

formed his means of livelihood through nearly half his days; that his was a life-long struggle with difficulties, which only the sheer indomitable resolution of a man never cheerful or sanguine enabled him to surmount; that he was thirty years of age when, in a strange land, he effected his own education by becoming the instructor of others; that he was thirty-three when he began the study of ornithology, with scarcely any resources beyond his own powers of observation, and the practice of drawing without any previously suspected aptitude; that he was forty years old before an opportunity disclosed itself for the commencement of his work, forty-two when he first accomplished publication, and only forty-seven when his life was closed,—it must be admitted that few careers so brief have been equally productive. His labors were not merely in a field in which he had to open a new path, but where the steps that had been taken were false and misleading, and in which there were but few fellow-travelers. His journeys, largely performed on foot, exceeded ten thousand miles. His work was unappreciated by those to whom he had the clearest right to appeal, and patronage was withheld by almost every incumbent of exalted position. Nevertheless, though discouraged by neglect, and hampered not

merely by poverty, but by the necessity of succoring those in still deeper need than himself, he both laid the foundation for the study of natural history on this continent and bequeathed to his successors the outlines for its subsequent development; and he described the habits of American birds with fidelity to truth, graphic vigor, and a poetical realization of the beauties of nature. The exigencies under which he wrote, and his premature death, left his work fragmentary and disjointed to this extent—that, being compelled to publish as rapidly as he could procure materials, he was forced to picture his birds without regard to scientific classification, to put in juxtaposition the most dissimilar genera, and even to separate the male and female of the same species. But the re-arrangement which he would, if spared, himself have effected, has been made by his friend Ord, who published his materials in posthumous volumes, and by subsequent editions; and the work was made complete by the four supplementary volumes of Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte, nephew of Napoleon. The casual imperfections in his great work—almost miraculously slight, if we fairly consider the cause of them—in no wise lessen the example of heroic endurance bequeathed to us by Alexander Wilson.

## THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

### THE SECRET OF THE ISLAND.

(Condensed from Jules Verne.)

#### CHAPTER I.

IT was now two years and a half since the castaways from the balloon had been thrown on Lincoln Island, and during that period there had been no communication between them and their fellow-creatures. Now, suddenly, on this day, the 17th of October, other men had unexpectedly appeared in sight of the island!

From time to time Pencroff took the glass and rested himself at the window, from which he very attentively examined the vessel as it drew nearer. He could see that she was of between three and four hundred tons, admirably built, and must be a very rapid sailer. But to what nation did she belong? Suddenly the breeze blew out the flag. Ayrton, seizing the telescope, put it to his eye, and in a hoarse voice exclaimed:

“The black flag!”

“My friends,” said Cyrus Smith, “perhaps this vessel only wishes to survey the coast of the island. Perhaps her crew will not land. But we ought to do everything we can to hide our presence here. The windmill on Prospect Heights is too easily seen. Let Ayrton and Neb go and take down the sails. We must also conceal the windows of Granite House with thick branches. All the fires must be extinguished.”

“And our vessel?” said Harbert.

“Oh,” answered Pencroff, “she is sheltered in Port Balloon, and I defy any of those rascals there to find her!”

Was the brig about to penetrate far into the bay? Would she not content herself with only surveying the coast, and stand out to sea again without landing?

"Well! who knows?" said Pencroff. "Perhaps that cursed craft will stand off during the night, and we shall see nothing of her at daybreak."

anchor at a short distance from the island, and it was evident that the next day, by means of their boats, they intended to land.

Cyrus Smith and his companions were ready to act, but, determined though they were, they must not forget to be prudent. Perhaps their presence might still be concealed in the event of the pirates contenting themselves with landing on the shore without examining the interior of the island.

Smith knew now that the vessel was well armed. And what had the colonists of Lincoln Island to reply to the pirates' guns? A few muskets only.

"Captain Smith," said Ayrton suddenly, "will you give me leave to go to that vessel to find out the strength of her crew?"

"Will you go to the ship in the boat?"

"No, sir, but I will swim. A boat would be seen where a man may glide between wind and water."

"Do you know that the brig is a mile and a quarter from the shore?"

"I am a good swimmer."

