthy sailor was held. As the Captain was, before everything, a man of method, who allowed nothing to interfere with his duty, he left the doctor and Double-Bouche to do the honours of the *Roxelane* to his guests, and went down into the hold with the carpenter.

It was in that part of the ship that a difficulty had to be overcome, which called for the personal supervision of Captain Pamphile. When sailing from Havre, the Captain had reckoned on effecting an exchange of cargo. Naturally the goods taken in would take the place of those given out. But here, by an unexpected course of events, Captain Pamphile was taking away again what he had brought. The problem, then, was how to pack two hundred and thirty niggers into a vessel already fairly well laden.

Fortunately the fresh goods were men; if they had been ordinary packages of merchandise, the thing would have been physically impossible. But the human machine is so wonderfully well made, it has such flexible joints, it can be so readily stowed on its feet or on its head, on right side or left, on belly or back, that one must be very maladroit not to contrive to turn its capabilities to advantage. So Captain Pamphile soon saw how he could fit everything into place. He had his eleven pipes of brandy put into the "lion's den" and the sail room; for he considered it unadvisable to mix up his cargo, as either the brandy would spoil the negroes, or the negroes would spoil the brandy. Then he measured the length of the hold. It was eighty feet long,—more than was necessary. Every one ought to be satisfied with one foot of the surface of the globe, and by Captain Pamphile's reckoning, each man would have a line and a half above and to spare! Obviously, this was positive luxury, and the Captain could really have found room for half a score more. Thus, the master carpenter, following out the Captain's orders, proceeded in the following manner:—

He fastened to port and to starboard a plank standing out about ten inches from the bilge of the vessel to serve as a rest for the feet; supported in this way by this plank, seventy-seven negroes could lie very comfortably against the sides of the ship, especially as to prevent their falling on top of each other during bad weather, which was certain to be encountered, each was attached to an iron ring placed between each, to which they were lashed. True, the rings took up some of the room on which Captain Pamphile had reckoned, so that instead of having a line and a half to spare, each man found himself as a matter of fact three lines to the bad. Still, what are three lines to a man—a mere fraction of an inch—why, nothing! You must be of a very carping spirit to make a fuss about three lines when you have close upon a good foot of space all to yourself. The arrangements were thus carried on down both sides of the hold. The negroes when thus ranged in two ranks, left a space twelve feet broad down the middle. In this space, Captain Pamphile had a sort of long camp-bed made, six feet broad, over the centre of the keel. But as there were only sixty-six negroes to place on it, each man gained fifty-four hundredths of an inch; therefore, the chief

carpenter called this centre bench very appropriately the Pasha's Row. As it was six feet wide, there was a passage on each side three feet wide for walking about and feeding the cargo. As we have seen, there was plenty of room, and moreover the Captain did not fail to see that, in passing through the tropics twice, his ebony would probably shrink a little, which unfortunately would waste some more room. But all speculations must trust something to chance, and a merchant of any foresight always counts on some loss from wastage.

Once the procedure was settled, the execution of the work rested with the chief carpenter; so having acquitted himself of his duties as a philanthropist, Captain Pamphile went up on deck again to see how they were entertaining his guests.

He found Outavaro, his family and his grandees, in the midst of a magnificent banquet, presided over by the Doctor. The Captain took his place at the top of the table, quite certain that he could entirely trust his work below to his deputy. In fact, by the time the dinner was over and the chief of the Little Namaquas with his wife and his courtiers had re-embarked in their canoe, the chief carpenter came and reported that all was ready in the hold and that he could come and see how the cargo was stowed. This the worthy Captain immediately did.

The statement was perfectly correct; everything was properly arranged and each negro tied to the timbers so that he appeared to form part of the vessel and looked like a mummy waiting to be put into his coffin. They had even saved a few inches on those placed amidships, so that it was possible to walk all round this kind of gigantic gridiron on which they were spread. So well packed were they that Captain Pamphile was struck with the idea of adding Outavaro, his august family, and the notables of the kingdom to his collection. Happily for the Chief, he had no sooner been safely conducted to his canoe, than his subjects, who had not quite so much confidence in the White Lion as had their king, took advantage of their liberty to row away as fast as possible. So that, when Captain Pamphile regained the deck with the unpleasant idea which had occurred to him in the hold, the canoe was just disappearing round the first bend of the Orange River.

As he saw them go, Captain Pamphile heaved a deep sigh; he had lost fifteen to twenty thousand francs by his tardiness in making up his mind.

CHAPTER XVIII

HOW CAPTAIN PAMPHILE, HAVING DISPOSED TO ADVANTAGE OF HIS BLACK IVORY AT MARTINIQUE AND HIS SPIRITS AT THE GRAND ANTILLES, CAME ACROSS HIS OLD FRIEND "BLACK SNAKE" AGAIN, NOW CAZIQUE OF THE MOSQUITOS, AND PURCHASED THAT DIGNITY FROM HIM FOR A HALF PIPE OF BRANDY

AFTER two months and a half of a prosperous voyage, during which, thanks to the paternal care exercised by Captain Pamphile over his cargo, he only lost thirty-two negroes, the *Roxelane* sailed into the harbour of Martinique.

The time was most opportune for the disposal of his cargo. Thanks to the philanthropic measures which by common agreement had been adopted by civilized nations against the slave trade, which was now exposed to quite ridiculous risks, the colonies had been driven to want.

Captain Pamphile's wares were thus at a high premium when he landed at Saint-Pierre-Martinique; thus he had none but the richest for his customers. Moreover, the Captain's cargo was really of the very best description. All these men captured on the battlefield were the bravest and strongest of their race; then they had little of the natural stupidity and animal apathy of the Congo negroes; their intercourse with the Cape had made them almost civilized. They were only a half savage race. Thus the Captain sold them for a thousand dollars apiece, taking one with the other. This came to a total of nine hundred and ninety thousand francs. And, since he as commander was entitled to a half share, he pocketed, on his own account, after all expenses were paid, four hundred and twenty-two thousand francs (£16,880), a sum of money not to be sneezed at.

Then an unexpected occurrence gave another opportunity to Captain Pamphile to make a good profit on the other portion of his cargo. As the firm of Jackson and Co., of New York, had only received thirty-eight pipes of brandy instead of the

fifty which had been expected from Ignace Nicolas Pelonge of Orléans, it had been obliged, contrary to its well known principles of punctual delivery, to disappoint some of its customers. Consequently, Captain Pamphile heard, at Saint-Pierre, that the Islands of the Great Antilles were entirely out of spirits. As he had on board, as will be remembered, eleven and three-quarter pipes of brandy which he had not used, he resolved to set sail for Jamaica.

Captain Pamphile had not been deceived; the inhabitants of Jamaica were longing for a taste of brandy, which they had been without for three months; so the worthy Captain's arrival was welcomed as a providence. But as there is no bargaining with Providence, the Captain sold his pipes at the rate of twenty francs a bottle; this added to his first dividend of four hundred and twenty-two thousand francs an additional fifty thousand livres, which brought the sum total up to four hundred and seventy-two thousand francs. So, Captain Pamphile, who up to this time had never formed an aspiration beyond the *aurea mediocritas* of Horace, now resolved to sail immediately for Marseilles, where, by getting together all the funds which he had gathered in different parts of the globe, he would realise a small fortune of from seventy-two to eighty thousand livres of annual income. Man proposes and God disposes. The Captain had scarcely cleared the Bay of Kingston before he was caught in a gale which drove him towards the Mosquito Coast, which lies in the Gulf of Mexico, between the Bay of Honduras and the San-Juan River. Then, as the *Roxelane* was in need of some repairs, and required a new topmast and flying-jib-boom, the Captain decided to land, although the natives of the country were assembled in crowds on the shore, and some, armed with muskets, seemed disposed to resist his attempt. Thus, having got out the long boat, and ordered that in case of accidents a small twelve-pound carronade should be mounted on a pivot in the bows, he manned her with twenty men and pulled vigorously to land, without troubling about the hostile demonstration of the natives, being resolved to get a topmast and a jib-boom at any price.

The Captain had reckoned correctly the effect which this prompt and precise demonstration of his intentions would produce; for as he neared the shore, the natives, who could see the Captain's warlike preparations with the naked eye, receded from it inland, where some poor huts could be seen, the largest of which carried a flag, whose device could not be made out, owing to the distance from the shore. The result of their retirement was, that when the Captain landed, the two forces were about the same distance apart, about a thousand yards, as before. This distance was too great for a conversation except by signals, and the Captain at once made his, by planting in the ground a staff from which floated a white handkerchief. This, all over the world, is understood as a sign that the makers of it are animated by friendly intentions.

It was doubtless so interpreted by the Mosquitos, for directly they saw it, a person who appeared to be their chief, dressed as such in an old uniform coat, which, for the sake of coolness, he wore without shirt or trousers, put down his musket, tomahawk, and knife, and, raising both hands to show he was unarmed, advanced towards the shore. This demonstration was instantly understood by the Captain; for, not wishing to be behindhand in his courtesy, he put down his gun, pistols, and sword, raised his hand, and went to meet the savage with the same appearance of confidence as the latter had shown. When he got within fifty paces of the Mosquito Chief, Captain Pamphile stopped to look at him more attentively. It struck him that his face was not unknown to him and that this was not the first time he had the honour of meeting him. On his side, the savage appeared to have much the same idea, and the sight of the Captain seemed to stir up some confused and uncertain memories in his brain. At last, as they could not go on staring thus for ever, both advanced again till they were within about ten paces of each other, when both halted afresh with exclamations of surprise.

