ROLLO ON THE ATLANTIC

A Forest of Masts.

ROLLO ON THE ATLANTIC

BY

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PREFACE.

In the series of narratives to which his volume pertains, we offer to the readers of the Rollo Books a continuation of the history of our little hero, by giving them an account of the adventures which such a boy may be supposed to meet with in making a tour in Europe. The books are intended to be books of instruction rather than of mere amusement; and in perusing them, the reader may feel assured that all the information which they contain, not only in respect to the countries visited, and to the customs, usages, and modes of life that are described, but also in regard to the general character of the incidents and adventures that the young travelers meet with, is in most strict accordance with fact. The main design of the narrative is, thus, the communication of useful knowledge; and everything which they contain, except what is strictly personal, in relation to the actors in the story, may be depended upon as exactly and scrupulously true.

PRINCIPAL PERSONS OF THE STORY.

Rollo: twelve years of age.

Mr. and Mrs. Holiday: Rollo's father and mother, traveling in Europe.

Thanny: Rollo's younger brother.

Jane: Rollo's cousin, adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Holiday.

Mr. George: a young gentleman, Rollo's uncle.

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CHAPTER I.

TAKING PASSAGE.

When Rollo was about twelve years of age, he made a voyage to Europe under rather extraordinary circumstances. He went alone; that is to say, he had no one to take care of him. In fact, in addition to being obliged to take care of himself, he had also his little sister Jane to take care of; for she went with him.* The way it happened that two such children were sent to sea on such a long voyage, without any one to have them in charge, was this:

Rollo's father and mother had gone to Europe to make a tour, a year before this time, and had taken Rollo's brother Nathan, or Thanny, as Rollo used most frequently to call him, with them. They had gone partly

*It ought here to be stated, that Jane was not really Rollo's sister, though he always called her and considered her so. She was really his cousin. Her father and mother had both died when she was about six years old, and then Mr. and Mrs. Holiday had adopted her as their own child, so that ever since that time she had lived with Rollo and Nathan as their sister. She was very nearly of the same age with Nathan.

for pleasure, but more especially on account of Mr. Holiday's health, which was not good. It was thought that the voyage, and the recreation and pleasure of traveling in Europe, would be a benefit to him. In certain cases where a person's health is impaired, especially when one is slowly recovering from past sickness, nothing is found to have a more beneficial effect upon the patient than for him to go away somewhere and have a good time. It was determined to try the effect of this remedy upon Mr. Holiday, and so he went to Europe. Mrs. Holiday went with him. They took Thanny, too, to be company for them on the way. Thanny was at this time about seven years old.

A child of that age, for a traveling companion, is sometimes a source of great pleasure, and sometimes, on the other hand, he is the means of great annoyance and vexation. This depends upon whether he is obedient, patient, quiet, and gentle in his manners and demeanor, or noisy, inconsiderate, wilful, and intractable. A great many children act in such a manner, whenever they take a journey or go out to ride with their parents, that their parents, in self defense, are obliged to adopt the plan of almost always contriving to leave them behind.

It was not so, however, with Nathan. He was an excellent boy in traveling, and always made the ride or the journey more pleasant for those who took him with them. This was the reason why, when it was determined that Mr. and Mrs. Holiday should go to England,

that Mrs. Holiday was very desirous that Nathan should go, too. And so far as Nathan was concerned, the voyage and the tour proved to be all that Mr. and Mrs. Holiday expected or desired. In regard to other points, however, it was less successful. Mr. Holiday did not improve in health, and he did not have a good time. Mrs. Holiday was anxious about her husband's health, and she was uneasy, too, at being separated so long from her other two children—Rollo and little Jane, especially little Jane—whom she had learned to love as if she were really her daughter. So, before the year was ended, they both heartily wished themselves back in America again.

But now Mr. Holiday's health grew worse, and he seemed too ill to return. This was in the month of May. It was decided by the physician, that it would not be best for him to attempt to return until September, and perhaps not until the following spring. Mrs. Holiday was herself very much disappointed at this result. She, however, submitted to it very cheerfully. "I must be as good as Thanny," said she. "He submits patiently to his disappointments, and why should not I submit to mine. His are as great, I suppose, for him to bear as mine are for me."

When Mrs. Holiday found that she could not go to her children, she began to be very desirous that her children should come to her. She was at first almost afraid to propose such a thing to her husband, as she did not see how any possible plan could be formed for bringing

Rollo and Jane across the wide and boisterous Atlantic alone. She, however, at length one day asked Mr. Holiday whether it would not be possible in some way to accomplish it.

Mr. Holiday seemed half surprised and half pleased when he heard this proposal. At first he did not appear to know exactly what to say, or even to think. He sat looking into the fire, which was blazing in the grate before him, lost apparently in a sort of pleasing abstraction. There was a faint smile upon his countenance, but he did not speak a word.

"That is an idea!" he said, at length, in a tone of satisfaction. "That is really an idea!"

Mrs. Holiday did not speak. She awaited in silence, and with no little anxiety, the result of her husband's meditations.

"That is really quite an idea!" he said at length. "Let us get Rollo and Jane here, and then we shall feel entirely easy, and can return to America whenever we get ready, be it sooner or later. We shall be at home at once where we are."

"I suppose it will cost something to have them come over," said Mrs. Holiday. She was not so anxious to have the children come as to desire that the question should be decided without having all the objections fully considered. Besides, she was afraid that if the question were to be decided hastily, without proper regard to the difficulties that were in the way, there would be danger that it would be reconsidered after more mature reflection, and the decision reversed. So she wished that every-

thing that could be brought against the project should be fully taken into the account at the outset.

"I suppose," said she, "that their expenses in coming out, and in returning, and in remaining here with us, in the interim, would amount to a considerable sum."

"Yes," said Mr. Holiday, "but that is of no consequence."

"I don't know what we should do about having them taken care of on the passage," added Mrs. Holiday.

"O, there would be no difficulty about that," said Mr. Holiday. "George could easily find some passenger coming out in the ship, who would look after them while at sea, I have no doubt. And if he should not find any one, it would be of no consequence. Rollo could take care of himself."

"And of Jane, too?" asked Mrs. Holiday.

"Yes," replied Mr. Holiday, "and of Jane, too; that is, with the help of the chambermaids. They have excellent chambermaids on board the Atlantic steamers."

So it was concluded to send for Rollo and Jane to embark on board the steamer at New York, and sail for Europe. Mr. Holiday wrote to Rollo's uncle George, requesting him to make the necessary arrangements for the voyage, and then to take the children to New York, and put them on board. He was to commit them, if possible, to the charge of some one of the passengers on board the ship. If, for any reason, he should not succeed in find-

ing any passenger to take care of them, he was to state the case to the captain of the ship, that he might see to them a little from time to time; and, in addition to this, he was to put them under the special charge of one of the chambermaids, promising her that she should be well rewarded for her services, on the arrival of the ship in Liverpool.

The important tidings of the determination which had been made, that Rollo and Jane should actually cross the Atlantic, were first announced to the children one evening near the end of May. They were eating their supper at the time, seated on a stone seat at the bottom of the garden, where there was a brook. Their supper, as it consisted of a bowl of bread and milk for each, was very portable, and they had accordingly gone down to their stone seat to eat it, as they often did on pleasant summer evenings. The stone seat was in such a position that the setting sun shone very cheerily upon it. On this occasion, Rollo had finished his milk, and was just going down to the brook by a little path which led that way, in order to see if there were any fishes in the water; while Jane was giving the last spoonful of her milk to their kitten. On the stone near where Jane was sitting was a small bird-cage. This cage was one which Jane used to put her kitten in. The kitten was of a mottled color, which gave to its fur somewhat the appearance of spots; and so Jane called the little puss her tiger. As it was obviously proper that a tiger should be

kept in a cage, Jane had taken a canary bird-cage, which she found one day in the garret, and had used it to put the kitten in. As she took the precaution never to keep the prisoner shut up long at a time, and as she almost always fed it in the cage, the kitten generally made no objections to going in whenever Jane desired it.

"Here comes uncle George," said Rollo.

Jane was so busy pouring the spoonful of milk through the bars of the cage into a little shallow basin, which she kept for the purpose within, that she could not look up.

"He is coming down through the garden," said Rollo; "and he has got a letter in his hand. It's from mother, I know."

So saying, Rollo began to caper about with delight, and then ran off to meet his uncle.

Jane finished the work of pouring out the milk as soon as possible, and then followed him. They soon came back again, however, accompanying their uncle, and conducting him to the stone seat, where the children sat down to hear the letter.

"Rollo," said Mr. George, "how should you like to go to England?"

"To go to England?" said Rollo, in a tone of exultation; "very much, indeed."

"Should you dare to go alone?" said Mr. George; "that is, with nobody to take care of you?"

"Yes, indeed!" said Rollo, emphatically. "I should not need anybody to take care of me."

"I don't know but you will have to go," said Mr. George; "and not only take care of yourself, but of Jane besides."

"Why, am I to go, too?" asked Jane. As she said this, she began to look quite alarmed.

"How should you like the plan?" said Mr. George.

"O, I should not dare to go," said Jane, shaking her head with a very serious air. "I should not dare to go at all, unless I had somebody to take care of me bigger than Rollo."

"Ha!" exclaimed Rollo, "I could take care of you perfectly well. I could buy the tickets and show you down to supper, and help you over the plank at the landings, and everything else."

Rollo's experience of steamer life had been confined to trips on Long Island Sound, or up and down the Hudson River.

"I suppose you would be dreadfully sick on the way," said Mr. George.

"O, no," said Rollo, "I should not be sick. What's the use of being sick? Besides, I never am sick in a steamboat."

"No," said Jane, shaking her head and looking quite anxious; "I should not dare to go with you at all. I should not dare to go unless my mother were here to go with me; or my father, at least."

"I am afraid you will have to go," said Mr. George, "whether you are afraid to or not."

"That I shall have to go?" repeated Jane.

"Yes," replied Mr. George. "Your father has written me that he is not well enough to

come home, and I am to send you and Rollo out in the next steamer. So that you see you have nothing to say or to do about it. All you have to do is to submit to destiny."

Jane did not know very precisely what was meant by the phrase, submitting to destiny; but she understood very well that, in this case, it meant that she must go to England to join her father and mother, whether she liked the the plan or not. She was silent a moment, and looked very thoughtful. She then put forth her hand to her kitten, which was just at that moment coming out of the cage, having finished drinking the milk which she had put there for it, and took it into her lap, saying at the same time:

"Well, then, I will go; only you must let me take my Tiger with me."

"That you can do," said Mr. George. "I am very willing to compromise the matter with you in that way. You can take Tiger with you, if you choose."

"And the cage, too?" said Jane, putting her hand upon the ring at the top of it.

"Yes," said Mr. George, "and the cage, too."

"Well!" said Jane, speaking in a tone of great satisfaction and joyousness, "then I will go. Get into the cage, Tiger, and we'll go and get ready."

The steamer was to sail in about a week from this time. So Mr. George proceeded immediately to New York to engage passage. When Rollo's aunt, who had had the care of him and Jane during the absence of Mr. and

Mrs. Holiday, heard how soon the steamer would sail, she said that she did not think that that would afford time enough to get the children ready.

"O, it takes no time," said Mr. George, "to get people ready to go to Europe. Put into a trunk plenty of plain common clothing for the voyage, and the work is done. As for the rest, people can generally find pretty much everything they want on the other side."

Mr. George went to New York to engage the passage for the children. And inasmuch as many of the readers of this book who reside in the country may never have had the opportunity of witnessing the arrangements connected with Atlantic steamers, they may perhaps like to know how this was done. In the first place, it was necessary to get a permit to go on board the ship. The crowds of people in New York, who are always going to and fro, are so great, and the interest felt in these great steamships is so strong, that if everybody were allowed free access and egress to them, the decks and cabins of the vessels would be always in confusion. So they build a barricade across the great pier at which the ships lie, with ponderous gates, one large one for carts and carriages, and another smaller one for people on foot, opening through it, and no one is admitted without a ticket. Mr. George went to the office in Wall Street and procured such a ticket, which one of the clerks in attendance there gave him, on his saying that

he wished to go on board to select a state room for some passengers.

Provided with this ticket, Mr. George took an omnibus at Wall Street and rode up to Canal Street. At Canal Street he took another omnibus, which carried him nearly to the East River. There he left the omnibus, and proceeded the rest of the way on foot. The crowd of people on the sidewalks going and coming, and of carts, drays, wagons, and coaches in the street, was immense. There was one crossing where, for some time, Mr. George could not get over, so innumerable and closely wedged together were the vehicles of all descriptions that occupied the way. There were many people that were stopped with him on the sidewalk. Among them was a servant girl, with a little boy under her charge, whom she was leading by the hand. The girl looked very anxious, not knowing how to get across the street.