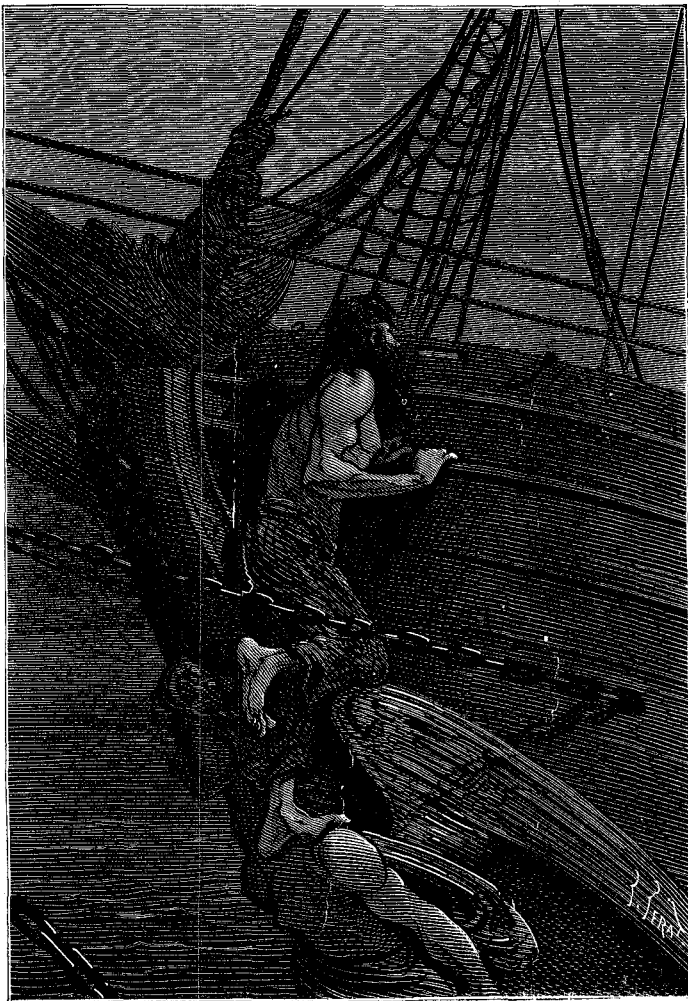
"It is risking your life," said the engineer.

"That is no matter," answered Ayrton.

Permission was given, and it was arranged that Pencroff was to take him in the boat to the islet, and there await his return from the vessel.

Ayrton, swimming with a vigorous stroke, glided through the sheet of water without producing the slightest ripple. His head just emerged above it, and his eyes were fixed on the dark hull of the brig, from which the lights were reflected in the water. The current bore him along, and he rapidly receded from the shore.

Half an hour afterward, Ayrton, without having been either seen or heard, arrived at the ship and caught hold of the main-chains.



AYRTON BOARDS THE PIRATE.

As if in reply to the sailor's observation, a bright light flashed in the darkness, and a cannon shot was heard. The vessel was still there and had guns on board. Some six seconds elapsed between the flash and the report. Therefore the brig was about a mile and a quarter from the coast. At the same time, the chains were heard rattling through the hawse-holes. The vessel had just anchored in sight of Granite House!

## CHAPTER II.

THERE was no longer any doubt as to the pirates' intentions. They had dropped

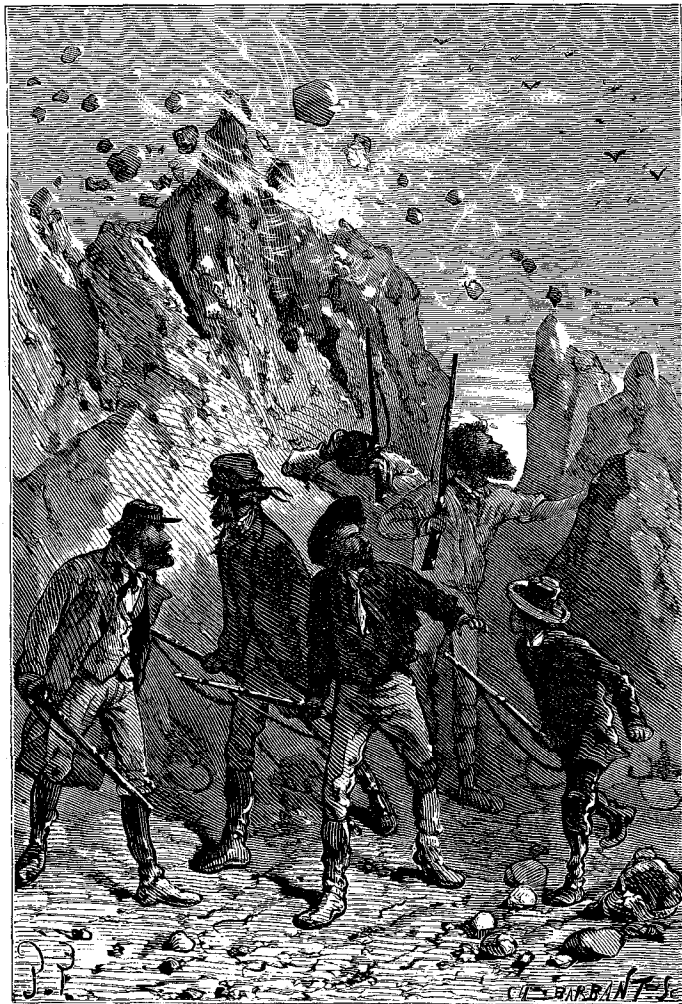
He took breath; then, hoisting himself up, he managed to reach the extremity of the cutwater. There were drying several pairs of sailors' trowsers. He put on a pair. Then, settling himself firmly, he listened. On board the brig they were drinking, talking, singing, laughing.