"Heuu!" said the Mosquito, gravely.

"Sacredié!" said the Frenchman, laughing.

"Black Snake is a great chief," said the Huron.

"Pamphile is a great captain," said the sailor.

"What does Captain Pamphile come to seek in the land of the Black Snake?'.

"Two poor little sticks of willow, one

to make a topmast, the other a jib-boom."

"And what will Captain Pamphile give Black Snake for them?"

"A bottle of fire-water."

"Captain Pamphile is welcome," said the Huron, after a short interval of silence, offering his hand as a token of consent. The Captain seized the Chief's hand, and clasped it so tightly that he crushed his fingers, as a sign that the bargain was made. Black Snake bore the torture like a true Indian with calm eyes and smiling lips. Seeing this, the sailors on their side and the Mosquitos on theirs gave three mighty cheers to show their pleasure at the sight.

"And when will Captain Pamphile deliver the fire-water?" asked the Huron, withdrawing his hand.

"On the spot," replied the sailor.

"Pamphile is a great captain," said the Huron, bowing.

"Black Snake is a great chief," said the sailor, returning the salutation.

Upon this, both turning about with the same gravity, returned each to his own command, to tell how the conference had ended. An hour afterwards Black Snake had his bottle of fire-water and the same evening Captain Pamphile had selected two palm trees which exactly suited his purpose.

As the head carpenter wanted eight days to fit up his topmast and jib-boom, the Captain, to prevent any breach of the peace between his crew and the natives occurring in the meanwhile, had a line drawn on the shore, which the sailors were forbidden to pass on any pretext whatsoever. Black Snake, on his side, also defined certain boundaries which his people were ordered to respect as their limit, and in the neutral zone between the camps a tent was pitched to serve as a meeting place when business relations rendered it desirable that the two commanders should hold conferences with each other.

The following day Black Snake took his way towards the tent, calumet in hand. Captain Pamphile, noting the peaceful attitude of the Chief of the Mosquitos, strolled over from his side with his cutty in his mouth.

Black Snake had drunk his bottle of fire-water and wanted another. Captain Pamphile, without being inordinately inquisitive, was not at all sorry of the opportunity for finding out how it came to pass that he met on the Isthmus of Panama as Chief of the Mosquitos the man he had left on the River Saint Lawrence as Chief of the Hurons.

Thus, as both were ready to make some concession with a view to satisfying their repective wishes, they met like two old friends delighted to renew their aquaintanceship, and as a mark of complete amity Black Snake took Captain Pamphile's pipe and Captain Pamphile the Indian's calumet, and both sat for a short time gravely puffing clouds of smoke in each other's faces.

After a short space of silent contemplation, Black Snake began the conversation by observing:—

"The tobacco of my brother the paleface is very strong."

"Which is to say, that my brother the redskin would like to wet his lips with fire-water," answered Captain Pamphile.

"Fire-water is the Huron's milk," replied the Huron, with a proud air which showed how superior he considered himself in this respect to the European.

"Let my brother drink, then," said Captain Pamphile, taking a case-bottle from his pocket, "and when the vessel is empty, we will refill it."

Black Snake took the flask, put it to his lips, and at the first draught emptied about a third of its contents.

The Captain took it back, gave it a shake to calculate the deficit, and, applying his mouth to it, gave it a suck with a goodwill fully equalling that shown by his guest. The latter wanted it back again in turn.

"One moment!" said the Captain, placing it between his knees. "As the flask is two-thirds empty, suppose we talk a little about our doings since we last saw each other."

"What would my brother like to know?" asked the Chief.

"Your brother wishes to hear," said Captain Pamphile, "whether you came here by sea or over land?"

"By sea," answered the Huron, laconically.

"And who brought you here?"

"The Chief of the Redcoats."

"Let the tongue of Black Snake be loosened, and let him tell his story to his brother the paleface," said the Captain, handing the case-bottle back to the

Huron, who emptied the rest of it at a draught.

"Is my brother listening?" asked the Chief, his eyes beginning to sparkle.

"He listens," replied the Captain, answering in the laconic manner of the Indian.

"After my brother left me in the middle of the storm," said the Chief, "Black Snake continued his journey up the big river, no longer in his canoe, which was wrecked, but by marching on foot up the bank. He travelled thus for five days more, and then came to the shores of Lake Ontario. He crossed it to York, and was soon at Lake Huron, where his wigwam was situated. But during his absence great events had taken place.

"The English, pushing the red men back before them, had little by little made their way as far as the shores of Lake Superior. Black Snake found his village inhabited by palefaces, and strangers had taken his place in the home of his ancestors.

"Then he retired to the mountains in which the Ottawa has its source, and called on his young braves; they dug up the war hatchet, and flocked round him, numerous as were the elks and their hinds before the palefaces came to the springs of the Delaware and the Susquehanna. Then the palefaces were dismayed, and in the name of the Governor they sent an embassy to the Black Snake. They offered to give him six muskets, two barrels of powder, and fifty bottles of fire-water if he would sell the roof-tree of his father and the land of his ancestors. And instead of this homestead and of those fields they were to give him the country of the Mosquitos, which had just been ceded to the palefaces by the Republic of Guatemala. Black Snake resisted for a long time all the tempting offers made him, but at last he unfortunately tasted the fire-water, and then his heart became as wax. He gave his consent to the treaty, and the exchange was made. Black Snake took a stone and threw it away behind him, saying:—

"'As I throw away this stone, so may Manitu, the Great Spirit, cast me away from him if ever again I set foot in the forests, the prairies, or the mountains which lie between Lake Erie and Hudson's Bay, and between Lake Ontario and Lake Superior.'

"Forthwith he was taken to Philadelphia, placed on board ship, and conveyed to Mosquitos; there Black Snake and the young braves who accompanied him built the huts which my brother can see from here. When the houses were ready, the commander of the palefaces raised the English flag above the largest of them and returned to his ship, leaving with Black Snake a paper written in an unknown tongue."

As he concluded his story Black Snake sighed, and drew a parchment from his breast, opening it for Captain Pamphile to peruse; it was the document by which was ceded to him all the territory lying between the Bay of Honduras and the Lake of Nicaragua, it being placed under the protection of England, and he reigning with the title "Cazique of the Mosquitos."

The Britannic Government reserved to itself the right of constructing one or more fortresses, at such places as it might choose, in the territory of the Cazique.

England is the most far-sighted of nations; on the presumption that some day or other the Isthmus of Panama would be cut through, it might be at Chiapa, it might be at Cartago, she formed beforehand the project of establishing an American Gibraltar between the Atlantic and the Pacific Oceans. While reading the document Captain Pamphile was struck by a novel idea. He had speculated in everything—tea, indigo, coffee, cod, apes, bears, spirits, and Kaffirs; now he saw his way to purchasing a kingdom.

Only, the last-named cost him rather more than he had at first expected. This was not on account of the sea teeming with fish which washed its shores, nor of the tall cocoanut trees which fringed the streams, nor yet again of the vast forests which clothe the mountains cutting the Isthmus in two, and form the border between the Guatemalians and the Mosquitos. No, Black Snake set but small store by all this potential wealth; but, on the other hand, he set an enormous value on the red seal which ornamented the foot of his parchment. Unfortunately, the deed was worthless without the seal, which was that of the English Foreign Minister. The seal cost the captain one hundred and fifty bottles of fire-water; but he got the parchment thrown into the bargain.

CHAPTER XIX

HOW THE CAZIQUE OF THE MOSQUITOS ENDOWED HIS SUBJECTS WITH A CONSTITUTION, THEREBY FACILITATING A LITTLE LOAN FOR HIMSELF OF TWELVE MILLIONS

ABOUT four months after the events we have just described, a smart brig, flying a gorgeous ensign, divided horizontally into three bands of green, blue and silver, hoisted below the Royal Standard of England, which floated proudly above it in token of suzerainty, fired a salute of twenty-one guns as it hove to under the fortifications of Portsmouth, and the courtesy was returned gun for gun.

The vessel was the *Solomon*, a swift cruiser, one of the numerous men-of-war belonging to the Cazique of Mosquitos, detailed for the purpose of conveying to London and to Edinburgh the Consuls appointed by his Highness. The object of their visit was to present themselves, carrying the deed of cession, and to get their master's position recognised by his Majesty William IV.