"Let me carry the child across for you," said Mr. George.

So saying he took the child up gently, but quickly, in his arms, and watching a momentary opening in the stream of carriages, he pressed through, the servant girl following him. He set the boy down upon the sidewalk. The girl said that she was very much obliged to him, indeed; and then Mr. George went on.

Just then a small and ragged boy held out his hand, and with a most woe-begone expression of countenance and a piteous tone of voice, begged Mr. George to give him a few pennies,

to keep him from starving. Mr. George took no notice of him, but passed on. A moment afterward he turned round to look at the boy again. He saw him take a top out of his pocket, and go to spinning it upon the side-walk, and then, suddenly seeing some other boys, the young rogue caught up his top and ran after them with shouts of great hilarity and glee. He was an imposter. Mr. George knew this when he refused to give him any money.

Mr. George then went on again. He came, at length, to the great gates which led to the pier. There was a man just within the gate, walking to and fro, near the door of a sort of office, or lodge, which he kept there. Mr. George attempted to open the gate.

"Please show your ticket, sir," said he.

Mr. George took out his ticket and gave it to the porter, whereupon the porter opened the gate and let him in.

Mr. George found himself under an enormous roof, which spread itself like a vast canopy over his head, and extended from side to side across the pier. Under this vast shed laborers were wheeling boxes and bales of merchandise to and fro, while small steam engines of curious forms and incessant activity were at work hoisting coal on board the ships from lighters alongside, and in other similar operations. There were two monstrous steamships lying at this pier, one on each side. Mr. George turned toward the one on the left. There was a long flight of steps leading up

from the pier to the decks of this ship. It was formed by a staging, which extended from the pier to the bulwarks of the ship, like a staircase, with a railing on each side. Mr. George ascended these steps to the bulwarks, and thence descended by a short flight of steps to the deck itself, and then went along the deck till he came to the door leading to the cabins.

He found within quite a number of cabins, arranged on different floors, like the different stories of a house. These cabins were very resplendent with gilding and carving, and were adorned with curtains and mirrors on every side. They presented to Mr. George, as he walked through them, a very imposing spectacle. Along the sides of them were a great many little bed rooms, called state rooms. These state rooms were all very beautifully finished, and were furnished with every convenience which passengers could require. Mr. George selected two of these state rooms. They were two that were adjoining to each other, and they were connected by a door. There were two beds, or rather bed places, in each state room, one above the other. Mr. George chose the lower berth in one state room for Rollo, and the lower one in the next state room for Jane. When he had chosen the berths in this manner, he wrote the name of each of the children on a card, and then pinned the cards up upon the curtains of the respective berths.

"There!" said he. "That is all right. Now perhaps some lady will take the other berth

in Jane's room, and some gentleman that in Rollo's. Then they will both have company in their rooms. Otherwise I must find somebody to take care of them both."

Mr. George then left the ship and went back to the office in Wall Street, to engage the berths and pay the passage money. The office was spacious and handsomely furnished, and there were several clerks in it writing at desks.

There were two rooms, and in the back room was a table, with large plans of the ship upon it, on which all the cabins and state rooms of the several decks were represented in their proper positions. The names of the various passengers that had engaged passage in the ship were written in the several state rooms which they had chosen. The clerk wrote the names, Master Holiday and Miss Holiday, in the state rooms which Mr. George pointed out to him, and, when he had done so, Mr. George looked over all the other names that had been written in before, to see if there were any persons whom he knew among them. To his great gratification he found that there were several such.

"Yes," said he, as he rose up from the examination of the plan, "there are several gentlemen there who will be very ready, under the circumstances of the case, to do Mr. Holiday the favor of looking after his children during the voyage."

Being thus, in a measure, relieved of all solic-

itude, Mr. George walked about the room a few minutes, examining the pictures of the several steamers of the line which were hanging on the walls, and then went away.

CHAPTER II.

THE EMBARKATION.

The time fixed for the sailing of the steamer was on Tuesday morning; and Mr. George, in order to have time to communicate with some of the gentlemen to whose care he intended to intrust the two children, planned his journey to New York so as to arrive there in good season on Monday. He supposed that he should be able, without any difficulty, to find one or the other of them in the afternoon or evening of that day.

"And if worst comes to the worst," added he to himself, in his reflections on the subject, "I can certainly find them at the ship, by going on board an hour or two before she sails, and watching the plank as the passengers come up from the pier."

Worst did come to the worst, it seems; for when Mr. George came home at nine o'clock in the evening, on Monday, and Rollo came up to him very eagerly in the parlor of the boarding house, to ask him whom he had found to take charge of them, he was forced to confess that he had not found any one.

"I am glad of it!" exclaimed Rollo, joyfully. "I am glad of it! I like it a great deal better to take care of ourselves."

He then began dancing about the room, and finally ran off in great glee, to inform Jane of the prospect before them. Rollo was very ambitious of being considered a man.

He found Jane sitting on the stairs with another child of her own age, that she had become acquainted with at the boarding house; for it was at a boarding house, and not at a hotel, that Mr. George had taken lodgings for his party. This child's name was Lottie; that is, she was commonly called Lottie, though her real name was Charlotte. She was a beautiful child, with beaming black eyes, a radiant face and dark glossy curls of hair hanging down upon her neck. Jane and Lottie were playing together in a sort of recess at a landing of the stairs, where there was a sofa and a window. They had Tiger and the cage with them. The door was open and Tiger was playing about the cage, going in and out at her pleasure.

"Jane," said Rollo, "uncle George cannot find anybody to take care of you, and so I am going to take care of you."

Jane did not answer.

"Are you going to England?" asked Lottie.

"Yes," replied Jane, mournfully; "and there is nobody to go with us, to take care of us."

"I went to England once," said Lottie.

"Did you?" asked Jane; "and did you go across the Atlantic Ocean?"

"Yes," said Lottie.

"Of course she did," said Rollo; "there is no other way."

"And how did you get along?" said Jane.

"O, very well," said Lottie; "we had a very good time playing about the decks and cabins."

Jane felt somewhat reassured by these declarations of Lottie, and she even began to think that if there was nothing to be done in crossing the Atlantic but to play about the decks and cabins all the way, there was a possibility that Rollo might be able to take care of her.

"My uncle is going on a voyage, too, to-morrow," added Lottie.

"What uncle?" asked Jane.

"My uncle Thomas," said Lottie. "He lives in this house. He is packing up his trunk now. He is going to Charleston. I wish I were going with him."

"Do you like to go to sea?" asked Jane.

"Yes," said Lottie, "pretty well. I like to see the sailors climb up the masts and rigging; and I like the cabins, because there are so many sofas in them, and so many places to hide."

Little Jane felt much less uneasiness at the idea of going to sea after hearing Lottie give such favorable accounts of her own experience. Still she was not entirely satisfied. As for Rollo, his eagerness to go independent of all supervision did not arise wholly from vanity and presumption. He was now twelve years of age, and that is an age which fairly qualifies a boy to bear some considerable burdens of responsibility and duty. At any rate, it is an age at which it ought to be expected that the powers and characteristics of manhood should,

at least, begin to be developed. It is right, therefore, that a boy at that age should begin to feel something like a man, and to desire that opportunities should arise for exercising the powers which he finds thus developing themselves and growing stronger every day within him.

The fact that Lottie's uncle Thomas was going to embark for Charleston on the same day that had been fixed for Rollo's embarkation for Europe might seem at first view a very unimportant circumstance. It happened, however, that it led, in fact, to very serious consequences. The case was this. It is necessary, however, first to explain, for the benefit of those readers of this book who may never have had opportunities to become acquainted with the usages of great cities, that there are two separate systems in use in such cities for the transportation respectively of baggage, and of persons, from place to place. For baggage and parcels, there are what are called expresses. The owners of these expresses have offices in various parts of the city, where books are kept, in which a person may go and have an entry made of any trunk, or bag, or other package which he may wish to have conveyed to any place. He enters in the book what the parcel is, where it is, and where he wishes to have it taken. The express man then, who has a great number of wagons employed for this purpose, sends for the parcel by the first wagon that comes in.

For persons who wish to be conveyed from

place to place, there are carriages all the time standing at certain points by the sides of the streets, ready for any one who calls them, and there are also stables where carriages are always in readiness. Now, it so happened that Lottie's uncle Thomas had concluded to have his trunk taken down to the Charleston ship by the express, intending to walk to the pier himself from his office, which was in the lower part of the city, not far from the pier where his ship was lying. So he went to an express office, and there, at his dictation, the clerk made the following entry in his book—

Trunk at 780 Broadway, to steamer Carolina, Pier No. 4, North River. To-morrow, at half past nine o'clock.

On the other hand, Mr. George, as he required a carriage to take the children down, did not go to the express office at all. He intended to take their trunk on the carriage. So he went to the stable, and there, at his dictation, the clerk made on the book there the following entry—

Carriage at 780 Broadway. To-morrow, at half past nine o'clock.

In accordance with this arrangement, therefore, a little after nine o'clock, both the trunks were got ready at the boarding house, each in its own room. The chambermaid in Rollo's room, when she saw that the trunk was ready,

offered to carry it down, which, as she was a good strong Irish girl, she could very easily do. She accordingly took it up in her arms and carried it down stairs to the front entry, and put it down near the door. One of the waiters of the house was standing by when she did this.

"What is that, Mary?" said he.

"It is a trunk to go to the steamer," said Mary. "There is a man coming for it pretty soon"

She meant, of course, that it was to go to the Liverpool steamer, and the man who was to come for it was the driver of the carriage that Mr. George had engaged. She knew nothing about any other trunk, as the room which Lottie's uncle occupied was attended by another chambermaid.

Mary, having deposited the trunk in its place, returned up stairs, to assist in getting Rollo and Jane ready. A moment afterward the express man, whom Lottie's uncle had sent for his trunk rang the door bell. The waiter opened the door.

"I came for a trunk," said the man, "to take to the steamer."

"Yes," said the waiter. "Here it is, all ready. They have just brought it down."

So the express man took up the trunk, and, carrying it out, put it on his wagon; then, mounting on his seat, he drove away.

Five minutes afterward, the carriage, which Mr. George had engaged arrived at the door. Mr. George and the children came down the

stairs. Mr. George, as soon as he reached the lower hall, inquired,—

"Where is the trunk?"

"The man has taken it, sir," said he.

"Ah, he has, has he? That is all right."

So Mr. George and the children got into the carriage, the driver holding the door open for them as they did so. As the driver was about to shut the door, Mr. George said,—

"Steamer Pacific, foot of Canal Street."

The driver, taking this for his direction, mounted his box, and drove rapidly away.

When the party arrived at the gates which led to the pier, they found a great concourse of people and a throng of carts and carriages blocking up the way. The great gate was open, and a stream of carriages containing passengers, and of carts and express wagons conveying baggage, was pouring in. Mr. George's carriage was admitted, at length, in its turn, and drove on until it came opposite the long stairway which led on board the ship. Here it stopped, and Mr. George and the children got out.

"Where is the trunk?" said Mr. George, looking before and behind the carriage. "Why, where is the trunk? You have lost the trunk off of the carriage, driver, in coming down."

"No, sir," said the driver; "there was no trunk."

"There certainly was," said Mr. George; "and they told me that you had put it on."

"No, sir," said the driver. "This is the

first time I have heard anything about any trunk."

Mr. George was now quite seriously alarmed. He looked about this way and that, and did not seem to know what to do. In the meantime the line of carriages from behind pressed on, and the drivers of them began to call out to clear the way. Mr. George found himself compelled to decide upon something very promptly.

"Drive over to the other side of the pier," said he, "and wait there till I come."

Then, taking the two children by the hand, he began to lead them up a long plank by which the people were going on board.

Mr. George said nothing, but continued to lead the children along, the throng before and behind them being so dense that they could not see at all where they were going. When they reached the top of the stairway, they descended by a few steps, and so came on board. The children then found themselves moving along what seemed a narrow passage way, amid crowds of people, until at length they came to a short and steep flight of steps, which led up to what seemed to Jane a sort of a roof. The balustrade, or what served as balustrade for these steps, was made of rope, and painted green. By help of this rope, and by some lifting on the part of Mr. George, Rollo and Jane succeeded in getting up, and, at length, found themselves in a place where they could see.

They were on what was called the promenade

deck. There were masts, and a great smoke-pipe, and a great amount of ropes and rigging rising up above them, and there were many other curious objects around. The children had, however, no time to attend to these things, for Mr. George led them rapidly along to that part of the promenade deck which was opposite to the long plank, where the people were coming up from the pier. Mr. George left the children here for a minute or two, while he went and brought two camp stools for them to sit upon. He placed these stools near the edge of the deck. There was a railing to keep them from falling off.