From their conversation, Ayrton learned that the name of the vessel was the "Speedy;" that the captain was Bob Harvey, a convict whom he had formerly known, and that the crew was composed of about fifty English prisoners, escaped from Norfolk Island. They had seized the brig "Speedy," anchored in sight of Norfolk Island; the crew had been massacred; and for a year this ship had scourged the Pacific as a pirate. Ayrton learned that chance alone had brought the "Speedy" in sight of Lincoln Island; Bob Harvey had never yet set foot on it; but, as Cyrus Smith had conjectured, finding this unknown land in his course, its position being marked on no chart, he had formed the project of visiting it, and, if he found it suitable, of making it the brig's headquarters.

Ayrton resolved to learn more of the enemy's armament. He hoisted himself upon the cutwater, and by the bowsprit arrived at the forecabin. Then, gliding among the convicts stretched here and there, he made the round of the ship, and found that the "Speedy" carried four guns, which would throw shot of from eight to ten pounds in weight. He found also, on touching them, that these guns were breech-loaders. They were, therefore, of terrible effect. To this man, rescued from a life of degradation, there came an heroic thought. This was to sacrifice his own life, to save the island and the colonists, who evidently could

not resist fifty ruffians, all well armed. He was seized with an irresistible desire to blow up the brig, and with her, all whom she had on board. He would perish in the explosion, but he would have done his duty. Ayrton did not hesitate. He stole carefully along the between-decks, strewn with numerous sleepers, overcome more by drunkenness than sleep. A lantern was lighted at the foot of the mainmast, round which was hung a gun-rack, furnished with weapons of all sorts.

Ayrton took a revolver from the rack, and assured himself that it was loaded and primed.



THE CHIMNEYS ATTACKED.

Nothing more was needed to accomplish the work of destruction. He then glided toward the stern, so as to arrive under the brig's poop at the powder magazine.



It was difficult to proceed along the dimly lighted deck without stumbling over some half-sleeping convict, who retorted by oaths and kicks. Ayrton was, therefore, more than once obliged to halt. But at last he arrived at the partition dividing the after-cabin, and found the door opening into the magazine itself. Under his vigorous hand the padlock broke, and the door was open. At that moment a hand was laid on Ayrton's shoulder.

"What are you doing here?" asked a tall man in a harsh voice, who, standing in the shadow, quickly threw the light of a lantern on Ayrton's face.

Without replying, Ayrton wrenched himself from his grasp, and attempted to rush into the magazine. A shot fired into the midst of the powder-casks, and all would be over!

"Help, lads!" shouted Bob Harvey.

Two or three pirates awoke, jumped up, and, rushing on Ayrton, endeavored to throw him down. He soon extricated himself from their grasp. He fired his revolver, and two of the convicts fell; but a blow from a knife which he could not ward off made a gash in his shoulder.

Ayrton perceived that he could no longer hope to carry out his project. Bob Harvey had reclosed the door of the powder-magazine, and a movement on the deck indicated a general awakening of the pirates. He rushed on deck in two bounds, and three seconds later, having discharged his last barrel in the face of a pirate who was about to seize him by the throat, he leaped over the bulwarks into the sea. He had not made six strokes before shots were splashing around him like hail.

What were Pencroff's feelings, sheltered under a rock on the islet! What were those of Smith, the reporter, Harbert, and Neb, crouched in the Chimneys, when they heard the reports on board the brig! They rushed out upon the beach, and, their guns shouldered, stood ready to repel any attack.

At last, toward half-past twelve, a boat, carrying two men, touched the beach. It was Ayrton, slightly wounded in the shoulder, and Pencroff, safe and sound.

### CHAPTER III.

THE night passed without incident. The colonists were on the *qui vive*, and did not leave their post at the Chimneys. The pirates, on their side, did not appear to have made any attempt to land, and when day

began to dawn, the settlers could see a confused mass through the morning mist. It was the "Speedy."

"These, my friends," said the engineer, "are the arrangements which appear to me best to make before the fog completely clears away. It hides us from the eyes of the pirates, and we can act without attracting their attention. The most important thing is, that the convicts should believe that the inhabitants of the island are numerous, and consequently capable of resisting them. I therefore propose that we divide into three parties, the first of which shall be posted at the Chimneys, the second at the mouth of the Mercy. As to the third, I think it would be best to place it on the islet, so as to prevent, or at all events delay, any attempt at landing. We have the use of two rifles and four muskets. Each of us will be armed, and, as we are amply provided with powder, and shot, we need not spare our fire. What is to be feared is the necessity of meeting hand-to-hand, since the convicts have numbers on their side. We must, therefore, try to prevent them from landing, but without revealing ourselves. Therefore, do not economize the ammunition. Fire often, but with a sure aim. We have each eight or ten enemies to kill, and they must be killed!"