There had been a good deal of curiosity shown as soon as an unknown ensign had been seen in Portsmouth Roads; but this was considerably increased as soon as it was known how important were the persons on board the unknown vessel. Everybody rushed to the harbour to view the disembarkation of the two distinguished envoys sent by the new sovereign whom Great Britain had just added to the number of its vassals. It seemed to the English, longing as they do for novelty, that the two consuls were sure to be something out of the common, and would, of course, retain something of the uncivilised state from which the kindly rule of England would shortly rescue them. But, in this respect, the anticipations of the crowd were completely falsified; the pinnace landed two men, one of whom, from fifty to fifty-five years of age, short, rotund and red faced, was the Consul for England, and the other, twenty to twenty-three years of age, tall and spare, was the Consul for Edinburgh. Both were dressed in handsome uniforms which seemed to be half way between military and civil dresses. As to their general appearance, their skins tanned by the burning sun, and their strongly marked Southern accent, proclaimed both to eye and ear their equatorial origin. The travellers on landing enquired for the residence of the Governor of the Station, and paid him a visit, which lasted about an hour; on leaving him they returned on board the *Solomon*, followed as before by an admiring throng. The same evening the vessel sailed again, and in a week's time, their happy arrival in London was reported in *The Times*, the *Standard* and the *Sun*, and according to these papers, they created a great sensation. The Governor of Portsmouth was not at all surprised at this, for, as he had told everybody who cared to listen, he had been himself astonished at the varied accomplishments displayed by the envoys of the Cazique of the Mosquitos. Both talked very fair French, and one, the Consul for England, appeared to have very clear ideas about commercial matters, and even possessed a slight knowledge of medicine, while the other, the Consul for Edinburgh, shone especially by his brilliant wit, and the interesting studies he had made of the various culinary arts obtaining among the different nations of the world; for young as he was, his parents had made a great traveller of him, foreseeing, no doubt, the important duties to which he was called by Providence.

The two Mosquitos Consuls were as great a success in the ministerial circles of London as they had been at Government House at Portsmouth. The authorities, to whom they paid their respects, noted in them, it is true, complete ignorance as to the usages of society; but this want of fashionable manners, which one could scarcely wonder at in men born south of the tenth degree of latitude, was amply atoned for by the many talents they had at their finger-ends, such as are often quite unknown to the members of the most civilized nations.

For instance, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, having returned one evening very hoarse from the House of Commons, where he had been forced to debate with O'Connell a fresh scheme of taxation for Ireland, the Consul for London, who chanced to be present when he came in, asked her ladyship for the yolk of an egg, a lemon, a glass of rum and a few cloves and with his own hands mixed a draught

which was very agreeable to the palate, and which, he said, was frequently taken at Comayagua as a cure for attacks of this nature. The Chancellor having swallowed the potion in all good faith, found himself completely cured the next morning. This display of skill attracted so much attention in the diplomatic world that the Consul for London was from that time forth universally known as the "Doctor."

Another circumstance, not less extraordinary than the foregoing, happened with reference to Sir Edward Twomouth,* the Edinburgh Consul.

One day when a conversation was being carried on, at the house of the Minister for Public Instruction, about the dishes of different nations, Sir Edward Twomouth showed such an intimate knowledge of the subject, from Indian curry, such a favourite in Calcutta, to bison-hump pasty, the standing delicacy of Philadelphia, that his descriptions made everybody's mouth water. The Consul seeing the effect he had produced on the distinguished company about him, offered the Minister for Public Instruction, in the kindest way possible, personally to superintend the preparation of one of his approaching dinners, promising that no dishes should be served except such as were entirely unknown in Europe. The Minister, overwhelmed by such excessive condescension, refused for a long time to put him to so much trouble; but Sir Edward Twomouth pressed his services so graciously and frankly that His Excellency gave way at last and invited all his colleagues to join in the culinary solemnity. So, on the appointed day, the Consul for Edinburgh, who had given his orders for the necessary purchases the previous evening, arrived in the morning, and without an atom of pride or assumption, went down to the kitchen, and, in his shirt-sleeves, took over command of the cooks and scullions, setting them to work as if he had never had any other occupation in his life. The dinner having been cooked, half an hour before its time for dishing up he untied his apron, resumed his official attire, and, with the modesty of real merit, entered the drawing room as calmly as if he had just arrived in his carriage.

This was the dinner, the effect of which was a revolution in the English Cabinet, that was compared to Belshazzar's feast by the *Constitutionnel* in a scathing leading article headed "Perfidious Albion."

In this wise deep regret was felt in the gastronomic clubs of Piccadilly when Sir Edward Twomouth, obeying the stern mandates of duty, was obliged to leave London for Edinburgh. The "Doctor" then remained by himself in Town. After some time, he notified to the diplomatic corps that his august master, his Highness Don Guzman y Pamfilos would shortly arrive in England. The news produced a great sensation in the fashionable world.

Following the announcement, one morning a foreign vessel was signalled sailing up the Thames, flying the Mosquitos flag at her peak and that of Great Britain at the mizzen. This was the brig *Mosquitos*, from the same port and of the same tonnage as the *Solomon*, but all splendid with gilded mouldings and decorations. The same day she ropped anchor off the docks. She proved to be the Cazique's own ship bringing his Highness in person to London.

If the crowd had been large on the occasion of the Consuls' landing, it was much greater when their master arrived. All London seemed to be in the streets, and the Diplomatic Corps had great difficulty in getting through the eager crowd, as they proceeded to meet and receive the new potentate.

He was a man of from forty-five to forty-eight years of age, recognisable at a glance as belonging to the true Mexican type, with his sparkling eyes, his bronzed complexion, his aquiline nose and his jackal's teeth. He was dressed as a Mosquitos General and wore, as his only decoration, the badges of his rank. He spoke pretty fair English, but with a Provençal accent. This was because French was the first language he had mastered, and his instructor was a native of Marseilles. But he conversed easily with all, talking to each Minister and Ambassador in his own tongue. His Highness the Cazique seemed to be a most accomplished linguist.

The following day his Highness was received by his Majesty William IV. A week later the walls of London were papered with woodcuts of the different

* In the Mosquitos tongue, *Duas-Boccas*; in French, *Double-Bouche*.

uniforms of the Army and Navy of the Cazique of the Mosquitos. These were followed by landscape drawings of the Bay of Cartago and Cape Gracias-a-Dios taken from where the Golden River flows into the sea.

Lastly appeared a correct view of the chief square of the capital, with the palace of the Cazique in the middle, the theatre on one side, and the chamber of commerce on the other.

All the soldiers looked fat and sleek, and the phenomenon was explained by a printed announcement at the foot of each engraving giving the rates of pay of each rank. These were three francs a day for privates, five francs for corporals, eight to fifteen francs for sergeants and other non-commissioned officers, twenty-five francs for lieutenants and fifty francs for captains. The cavalry received double these rates, because they had to keep up their own horses. These splendid salaries, which would have been extravagant in London or Paris, were quite reasonable in Mosquitos, where the rivers rolled with gold and the precious metals cropped up visibly from the ground, so that a man had only to stoop and pick up gold and silver.

As for the landscapes, they displayed the richest prospects that could possibly be imagined; ancient Sicily, which used to feed Rome and Italy from the surplus stores of its twelve million inhabitants, was but a desert beside the plains of Panamakas, of Caribania and of Tinto. The whole country was covered with maize, rice, sugar cane, and coffee, the fields being only divided by the pathways absolutely necessary to allow the cultivators to get about among their crops, all of which grew spontaneously, without any labour whatever. In fact, the natives cultivated the ground not for the sake of the crops at all, which they had only to harvest, as they grew, but because their ploughshares frequently turned up nuggets of gold weighing two or three pounds, and diamonds of from thirty to thirty-five carats.

Lastly, as far as could be judged from the then magnificent buildings which formed three sides of the great square of Mosquitos, the town was built in a happily eclectic style of architecture, borrowed from the chaste edifices of the Ancient Greek, the florid erections of the Middle Ages, and the handsome utilitarian constructions of modern times; thus the Cazique's Palace was a replica of the Parthenon, the façade of the theatre was in the style of the Cathedral of Milan, and the "Bourse" resembled the Church of Notre Dame de Lorette at Paris. As for the inhabitants, they were dressed in magnificent garments, glittering with gold and precious stones. Negresses bore parasols of the brilliant plumage of toucans and humming-birds over the ladies' heads; lacqueys were giving away pieces of gold to all who asked, while in the corner of the picture was a poor man feeding his dog with sausages.

For a fortnight after the arrival of the Cazique in London nothing was talked of throughout the country but the Eldorado of the Mosquitos; people collected in such crowds before these magnificent advertisements that the constables were unable to keep the roads clear for traffic. When this was brought to the Cazique's notice, he forthwith called upon the Lord Mayor, and begged him to prohibit the exhibition of any bill or poster calculated to attract public attention to his kingdom. The Lord Mayor, who up till that time had refrained from interfering solely because he did not wish to offend his Highness Don Guzman y Pamfilos, gave the order for the confiscation, that very day, of all illustrations and literature relating to the said kingdom. But if the prints and bills were lost to sight, their memory was by no means effaced; so the day after this high-handed seizure, almost unprecedented in a free country like Great Britain, more than fifty persons attended at the Consul's office, stating that they were desirous of emigrating, if their enquiries could be answered as favourably as they had been led to anticipate.