"There, children," said he. "Now you can sit here and see the people come on board. It is a very funny thing to see. I am going after the trunk. You must not mind if I don't come back for a long time. The ship will not sail yet for two hours. You must stay here, however, all the time. You must not go away from this place on any consideration."

So saying, Mr. George went away. A moment afterward the children saw him going down the plank to the pier. As soon as he reached the pier he forced his way through the crowd to the other side of it, where the carriage was standing. The children watched him all the time. When he reached the carriage, they saw that he stopped a moment to say a few words to the driver, and then hastily got into the carriage. The driver shut the door, mounted upon the box, and then drove out through the great gate and disappeared.

What Mr. George said to the driver was this.

"Now, driver, we have got just two hours to find that trunk. I pay you full fare for the carriage for the two hours at any rate, and if we find the trunk and get it on board that ship before she sails, I pay you five dollars over. Now take me up to 780 Broadway as quick as you can go."

When the children found themselves thus left, they could not help feeling for a moment a very painful sensation of loneliness, although they were, in fact, surrounded with crowds, and were in the midst of a scene of the greatest excitement. Even Rollo found his courage and resolution ebbing away. He sat for a little time without speaking, and gazing upon the scene of commotion which he saw exhibited before him on the pier with a vague and bewildered feeling of anxiety and fear. Presently he turned to look at Jennie. He saw that she was trying to draw her handkerchief from her pocket, and that tears were slowly trickling down her cheek.

"Jennie," said he, "don't cry. Uncle George will find the trunk pretty soon, and come back."

It might, perhaps, be supposed that Rollo would have been made to feel more dispirited and depressed himself from witnessing Jennie's dejection; but the effect was really quite the contrary of this. In fact, it is found to be universally true, that nothing tends to nerve the heart of man to greater resolution and energy in encountering and struggling against the

dangers and ills that surround him, than to have a woman near him and dependent upon him, and to see her looking up to him for protection and support. It is true that Rollo was not a man, nor was Jennie a woman. But even in their early years the instincts and sympathies, which exercise so powerful a control over human heart in later periods of life, began to develop themselves in embryo forms. So Rollo found all his courage and confidence coming back again when he saw Jennie in tears.

Besides, he reflected that he had a duty to perform. He perceived that the time had now come for him to show by his acts that he was really able to do what he had been so eager to undertake. He determined, therefore, that instead of yielding to the feelings of fear and despondency which his situation was so well calculated to inspire, he would nerve himself with resolution, and meet the emergencies of the occasion like a man.

The first thing to be done, as he thought, was to amuse Jane, and divert her attention, if possible, from her fears. So he began to talk to her about what was taking place before them on the pier.

"Here comes another carriage, Jennie," said he. "Look, look! See what a parcel of trunks they have got on behind. That passenger has not lost his trunks, at any rate. See all these orange women, too, Jennie, standing on the edge of the pier. How many oranges they have got. Do you suppose they will sell

them all? O Jennie, Jennie, look there! See that great pile of trunks going up into the air."

Jane looked in the direction where Rollo pointed, and saw a large pile of trunks and boxes, eight or ten in all, slowly rising into the air, being drawn up by means of a monstrous rope, which descended from a system of pulleys and machinery above. After attaining a considerable height, the whole mass slowly moved over toward the ship, and after reaching the center of the deck it began to descend again, with a great rattling of chains and machinery, until it disappeared from view somewhere on board.

"That is the way they get the baggage on board, Jennie," said Rollo. "I never should have thought of getting baggage on board in that way; should you, Jennie? I wonder where the trunks go to when the rope lets them down. It is in some great black hole, I have no doubt, down in the ship. The next load of trunks that comes I have a great mind to go and see."

"No, no!" said Jane, "you must not go away. Uncle George said that we must not move away from here on any account."

"So he did," said Rollo. "Well, I won't go."

After a short time, Jennie became so far accustomed to her situation as to feel in some degree relieved of her fears. In fact, she began to find it quite amusing to watch the various phases which the exciting scene that was passing before her assumed. Rollo endeav-

ored still more to encourage and cheer her, by frequently assuring her that their uncle would soon come back. He did this, indeed, from the best of motives; but it was not wise or even right to do so, for he could not possibly know when his uncle would come back, or even whether he would come back at all.

In the meantime, the crowd of carriages and people coming and going on the pier was continually increasing as the time for the departure of the ship drew nigh. There were more than one hundred passengers to come on board, and almost every one of these had many friends to come with them, to bid them good by; so that there was a perpetual movement of carriages coming and going upon the pier, and the long plank which led up to the ship was crowded with people ascending and descending in continuous streams. The paddle wheels were all the time in motion, though the ship, being yet fastened to the shore, could not move away. The wheels, however, produced a great commotion in the water, covering the surface of it with rushing foam, and at the same time the steam was issuing from the escape pipe with a roaring sound, which seemed to crown and cover, as it were, without at all subduing the general din.

Rollo had one very extraordinary proof of the deep and overwhelming character of the excitement of this scene, in an accident that occurred in the midst of it, which, for a moment, frightened him extremely. The pier where the steamer was lying was surrounded

by other piers and docks, all crowded with boats and shipping. It happened that not very far from him there lay a small vessel, a sloop, which had come down the North River, and was now moored at the head of the dock. There was a family on board this sloop, and while Rollo was by chance looking that way, he saw a small child, perhaps seven or eight years old, fall off from the deck of the sloop into the water. The child did not sink, being buoyed up by her clothes; and as the tide was flowing strong at that time, an eddy of the water carried her slowly along away from the sloop toward the shore. The child screamed with terror, and Rollo could now and then catch the sound of her voice above the roaring of the steam. The sailors on board the sloop ran toward the boat, and began to let it down. Others on the shore got ready with poles and boat hooks, and though they were probably shouting and calling aloud to one another, Rollo could hear nothing but now and then the scream of the child. At length a man came running down a flight of stone steps which led from the pier to the water in a corner of the dock, throwing off his coat and shoes as he went down. He plunged into the water, swam out to the child, seized her by the clothes with one hand, and with the other swam back with her toward the steps and there they were both drawn out by the bystanders together.

This scene, however, exciting as it would have been under any other circumstances, produced very little impression upon the great

crowd that was engaged about the steamer. A few boys ran that way to see how the affair would result. Some others, standing on the deck of the ship or on the pier, turned and looked in the direction of the child. Otherwise everything went on the same. The carriages went and came, the people walked eagerly about among each other, exchanging farewells. The paddle wheels continued their motion, the steam pipe kept up its deafening roar, and the piles of trunks continued to rise into the air and swing over into the ship, without any interruption.

The time passed rapidly on, and Mr. George did not return. At length but few new carriages came and the stream of people on the great plank seemed to flow all one way, and that was from the ship to the pier; while the crowd upon the pier had increased until it had become a mighty throng. At length the officer in command gave orders to rig the tackle to the great plank stair, with a view to heaving it back upon the pier. The last, lingering visitors to the ship, who had come to take leave of their friends, hastily bade them farewell and ran down the plank. The ship, in fact, was just on the point of casting off from the pier, when suddenly Mr. George's carriage appeared at the great gate. It came in among the crowd at a very rapid rate; but still it was so detained by the obstructions which were in the way, that before it reached its stopping-place the plank had begun slowly to rise into

the air, and the men on the pier had begun to throw off the fastenings.

"You are too late, sir," said a man to Mr. George. "You cannot get on board."

"Put that trunk on board," said Mr. George. "That's all."

The man took up the trunk, which was by no means heavy, and just succeeded in passing it through into a sort of porthole, near the engine, which happened to be open. Mr. George then looked up to the place where he had left the children, and shouted out to them,—

"Good by, children; don't be afraid. Your father will come to the ship for you at Liverpool. Good by, Jennie. Rollo will take excellent care of you. Don't be afraid."

By this time the ship was slowly and majestically moving away from the pier; and thus it happened that Rollo and Jennie set out on the voyage to Europe, without having any one to take them in charge.

CHAPTER III.

DEPARTURE.

The moving away of the steamer from the pier had the effect of producing a striking illusion in Jane's mind.

"Why, Rollo!" she exclaimed, looking up to Rollo, quite alarmed, "the pier is sailing away from us, and all the people on it."

"O, no," said Rollo, "the pier is not sailing away. We are sailing away ourselves."

Jane gazed upon the receding shore with a look of bewildered astonishment. Then she added in a very sorrowful and desponding tone:

"O, Rollo! you told me that uncle George would certainly come back; and now he is not coming back at all."

"Well, I really thought he would come back," said Rollo. "But never mind, Jennie, we shall get along very well. We shall not have to get out of this ship at all till we get to Liverpool; and we shall find father at Liverpool. He will come on board for us at Liverpool, I am sure, before we land; and mother, too, I dare say. Just think of that, Jennie! Just think of that!"

This anticipation would doubtless have had considerable influence in calming Jennie's mind, if she had had any opportunity to dwell

upon it; but her thoughts were immediately diverted to the spectacle which was exhibiting itself on the pier. The great throng of people which had assembled there seemed to be pressing on toward the end of the pier, accompanying the ship, as it were, in its motion, as it glided smoothly away. As they thus crowded forward, all those who had opportunity to do so climbed up upon boxes and bales of merchadise, or on heaps of wood or coal, or on posts or beams of wood, wherever they could find any position which would raise them above the general level of the crowd. This scene, of course, strongly attracted the attention both of Rollo and of Jane.

And here it must be remarked, that there are three distinct scenes of bidding farewell that an Atlantic steamer passes through in putting to sea. In the first place, the individual voyagers take leave of their several friends, by words of good-by and other personal greetings, on the decks and in the cabins of the ship, before she leaves the pier. Then, secondly, the company of passengers, as a whole, give a good-by to the whole company of visitors, who have come to see the ship sail, and who remain standing on the pier as the vessel goes away. This second good-by cannot be given by words, for the distance is too great to allow of words being used. So they give it by huzzas, and by the waving of hats and handkerchiefs.

This second farewell was now about to be given. The gentlemen on the pier took off their hats, and, waving them in the air,

shouted hurrah in concert, three times, with great energy. The company of passengers on board the ship then responded, by shouting and waving their hats in return. The ladies, both on the pier and in the ship, performed their part in this ceremony by waving their handkerchiefs and clapping their hands. By this time the steamer, which had been rapidly increasing the speed of its motion all the while, was now getting quite out into the stream, and was turning rapidly down the river. This change in the direction in which the steamer was going carried the pier and all the people that were upon it entirely out of the children's view, and they saw themselves gliding rapidly along the shore of the river, which was formed of a long line of piers, with forests of masts surmounting them, and long ranges of stores and warehouses beyond. Nearer to the steamer on the water of the river, and on either had, were to be seen sloops, ships, ferry boats, scows and every other species of water craft, gliding to and fro in all directions. While gazing with great interest on this scene as the steamer moved along, Jane was suddenly sartled and terrified at the sound of a heavy gun, which seemed to be fired close to her ear. It was soon evident that the gun had been fired from on board the steamer, for a great puff of smoke rose up into the air from the bows of the vessel, and slowly floated away. Immediately afterward another gun was fired, louder than the first.

I have said that there were three farewells.

"Stood upon the top of one of the paddle boxes."—Page 44.

Rollo on the Atlantic.

The first is that of the individual passengers to their individual friends. The second is that of the whole company of passengers to the company of spectators on the pier. The third is the ship's farewell to the city. Of course, for a ship to speak to a city, a very loud voice is required. So they provide her with a gun. In fact, a great steamer proceeding to sea may be considered as, in some respects, like a mighty animal. The engine is its heart; the paddle wheels are its limbs; the guns are its voice; the captain is its head; and, finally, there is a man always stationed on the lookout in the extreme forward part of the ship, who serves the monster for eyes. Jane was quite terrified at the sound of the guns.

"O, Rollo!" exclaimed she, "I wish they would not fire any more of those dreadful guns."

"I don't think they will fire any more,' said Rollo. "In fact, I am sure they will not, for they have fired two now, and they never fire more than two."

Rollo was mistaken in this calculation, though he was right in the general principle that the number of guns usually discharged by a steamer going to sea, as its parting salute, is two. In this case, however, the steamer, in passing on down the river, came opposite to a place in Jersey City, where a steamer of another line was lying moored to her pier, waiting for her own sailing day. Now, as the Pacfiic passed by this other steamer, the men on board of the latter, having pre-

viously made everything ready for the ceremony, fired two guns as a salute to her, by way of bidding her farewell and wishing her a good voyage. Of course, it was proper to respond to the compliment, and this called for two guns more. This made, in fact, a fourth farewell, which having been spoken, the firing was over. The Pacific, having thus taken leave of the city, and also of her sister steamer on the Jersey shore, had now nothing to do but to proceed as fast as possible down the harbor and out to sea.