The others acquiesced, and the posts were arranged in the following manner:

Cyrus Smith and Harbert remained in ambush at the Chimneys, thus commanding the shore to the foot of Granite House.

Gideon Spilett and Neb crouched among the rocks at the mouth of the Mercy, from which the draw-bridges had been raised, so as to prevent any one from crossing in a boat or landing on the opposite shore.

As to Ayrton and Pencroff, they shoved off in the boat, and prepared to cross the channel and to take up two separate stations on the islet. In this way, shots being fired from four different points at once, the convicts would be led to believe that the island was both largely peopled and strongly defended.

In the event of a landing being effected without their having been able to prevent it, and also if they saw that they were on the point of being cut off by the brig's boat, Ayrton and Pencroff were to return in their boat to the shore and proceed toward the threatened spot.

At eight o'clock a boat was lowered from the "Speedy," and seven men jumped into her. They were armed with muskets: one took the yoke-lines, four others the oars, and

the two others, kneeling in the bows, ready to fire, reconnoitered the island.

Pencroff and Ayrton, each hidden in a narrow cleft of the rock, saw them coming directly toward them, and waited till they were within range.

The boat advanced with extreme caution. The oars dipped into the water only at long intervals. It could now be seen that one of the convicts held a lead-line in his hand. The boat was not more than two cable-lengths off the islet when she stopped. The man at the tiller stood up and looked for the best place to land.

At that moment two shots were heard. Smoke curled up from among the rocks of the islet. The man at the helm and the man with the lead-line fell backward into the boat. Ayrton's and Pencroff's balls had struck them both at the same moment.

Almost immediately a louder report was heard, a cloud of smoke issued from the brig's side, and a ball, striking the summit of the rock which sheltered Ayrton and Pencroff, made it fly into splinters, but the two marksmen remained unhurt. Instead of returning on board, as might have been expected, the boat coasted along the islet, so as to round its southern point. The pirates pulled vigorously at their oars that they might get out of range of the bullets, and proceeded toward the mouth of the Mercy. Their evident intention was to cut off the colonists posted on the islet.

But, suddenly, as they were passing within good range of the mouth of the Mercy, two balls saluted them, and two more of their number were laid in the bottom of the boat. Neb and Spilett had not missed their aim.

The brig immediately sent a second ball on the post betrayed by the smoke, but without any other result than that of splintering the rock.

The boat now contained only three able men, who pulled rapidly to the brig.

About a dozen other convicts now threw themselves into the boat. A second boat was also lowered, in which eight men took their places, and whilst the first pulled straight for the islet, to dislodge the colonists there, the second maneuvered so as to force the entrance of the Mercy.

The situation was evidently becoming very dangerous for Pencroff and Ayrton, and they saw that they must regain the mainland.

However, they waited till the first boat was within range, when two well-directed

balls threw its crew into disorder. Then, Pencroff and Ayrton, abandoning their posts, under fire from the dozen muskets, ran across the islet at full speed, jumped into their boat, crossed the channel at the moment the second boat reached the southern end, and ran to hide in the Chimneys.

They had scarcely rejoined Cyrus Smith and Harbert, before the islet was overrun with pirates in every direction. Almost at the same moment, fresh reports resounded from the Mercy station, which the second boat was rapidly approaching. Two out of the eight men who manned her were mortally wounded by Gideon Spilett and Neb, and the boat herself, carried irresistibly upon the reefs, was stove in at the mouth of the Mercy. But the six survivors, holding their muskets above their heads to preserve them from contact with the water, managed to land on the right bank of the river. Then, finding they were exposed to the fire of the ambush there, they fled in the direction of Flotsam Point, out of range of the balls.

The actual situation was this: on the islet were a dozen convicts, of whom some were no doubt wounded, but who had still a boat at their disposal; on the island were six, who could not by any possibility reach Granite House, as they could not cross the river, all the bridges being raised.

The "Speedy," it was now seen, was beginning to weigh her anchor, and her intention was evidently to approach the islet. The tide would be rising for an hour and a half, and the ebb current being already weakened, it would be easy for the brig to advance. But as to entering the channel, Pencroff, contrary to Ayrton's opinion, could not believe that she would dare attempt it.

In the meanwhile, the pirates who occupied the islet had exposed themselves, and their number had been lessened by two.

Then there was a general helter-skelter. The ten others, not even stopping to pick up their dead or wounded companions, fled to the other side of the islet, tumbled into the boat which had brought them, and pulled away with all their strength.