The Consul informed them that whatever idea they might have conceived of the beauties of this happy land was as far removed from the reality as night is from day, or storm from sunshine, that the art of the lithographer could not, at best, be anything but a very imperfect medium for the representation of nature, seeing that black and white not only failed in reproducing colour, but also in giving a notion of the thousand and one beautiful touches which went to make up the charm and harmony of creation. For instance, he said, the birds which fluttered about the trees and which enjoyed the

privilege, unknown to those of Europe, of being able to destroy all noxious insect life, without themselves suffering at all from the diet, were necessarily represented by the engraver as nothing better than sparrows or swallows, whereas in truth their brilliant plumage outshone the rainbow and they might have been taken for flying rubies or living topazes. And, he continued, if they would kindly step into his sitting-room he could show them the birds, which they would recognise as the same from their shape, their beaks and their tails, and then by comparing their true plumage with what the engraver had been able to show, they would be able to judge of the rest of the drawings by the example he was able to put before them. The worthy folk followed him into the other room, and as the "Doctor," a great lover of natural history, had, in the course of his travels, made a valuable collection of all those flying blossoms we call humming-birds, honey-suckers, and Indian finches, they came back profoundly impressed with the veracity of his statements. Next day a bootmaker waited on the Consul, and asked if industry was free from taxation in Mosquitosland. The Consul replied that Government was so paternal in its methods that even payment for patent rights was a thing unknown. The result of free competition was beneficial both to the producer and the consumer, for all the neighbouring nations drew their supplies from the capital of the Caziquate, where they found everything so much below the prices current in their own countries, that the saving effected repaid them over and over again the cost of travel and transport. The only tradesmen who were to be allowed special privileges in the future, for the class did not exist at present—the idea of its creation having only been suggested to the Cazique in England—were the purveyors to the Serene Person and Household of His Highness. The bootmaker asked at once if a bootmaker to the Crown had been appointed in Mosquitos. The Consul said that there had been numerous applications for the post, but that no one had yet been honoured with the appointment; moreover, that the Cazique intended to establish a scale of purchase for all similar appointments, with a view to preventing once for all the intrigue and venality which were the curse of European administrations, The bootmaker asked at what figure the post of bootmaker to the Crown had been scheduled. The "Doctor" consulted his books and found that the appointment of bootmaker to the Crown was valued at two hundred and fifty pounds sterling. The bootmaker jumped for joy; that was nothing at all, so taking out of his pocket five bank notes he handed them over to the Consul, begging that he would at once enter his name as that of the sole and only holder of the office, which was only fair, as he had made on the spot full and complete payment of the charges involved. The Consul thought the request so extremely right and proper that he forthwith proceeded to fill up the commission, which he delivered straightway to the petitioner, signing it himself and sealing it with the state seal of His Highness. The bootmaker left the Consulate confident that his fortune was made, and congratulating himself on having attained his desire at so small a sacrifice.

From that time forth, there were applications by the score at the Consulate. The bootmaker was followed by a tailor, the tailor by a chemist and druggist; in a week's time every branch of industry, of commerce or of art, had its commissioned representative. After this began the purchase of ranks and titles; the Cazique promoted applicants to colonels, and created them barons; he sold both life peerages and peerages in perpetuity. One gentleman, who already possessed the order of the Golden Spur and the Hohenlohe Order, even offered to purchase the Star of the Equator, which had been established as a reward for civil merit and military daring. But the Cazique replied that at this point he must draw the line between his practice and those of European Governments, and that he declined to grant this decoration to anyone who had not earned it. Notwithstanding this refusal, which, by the way, brought him much credit among the Radical Party in England, the Cazique banked during the month a sum of sixty thousand pounds sterling.

About this period, after a State Dinner, the Cazique ventured to let fall a remark about a loan of four millions. The Crown banker, who was a Jew, money-lender to every sovereign in Europe, smiled with

pity at the idea, and observed to the Cazique that he would not find it easy to borrow less than twelve millions, all monetary transactions below that figure being left to the bucket-shops and outside brokers. The Cazique answered that any little difficulty of that kind need make no difference to him, as twelve millions would suit him every bit as well as four. The banker told him that if he would come round to his office, he would find his head clerk there, whose duty it was to negotiate all loans not amounting to more than fifty millions. This young man would be given orders to facilitate the transaction, and the Cazique could make his own terms with him. As for the banker himself, he took no personal interest in transactions involving less than a thousand millions.

The next day the Cazique paid a visit to the financier's office. Everything was ready for him, as had been promised. The loan was to be issued at six per cent; Mr. Samuel guaranteed the placing of the loan on the market, and in the meantime was to find the whole capital. Nevertheless, there was one condition attached that was to be considered as a *sine quâ non*. The Cazique felt some little anxiety as he enquired what the said condition might be. The agent replied that the condition was that he should grant Constitutional Government to his subjects. The Cazique stood for a moment dumb with amazement at the nature of the request. Not that he had the slightest intention of refusing it. He well knew the value attaching to documents settling grants of this nature, and would have given a dozen for a thousand crowns, and *à fortiori* one for twelve thousand crowns. But he never expected that Mr. Samuel would take up the cause of liberty among the nations; and had even heard him express, in his half-German, half-French patois, opinions distinctly inimical to the request which he now had conveyed to him. He could not then refrain from expressing his astonishment to the agent.

The latter explained to the Cazique that his Highness had quite correctly gauged the political opinions of his employer, but whereas in an Absolute Monarchy the Prince was responsible for the debts of the State, in a constitutional kingdom the State became responsible for the ruler's debts, and although Mr. Samuel trusted to a great extent in the promises of kings, he had a still more implicit faith in engagements entered into by nations.

The Cazique, who was a man of experience, was constrained to admit that the theory propounded by the agent had a great deal of force, and he also saw that Mr. Samuel, whom he had taken for a purse-proud blunderer, was really a far-sighted financier. He therefore promised to draw up by the next day a constitution conceived in as liberal terms as any obtaining in Europe, one of the principal articles running as follows:—

"THE PUBLIC DEBT.

"Such debts as have been, or shall be, contracted by his Highness the Cazique up to the date of the approaching Convocation of Parliament are hereby declared to be part of the State Debt, and they are guaranted by the whole revenue and property of the State.

"A law will be prepared for submission at the approaching session for fixing the portion of the revenue assignable to the payment of interest and the gradual extinction, by repayment of capital, of the bonded debt."

This clause was drafted by Mr. Samuel.

The Cazique did not alter one iota of this, and the next day he brought with him to the office the complete constitution, just as it appears in the documentary evidence we append to this history. It was signed by his own hand and impressed with his own seal. The clerk examined it and judged it in form, and took it to Mr. Samuel. Mr. Samuel wrote below it at the foot "Passed for Press," tore a leaf from his memorandum book, scribbled on it, "Pay to Bearer twelve millions, and charge to current account," and signed it "*Samuel*."

A week later, every English newspaper printed the text of the constitution granted to the people of Mosquitos, and this was copied into every newspaper on the Continent. This evoked from the *Constitutionnel* that remarkable leading article which is still fresh in the memories of all, the title of which was "Noble England!"

It can easily be understood that such unparalleled generosity, on the part of a Prince from whom nothing had been demanded, redoubled the confidence he had already inspired, and tripled the number of emigrants. The total had

mounted up to six thousand six hundred and thirty-nine souls, when, as the Consul, after signing, was handing over the sixth thousand and thirty-ninth passport, he casually asked the emigrant what money he and his comrades were taking out. The man replied that they had banknotes and gold. Upon this the Consul said it was his duty to warn them that they would lose at the Bank of Mosquitos six per cent. on their notes and two shillings a guinea on their gold, this loss being explained by the distance between the two countries and the rarity of intercourse, all commerce generally taking the direction of Cuba, Hayti, Jamaica, and of North and South America.

The emigrant, who was a man of understanding, quite saw the reason for the loss, but, distressed at the thought of the terrible hole which the unfavourable rate of exchange would make in his little savings, he asked His Excellency the Consul if he could not possibly, as a special favour, exchange his banknotes and guineas then and there against Mosquitos silver or gold. The Consul regretted that he could not part with his Mosquitos cash, because, as the coinage was of pure metal unmixed with alloy, it was of considerably greater intrinsic value than the money of England, but said that for the nominal commission of one half per cent. he could furnish him with bank notes drawn on the Cazique's own bank, which would be exchanged at par, on his arrival against the gold and silver currency of the Mosquitos. The emigrant tried to kiss the Consul's feet, but the latter, raising him with true Republican dignity, said that all men were equal, and gave him his hand to kiss. On that day the change of money began, and the process lasted a week. At the end of that period the Consul had received eighty thousand pounds sterling, without reckoning his commission.

About the same time Sir Edward Twomouth, the Consul at Edinburgh, advised his colleague in London of the receipt, through methods very analogous to those employed in the capital of the three kingdoms, of various sums amounting to fifty thousand pounds English. The "Doctor," at first sight, thought the total rather small; but on second thoughts he remembered that Scotland, as a poor country, could not be expected to produce as much as England.

For his part, his Highness the Cazique Don Guzman y Pamfilos cashed the banker Samuel's cheque for twelve millions.

CONCLUSION

THE emigrants sailed in eight ships which had been chartered at their joint expense, and, after a three months' voyage, they arrived in sight of the coast the reader already knows, and cast anchor in Cartago Bay.