The scenes which are presented to view on every hand in passing down New York Harbor and Bay are very magnificent and imposing. Ships, steamers, long ferry boats, tugs, sloops, sail boats, and every other species of water craft, from the little skiff that bobs up and down over the waves made by the steamboat swell to the man-of-war riding proudly at anchor in the stream, are seen on every hand. The shores, too, present enchanting pictures of rich and romantic beauty. There are villas and cottages, and smooth grassy lawns, and vast fortifications, and observatories, and lighthouses, and buoys, and a great many other objects, which strongly attract the attention and excite the curiosity of the voyager, especially if he has been previously accustomed only to traveling on land.

While the children were looking at these scenes with wonder and admiration, as the ship passed down the harbor, a young-looking man who appeared to belong to the ship, came

to them and told them that if they wished to remain on deck, they had better go and sit upon the settees. So saying, he pointed to several large and heavy-looking settees, which were placed near the middle of the deck, around what seemed to be a sort of skylight. These settees were all firmly secured to their places with strong cords, by means of which they were tied by the legs to some of the fixtures of the skylights. In obedience to this suggestion, the children went and took their places upon a settee. Jane carried the cage, containing Tiger, which she had kept carefully with her thus far, and put it down upon the settee by her side. The man who had directed the children to this place, and who was a sort of mate, as they call such officers at sea, looked at the kitten with an expression of contempt upon his countenance, but said nothing. He took the camp stools which the children had left, and carried them away.

"I am sure I don't know what we are to do next," said Jane, mournfully, after sitting for a moment in silence.

"Nor I," rejoined Rollo, "and so I am going to follow uncle George's rules."

Mr. George had given Rollo these rules, as a sort of universal direction for young persons when traveling alone:

1. Do as you see other people do.

2. When you cannot find out in this or in any other way what to do, do nothing.

In accordance with this advice, Rollo concluded to sit still upon the settee, where the

ship's officer had placed him, and do nothing. In the meantime, however, he amused himself in watching the ships and steamers which he saw sailing to and fro about the harbor, and in pointing out to Jane all the remarkable objects which he observed from time to time along the shores.

Among other things which attracted his attention, he noticed and watched the movements of a man who stood upon the top of one of the paddle boxes on the side of the ship, where he walked to and fro very busily, holding a speaking trumpet all the time in his hand. Every now and then, he would call out, in a loud voice, a certain word. Sometimes it was port, sometimes it was starboard, and sometimes it was steady. Rollo observed that it was always one or the other of those three words. And what was still more curious, Rollo observed that, whenever the man on the paddle box called out the word, the officer on the deck, who kept walking about there all the time to and fro, would immediately repeat it after him, in a loud but in a somewhat singular tone. While he was wondering what this could mean, a gentleman, who seemed to be one of the passengers, came and sat down on the settee close by his side. Rollo had a great mind to ask him who the man on the paddle box was.

"Well, my boy," said the gentleman, "you are rather young to go to sea. How do you like it?"

"Pretty well, sir," said Rollo.

"We are going out in fine style," said the

gentleman. "We shall soon be done with the pilot."

"The pilot?" said Rollo, inquiringly.

"Yes," said the gentleman. "There he is, on the paddle box."

"Is that the pilot?" asked Rollo. "I thought the pilot was the man who steered."

"No," replied the gentleman, "he is the man who gives directions how to steer. He does not steer himself. The man who steers is called the helmsman. There he is."

So saying, the gentleman pointed toward the stern of the ship where there was a sort of platform raised a little above the deck, with a row of panes of glass, like a long narrow window, in front of it. Through this window Rollo could see the head of a man. The man was standing in a recess which contained the wheel by means of which the ship was steered.

"The pilot keeps a lookout on the paddle box," continued the gentleman, "watching the changes in the channel, and also the movements of the vessels which are coming and going. When he wishes the helm to be put to the right, he calls out Starboard! When he wishes it to be put to the left, he calls out Port! And when he wishes the ship to go straight forward as she is, he calls out Steady!"

Just then the pilot, from his lofty lookout on the paddle box, called out, "Port!"

The officer on the deck repeated the command, in order to pass it along to the helmsman, "Port!"

The helmsman then repeated it again, by

way of making it sure to the officer that he had heard it and was obeying it, "Port!"

There were two or three dashing-looking young men walking together up and down the deck, and one of them, on hearing these commands, called out, not very loud, but still in such a manner as that all around him could hear, and imitating precisely the tones in which the pilot's order had been given, "Sherry!"

Whereupon there was a great laugh among all the passengers around. Even the stern and morose-looking countenance of the officer relaxed into a momentary smile.

"Now look forward at the bows of the ship," said the gentleman, "and you will see her change her course in obedience to the command of the pilot to port the helm."

Rollo did so, and observed the effect with great curiosity and pleasure.

"I thought the captain gave orders how to steer the ship," said Rollo.

"He does," said the gentleman, "after we get fairly clear of the land. It is the captain's business to navigate the ship across the ocean, but he has nothing to do with directing her when she is going in and out of the harbor." The gentleman then went on to explain that at the entrances of all rivers and harbors there were usually rocks, shoals, sand bars, and other obstructions, some of which were continually shifting their position and character, and making it necessary that they should be studied and known thoroughly by some one

who is all the time upon the spot. The men who do his are called pilots. The pilots of each port form a company, and have established rules and regulations for governing all their proceedings. They go out to the mouth of the harbor in small vessels called pilot boats, where they wait, both in sunshine and storm, for ships to come in. When a ship approaches the coast and sees one of these pilot boats, it makes a signal for a pilot to come on board. The pilot boat then sails toward the ship, and when they get near enough they let down a small boat, and row one of the pilots on board the vessel, and he guides the ship in. In the same manner, in going out of port, the pilot guides the ship until they get out into deep water, and then a pilot boat comes up and takes him off the ship. The ship then proceeds to sea, while the pilot boat continues to sail to and fro about the mouth of the harbor, till another ship appears.

"And will this pilot get into a pilot boat and go back to New York?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," replied the gentleman, "and the passengers can send letters back by him, if they wish. They often do."

"And can I?" asked Rollo.

"Yes," replied the gentleman. "Write your letter, and I will give it to him."

Rollo had a small inkstand in his pocket, and also a pocketbook with note papers folded up, and envelopes in it. This was an apparatus that he always carried with him when he traveled. He took out one of his sheets of

note paper, and wrote upon it the following letter:—

Dear Uncle George:

This is to inform you that we have found a good seat, and are getting along very well.

Your affectionate nephew,

R. Holiday.

Rollo made his letter shorter than he otherwise would have done, on account of having been informed by the gentleman, when he had just written the first line, that the pilot boat was coming in sight. So he finished his writing, and then folded his note and put it in its envelope. He sealed the envelope with a wafer, which he took out of a compartment of his pocketbook. He then addressed it to his uncle George in a proper manner, and it was all ready. The gentleman then took it and carried it to the pilot, who was just then coming down from the paddle box and putting on his coat.

By this time the pilot boat had come pretty near to the ship, and was lying there upon the water at rest, with her sails flapping in the wind. The engine of the ship was stopped. A small boat was then seen coming from the pilot boat toward the ship. The boat was tossed fearfully by the waves as the oarsmen rowed it along. When it came to the side of the ship a sailor threw a rope to it, and it was held fast by means of the rope until the pilot got on board. The rope was then cast off, and the boat moved away. The engine was now

put in motion again, and the great paddle wheels of the ship began to revolve as before. Rollo watched the little boat as it went bounding over the waves, afraid all the time that it would be upset, in which case his letter would be lost. At length, however, he had the satisfaction of seeing the skiff safely reach the pilot boat, and all the men climb up safely on board.

"There!" exclaimed Rollo, in a tone of great satisfaction, "now he will go up to the city safe, and I am very glad he has got that letter for uncle George."

In the meantime the captain mounted the paddle box where the pilot had stood, and, with his speaking trumpet in his hand, began to give the necessary orders for the vigorous prosecution of the voyage. The sails were spread, the engines were put into full operation, the helmsman was directed what course to steer, and the ship pressed gallantly forward out into the open sea.

CHAPTER IV.

GETTING SETTLED.

The gentleman who had so kindly explained the pilot system to Rollo did not return to the settee after having given the pilot the letter, but went away, and for a few minutes Rollo and Jane were left alone. They observed, too, that a great many of the passengers had disappeared, and now there were very few about the deck. Rollo wondered where they had gone. He soon received some light on the subject, by overhearing one gentleman say to another, as they passed the settee on their promenade,—

"Come, Charley, let us go down and get some lunch."

"They are going to lunch," said Rollo. "We will go, too. I am beginning to be hungry."

"So am I hungry," said Jane. "I did not think of it before; but I am, and I have no doubt that Tiger is hungry, too."

So Jane took up her cage, and then she and Rollo, walking along together, followed the gentlemen who had said that they were going down to lunch. They walked forward upon the promenade deck till they came to the short flight of stairs, with the green rope balustrade, which led down to the deck below.

These stairs were so steep that the children were obliged to proceed with great caution in descending them, in order to get down in safety. They, however, at length succeeded; and then, passing along where they saw that the gentlemen went who preceded them, they entered into a long and narrow passage way, with doors leading to state rooms on either hand. Following this passage way, they came at length to a sort of entry or hall, which was lighted by a skylight above. In the middle of this hall, and under the skylight, was a pretty broad staircase, leading down to some lower portion of the ship. As the men whom they were following went down these stairs, the children went down, too. When they got down, they found themselves in a perfect maze of cabins, state rooms, and passage ways, the openings into which were infinitely multiplied by the large and splendid mirrors with which the walls were everywhere adorned.

"Put Tiger down there," said Rollo, pointing to a place near the end of the sofa, "and we will bring her something to eat when we come from lunch."

Jane was very anxious to take the kitten with her; but she knew that, under the circumstances in which she was placed, it was proper that she should follow implicitly all of Rollo's directions. So she put the cage down, and then she and Rollo went on together through a door where the gentlemen who had preceded them had gone.

They found themselves in another long and

narrow passage way, which led toward the forward part of the ship. The passage way was so narrow that they could not walk together. So Rollo went first, and Jane came behind. The vessel was rocking gently from the motion of the waves, and Jane had to put her hands out once or twice, first to one side and then to the other of the passage way, in order to steady herself as she passed along. Presently they came to a place where they had to go up five or six steps, and then to go immediately down again. It was the place where the main shaft passed out from the engine to the paddle wheel. After getting over this obstruction, they went on a little farther, and then came into a large dining saloon, where several long tables were spread, and a great many passengers were seated, eating their luncheons.

There were a number of waiters in different parts of the room, standing behind the guests at the tables; and one of these waiters, as soon as he saw Rollo and Jane come in, went to them, and said that he would show them where to sit. So they followed him, and he gave them a good seat at one of the tables. As soon as the children were seated, the waiter said, addressing Rollo:

"Will you have soup?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"And will the young lady take soup, too?" he asked again.

"Yes," said Rollo; "both of us."

While the waiter was gone to get the soup, Rollo and Jane had an opportunity of looking

around the room and observing how very different it was in its fixtures and furniture from a dining-room on land. Instead of windows, there were only round holes in the sides of the ship, about a foot in diameter. For a sash, there was only one round and exceedingly thick and strong pane of glass, set in an iron frame, and opening inward, on massive hinges. On the side of this frame, opposite the hinges, was a strong clamp and screw, by means of which the frame could be screwed up very tight, in order to exclude the water in case of heavy seas. The tables were fitted with a ledge all around the outside, to keep the dishes from sliding off. Above each table, and suspended from the ceiling, was a long shelf of beautiful wood, with racks and sockets in it of every kind, for containing wine-glasses, tumblers, decanters, and such other things as would be wanted from time to time upon the table. Every one of these glasses was in a place upon the shelf expressly fitted to receive and retain it; so that it might be held securely, and not allowed to fall, however great might be the motion of the ship.

There were no chairs at the tables. The seats consisted of handsomely cushioned settees, with substantial backs to them. It was upon one of these settees, and near the end of it, that Rollo and Jane were seated.

When the soup was brought, the children ate it with great satisfaction. They found it excellent; and, besides that, they had excellent appetites. After the soup, the waiter

brought them some roasted potatoes and butter, and also some slices of cold roast beef. When the roast beef came, Jane exclaimed to Rollo:

"Ah! I am very glad to see that. It is just the thing for Tiger."

Then she turned round and said to the waiter:

"Can I take a piece of this meat to give to my kitten?"

"Your kitten?" said the waiter. "Have you got a kitten on board?"

"Yes," said Jane.

"Where is she?" asked the waiter.

"I left her in the cabin," said Jane, "by the end of a sofa. She is in her cage."