The pirate's design was now only too evident: he wished to bring her broadside to bear on the Chimneys.

"The scoundrels! they are coming!" said Pencroff.

At that moment, Cyrus Smith, Ayrton, the sailor, and Harbert were rejoined by Neb and Gideon Spilett.

The reporter and his companion had

judged it best to abandon the post at the Mercy, from which they could do nothing against the ship, and they had acted wisely. It was better that the colonists should be together at the moment when they were about to engage in a decisive action. Gideon Spilett and Neb had arrived by dodging behind the rocks, though not without attracting a shower of bullets, which had not, however, reached them.

There was not a moment to be lost. The colonists left the Chimneys and soon reached Granite House. A bend of the cliff prevented them from being seen by those in the brig; but two or three reports, and the crash of bullets on the rock told them that the "Speedy" was near.

It was quite time; for the settlers, through the branches, could see the "Speedy," surrounded with smoke, gliding up the channel. The firing was incessant, and shot from the four guns struck blindly, both on the Mercy post, and on the Chimneys. However, they were hoping that Granite House would be spared, thanks to Smith's precaution of concealing the windows, when a shot, piercing the door, penetrated into the passage.

The colonists had not, perhaps, been seen; but it was certain that Bob Harvey had thought proper to send a ball through the suspected foliage which concealed that part of the cliff. Soon he redoubled his attack. Another ball, having torn away the leafy screen, disclosed a gaping aperture in the granite.

All at once a deep roar was heard, followed by frightful cries! Cyrus Smith and his companions rushed to one of the windows. The brig, irresistibly raised on a sort of water-spout, had just split in two, and in less than ten seconds she was swallowed up with all her criminal crew!

#### CHAPTER IV.

NOTHING could be seen of the brig, not even her masts. After having been raised by the water-spout, she had fallen on her side, and had sunk in that position, doubtless in consequence of some enormous leak. But as in that place the channel was not more than twenty feet in depth, it was certain that the sides of the submerged brig would reappear at low water. A few things from the wreck floated on the surface of the water.

Ayrton and Pencroff jumped into the boat with the intention of towing the pieces

of wreck either to the beach or to the islet. But just as they were shoving off, Gideon Spilett said:

"What about those six convicts who disembarked on the right bank of the Mercy?"

In fact, it would not do to forget that the six men whose boat had gone to pieces on the rocks, had landed at Flotsam Point.

They looked in that direction. None of the fugitives were visible. It was probable that, having seen their vessel engulfed in the channel, they had fled into the interior of the island.

"We will deal with them later," said Smith. "As they are armed, they will still be dangerous; but, as it is six against six, the chances are equal. To the most pressing business first."

Ayrton and Pencroff pulled vigorously toward the wreck.

They were able to fasten the masts and spars by means of ropes, the ends of which were carried to the beach. Then the boat picked up all that was floating, coops, barrels, and boxes, which were immediately carried to the Chimneys.

For two hours, Cyrus Smith and his companions were solely occupied in hauling up the spars on the sand, and then in spreading the sails, which were perfectly uninjured, to dry.

When their treasures had been safely conveyed on shore, Smith and his companions agreed to devote some minutes to breakfast. They were almost famished; fortunately, the larder was not far off, and Neb was noted for being an expeditious cook. They breakfasted, therefore, near the Chimneys, and during their repast, as may be supposed, nothing was talked of but the unexpected event which had so miraculously saved the colony.

Harbert thought the ship had foundered, while Pencroff laughed at the suggestion that there were rocks in the channel, and the matter was left unsettled.

Toward half-past one, the colonists embarked in the boat to visit the wreck.

The hull of the "Speedy" was just beginning to issue from the water. The brig was lying right over on her side, for her masts being broken, pressed down by the weight of the ballast displaced by the shock, the keel was visible along her whole length.

Toward the bows, on both sides of the keel, seven or eight feet from the beginning of the stem, the sides of the brig were frightfully torn. Over a length of at least twenty feet there opened two large leaks, which it



would be impossible to stop up. From the entire length of the hull to the stern the false keel had been separated with unaccountable violence, and the keel itself, torn from the carline in several places, was split in all its length.

Entrance to the interior of the brig was now easy: The tide was still going down, and the deck was now accessible.

The settlers saw at once, with extreme satisfaction, that the brig possessed a very varied cargo—an assortment of all sorts of articles, utensils, manufactured goods, and tools—such as the ships which make the great coasting-trade of Polynesia are usually laden with. It was probable that they would find a little of everything, and they agreed that it was exactly what was necessary for the colony of Lincoln Island.

The colonists could easily go fore and aft, after having removed the cases as they were extricated. They were not heavy bales, which would have been difficult to remove, but simple packages, of which the stowage, besides, was no longer recognizable.