They found that the only town was the collection of huts we have described, and the only inhabitants the followers of Black Snake, who, on their being conducted before him, asked how much fire-water they had brought him. One part of the unfortunate band having nothing left to return to in England, decided on remaining in Mosquitos; the second half resolved to return to their own country. Half of this half died on the voyage home from hunger and privation. Those who reached London, exactly one-fourth of those who had left it, had no sooner set foot on dry land than they proceeded in a body to the Cazique's Palace and the Consul's Mansion. The Cazique and his Consul had not been seen for the last week preceding their arrival, and no one had any idea what had become of them.

Our own opinion is that the Cazique is living incognito in Paris, and we have reason to believe that he is in some way or another connected with not a few of the industrial developments which have been taking place for some time past. If we receive any precise information as to his movements, we shall not fail to apprise our readers of the fact.

Just as we are going to press we read the following in the "Medical Gazette":—

"Up to the present time spontaneous combustion has not been known to occur except among human beings; but a case has just been reported by Dr. Thierry, in which the victim belonged to the simian race. For the last five or six years this individual, in consequence of the sad loss he sustained through the death of a friend, had acquired the unfortunate habit of habitual daily indulgence in excessive quantities of wine and

spirituous liquors. The very day of the accident he had drunk three successive glasses of rum and retired, as was his custom, to rest in the corner of the room, whence was heard, all of a sudden, a crackling sound like that of sparks flying about from a wood fire. The housekeeper, who was tidying the room, turned at once in the direction of the sound, and saw that the animal was enveloped in a cloud of blue flames like those emitted by burning spirits of wine, and yet he appeared to be without the power or will to make the slightest effort to escape. The terror with which she was seized at this extraordinary sight prevented her from going to help the poor beast, and it was not until the fire had burnt itself out that she dared approach the spot where it had originated. It was then too late; the animal was dead.

"The monkey which was the victim of this extraordinary fatality belonged to our famous fellow-townsman, the painter, Tony Johannot."

APPENDIX

CONSTITUTION OF THE MOSQUITOS, CENTRAL AMERICA,—DON GUZMAN Y PAMFILOS, BY THE GRACE OF GOD, CAZIQUE OF THE SAID NATION

THE heroic people of this country, having from time immemorial preserved their independence by their courage and their patriotism, were peacefully enjoyed the fruits of their devotion at a time when all the rest of America groaned beneath the yoke of Spain. At the great and ever memorable epoch of the emancipation of the New World, the nations of this vast territory had not been brought into subjection by any European power; Spain had not exercised any real authority in the land, and had been forced to confine itself to the chimerical pretensions against which the courage and constancy of the native inhabitants had successfully protested. The nation of the Mosquitos has preserved intact the primitive liberties which she holds directly from the Creator.

With a view to consolidating its existence, to defending its freedom—the chiefest of all the possessions of a nation—and to guiding its progress towards the happiness of the social state, this country has already chosen us to govern it and in the immortal strife for the freedom of America we have shown the people of the continent that we are not unworthy contribuants to the glorious task of securing the destinies of this noble half of the human race.

Absorbed as we are in the duties which Providence has imposed upon us, while calling us, by the voice of a free people, to the government of these fair lands, we thought it well to defer, so far, the inauguration of certain changes which would add greatly to the happiness of our subjects; especially did we consider it necessary first to study thoroughly the wants of the nation to which the new institutions were to apply.

The time has come at last. We are rejoiced at being able to perform this duty, just at the time when victory has crowned for ever the destiny of this continent and has put an end to the strife wherein, for fifteen years, we have been among the first to uphold the banner of independence and to seal with our blood the imprescriptible rights of American peoples. For these reasons we have decreed and ordered, and do now decree and order as follows:—

In the name of God Almighty and All Merciful:

ART. 1.

All the provinces of this country, by whatsoever designations they are known, shall in future be confederated into a single State, which shall for ever remain one and indivisible, under the name of the "State of Poyais." The various titles, under which we have, up to this present time, carried on the functions of government, shall, for the future, be all merged and consolidated in that of the Cazique of Poyais.

ART. 2.

All the present inhabitants of this country, and all those who in the future shall receive letters of naturalisation shall form but one single nation and be known as the Poyaisians, without distinction as to origin, birth, or colour.

ART. 3.

All Poyaisians are equal as to duties and rights.

ART. 4.

The State of Poyais will be divided into twelve provinces.

Each province is divided into districts, each district into parishes. The boundaries of the provinces are fixed by law.

For each province there is a governor, nominated by the Cazique. The governor's duty is to manage the internal affairs of the province; he will be aided by a council composed of magnates, chosen and organised by law.

In each district there is a deputy governor, and in each parish a mayor.

The nominations of deputies and of mayors and their duties will be regulated by law.

THE CAZIQUE.

The Cazique is the Commander-in-Chief of all the State Forces both by land and sea.

It is his duty to raise, arm, and organise the forces, in accordance with the numbers and expenditure placed at his disposal by law. He appoints all officers, both civil and military, except in those cases where the constitution provides for their election by the popular vote. He is the Administrator-General of all the State Revenues, and acts in accordance with the laws as to its source, assessment, collection and disbursement. He is especially charged with the duty of keeping order within the kingdom, and he also enters into treaties of peace, and has the power of declaring war. All treaties must be submitted for approval to the Senate. He sends and receives all ambassadors and all descriptions of diplomatic envoys.

He alone has the right of proposing laws to the Parliament and of approving or rejecting them after they have passed through Parliament. The laws do not become of legal force until after his sanction and promulgation. He may make regulations for the enforcement of the laws.

All lands which do not belong to private owners are hereby declared the property of the Cazique.

Their revenue and the proceeds of their sale are assigned for the due maintenance of his Highness the Cazique, of his family and of his personal, civil and military, establishments. The Cazique has the power, in consequence of this law, of disposal of any portion of these domains.

On his accession, the Cazique swears to observe the constitution in presence of the Parliament assembled.

The Cazique grants letters of naturalisation to aliens.

The Cazique has the right of pardoning offenders.

The person of the Cazique is inviolable; his ministers only are responsible.

In case of ill health, or of absence for some sufficient reason, the Cazique shall have the power of nominating one or more regents to govern in his name.

Our eldest son, issue of our marriage with Dona Josepha-Antonia-Andrea de Xerès de Aristiquicta y Lobera, born at Carracas, in the Columbian Republic, is hereby declared heir apparent of the dignity of Cazique of Mosquitos. In the next session of Parliament, a law will be brought forward providing for the case of the minority of the Cazique.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament exercises legislative powers concurrently with the Cazique. No loan can be raised in future, no tax, direct or indirect, can be imposed, without a decree passing through Parliament.

At the beginning of each session, the members of the two Houses of Parliament swear fealty to the Cazique and to the Constitution.

Parliament settles the value, weight, pattern and standard of the currency, and determines all weights and measures.

Each House makes its own rules for the conduct of business and for the good order of its sessions.

Either House may petition the Cazique in favour of a project of law on such and such subjects.

Parliament is composed of two bodies; the Senate and the House of Representatives.

SENATE.

The Senate consists of fifty senators.

Four years after the promulgation of the present constitution, this number may be increased by due process of law.

The fifty senators shall be nominated by the Cazique, for the first time only.

The senators are nominated for life.

In future, when any places become vacant in the senate, the senators shall choose, to fill the vacancy, one of three names submitted to them by the Cazique.

To become a Senator, the qualifications

are: Age, thirty-one years at least; domicile, three years at least in the country; property qualification, three thousand acres in fee simple.

The Chancellor is President of the Senate.

The Bishop, or Bishops, of Poyais are *de jure* members of the Senate.

The sessions of the Senate are public.

House of Representatives.

The Lower House will be formed of sixty members (five representing each province) until such time as an Act shall be passed for increasing that number.

To become a deputy of the people of Poyais the age qualification is twenty-five years; the property qualification, a freehold of one thousand acres.

The House of Deputies shall verify the qualification of its own members.

Each province shall elect five deputies, to form the first House.

During the forthcoming meeting of Parliament, an Act shall be passed for the redistribution of these sixty seats among the different provinces, according to the population of each.

Further, during the same session, Parliament shall have the power of giving seats to the representatives of such towns of our State as shall be deemed, from their size, fit to be ranked as cities.

For the purposes of the election of members from districts, all the inhabitants, being born or naturalised citizens of this State, and who, being taxpayers and having attained the age of twenty-one years, and being neither servants, slaves, outlaws, bankrupts, nor habitual criminals, shall assemble at the chief town of the district, on the day to be notified by our letters patent, and shall elect their deputies from among those persons possessing the necessary qualifications.

Deputies are elected for the term of four years, and there will be a general election at the end of that period.

The Cazique names the President of the Lower House, from a list of three prepared by the said assembly.

The elections will be superintended by a president to be chosen from the electorate by the Cazique.

The laws for Customs duties, and for both direct and indirect taxation, must be submitted for the approval of the House of Representatives, and cannot be brought before the Senate without such approval.

The Cazique may dissolve the House, on condition of calling together another within three months.

The House of Representatives may impeach the Ministry at the bar of the Senate for rebellion, treason, malversation or usurpation of authority.

The proceedings in the House shall be open to the public.

Religion.

The Catholic Apostolic Roman Religion is that of the State. The ministers thereof are endowed, and the territories over which they shall exercise spiritual jurisdiction fixed by law.