The waiter smiled to hear this statement. Jane had been, in fact, a little afraid to ask for meat for her kitten, supposing it possible that the waiter might think that she ought not to have brought a kitten on board. But the truth was, the waiter was very glad to hear of it. He was glad for two reasons. In the first place, the monotony and dullness of sea life are so great, that those who live in ships are usually glad to have anything occur that is extraordinary or novel. Then, besides, he knew that it was customary with passengers, when they gave the waiters any unusual trouble, to compensate them for it fully when they reached the end of the voyage; and he presumed, therefore, that if he had a kitten to take care of, as well as the children themselves, their father, whom he had no doubt

was on board, would remember it in his fee. So, when Jane told him where the kitten was, he said he would go and bring her out into the dining saloon, and give her some of the meat there, as soon as the passengers had finished their luncheon, so that he could be spared from the table.

Accordingly, when the proper time arrived, the waiter went aft, to the cabin, and very soon returned, bringing the cage with him.

He seemed quite pleased with his charge; and several of the passengers, who met him as they were going out of the saloon, stopped a moment to see what he had got in the cage, and Jane was much gratified at hearing one of them say:

"What a pretty kitten! Whose is it, waiter?"

The waiter put the cage down upon a side table, and then carried a plate of meat to the place, and put it in the cage. Jane and Rollo went to see. While the kitten was eating her meat, the waiter said that he would go and get some milk for her. He accordingly went away again; but he soon returned, bringing a little milk with him in a saucer. The kitten, having by this time finished eating her meat, set herself eagerly at the work of lapping up the milk, which she did with an air of great satisfaction.

"There!" said the waiter, "bring her out here whenever she is hungry, and I will always have something for her. When you come at meal times, you will see me at the table. If

you come at any other time, and you don't see me, ask for Alfred. My name is Alfred."

Jane and Rollo both said to Alfred that they were very much obliged to him, and then, observing that nearly all the passengers had left the dining saloon and had returned to the cabin, they determined to go, too. So they went back through the same passageway by which they had come.

There were two principal cabins in the ship, the ladies' cabin and the gentlemen's cabin. The ladies' cabin was nearest to the dining saloon, the gentlemen's cabin being beyond. A number of ladies and gentlemen turned into the ladies' cabin, and so Rollo and Jane followed them. They found themselves, when they had entered, in quite a considerable apartment, with sofas and mirrors all around the sides of it, and a great deal of rich carving in the panels and ceiling. Several splendid lamps, too, were suspended in different places, so hung that they could move freely in every direction, when the ship was rolling from side to side in rough seas. Rollo and Jane took their seats upon one of the sofas.

"Well, Rollo," said Jane, "I don't know what we are going to do next."

"Nor I," said Rollo; "but we can sit here a little while, and perhaps somebody will come and speak to us. It must be right for us to sit here, for other ladies and gentlemen are sitting in this cabin."

Jane looked about the cabin on the different sofas to see if there were any persons there

that she had ever seen before. But there were none.

Among the persons in the cabin, there were two who particularly attracted Jane's attention. They were young ladies of, perhaps, eighteen or twenty years of age, but they were remarkably different from each other in appearance. One was very beautiful, indeed. Her hair was elegantly arranged in curls upon her neck, and she was dressed quite fashionably. Her countenance, too, beamed with an expression of animation and happiness.

The other young lady, who sat upon the other end of the same sofa, was very plain in her appearance, and was plainly dressed. Her countenance, too, had a sober and thoughtful expression which was almost stern, and made Jane feel quite disposed to be afraid of her. The beautiful girl she liked very much.

While the children were sitting thus upon the sofa, waiting to see what was next going to happen to them, several persons passed along that way, taking a greater or less degree of notice of them as they passed. Some merely stared at them, as if wondering how they came there, and what they were doing. One lady looked kindly at them, but did not speak. Another lady, apparently about forty years of age, walked by them with a haughty air, talking all the time with a gentleman who was with her. Jane heard her say to the gentleman, as soon as she had passed them:

"What a quantity of children we have on

board this ship! I hate children on board ship, they are so noisy and troublesome."

Jane did not say anything in reply to this, but she thought that she and Rollo, at least, did not deserve such censures, for they had certainly not been noisy or troublesome.

Presently Jane saw the beautiful girl, who has been already spoken of, rise and come toward them. She was very glad to see this, for now, thought she, we have a friend coming. The young lady came walking along carelessly toward them, and when she came near she looked at them a moment, and then said, in a pert and forward manner:

"What are you sitting here for, children, so long, all alone? Where is your father?"

"My father is in Liverpool, I suppose," said Rollo.

"Well, your mother, then," said the young lady, "or whoever has the care of you?"

"My mother is in Liverpool, too," said Rollo, "and there is nobody who has the care of us on board this ship."

"Why, you are not going to cross the Atlantic all by yourselves, are you?" said the young lady, in a tone of great astonishment.

"Yes," said Rollo, "unless we find somebody to be kind enough to help us."

"La! how queer!" said the young lady. "I am sure I'm glad enough that I am not in your places."

So saying, the beautiful young lady walked on.

All the beauty, however, which she had be-

fore possessed in Jane's eyes, was entirely dissipated by this heartless behavior. Both Jane and Rollo, for all the rest of the voyage, thought her one of the ugliest girls they had ever seen.

It was some minutes after this before any other person approached the children. Jane observed, however, that the other young lady —the one who had appeared to her so plain— looked frequently toward her and Rollo, with an expression of interest and kindness upon her countenance. At length she rose from her seat, and came across the cabin, and sat down by Jane's side.

"May I come and sit by you?" said she to Jane. "You seem to be all alone."

"Yes," said Jane; "we don't know anybody in this ship."

"Not anybody?" said the young lady. "Then you may know me. My name is Maria. But your father and mother are on board the ship, are they not?"

"No," said Rollo. "There is not anybody on board this ship that belongs to us."

Maria seemed very much astonished at hearing this, and she asked the children how it happened that they were sent across the Atlantic alone. Upon which Rollo, in a very clear and lucid manner, explained all the circumstances of the case to her. He told her about his father being sick in England, and about his having sent for him and Jane to go to England and meet him there. He also explained what Mr. George's plan had been for providing them

with a protector on the voyage, and how it had been defeated by the accident of the loss of the trunk. He also told her how narrowly they had escaped having the trunk itself left behind. He ended by saying that there were several of his father's friends on board, only he did not know of any way by which he could find out who they were.

"Never mind that," said Maria. "I will take care of you. You need not be at all afraid; you will get along very well. Have you got any stateroom?"

"No," said Rollo.

"Well, I will go and find the chambermaid, and she will get you one. Then we will have your trunk sent to it, and you will feel quite at home there."

So Maria went away, and presently returned with one of the chambermaids.

When the chambermaid learned that there were two children on board without any one to take care of them, she was very much interested in their case. Rollo heard her say to Maria, as they came up together toward the sofa where the children were sitting:

"O, yes, I will find them a stateroom, if they have not got one already. Children," she added, when she came near, "are you sure you have not got any stateroom?"

"Yes," said Rollo. "I did not know where the captain's office was."

"O, you don't go to the captain's office," said the chambermaid. "They pay for the passage and get the tickets in Wall Street."

"Perhaps this is it, then," said Rollo. And so saying, he took out his wallet, and there, from one of the inner compartments, where his uncle George had placed it away very carefully, he produced a paper. The chambermaid opened it, saying, "Yes, this is all right. Berths sixteen and eighteen. Come with me, and I'll show you where they are."

So the two children, accompanied by Maria, followed the chambermaid, who led the way across the cabin, and there, entering a passageway, she opened a door, by means of a beautiful porcelain knob which was upon it. They all went in. They found themselves in a small room, no bigger than a large closet, but they saw at a glance that it was very beautifully finished and furnished. On the front side was a round window like those they had seen in the dining saloon. Under this window was a couch, with a pillow at the head of it. On the back side were two berths, one above the other, with very pretty curtains before them.

"There!" said the chambermaid, "sixteen. That lower berth is yours."

"And whose is the upper berth?" asked Maria.

"That is not taken, I think," said the chambermaid.

"Then I will take it," said Maria. "I will come into this stateroom, and then I can look after Jennie all the time. But where is Rollo's berth?"

"In the next stateroom," said the chambermaid.

So saying, she opened a door in the end of the room, and found another stateroom communicating with the first, where she pointed out Rollo's berth. There was another entrance to Rollo's stateroom from the passage leading into the cabin, on the farther side of it.

"There," said the chambermaid, "now you can settle yourselves here as soon as you please. Nobody can come in here to trouble you, for you have these little rooms all to yourselves. I'll go and find a porter, and get him to look up your trunk and send it in."

So Rollo went into his stateroom, and Jane sat down upon the couch in hers, by the side of Maria, looking very much pleased. She opened the door of the cage, and let the kitten out. The kitten walked all about the room, examining everything with great attention She jumped up upon the marble washstand, and from that she contrived to get into the round window, where she stood for a few minutes looking out very attentively over the wide sea. Not knowing, however, what to make of so extraordinary a prospect, she presently jumped down again, and, selecting a smooth place at the foot of the couch, she curled herself up into a ring upon the soft covering of it, and went to sleep.

CHAPTER V.

ON DECK.

As soon as Rollo and Jane found themselves thus established in their staterooms, they began to examine the furniture and fixtures around them with great curiosity. They were particularly interested in observing the precautions which had been taken in securing everything which the staterooms contained, from the danger of being thrown about by the motion of the ship. The wash basin was made of marble, and was firmly set in its place, so as to be absolutely immovable. There was a hole in the bottom of it, with a plug in it, so that, by drawing out the plug, the water could be let off into a pipe which conveyed it away. There was a small chain attached to this plug, by means of which it could be drawn up when any one wished to let the water off. The pitcher was made broad and flat at the bottom, and very heavy, so that it could not be easily upset; and then there was a socket for it in the lower part of the washstand, which confined it effectually, and prevented its sliding about when the ship was rolling in a heavy sea.

The tumbler was secured in a more curious manner still. It was placed in a brass ring, which projected from the wall in a corner over

the washstand, and which was made just large enough to receive it. The soap dish and the brush tray were also placed in sockets cut to receive them in the marble slab, which formed the upper part of the washstand. The looking-glass was round, and was screwed to the wall by means of a stem and a ball or socket joint, in such a manner that it could be set in any position required, according to the height of the observer, and yet it could not by any possibility fall from its place. There were very few pegs or pins for hanging clothes upon, because, when clothes are thus hung, they are found to swing back and forth whenever the ship is rolling in a heavy sea, in a manner that is very tiresome and disagreeable for sick passengers to see. Nor were there many shelves about the stateroom; for if there had been, the passengers would be likely to put various articles upon them when the sea was smooth; and then, when the ship came to pitch and roll in gales of wind, the things would all slide off upon the floor. So instead of shelves there were pockets made of canvas or duck, several together, one above another. These pockets formed very convenient receptacles for such loose articles as the passengers might have in their staterooms, and were, of course, perfectly secure.

There were two shelves, it is true, in Jennie's stateroom—one over each of the two washstands—but they were protected by a ledge about the edges of them, which would

effectually prevent such things as might be placed upon them from sliding off.

By the time that Rollo and Jane had examined these things, a porter came into the stateroom, bringing their trunk upon his shoulder. Maria told the children that they had better open the trunk and take out all that they would be likely to require while on board, and then stow the trunk itself away under the lower berth, in one of the staterooms.

"Because," said she, "as soon as we get out upon the heavy seas we shall all be sick, and then we shall not wish to move to do the least thing."

"When will that be?" asked Jane.

"I don't know," replied Maria. "Sometimes we have it smooth for a good many days, and then there comes a head wind and makes it rough, and all the passengers get sick and very wretched."

"I don't think that I shall be sick," said Rollo.

"You can't tell," said Maria. "Nobody can tell anything about it beforehand."

In obedience to Maria's directions, Rollo opened the trunk and took out from it all the clothing, both for day and night, which he thought that he and Jennie would require during the voyage. The night dresses he put under the pillows in the berths. The cloaks, and coats, and shawls which might be required on deck in the day he placed on the couches. Those which belonged to him he put in his stateroom, and those that belonged to Jennie

in hers. While engaged in these operations, he pulled up from one of the lower corners of his trunk a small leather purse or bag full of money.

"What shall I do with this?" he asked, holding it up to Maria.

"What is it?" asked Maria.

"Money," said Rollo.

"How much is there?" said Maria.

"I don't know," replied Rollo. "Uncle George put it in here. He said I ought to have some money to carry with me, in case of accidents. I don't suppose it is much."

"You had better count it, then," said Maria, "so as to ascertain how much it is. You and Jane may count it together."

So Rollo and Jane sat down upon the couch, and Rollo poured out the money into Jennie's lap. It was all gold. Maria said that the coins were sovereigns and half sovereigns. The large ones were sovereigns, and the small ones were half sovereigns. Rollo proposed that he should count the sovereigns, and that Jennie might count the half sovereigns. It proved, when the counting was completed, that there were thirty sovereigns and twenty half sovereigns.