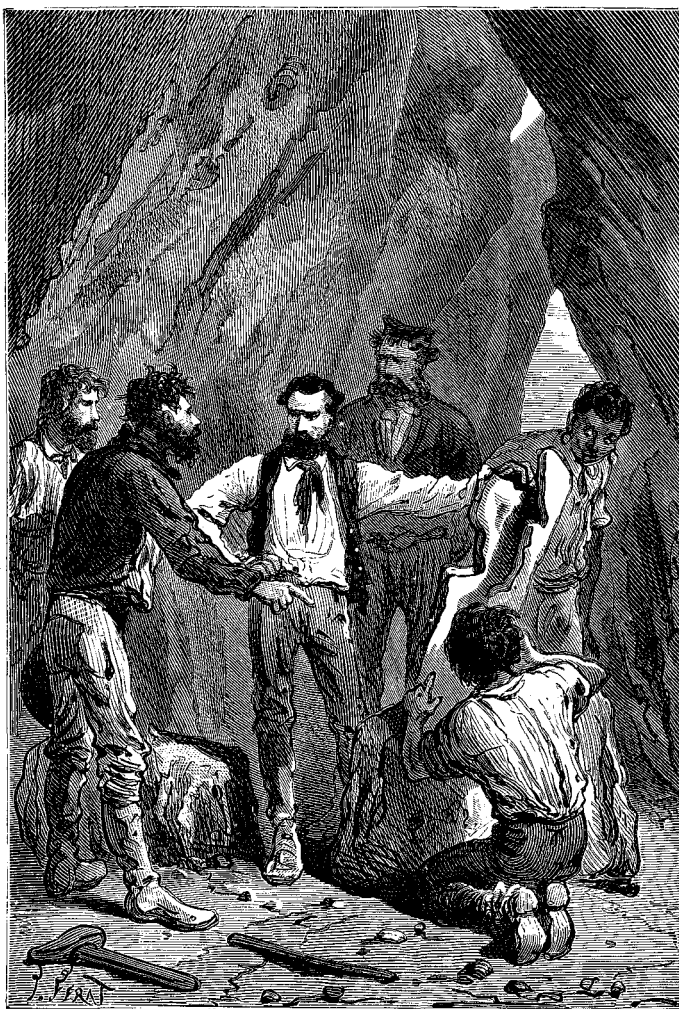
The powder-magazine was found untouched. They extricated from amongst a large number of shot twenty barrels, the insides of which were lined with copper. Pencroff was convinced by the evidence of his own eyes that the destruction of the "Speedy" could not be attributed to an explosion. That part of the hull in which the magazine was situated was, moreover, that which had suffered least.

"It may be so," said the obstinate sailor; "but as to a rock, there is not one in the channel!"

It was now five o'clock in the evening. It had been a hard day's work for the men. They ate with good appetite, and, notwith-

standing their fatigue, they could not resist, after dinner, their desire of inspecting the cases which composed the cargo of the "Speedy."

Most of them contained clothes, which, as may be believed, were well received. There were enough to clothe a whole



"HE RECOGNIZED IT AS A PIECE OF TORPEDO."

colony—linen for every one's use, shoes for every one's feet. There were gunpowder, fire-arms and side-arms, bales of cotton, implements of husbandry, carpenter's, joiner's, and blacksmith's tools, and boxes of all kinds of seeds, not in the least injured by their short sojourn in the water.

The three following days—the 19th, 20th, and 21st of October—were employed in saving everything of value, either from the cargo or rigging. At low tide they over-

hauled the hold—at high tide they stowed away the rescued articles. A great part of the copper sheathing had been torn from the hull, which every day sank lower. But before the sand had swallowed the heavy things which had fallen through the bottom, Ayrton and Pencroff, diving to the bed of the channel, recovered the chains and anchors of the brig, the iron of her ballast, and even four guns, which, floated by means of empty casks, were brought to shore.

In fact, on the night of the 23d, the hull entirely broke up, and some of the wreck was cast up on the beach.

However, the mystery which enveloped its strange destruction would doubtless never have been cleared away if, on the 30th of November, Neb, strolling on the beach, had not found a piece of a thick iron cylinder, bearing traces of explosion. The edges of this cylinder were twisted and broken, as if they had been subjected to the action of some explosive substance. As soon as the engineer saw it, he recognized it as a piece of a torpedo!

#### CHAPTER V.

As to the guns obtained from the brig, they were pretty pieces of ordnance, which, at Pencroff's entreaty, were hoisted by means of tackle and pulleys, right up into Granite House; embrasures were made between the windows, and the shining muzzles of the guns could soon be seen through the granite cliff. From this height they commanded all Union Bay.