All religions are protected by the State, and no differences in religious belief shall be held to exclude from public office.

Bodies professing a faith other than that of the Catholic religion who may wish to establish places of worship, must notify their desire to the civil power, and further show that the ministers appointed to serve the places of worship are provided with sufficient incomes.

The Public Debt.

. . . . . (The provisions on this head are those already given in the text, as having been drafted by Mr. Samuel.) . . . . . .

Judicial Powers.

The judges are appointed by the Cazique, on the nomination of three candidates for the office by the Senate.

There will be six State Judges who will go on circuit through the provinces, holding assizes and administering both civil and criminal justice.

A law to be passed subsequently will introduce the system of trial by jury in criminal cases. In each district there will be a magistrate appointed to consider all cases, settling those within his powers, and to bring such cases to the Assizes as he may consider necessary to be tried. Appeals against the Courts of Assizes shall be heard by the Senate. Applications for redress of judgments of the Supreme Court must be laid before Parliament. No subject may be arrested save by the order of a Judge or Magistrate, and the warrant must specify the crime of which he is accused, the said crime being one defined as such by law. Gaolers are forbidden, under penalties attaching to false imprisonment, to receive or detain

any person against whom a warrant as described above is not produced.

As soon as practicable the necessary steps will be taken to draw up codes of both Civil and Criminal Law uniformly applicable to the whole country.

The foregoing constitution shall be submitted for acceptation to the Parliament which is hereby convoked for the 1st September next.

Given in London the 20th day of March, in the year of Our Lord 1837, and first of our reign.

(*Signed*) DON GUZMAN Y PAMFILOS.

Letter from M. Alphonse Karr.

My dear Alexandre,

Allow me to press a request upon you. France contains thirty-two million inhabitants; if each one of them were to be the object of public attention for an equal space of time, that is to say, if fame and honour were evenly distributed, each would have one minute and one-third of this public renown in his life, the average duration of life being taken at eighty years.

It is for the sake of fame that we hang on to anything which creates a sensation in the world, and long to be a part of whatever attracts notice for the moment; so much so that many covet to a certain extent the situation of the criminal on the road to the guillotine, and find their only comfort in being able to say, "I knew him intimately," or "I went through the same street the very day after the murder."

I know of nothing more amusing than the books, so full of humour and sly fun and good-natured sarcasm, which you sometimes publish when not engaged in the production of noble dramas and sparkling comedies. Well, here is one certain to win universal admiration for a fortnight in a city where a revolution only takes three days. Accordingly, following out the calculation I made just above, it will deprive nearly thirteen thousand persons of their chance of ever being talked about.

Now I have a right to be mentioned in your book, and I claim my right. James the Second belonged to me before he became the property of Tony Johannot. Our dear good Tony could tell you how, one day he showed me his monkey, the animal threw his arms round my neck, took my head in his hand, kissed me on both cheeks in the most touching manner possible. James the Second had lived with me a whole year, when one day he disappeared. Never a day passed afterwards but I feared I should meet him on the Boulevards, dressed as an opera-bouffe troubadour, taught and trained, and now plying the ignoble calling of a merry-andrew. I was overjoyed to find him again with Tony, who has far too much sense to want to teach any monkey tricks.

Thus, my dear Alexandre, "I beg and, if necessary, I demand," as the newspapers say, that you will insert this claim to consideration among the documentary evidence printed in your appendix.

Yours ever,

(*Signed*) ALPHONSE KARR.

DELAPORTE'S LITTLE PRESENTS.

WERE you astonished yesterday evening not to hear my knock at your door for a little talk? You said, "Good! it is the Carnival; he has some dinner on in town, or some ball at the Opera. It is Saturday night; he is amusing himself instead of working, the idle fellow."

Did I not tell you, though, that it was in working that I was amusing myself? I have neither dined in town, nor have I been to the Opera.

I have been to the Jardin des Plantes and to the Rue d'Erfurth.

From this moment I take you into my confidence. You have the right to ask me what I was doing.

Perhaps you may have heard of the arrival a short time ago at the Jardin of a hippopotamus, two lions, three giraffes, five antelopes, and twenty monkeys. And perhaps you have also heard that a gift has been made to the Louvre of a complete Nigritian museum, and in consequence have made up your mind to go and see all that your first free day.

Well, when you visit the museum at the Louvre, when you see the hippopotamus in his tank, the giraffes behind their palings, the antelopes in their enclosure, and the monkeys in their palace, you will say of the museum, "How strange!" and of the animals, "How curious!" But you will not have an inkling of something connected with both which is the most curious and the most strange of all.

I mean the manner in which the giver, by the exercise of great determination and much patience, got possession of this wonderful gift to the State, worth more than 150,000fr. But I am going to tell you all about that, for the donor is one of my friends.

You must be told that I have friends in the four quarters of the globe, and even in the fifth, since the appointment of Count C—— to the consulship of Oceania.

By the way, have you read my account of my voyage to Tunis? If you have not, it is a matter of regret, for, on my word, it is one of the most amusing things I have ever written. If you had read it, you would know that when we arrived at Tunis, M. Delaporte was French Consul there, and one of the first visits we paid was, of course, to him.

It chanced to be his day of reception, and we found him seated on a throne such as few kings possess. This throne was covered with the skins of twelve lions. Two stuffed lions, crouching down as if in act to spring, their eyes shining, their claws unsheathed like the claws of a sphinx, formed the arms of the seat.

A magnificently handsome Jewess, in Eastern costume, knelt before the Consul, and with a blush held out to him her slipper with the heel towards him. What the slipper presented in this manner meant I have already explained in the *Véloce*.

We did not disturb Delaporte in his part as Cadi, which, in spite of our presence, he played with the utmost gravity until the last suitor had been seen out by the janissaries, when, throwing aside Eastern solemnity, we rushed into each other's arms.

Next day Delaporte took us to see his excavations, for he always felt he should have something to give the Government, and he had come there to excavate, seated like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. By perseveringly excavating he had at last struck a fragment of marble with his pick. He was not yet quite sure what this block from which the steel drew sparks formed part of. Was it a capital, a basin, or a fountain? We were going to find out, for it was

almost certain that we should find the rubbish had been cleared away before our arrival.

We covered the two or three leagues between Tunis and Carthage as quickly as our horses could carry us, and in less than three-quarters of an hour we reached the excavations. Just as Delaporte had anticipated, the men had made a great advance in the work since the day before, and a colossal head, measuring six feet from the chin to the roots of the hair, had been uncovered.

It was the head of Lusilla, the daughter of Marcus Aurelius, and stands to-day in the Hall of Antiquities, near the Venus of Milo.

After the revolution of February Delaporte was sent to Cairo, and while there he took it into his head to discover what till then no one had ever discovered, viz., some Coptic manuscripts. He found nine and sent them to the Library.

One day there had been some disagreement between a Christian and a slave-dealer about a woman from Burun. Delaporte summoned all the parties before him and settled the matter by buying the woman and setting her at liberty. Then as the slave-dealer, everything considered, seemed to be, for a slave-dealer, fairly honest and intelligent, Delaporte asked him a good deal about those lands of fable into which he penetrated in pursuit of his trade.

This trade is not unimportant, Egypt alone requiring every year nearly 20,000 slaves, who are drawn from Darfur, Sennaar, Abyssinia, Nubia, the banks of the White and Blue Nile, and from the foot of the Mountains of the Moon.

The slave-dealer mentioned six or seven provinces one after another, situated between 6° and 2°, and the names of which were not to be found even on the enormous map which Delaporte spread out in order to look for them.

"Would you undertake," said Delaporte to the trader, "to buy and bring me back a complete collection of every article used by these peoples, whose names are unknown to geographers, in connection with music, toilet, war, cooking, ornament, and work, in short, everything you can pick up from a needle to lances and shields, from the mat on which the king sleeps to the porringer out of which the soldiers eat?"

"It would be difficult," said the slave-dealer, shaking his head.

"But not impossible?"

"No, with the help of the Prophet nothing is impossible; but ——"

"But what?"

"It would cost a great deal."

"No matter; tell me how much money you would need."

"I should need neither gold nor silver; such people have never seen a para."*

"Then what would you take with you?"

"Venetian glass, shells from the Red Sea."

"How many quintals?" (= 100lbs.)

"One hundred."

"Then come with me."

And Delaporte took the trader to Mouski and bought one hundred quintals of glass and shells, adding thereto five or six blocks of salt, which is so precious a commodity in the interior of Africa that it can be exchanged for its weight in gold dust. He then wished his agent a successful journey, and they parted.

Three years passed by, from 1849 till 1851; the first Delaporte looked out for his trader with impatience, the second with anxiety, and the third he gave him up. But one morning a man made his appearance at the French Consulate.

"What do you want?" asked Delaporte.

"It is I."

"But who are you?"

"The slave merchant."

"Ah! And what about my collection?"

"It is at Bulak; come with me there, and you will see."