"That makes forty sovereigns in all," said Maria. "That is a great deal of money."

"How much is it?" asked Rollo.

"Why, in American money," said Maria, "it makes about two hundred dollars."

"Two hundred dollars!" repeated Rollo,

with astonishment. "What could uncle George think I could want of all this money?"

"It was in case of accidents," said Maria. "For example, suppose this ship should be cast away on the coast of Nova Scotia, and all the passengers and baggage be saved, what could you do there without any money?"

"Why, I should think that somebody there would take care of us," replied Rollo.

"Yes," said Maria, "I suppose they would; but it is a great deal better to have money of your own. Besides, suppose that when you get to Liverpool, for some reason or other, your father should not be there. Then, having plenty of money, you could go to a hotel and stay there till your father comes. Or you could ask some one of the passengers who is going to London to let you go with him, and you could tell him that you had plenty of money to pay the expenses."

"Yes," said Rollo, "though I don't think there is any doubt that my father will be in Liverpool when we arrive."

"I hope he will be, I am sure," said Maria. "But now, put up the money again in the purse, tie it up securely, and replace it in the trunk. Then you must keep the trunk locked all the time and keep the key in your pocket."

Rollo felt quite proud of being intrusted with so much money; so he replaced the bag in the trunk with great care, and locked it safely.

"Now," said Maria, "this is your home while you are on board this ship. When you choose, you can come here and be alone; and

you can lie down and rest here whenever you are tired. At other times you can ramble about the ship, in all proper places."

"How shall I know what the proper places are?" asked Rollo.

"Why, you will see where the other passengers go," replied Maria; "and wherever you see them go, you can go yourself. That is as good a rule as you can have."

"Well," said Rollo, "and now, Jane, let us go up on deck and see what we can see."

Jane was pleased with this proposal; so she followed Rollo to the deck. Maria said that she would come by-and-by, but for the present she wished to go and see her brother. She said that she had a brother on board who was quite out of health. He was going to Europe in hopes that the voyage would restore him. At present, however, he was very unwell, and was confined to his berth, and she must go and see him.

So Rollo and Jane went to see if they could find their way up on deck alone. Rollo went before, and Jane followed. They ascended the steep stairs where they had gone up at first, and then walked aft upon the deck until they came to the settees where they had been sitting before the luncheon. They sat down upon one of these settees, where they had a fine view, not only of the wide expanse of sea on every hand, but also of the whole extent of the decks of the ship. They remained here nearly two hours, observing what was going on around them, and they saw a great many

things that interested them very much, indeed. The first thing that attracted their attention was the sound of a bell, which struck four strokes very distinctly, and in a very peculiar manner, near where the helmsman stood in steering the ship. This bell has already been mentioned. It hung directly before the helmsman's window, and it had a short rope attached to the clapper of it. The helsman, or the man at the wheel, as he is sometimes called, from the fact that he steers the ship by means of a wheel, with handles all around the periphery of it, had opened his widow just after Rollo and Jane had taken their seats, and had pulled this clapper so as to strike four strokes upon the bell, the strokes being in pairs, thus:

Ding—ding! Ding—ding!

In a minute afterward, Rollo and Jane heard the sound repeated in precisely the same manner from another bell, that seemed to be far in the forward part of the ship.

Ding—ding! Ding—ding!

"I wonder what that means?" said Rollo.

"I expect it means that it is four o'clock," said Jane.

"I should not think it could be so late as four o'clock," said Rollo.

"I have a great mind to go and ask the helmsman what it means," he added, after a moment's pause.

"No," said Jane, "you must not go."

It is difficult to say precisely why Jane did not wish to have Rollo go and ask the helmsman about the bell, but she had an instinctive

feeling that it was better not to do it. So Rollo sat still. His attention was very soon turned away from the bell by Jane's calling out to him to see some sailors go up the rigging. There were regular shrouds, as they are called, that is, ladders formed of ropes, which led up on each side of the masts part way to where the sailors seemed to wish to go. Above the top of the shrouds there were only single ropes and Rollo wondered what the sailors would do when they came to these. They found no difficulty, however, for when they reached the top of the shrouds they continued to mount by the ropes with very little apparent effort. They would take hold of two of the ropes that were a little distance apart with their hands, and then, curling their legs round them in a peculiar manner below, they would mount up very easily. They thus reached the yard, as it is called, which is a long, round beam, extending along the upper edge of the sail, and, spreading themselves out upon it in a row, they proceeded to do the work required upon the sail, leaning over upon the yard above, and standing upon a rope, which was stretched for the purpose along the whole length of it below.

"I wonder if I could climb up there," said Rollo. "Do you suppose they would let me try?"

"No, indeed!" said Jane, very earnestly; "you must not try, by any means."

"I believe that I could climb up there," said

Rollo; "that is, if the vessel would stop rocking to and fro, and hold still."

Presently, however, a boy, who appeared to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, and who was upon another mast, accomplished a feat which even Rollo himself admitted that he should not dare to undertake. It seemed that he had some operation to perform upon a part of the rigging down some fifteen feet from where he was; so, with a rope hung over his shoulder, he came down hand over hand, by a single rope or cable called a stay, until he reached the place where the work was to be performed. Here he stopped, and, clinging to the rope that he had come down upon with his legs and one hand, he contrived with the other hand to fasten one end of the short rope which he had brought with him to the stay, and then, carrying the other end across, he fastened it to another cable which was near. He then seated himself upon this cross rope as upon a seat, and clinging to his place by his legs, he had his hands free for his work. When he had finished his work he untied the cross rope, and then went up the cable hand over hand as he had come down.

"I am sure I could not do that," said Rollo. "And I should not think that anybody but a monkey could do it, or a spider."

In fact, the lines of rigging, as seen from the place where Rollo and Jane were seated, looked so fine, and the men appeared so small, that the whole spectacle naturally reminded one of a gigantic spider's web, with black

spiders of curious forms ascending and descending upon them, so easily and adroitly did the men pass to and fro and up and down, attaching new lines to new points, and then running off with them, as a spider would do with her thread, wherever they were required. But after all, in respect to the power of running about among lines and rigging, the spider is superior to man. She can not only run up and down far more easily and readily wherever she wishes to go, but she can make new attachments with a touch, and make them strong enough to bear her own weight and all other strains that come upon them; while the sailor, as Rollo and Jane observed on this occasion, was obliged in his fastenings to wind his ropes round and round, and tie them into complicated knots, and then secure the ends with "spun yarn."

While Rollo and Jane were watching the sailors, they saw them unfurl one after another of the sails, and spread them to the wind; for the wind was now fair, and it was fresh enough to assist the engines considerably in propelling the ship through the water. Still, as the ship was going the same way with the wind, the breeze was scarcely felt upon the deck. The air was mild and balmy, and the surface of the sea was comparatively smooth, so that the voyage was beginning very prosperously. Rollo looked all around the horizon, but he could see no land in any direction. There was not even a ship in sight; nothing but one wide and boundless waste of waters.

"I should think that there would be some other ships going to England to-day," he said, "besides ours."

Jane did not know what to think on such a subject, and so she did not reply.

"Let us watch for whales," said Rollo. "Perhaps we shall see a whale. You watch the water all along on that side, and I will on this side; and if you see any whale spout, tell me."

So they both kept watch for some time, but neither of them saw any spouting. Jane gave one alarm, having seen some large, black-looking monsters rise to the surface not far from them on one side of the ship. She called out eagerly to Rollo to look. He did so, but he said that they were not whales; they were porpoises. He had seen porpoises often before, in bays and harbors.

Just then the bell near the helmsman's window struck again, though in a manner a little different from before; for after the two pairs of strokes which had been heard before there came a single stroke, making five in all, thus:—

Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding.

Immediately afterward the sound was repeated in the forward part of the ship, as it had been before.

Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding.

"I wonder what that means," said Rollo.

Just then an officer of the ship, in his walk up and down the deck, passed near to where Rollo was sitting, and Rollo instinctively determined to ask him.

"Will you please tell me, sir, what that striking means?"

"It's five bells," said the man; and so walked on.

CHAPTER VI.

A CONVERSATION.

Rollo at first felt quite disappointed that the officer seemed so little disposed to give him information; but immediately after the officer had gone another man came by, one of the passengers, as Rollo supposed, who proved to be more communicative. He wore a glazed cap and a very shaggy greatcoat. He sat down by the side of Jennie, Rollo being on the other side, and said,—

"He does not seem inclined to tell you much about the bells, does he, Rollo?"

"No, sir," replied Rollo; "but how did you know that my name was Rollo?"

"O, I heard about you down in the cabin," replied the stranger; "and about you too, Jennie, and your beautiful little kitten. But I will explain the meaning of the bells to you. I know all about them. I belong on board this ship. I am the surgeon."

"Are you?" said Rollo. "I did not know that there was any surgeon in the ship."

"Yes," replied the gentleman. "It is quite necessary to have a surgeon. Sometimes the seamen get hurt, and require attendance; and then sometimes there are cases of sickness among the passengers. I have got quite a

little apothecary's shop in my state room. I will show it to you by and by. But now about the bells."

"You must know," continued the surgeon, "that people strike the time at sea in a very different manner from that which is customary on land. In the first place, they have a man to strike it; they cannot have a clock."

"I do not see why not," said Rollo.

"Because at sea," rejoined the surgeon, "the time changes every day, and no clock going regularly can keep it. Time depends upon the sun, and when the ship is going east she goes to meet the sun; and it becomes noon, that is, midday, earlier. When the ship is going west, she goes away from the sun, and then it becomes noon later. Thus noon has to be fixed every day anew and a clock going regularly all the time would be continually getting wrong. Then, besides, the rolling and pitching of the ship would derange the motion of of the weights and pendulum of the clock. In fact, I don't believe that a clock could be made to go at all—unless, indeed, it were hung on gimbals."

"What are gimbals?" asked Rollo.

"They are a pair of rings," replied the surgeon, "one within the other, and each mounted on pivots in such a manner that any thing hung within the inner ring will swing any way freely. The lamps down in the cabin are hung on gimbals."

"Yes," said Rollo, "I saw them."

"Then, besides," continued the surgeon, "if

the men strike the bells themselves, the sound, coming regularly every half hour, proves that they are at their posts and attending to their duties. So that, even if a machine could be invented to strike the time on board ship every so truly, I do not think they would like to adopt it.

"Another difference in striking the time on board ship," continued the surgeon, "is, that they strike it by half hours instead of by hours. Scarcely any of the ship's company have watches. In fact, watches are of very little use at sea, the time is so continually changing from day to day. The sailors, therefore, and nearly all on board, depend wholly on the bells; and it is necessary, accordingly, that they should be struck often. Every two bells, therefore, means an hour; and a single bell at the end means half an hour. Now, I will strike the bells for you, and you may tell me what o'clock it is. We begin after twelve o'clock."

"Ding!"

"Half past twelve," said Rollo.

"Ding—ding!" said the surgeon again, imitating the sound of the bell with his voice.

"One o'clock," said Rollo.

"Ding—ding! Ding!" said the surgeon.

"Half past one o'clock."

"Ding—ding! Ding—ding!"

"Two o'clock!"

"Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding!"

"Half past two."

"Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding—ding!"

"Three!"

"Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding!"

"Half past three."

"Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding—ding! Ding—ding!"

"Four o'clock."

"Yes," said the surgeon, "that is eight bells, and that is the end. Now they stop and begin again with one bell, which means half past four; and so they go on to eight bells again, which makes it eight o'clock. The next eight bells is twelve o'clock at night, and the next is at four o'clock in the morning, and the next at eight o'clock. So that eight bells means four o'clock, and eight o'clock, and twelve o'clock, by day; and four o'clock, and eight o'clock, and twelve o'clock, by night."

"Yes," said Rollo, "now I understand it."

"Eight bells is a very important striking," continued the surgeon. "It is a curious fact that almost everything important that is done at sea is done at some eight bells or other."

"How is that?" asked Rollo.

"Why, in the first place," replied the surgeon, "at eight bells in the morning, the gong sounds to wake the passengers up. Then the watch changes, too; that is, the set of men that have been on deck and had care of the ship and the sails since midnight go below, and a new watch, that is, a new set of men that have been asleep since midnight, take their places. Then the next eight bells, which is twelve, is luncheon time. At this time, too, the captain

finds out from the sun whereabouts we are on the ocean, and also determines the ship's time for the next twenty-four hours. The next eight bells is at four o'clock, and that is dinner time. The next eight bells is at eight o'clock, and that is tea time. At all these times the watches change too; and so they do at the eight bells, which sound at midnight."

"Yes," said Rollo, "now I understand it. I wished to know very much what it meant, and I had a great mind to go and ask the helmsman."

"It was well that you did not go and ask him," said the surgeon.

"Why?" asked Rollo.