Their behavior toward the pirates was next agreed upon. They were not to attack them, but were to be on their guard. After all, the island was large and fertile. If any sentiment of honesty yet remained in the bottom of their hearts, these wretches might perhaps be reclaimed.

On the 9th of November Ayrton departed to do some work at the corral, taking the cart drawn by one onaga, and two hours after, the electric wire announced that he had found all in order at the corral.

On the evening of the 11th a telegram was sent to Ayrton, requesting him to bring from the corral a couple of goats, which Neb wished to acclimatize to the plateau. Singularly enough, Ayrton did not acknowledge the receipt of the dispatch, as he was accustomed to do. This could not but astonish the engineer. But it might be that Ayrton was not at that moment in the corral, or even that he was on his way back to Granite House. In fact, two days had

already passed since his departure, and it had been decided that on the evening of the tenth, or at the latest the morning of the eleventh, he should return. The colonists waited, therefore, for Ayrton to appear on Prospect Heights. Neb and Harbert even watched at the bridge, so as to be ready to lower it the moment their companion presented himself.

Dispatches were sent during the night, but no reply was received. It was then agreed that Cyrus Smith, Spilett, Harbert, and Pencroff were to repair to the corral, and if they did not find Ayrton, to search the neighboring woods. Neb was to be left in charge at Granite House, and, in the event of the pirates presenting themselves and attempting to force the passage, he was to endeavor to stop them by firing on them, and, as a last resource, he was to take refuge in Granite House.

The colonists followed the wire along the road which connected the corral with Granite House. After walking for nearly two miles, Harbert, who was in advance, stopped, exclaiming:

"The wire is broken!"

His companions hurried forward and arrived at the spot where the lad was standing. The post was rooted up and lying across the path. The wire had been snapped, and the ends were lying close to the ground. The unexpected explanation of the difficulty was here, and it was evident that the dispatches from Granite House had not been received at the corral, nor those from the corral at Granite House.

The colonists were now half way between Granite House and the corral, having still two miles and a half to go. They pressed forward with redoubled speed.

Soon they arrived at the place where the road led along the side of the little stream which flowed from the Red Creek and watered the meadows of the corral. They then moderated their pace, so that they should not be out of breath at the moment when a struggle might be necessary.

At last the palisade appeared through the trees. No trace of any damage could be seen. The gate was shut as usual. Deep silence reigned in the corral.

Cyrus Smith raised the inner latch of the gate, and was about to push it back, when Top barked loudly. A report sounded, and was responded to by a cry of pain.

Harbert, struck by a bullet, lay stretched on the ground.

The engineer ran round the left corner of



the palisade. There he found a convict, who, aiming at him, sent a ball through his hat. In a few seconds, before he had even time to fire his second barrel, he fell, struck to the heart by Cyrus Smith's dagger, more sure even than his gun.

During this time, Gideon Spilett and the sailor hoisted themselves over the palisade, leaped into the inclosure, threw down the props which supported the inner door, ran into the empty house, and soon poor Harbert was lying on Ayrton's bed. In a few moments Cyrus Smith was by his side.

Harbert was deadly pale, and his pulse so feeble that Spilett only felt it beat at long intervals. His chest was laid bare, and, the blood having been stanchied with handkerchiefs, was bathed with cold water. The contusion, or rather the contused wound, appeared,—an oval below the chest between the third and fourth ribs.

Cyrus Smith and Gideon Spilett then turned the poor boy over; as they did so, he uttered a moan so feeble that they almost thought it was his last sigh.

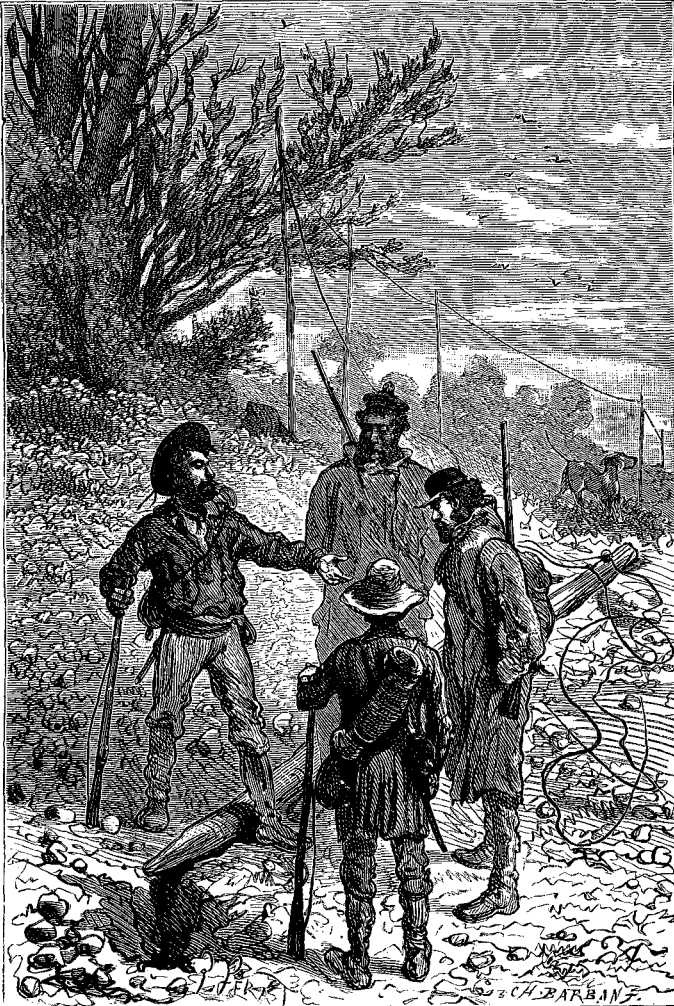
Harbert's back was covered with blood from another contused wound, where the ball had immediately escaped.