They ordered a couple of asses and rode to Bulak, which is a quarter of a league from Cairo. On their arrival the trader showed Delaporte an immense canga, so overloaded that it seemed ready to sink. It contained the Nigritian collection, and a very complete collection it was, I can tell you. For everything was there, from the needle to the lance and shield; from those peculiar bracelets put on the arms of a bride to the great drums as big as a cask on which an ascending and descending scale can be played by passing with the drumstick from one to another.

When you see all this, you will be astonished at the intelligence displayed

* Turkish coin worth nearly a penny.

by the slave trader; he had left nothing out, from the lizard four feet long, of which the silvery skin is used to ornament the bows of the chiefs, to the lyre of Orpheus made of a turtle shell and four strings. Of everything he had procured examples, of barbed arrows and necklaces, of men's drawers and women's, of maces, the form of which was copied from those used by the Crusaders; of poleaxes which might have come from the Sandwich Islands. In this collection there was such a variety of pipes that the painter in "La Vie de Bohème," who had only two, one for friends and one for acquaintances, might have revelled in them. Did you wish for flutes, there they were; or for conches, horns, and trumpets, behold them; and then there were daggers of every possible kind and shape, curved swords to cut off heads with, gourd bottles for brandy, elephants' tusks, the teeth of hippopotami, rhinoceros horns, and gold dust in plenty.

For I tell you there was some of everything.

When Delaporte began to ask the trader about what he had seen and done, and what kept him so long, this is what he learned.

Three years before four fishermen had been sent to the banks of the Nile, about sixty leagues higher than the junction of the two branches, one of which coming from the Mountains of the Moon, is called the Blue Nile, the other, the source of which is lost in the interior of Africa, bears the name of Bahr-el-Abiad, or the White Nile.

Now, what were those four fishermen doing, camped among the reeds for three years by order of Abbas Pasha? They were waiting till a female hippopotamus should give birth to a young one.

"I beg your pardon——?"

Just what I said, they were waiting, by the order of Abbas Pasha, till a baby hippopotamus should arrive, that they might capture it.

Alas! Hippopotami, which were so numerous under the Cæsars, have become rare in our day. It is with them as with whales. Formerly whales were so abundant all round Newfoundland that a pilot was almost as much afraid of the living archipelago formed by a school as if it had been an archipelago of rocky islands; and now, if we desire to come across one, we must go as far as the Polar Seas.

What has made the hippopotamus so rare? Perhaps the great demand there is for their tusks, out of which artificial human teeth are made, for the ivory of the hippopotamus never grows yellow.

And what did Abbas Pasha want with a baby hippopotamus?

England, the rival of France, possessed among many other advantages a male hippopotamus, and greatly desired a female also. So she applied to Abbas Pasha, who, being unable to refuse anything to England, placed the four fishermen on the banks of the White Nile, that they might secure for him the first young hippopotamus that its mother might drop on one of the innumerable islets in the river. For as to capturing an adult animal of the kind, there was no use thinking of it. Hippopotami die, but never surrender.

This account gave Delaporte a new idea. He would add a menagerie to his museum. He applied to the proper quarters and ordered two lions, three or four giraffes, five or six antelopes, and as many monkeys as could be got.

But you will ask, How does one go about the catching of lions, giraffes, antelopes, or monkeys, especially monkeys? For if they let themselves be caught, what becomes of the old saying, "As cunning as a monkey"?

I am going to tell you all about it.

As soon as the tracks of a lion are seen a hole from ten to fifteen feet deep is dug and hidden by branches. A goat is killed and laid on the deceitful surface which covers the hole. The lion, which is too proud to fear a snare, comes along against the wind, scents the goat at fifteen paces, beats his sides with his tail, licks his lips, roars for joy and springs upon the offered dainty. The floor of branches sinking beneath his weight he is thrown to the bottom of the trench.

The first, and perhaps the second day, he is too uneasy to eat, but before the third day is over he devours the goat. He is left for four days longer in the hole so that he has full leisure to digest his meal. On the fifth day he is ravenous. Then a large cage made of wood and iron is let down with the door, which is a sliding one, lifted. At the back of the cage is a quarter of a carcase. The lion without hesitation enters the cage; the door slides down and the lion is caught.

It is all very simple, you see.

As to giraffes—in certain regions in the centre of Africa they are very common and go about in herds. They are hunted by means of dromedaries. The big ones out-distance pursuit, but the young ones are run down. They are captured and petted and treated with such kindness that in less than a week they become quite tame.

Antelopes are animals whose intelligence is very moderately developed. I am always indignant when a poet compares the eyes of his mistress to the fine eyes of these animals, for the Arab proverb says, "As stupid as an antelope." They can be caught in a thousand different manners, but the most usual is a springe.

Now for the monkeys. Yes, we have got to them at last.

To be stupid is a defect; to be greedy is a vice.

Monkeys are greedy and in spite of all their intelligence their greediness is their ruin. They are above all given to drink. But what else was to be expected of them, resembling man as they do? Man would be the only animal to get tipsy, were it not for the monkeys, whose favourite tipple is a kind of beer brewed in Darfur and Sennaar. Calabashes full of this drink are placed about where monkeys most do congregate.

As soon as a monkey tastes this beer he utters a cry of joy which attracts all his companions to him. Then begins a regular orgie, every single monkey trying to drink more than the others. When they are all quite drunk negroes appear, but the drinkers show no mistrust, for being no longer able to see clearly they take the new arrivals for monkeys of a larger growth, so that the negroes have only the trouble of carrying or leading their booty home. If they carry them the monkeys embrace them, weeping and covering them with kisses. For monkeys are sentimental in their cups.

If the negroes lead them it is only necessary to take one by the hand, he in his turn takes the hand of his neighbour, and so on till there is a long row all abreast. As they are all unsteady on their feet they are glad of each other's support and hold tight, staggering as they advance like so many satyrs. Not seldom does a negro arrive at home with ten or twelve of these creatures in his care, just as with us we often see a tutor accompanied by ten or twelve pupils.

Arrived at their destination, they are put into cages that they may grow sober by degrees. Each day an ever-lessening quantity of beer is given them till they grow used to captivity. Not until the supply quite ceases and they have only water to drink do they realise that they are prisoners.

Six months after his order had been placed Delaporte was in possession of his two lions, three giraffes (one of which was about to become a mother), five antelopes, and twenty monkeys. The menagerie was thus complete except for the hippopotamus.

Now, Delaporte had taken an oath that he would have his hippopotamus.

It would never occur to any of you, my dear readers, would it, to take such an oath.

But you are wrong. A hippopotamus is worth 100,000 francs if it is worth a centime.

It is quite true that if in lieu of his income of 5,000 francs entered in his account-book a small capitalist of the Marais were to be given a hippopotamus and told that was his capital, he would find himself very much perplexed and would cry out that he was robbed. But a Consul at Cairo knows the true value of such an animal.

Just as Abbas Pasha had placed fishermen on the White Nile to spy out the arrival of the hippopotamus which England desired Delaporte kept two negroes at Bukah whose sole mission was to spy on the fishermen of Abbas Pasha.

One day one of the negroes arrived quite breathless at the Consulate.

"Well, what's the matter?" asked Delaporte.

"The hippopotamus has arrived."

Delaporte put on his hat and hurried to Bulak.

"Is it a male or a female?" he asked the fishermen.

"It is a male," they replied.

Delaporte laughed that laugh of a true Parisian that the Arabs have never been able to understand. "Never mind," he said, "I am very glad."

"Why are you glad?" demanded the Arabs.

"Because it is a male."

For it was a female England desired.

Delaporte put further questions in order to find out how they had got possession of the animal and learned that one day they had noticed a hippopotamus come out of the water and climb up on one of the river islands. There she lay down, and shortly after they saw a young one beside her. Almost immediately she got up and took a plunge-bath in the river, and the fishermen, without losing any time, emerged from the reeds, jumped into a boat, and made for the island. The young one offered no hindrance to being lifted on board, except by being very heavy and helpless, and they rowed to shore as quickly as possible.

But quickly as they rowed, they soon heard behind them the terrible snorting of the father and mother, who followed in the wake of the boat, one about fifty feet behind the other, like the Curiatii, and with evident signs of hostile intentions.

The mother opened her mouth wide enough to swallow a bull of ordinary dimensions, and made her jaws rattle in a terrifying manner. She was overtaking the boat so rapidly that, although they were only thirty yards from the shore, the rowers saw that she would be on them before they could land.

"Let us get rid of the mother first," said one of the men, and the boat stopped short.

The man who had spoken took his bow and a poisoned arrow, and waited in act to draw.

"Make ready!" he cried.

The three remaining rowers held their oars in readiness to take the water.

The hippopotamus was rapidly approaching. The archer standing in the bow drew his arrow to the head and let fly.

Now, a hippopotamus has only two vulnerable spots, the neck and between its eyes. The arrow penetrated the latter. A cry gave the signal, and the three rowers, taking a vigorous stroke, shot twenty yards ahead. The wounded animal followed for a few seconds, but suddenly the terrible poison, which is as sudden as prussic acid or brucine, took effect.

The poor mother beat the water blindly with her fore feet, turned over and over, and then disappeared in the middle of the whirlpool which its expiring struggles had formed.

Meantime, the boat had touched land, to be followed in a moment by the papa hippopotamus, for the loss of his mate had not made him relax the pursuit.