"Because the officers and seamen on board ships," replied the surgeon, "don't like to be troubled with questions from landsmen while they are engaged in their duties. Even the sensible questions of landsmen appear very foolish to seamen; and then, besides, they commonly ask a great many that are absolutely very foolish. They ask the captain when he thinks they will get to the end of the voyage; or, if the wind is ahead, they ask him when he thinks it will change, and all such foolish questions; as if the captain or anybody else could tell when the wind would change. Sailors have all sorts of queer answers to give to these questions, to quiz the passengers who ask them, and amuse themselves. For instance, if the passengers ask when anything is going to happen, the sailors say, 'The first of the month.' That is a sort of proverb among

them, and is meant only in fun. But if it happens to be near the end of the month, the passengers, supposing the answer is in earnest, goes away quite satisfied, while the sailors wink at each other and laugh."

"Yes," said Rollo. "I heard a lady ask the captain, a short time since, when he thought we should get to Liverpool."

"And what did the captain say?" asked the surgeon.

"He said," replied Rollo, "that she must go and ask Boreas and Neptune, and some of those fellows, for they could tell a great deal better than he could."

"The captain does not like to be asked any such questions," continued the surgeon. "He cannot possibly know how the wind and sea are going to be during the voyage, and he does not like to be teased with foolish inquiries on the subject. There is no end to the foolishness of the questions which landsmen ask when they are at sea. Once I heard a man stop a sailor, as he was going up the shrouds, to inquire of him whether he thought they would see any whales on that voyage."

"And what did the sailor tell him?" asked Rollo.

"He told him," replied the surgeon, "that he thought there would be some in sight the next morning about sunrise. So the passenger got up early the next morning and took his seat on the deck, watching everywhere for whales, while the sailors on the forcastle, who

had told the story to one another, were all laughing at him."

Rollo himself laughed at this story.

"These questions, after all, are not really so foolish as they seem," said the surgeon. "For instance, if a passenger asks about seeing whales, he means merely to inquire whether there are whales in that part of the ocean, and whether they are usually seen from the ships that pass along; and if so, how frequently, in ordinary cases, the sight of them may be expected. All this, rightly understood, is sensible and proper enough; but sailors are not great philosophers, and they generally see nothing in such inquiries but proofs of ridiculous simplicity and chances for them to make fun.

"You can tell just how it seems to them yourself, Rollo," continued the surgeon, "by imagining that some farmer's boys lived on a farm where sailors, who had never been in the country before, came by every day, and asked an endless series of ridiculous questions. For instance, on seeing a sheep, the sailor would ask what that was The farmer's boys would tell him it was a sheep. The sailor would ask what it was for. The boys would say they kept sheep to shear them and get the wool. Then presently the sailor would see a cow, and would ask if that was a kind of a sheep The farmer's boys would say no, it was a cow. Then the sailor would ask if they sheared cows to get the wool No, the boys would say, we milk cows. Then presently he would see a

horse, and he would ask whether that was a cow or a sheep. They would say it was neither; it was a horse. Then the sailor would ask whether they kept horses to milk or to shear them and so on forever."

Rollo laughed loud and long at these imaginary questionings. At last he said,—

"But I don't think we ask such foolish questions as these."

"They do not seem so foolish to you," replied the surgeon, "but they do to the sailors. The sailors, you see, know all the ropes and rigging of the ship, and everything seen at sea, just as familiarly as boys who live in the country do sheep, and cows, and wagons, and other such objects seen about the farm; and the total ignorance in regard to them which landsmen betray, whenever they begin to ask questions on board, seems to the sailors extremely ridiculous and absurd. So they often make fun of the passengers who ask them, and put all sorts of jokes upon them. For instance, a passenger on board a packet ship once asked a sailor what time they would heave the log. 'The log,' said the sailor, 'they always heave the log at nine bells. When you hear nine bells strike, go aft, and you'll see them.' So the passenger watched and counted the bells every time they struck, all the morning, in the hopes to hear the nine bells, whereas they never strike more than eight bells. It was as if a man had said, on land, that such or such a thing would happen at thirteen o'clock."

Rollo and Jennie laughed.

"So you must be careful," continued the surgeon, "what questions you ask of the officers and seamen about the ship; and you must be careful, too, what you believe in respect to the things they tell you. Perhaps it will be the truth they will tell you, and perhaps they will be only making fun of you. You may ask me, however, anything you like. I will answer you honestly. I am at leisure, and can tell you as well as not. Besides, I like to talk with young persons like you. I have a boy at home myself of just about your rating."

"Where is your home?" asked Rollo.

"It is upon the North River," said the surgeon, "about one hundred miles from New York. And now I must go away, for it is almost eight bells, and that is dinner time. I shall see you again by and by. There's one thing more, though, that I must tell you before I go; and that is, that you had better not go to any strange places about the ship where you do not see the other passengers go. For instance, you must not go up upon the paddle boxes."

"No," said Rollo. "I saw a sign painted, saying that passengers were not allowed to go upon the paddle boxes."

"And you must not go forward among the sailors, or climb up upon the rigging," continued the surgeon.

"Why not?" asked Rollo.

"Because those parts of the ship are for the seamen alone, and for others like them, who have duties to perform on shipboard. What should you think," continued the surgeon, "if

some one who had come to make a visit at your house were to go up stairs, looking about in all the chambers, or down into the kitchen, examining everything there to see what he could find?"

"I should think it was very strange," said Jennie.

"Certainly," said the surgeon, "and it is the same on board ship. There are certain parts of the ship, such as the cabins, the state rooms, and the quarter decks, which are appropriated to the passengers; and there are certain other parts, such as the forecastle, the bows, and the rigging, which are the domains of the seamen. It is true that sometimes a passenger may go into these places without impropriety, as, for example, when he has some business there, or when he is specially invited; just as there may circumstances which would render it proper for a gentleman to go into the kitchen, or into the garret, at a house where he is visiting. But those are exceptions to the general rules, and boys especially, both when visiting in houses and when they are passengers on board ships, should be very careful to keep in proper places."

"I am glad I did not go climbing up the rigging," said Rollo.

"Yes," replied the surgeon. "Once I knew a passenger go climbing up the shrouds on board an East Indiaman, and when he had got half way up to the main top, and began to be afraid to proceed, the sailors ran up after him,

and, under pretence of helping him, they tied him there, hand and foot, with spun yarn."

"Ha!" said Rollo. "And what did he do?"

"He begged them to let him down, but they would not. They said it was customary, whenever a landsmen came up into the rigging, for him to pay for his footing by a treat to the sailors; and that they would let him down if he would give them a dollar for a treat."

"And did he give it to them?" asked Rollo.

"Yes, he said he would," replied the surgeon, "if they would untie one of his hands, so that he could get the dollar out of his pocket. So they untied one of his hands, and he gave them the dollar. Then they untied his other hand and his feet, and so let him go down."

"Why did not he call the captain?" asked Rollo.

"O, the captain would not have paid any attention to such a case," replied the surgeon. "If he had been on deck at the time he would have looked the other way, and would have pretended not to see what was going on; but he would really have been pleased. He would have considered the passenger as justly punished for climbing about where he had no business to go."

Rollo was greatly interested in this narrative. He thought what a narrow escape he had had in deciding that he would not attempt to climb up the shrouds, and he secretly determined that he would be very careful, not only while he was on board the steamer, but also on all other occasions, not to violate the pro-

prieties of life by obtruding himself into places where he ought not to go.

The surgeon now went away, leaving Rollo and Jane on the settee together.

"I wish," said Rollo, "that I had asked him what he meant by heaving the log."

"No," said Jane, "you must not ask any questions."

"Yes," replied Rollo, "I may ask him questions. He said that I might ask any questions that I pleased of him."

"Well," said Jane, "then you must ask him the next time you see him."

"I will," said Rollo. "And now let us go down into our state room and find Maria, and get ready to go to dinner."

"Well," said Jane, "only let me go first alone. I want to see if I cannot find my way to the stateroom alone."

Rollo acceded to this proposal, and he accordingly remained on the settee himself while Jane went down. Jane looked up toward him when she turned to go down the steep flight of stairs which led from the promenade deck, with a smile upon her countenance which seemed to say, "You see I am right so far," and then, descending the steps,—holding on carefully all the time by the green rope,—she soon disappeared from view. Rollo waited a proper time, and then followed Jane. He found her safe upon the couch in her state room, with Maria seated by her side.

In a very few minutes after Rollo came into the state room eight bells struck, and so they

all went out to dinner. At first, Jennie said that she did not wish to go. She did not wish for any dinner. In fact, Rollo perceived, in looking at her, that she was beginning to be a little pale. Maria told her, however, that she had better go and take some dinner.

"The rule at sea," said Maria, "always is, to go to the table if you possibly can."

So they all went out into the dining saloon through the long and narrow passages that have been already described. They were obliged to put their hands up to the sides of the passage ways, first to one side and then to the other, to support themselves, on account of the rolling of the ship, for there now began to be considerable motion. When they reached the saloon they staggered into their places, and there sat rocking gently to and fro on the long swell of the sea, and prepared to eat their dinner.

The dinner was very much like a dinner in a fine hotel on land, except that, as everything was in motion, it required some care to prevent the glasses and plates from sliding about and spilling what they contained. Besides the ledges along the sides of the tables, there were also two running up and down in the middle of it, partitioning off the space where the various dishes were placed, in the center, from the space along the sides where the plates, and knives, and forks, and tumblers of the several guests were laid. This arrangement served, in some measure, to keep everything in its place; but notwith-

standing this, there was a good deal of sliding and jingling among the glasses whenever an unusual sea came rolling along. In one case, a tumbler, which the person whom it belonged to had not properly secured, came sliding down toward him, while his hands were busy taking care of his soup plate; and when it came to the ledge which formed the edge of the table, the bottom of it was stopped, but the top went over, and poured all the water into the gentleman's lap. Upon this all the passengers around the place laughed very heartily.

"There, Rollo," said Jane, "you had better be careful, and not let your tumbler get upset."

"Why, it is nothing but water," replied Rollo. "It won't do any harm. I would as lief have a little water spilled on me as not."

"I should not care about the water so much," replied Jennie; "but I would not as lief have everybody laughing at me as not."

This was a very important distinction, and Rollo concluded that it was, after all, better to be careful. He watched the movements of the other passengers when the seas came, and observed the precautions which they took to guard against such accidents, and by imitating these he soon became quite adroit. The dinner took a good deal of time, as there were many courses, all served with great regularity. First, there was soup; then fish of various kinds; then all sorts of roasted meats, such as beef, mutton, chickens, and ducks,

with a great variety of vegetables. Then came puddings, pies, jellies, ice creams, and preserves; and, finally, a dessert of nuts, raisins, apples, almonds, and oranges. In fact, it was a very sumptuous dinner, and what was very remarkable, when at last it was ended, and the party rose from the table to go back to the cabin, Jennie said that she had a better appetite at the end of the dinner than she had had at the beginning.

CHAPTER VII.

INCIDENTS.

By the time that Rollo and Jennie had been two days at sea, they had become accustomed to their novel position, and they began to feel quite at home on board the ship. They formed acquaintance with several of the passengers, and they went to and fro about the cabins and decks, and visited their friends in their state rooms quite freely, sometimes alone and sometimes together. The sky was clear, and the water was comparatively smooth. It is true that there was a long swell upon the surface of the sea, which produced a continual, though gentle, rocking of the ship, that made many of the passengers sick and uncomfortable. Rollo and Jane, however, felt for the most part quite well. Sometimes, for a short period, one or the other of them looked pale, and seemed dispirited. At such times they would lie down upon the couch in their state room, or upon a sofa in one of the saloons, and remain quietly there an hour at a time. Jennie usually in such cases was accustomed to lie on the couch in her state room, on account of the seclusion of it; while Rollo, on the other hand, seemed to prefer the saloon He, being a boy, did not care so much

about the seclusion. On the contrary, it amused him to see the people going to and fro and to watch the reflections of their forms in the mirrors about him. Sometimes, also, it would happen that there were two or more of the passengers seated near him and engaged in conversation, that it entertained him to hear; especially when it related, as it often did, to adventures and incidents that they had met with at sea on former voyages. It was necessary, however, that persons thus conversing should be seated very near, in order that Rollo should hear them; for the ship kept up a continual creaking in all its joints, from the rolling of the sea, which made it very difficult to hear what was said across the cabin.

The mirrors, however, and the reflections in them, produced the most singular illusions, and were a source of continual interest to Rollo's mind, as he lay upon the sofa surrounded by them. There were so many of these mirrors, that the saloon, and all that pertained to it, were reflected a great many times, and thus produced the most wonderful effects. Long passages were seen running off in all directions, and cabin beyond cabin, in an endless perspective. So bright and distinct, too, were the reflections, that it was difficult to tell whether what you were looking at was real, or only an imagined reflection of it. Sometimes Rollo would see, apparently at a great distance, a man walking along among carved columns in some remote passage way, and then, in an instant, the man would

pass directly by his sofa. He had been near all the time, and it was only some third or fourth reflection of him that Rollo had seen.