From day to day the colonists bestowed all their attention upon the poor boy. His wounds were bathed in cold water and compresses of linen were applied. Through hours of watching and of anxiety they were ever at his side with all the resources that their experience and intelligence could supply.

An examination of the corral revealed no trace of Ayrton.

The corral itself had not suffered any damage, nor could they see traces of any struggle, any devastation, either in the hut or in the palisade. Only the ammunition with which Ayrton had been supplied had disappeared with him.

They now bethought themselves of Neb. How should they communicate with him? The five villains were doubtless watching the corral. All at once the engineer, calling



"THE POST WAS ROOTED UP AND LYING ACROSS THE PATH."

Top, tore a leaf from his note-book, and wrote these words:

"Harbert wounded. We are at the corral. Be on your guard. Do not leave Granite House. Have the convicts appeared in the neighborhood? Reply by Top."

This was folded and fastened to Top's collar in a conspicuous position, and when the gate was opened he disappeared in the forest.

"Top, my dog," said the engineer, caressing the animal, "Neb, Top! Neb! Go, go!"

Top bounded at these words. The road

to the corral was familiar to him. In less than an hour he could clear it, and it might be hoped that where neither Cyrus Smith nor the reporter could have ventured without danger, Top, running along the grass or in the wood, would pass unperceived.

The engineer went to the gate of the corral and opened it.

"Neb, Top! Neb!" repeated he, again pointing in the direction of Granite House.

Top sprang forward, and almost immediately disappeared.

"He will get there," said the reporter.

"Yes; and he will come back, the faithful animal."

"What o'clock is it?" asked Gideon Spilett.

"Ten."

"In an hour he may be here. We will watch for his return."

The gate of the corral was closed. The engineer and the reporter re-entered the house. Harbert was still in a sleep. Pencroff kept the compressor always wet. Spilett, seeing there was nothing he could do at that moment, busied himself in preparing some nourishment.

Two hours later Top bounded into the corral, and the gate was quickly shut. Fastened to his neck was a note, which read:

"No pirates in the neighborhood of Granite House. I will not stir. Poor Mr. Harbert!"

(To be concluded next month.)

## REVOLUTIONARY LETTERS.

### THIRD PAPER: MAJOR-GENERAL ARTEMAS WARD AND OTHERS.



ARTEMAS WARD.

ARTEMAS WARD, the first Major-General in the American army, though less has come down to us concerning him than others of inferior rank, played no unworthy part in our infant struggle for liberty. True it is, that for one who held so superior a position at the opening of the war, his labors thereafter were not of a sort tempting to the biographer, or peculiarly interesting to the reader. His military service was useful

rather than remarkable, and was of short duration. He seems to have been a good old-fashioned man of the quiet, solid order, rather than a brilliant officer, or an ardent statesman. By no means behind his comrades in appreciating the situation, or lacking in resoluteness and patriotism to confront it, he nevertheless fails to inspire us with that heroic fire so characteristic of his time. He was no enthusiast; was loyal rather than an inciter to loyalty; ready rather than ambitious. A plain man, a solid citizen, upright and conscientious, one who did his duty modestly and effectively, his life offers little to fascinate and much to respect. The writer is indebted for certain facts, not elsewhere found, to the genealogy of the Ward family, prepared by Andrew Henshaw Ward.

Major-General Artemas Ward, who, like Colonel Joseph Ward, was a descendant of William of Sudbury, was a native of Massachusetts and a resident of Shrewsbury. He graduated at Harvard about the time of his majority; did not study a profession. In 1750 he married Sarah Trowbridge, daughter of Rev. Caleb Trowbridge of Groton; and little more than this is known of him till '55, when he was commissioned a Major in the Third Regiment of Militia for the Counties of Middlesex and Worcester. The prospect of active service offered itself in '58, when