Then the same Arab who had already shot the female with his arrow now took one of those lances, a dozen feet long, which you will see, my dear readers, when the Nigritian Exhibition is opened, and given over to your curiosity—lances with keen iron points, poisoned like the arrows—and, crouching down right in the path of the hippopotamus, held the lance as a boar spear is held, with the sharp end towards the animal, thus aiming at the throat. This the iron entered to the depth of two feet.

If the hunter had missed his aim nothing could save him from being crushed under the enormous feet of the pachyderm; but now he sprang suddenly to one side out of the way of the monster, which, carried on by the impetus of the pursuit, passed right over the spot on which the hunter had crouched half a second before.

The man rose up as if on springs, and rapidly put twenty paces between him and his enemy. The hippopotamus stopped, stunned by the blow, then he made an effort to turn on his antagonist, but already the poison was at work.

Giving a terrible roar, the struggling beast threw up a shower of stones and sand into the air as his mate had made the water fly, then fell heavily to the earth, turned over twice or thrice, uttered one groan, and gave up the ghost. Not till then could the Arabs feel that the young one was really in their power.

Unfortunately it was a male.

Nevertheless, they resolved to take it to Abbas Pasha, reasoning within themselves that, though not a female, it was a hippopotamus, and therefore better than nothing at all.

Now that I have told you how Delaporte came into possession of the hippopotamus, the two lions, the three giraffes, the five antelopes, and the twenty monkeys which he has presented to the Jardin des Plantes, I am going to tell you how he got the four magnificent serpents with which he has enriched the Marseilles Museum.

There are to be found at Cairo as in

India many of those men called serpent-charmers. I think I have already told you about them somewhere; they are the men whom you may see in Cairo walking up and down the streets with boxes, bags, or baskets full of reptiles of every sort. When they find a place which they consider favourable for a display of their art they seat themselves on the ground and two or three of them begin to beat drums, which emit a monotonous note, another fills his mouth with a herb, the fragrance of which resembles mint, and sends puffs of perfumed breath in every direction. Having made this preparation, they open their bags, baskets, and boxes, the serpents uncoil themselves, hiss, and raising themselves to two-thirds of their length, begin to dance a kind of *gigue*, which delights the descendants of the Pharoahs at Cairo and of the Ptolemies at Alexandria.

Besides this the charmers enter the houses, look around, sniff, poke into everything, and tell the occupants with most disinterested anxiety that they have serpents in some of their rooms.

The neighbourhood of crawling animals is not often appreciated. Women, from Eve to Cleopatra, have sometimes played with serpents, and have met with such a bad return that when a serpent charmer of reputation declares that a house is infested by one or more of these reptiles, he is generally sent for and promised for every reptile, small and great (often the small ones are the most dangerous), a score of piastres, that is to say, one hundred sous *plus* the animal itself, which from that moment takes up its abode in the bag of the charmer and forms part of his *corps de ballet*.

Several times already the head of the serpent charmers of Cairo, by name Abd-el-Kerim—*i.e.*, the slave of him who gives—had been seen prowling round the Consulate, sniffing at the doors and windows, and shaking his head with an air that was far from reassuring to the occupants of the French Legation. Sinister rumours were carried to Delaporte from every side, and it became widely known that the Consulate was overrun with serpents.

Delaporte made investigations, and found no small number of millipedes and some scorpions, but not one tiny asp; so he was very doubtful as to the perspicacity of the serpent-charmer. However, yielding to the solicitations of his friends, who trembled at the danger he was running while sharing his dwelling with such guests, he decided to send for Abd-el-Kerim.

Abd-el-Kerim responded to the summons of the French Consul, who, thanks to his familiarity with the Arab language, could converse with the serpent-charmer without having recourse to an interpreter.

Now, Abd-el-Kerim was, or rather is—for, despite his dangerous occupation, he is still in full vigour—of true Arab type. He was a man of between fifty and sixty, wearing the green turban of the descendants of Ali, and clothed in a black silk tunic confined at the waist by a cord made of camels' hair. He had an air of gravity which accorded well with his calling.

He saluted Delaporte, making a deep inclination, both hands crossed on his breast, and waited to be spoken to.

"I have asked you to come," said Delaporte, "because it is currently reported that the Consulate is full of serpents."

The Arab turned towards the point from which the wind came, sniffed several times, and said gravely:

"Yes, there are some."

"Oh, are there really?"

"Yes." And the charmer sniffed once more.

"There are even very many," he added; "six at least."

"Deuce take them!" exclaimed Delaporte. "Will you undertake to destroy them?"

"I shall call them, and they will come."

"I should like to see them."

"Very well, you shall."

All this took place in Delaporte's bedroom.

Abd-el-Kerim left the room to fetch his assistants, who had remained in the ante-chamber, and soon returned followed by three men, who seating themselves on the ground with their drums between their knees, filled their mouths with fragrant herbs, and, while crying "Allah! Allah! Allah!" sent their perfumed breath in all directions.

Meantime, Abd-el-Kerim gave vent to a kind of hiss, meant to awake friendly feelings in the breasts of the reptiles.

For two or three minutes there was no

apparent result, then Delaporte saw gliding down the walls and from beneath the furniture about twenty scorpions, which, in obedience to the call of Abd-el-Kerim, approached him from every side.

This strange procession began to make Delaporte waver in his scepticism, for there they were coming down the wall, the mosquito nets, the window curtains, It was enough to make one shudder to think of having slept in such a room.

All these scorpions gathered round Abd-el-Kerim as sheep around a shepherd; he picked them up in heaps and put them into a buckskin bag.

"Well, do you see?" he asked Delaporte.

"Yes, I see—I see scorpions, and many at that; but I see no serpents."

"You are going to see them," answered Abd-el-Kerim, beginning to hiss in another key, while his companions redoubled their puffing, and cried with all their strength, "Allah! Allah! Allah!"

Thereupon, to the great astonishment of Delaporte, a hiss similar to that emitted by Abd-el-Kerim issued from the recess in which stood the bed, and from underneath a serpent four feet long appeared, and, unrolling his green and yellow coils, made his way towards Abd-el-Kerim.

Delaporte recognised the species at once; it was one of those reptiles called by the Arabs *tabouc* and by the Spaniards *cobra di capello*.

Abd-el-Kerim caught it unceremoniously by the neck and was about to stuff it into his buckskin when Delaporte interfered.

"Wait an instant," said he.

"What is it?" said Abd-el-Kerim.

"This serpent was really in my house, was it?"

"As you have seen."

"Well, everything in this house belongs to me; be so good, then, as to put the serpent into this glass jar instead of into your buckskin bag."

And Delaporte held out to Abd-el-Kerim a vessel full of spirits of wine which he had kept in readiness to preserve some of the rare and curious fishes which from time to time the fellahs in their fishing caught and brought to him.

"But ——" said Abd-el-Kerim.

"But me no buts," said Delaporte, "the serpent was in my house; it therefore belongs to me by rights, but I am going to give you twenty piastres for it. Take care! if you make any objection I shall say that you let it loose beforehand and that it obeyed your call because it was tamed."

Abd-el-Kerim stifled his objections and slipped the serpent into the jar.

Delaporte had cork and string at hand, the cork was put in and bound down, and the serpent, despite much struggling and hissing, was compelled to remain in his new abode.

"Are there any more?" asked Delaporte.

"Yes," said Abd-el-Kerim, who was ashamed to own that he had been found out.

And the puffs, and the cries, and the hisses began anew, and a second serpent not quite so big as the first emerged from under the chest of drawers and glided up to where Abd-el-Kerim sat.

Delaporte held out a second jar. "How glad I am," he said. "That makes a pair.

Abd-el-Kerim made a face, but, being fairly caught, he was obliged to let the second serpent go the way of the first.

The ceremony of the introduction of the cobra into the jar being completed, Delaporte asked whether that were all.

"There are no more in this room," was the reply.

"Where do you, then, detect the presence of others?"

"There is one in here," said the serpent-charmer, indicating the next apartment, which was the reception room.

"Let us try there, then," said Delaporte, and, placing a jar under each arm, he handed two more to his negro attendant, and led the way.

And the charmer was quite right, there was a serpent there, probably one who loved music, for he had taken refuge under the piano.

An instant, and he was safe in the jar, despite the evident reluctance of Abd-el-Kerim to part with him.

"That's done," said Delaporte, "and now for the others."

"There are three more in the kitchen," said Abd-el-Kerim, sadly.

"That's all right," said Delaporte, "that will just make up my half-dozen. Let us go to the kitchen."

At the first signal a serpent made its appearance from under the sink, and a

fourth bottle received its inmate under the despairing glances of Abd-el Kerim.

"Come, come! Take heart! I want my half-dozen."

"*Enta tafessed el senaa!*" exclaimed Abd-el-Kerim, which is as much as to say, "You are very ready to take the bread out of our mouths."

So the serpent-charmer gave in, and, to save the last two serpents, avowed himself a cheat in the presence of the French Consul.

Delaporte, taking pity on him, gave him forty francs, and as Abd-el-Kerim put them in his pocket he murmured:

"Four serpents which could dance so well were worth a great deal more than eight taloris."

Delaporte, to console him, promised to keep his secret.

You see how he has kept it.

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