On the afternoon of the second day of Rollo's voyage, just before eight bells, which would be the time for dinner, as Rollo was lying on a sofa in the saloon, feeling very miserably, and extremely disinclined to speak or to move, two young men came along, talking in a loud and somewhat noisy manner. They stopped opposite to him, and one of them began punching Rollo with the curved head of his cane, saying,—

"Well, Rollo, what's the matter with you? Sick? O, get up, boy, and drive about. Don't lie moping here like a landlubber. Get up, and go and eat some dinner. It is almost eight bells."

Rollo wished very much that these visitors would leave him alone. He made very little reply to them, only saying that he did not wish for any dinner. In fact, he felt sure that, if he were to go to the table, he could not eat anything.

The men, after laughing at him, and punching him, and teasing him a little longer, went away.

A few minutes after this, Maria and Jennie came into the saloon. They were ready to go to dinner, and so they came into the saloon to wait there till the gong should sound. When they saw Rollo lying upon the sofa, they went up to him, but did not speak. Rollo opened his eyes and looked at them Maria smiled,

but still did not speak. Rollo smiled in return, though somewhat faintly, and then shut his eyes again. Then Maria led Jennie away, gently.

"You see," said Maria to Jennie, when they had gone out of Rollo's hearing, "he feels a little sick, and when a person feels seasick they do not like to talk. I am going to get him a bowl of broth."

"Well," said Jennie, "let me go and ask him if he would like some."

"No," said Maria. "If you were to ask him, he would say no. He would think that he could not eat it; and yet, if I bring it to him, without saying anything about it, when he tastes it perhaps he will like it. In fact, when people are sick, it is always better not to ask them too much about what they would like. It is better to consider what we think they would like, and bring it to them, without saying anything about it beforehand."

So saying, Maria rang the saloon bell. The chambermaid came in answer to the summons. Maria then sent the chambermaid to the dining saloon to bring a bowl of chicken broth to her. The chambermaid went out, and presently returned, bringing the broth, just as the gong was sounding for dinner. Maria carried the broth to Rollo.

When she offered it to him, Rollo thought at first that he should not be able to take but two or three spoonfuls of it, but on tasting it he found that he liked it very much. He ate

it all, and, as he lay down again upon his sofa, he said that he felt a great deal better.

Maria then told him that he might lie still there as long as he pleased; adding, that she and Jennie were going to dinner. Maria and Jennie then went away, leaving Rollo alone again.

Rollo felt so much better for the broth that he had taken, that pretty soon he rose from his recumbent position, and began to sit up. Presently he said to himself, "How much better I do feel; I believe I will go and get some dinner."

So he rose from the sofa, and began to stagger along toward the door of the saloon. He found, however, that after all he felt somewhat giddy and light headed; and he concluded, therefore, that, instead of going to dinner, he would go up on deck and see how the wind was. He accordingly turned to the staircase which led up to the main deck, and steadying himself by the hand rail as he ascended the steps, he went up.

At the head of the stairs was a passage way, and at the end of the passage way there was a space upon the deck, which was half enclosed; it being shut in by an awning on the windy side, and open on the other. This space was often resorted to by passengers who were sick, and who wished for more fresh air than they could have below. There was a row of settees on one side of this space, and, at the time that Rollo came up there, there was a lady lying on one of these settees, apparently in a

very forlorn condition. She looked very pale, and her eyes were shut. She was lying upon a mattress, which had been put upon the settee for her, and was covered up with blankets and shawls.

A gentleman, who seemed to be her husband, was standing before her, attempting to persuade her to get up. He did this, however, as Rollo thought, in rather a rough and heartless manner.

"O, get up! get up!" said he. "You never will be well if you lie here. Come, go with me and get some dinner."

The lady said, in a mournful tone, that she could not get up, and that she had no appetite for dinner.

"Well," said her husband, "I am going."

"I wish you could tell me something about Hilbert," said the lady. "I feel very anxious about him. I am afraid that he will get into some trouble. He is so careless."

"O, no," said her husband. "Don't disturb yourself about him. He's safe enough somewhere, I dare say."

So saying, the gentleman went away.

Rollo immediately conceived the idea of performing for this lady the kind service which Maria had so successfully performed for him. So, without speaking to her at all, he went immediately down into the cabin again, and thence followed the long passages which led to the dining saloon, until he came to the door of it. He looked in, and saw that the people were all seated at the table, eating

their dinners. He went to one of the waiters, and asked him if he would bring him a bowl of chicken broth, to carry to a lady who was sick.

The waiter said that he would do so, and immediately went to get the broth. When he came back with it, he said to Rollo,—

"You had better let me take it to the lady."

"No," said Rollo, "I can take it myself. I know exactly where she is."

So Rollo took the bowl, and began to carry it along. He did this without much difficulty, for it was not by any means full. Bowls of broth intended to be carried about ship at sea are never entirely full.

When, finally, he came to the place where the lady was lying on the settee, he stood there a moment holding the bowl in his hand, without speaking, as he thought the lady was asleep; for her eyes were shut. In a moment, however, she opened her eyes. Rollo then said to her,—

"Would not you like a bowl of broth, lady? I have brought some for you."

The lady gazed at Rollo a moment with a sort of bewildered look, and then, raising herself up upon the settee, she took the broth, and began to eat it with the spoon. At first, she seemed to take it cautiously and with doubt; but presently, finding that she liked it, she took spoonful after spoonful with evident pleasure. Rollo was extremely delighted at the success of his experiment. The lady said nothing to him all the time though she looked

up at him repeatedly with a very earnest gaze while she was taking the broth. At length she finished it, and then gave Rollo back the bowl, saying as she did it,—

"Did my husband send you with that bowl of broth to me?"

"No," said Rollo, "I brought it myself."

"And what put it into your head to do that?" added the lady.

"Why, Maria brought some to me when I was sick," replied Rollo, "and it did me good; and so I thought it would do you good."

The lady looked at him a moment more with an earnest gaze, and then lay down again, and shut her eyes. Presently she opened them a moment and said,—

"Do you know my son Hilbert?"

"I have seen a boy about the ship," said Rollo, "not quite so big as I am. Is that he?"

"With a blue jacket?" said the lady.

"Yes," said Rollo, "and a bow and arrows."

"That's he," said the lady. "If you will go and find out where he is, and ask him to come to me, you will do me a great deal of good."

Rollo had seen this boy several times in different places about the ship; but as he seemed to be rather rude and boisterous in his manners, and very forward and free withal in his intercourse with the passengers who chanced to speak to him from time to time, Rollo had not felt much disposed to form an acquaintance with him. The boy had a bow and arrows, with which he had often amused

himself in shooting about the decks. He did this with so little consideration, that at last, one of the officers of the ship told him that he must not shoot any more in those parts of the ship where the ladies were, but that he must go forward, among the sailors, if he wished to practice archery. So the boy went forward, and from that time he spent most of his time on the forward deck among the sailors, and in the midst of the ropes and the rigging.

Rollo now went in pursuit of him, and after looking for him in many places, both before and aft, he finally went down into the dining saloon, and there he found Hilbert seated at the table, eating dinner, with his father. His bow and arrows were on the seat by his side. Rollo went up to the place where Hilbert was sitting, and in a timid and cautious manner informed him that his mother wished to see him.

"My mother!" repeated Hilbert, looking up surprised.

"Yes," replied Rollo; "she asked me to tell you. But I suppose that she can wait until you have finished your dinner."

"O, no," said Hilbert, "I can't go at all. Go tell her I can't come."

Rollo was greatly astonished at receiving such a message as this from a boy to his mother.

"Hilbert," said his father, in a very stern and threatening manner, "go to your mother directly."

"No," said Hilbert, in a sort of begging and

whining tone. "No, if I do, she'll make me stay there all the afternoon."

"No matter for that," said his father; "go directly."

Hilbert did not move, but went on eating his dinner.

"At least," said his father, "you must go immediately when you have done your dinner."

Hilbert muttered something in reply, but Rollo did not hear what it was. In fact, he did not wish to hear any more of such a dialogue as this between a child and his father. So he went away. He was not at all inclined to go back to the lady and inform her what Hilbert had said; but he thought that he ought at least to go and tell her that he had found Hilbert, as he had been taught that it was always his duty to go back with a report when sent on a message. So he went back to the lady, and told her that he had found Hilbert, and that he was at dinner with his father.

"And what did he say about coming to me?" asked the lady.

"His father told him that he must come as soon as he had finished his dinner," replied Rollo.

"Very well," said the lady, "that will do."

So saying, she turned her head away and shut her eyes again, and so Rollo withdrew.

It would be a very nice and delicate point to determine whether Rollo's answer in this case was or was not as full as strict honesty required. He certainly did not state anything

that was not true; nor did he, in what he said, convey any false impression. He, however, withheld a very important part of what the lady must have desired to know. It is undoubtedly sometimes right for us to conceal or withhold the truth. Sometimes, indeed, it is our imperious duty to do so. Rollo's motive for doing as he did in this case was to avoid giving a sick mother pain, by reporting to her the undutiful conduct of her son. Whether it would or would not have been better for him to have communicated the whole truth, is a point which must be left for the readers of this book to discuss among themselves.

After dinner Hilbert, instead of going to his mother, went up upon the deck, leaving his bow and arrows, however, down in the cabin. As Rollo and Jennie were, at that time, seated near the after part of the promenade deck, he came and sat down near them. Rollo had a great desire to get up and go away, taking Jennie with him; but he feared that it would be impolite for him to do so; and while he was considering what he should do, the surgeon came along that way, and said to them,—

"Children, have you seen the little bird?"

"What bird?" exclaimed the children, all together." "Why, there has a bird came on board," replied the surgeon. "He belongs in Nova Scotia, I suppose. That is the nearest land. He is forward, somewhere, among the sailors."

The children immediately hurried out to the most forward part of the promenade deck,

near the great smoke pipe, to a place from which they could look down upon the forward deck. There they saw the little bird perched upon a coil of rigging. He was perfectly still. Some sailors were standing near, looking at him. The bird, however, appeared to take no notice of them.

"Poor little thing!" said Rollo. "I expect he is tired flying so far. I wonder how far it is to Nova Scotia."

Rollo turned round as he said this, to see if the surgeon was near, in order to ask him how far the poor bird was from home. The surgeon was not there, but he saw that both Jennie and Hilbert had suddenly started together to go back toward the stairway, as if they were going below.

"Jennie," said Rollo, "where are you going?"

Jennie did not answer, but hurried on. Hilbert seemed equally eager. In fact, it was evident that they had both been seized with some new idea, though Rollo could not at first imagine what it was. At length, he said,—

"Ah! I know. They are going down where the bird is, to see it nearer. I'll go with them."

So saying, Rollo hurried away too.

He was mistaken, however, in supposing that Hilbert and Jennie were merely going to the forward deck so as to get nearer the bird. Jennie was going down into the cabin to shut up her kitten. The instant that she saw the

bird she was reminded of Tiger, having sometimes seen Tiger run after little birds in the yards and gardens at home. They could escape from her by flying away, but this poor bird seemed so tired that Jennie was afraid the kitten would catch it and kill it, if she came near; and so she went off very eagerly to shut the kitten up.

She found the kitten asleep on a sofa in the cabin. She immediately seized her, waking her up very suddenly by so doing, and hurried her off at once to her cage. Jennie put the kitten into the cage, and then shut and fastened the door.

"There, Tiger," said she, "you must stay in there. There is something up stairs that you must not see."

Then Jennie took the cage up, by means of the ring which formed the handle at the top, and carried it into her state room. She pushed aside the curtains of the lower berth, and, putting the cage in, she deposited it upon a small shelf in the end of the berth. Then, drawing the curtains again very carefully, she came out of the state room and shut the door.

"Now, Tiger," said she, as she tried the door to see if it was fast, "you are safe; and you must stay there until the little bird goes away."

The kitten, when she found herself thus left alone in such seclusion, stood for a moment on the floor of the cage, looking toward the curtains, in an attitude of great astonishment; then, knowing well, from past experience,

that it was wholly useless for her to speculate on the reasons of Jennie's doings, she lay down upon the floor of the cage, curled herself into a ring, and went to sleep again.

As for Hilbert, who had set off from the smoke pipe deck at the same time with Jennie, and in an equally eager manner, his going below had been with an entirely different intent from hers. He was going to get his bow and arrows, in order to shoot the little bird. He found them on the seat where he had left them. He seized them hastily, and ran up by the forward gangway, which brought him out upon the forward deck not very far from where the bird was resting upon the coil of rigging. He crept softly up toward him, and adjusted, as he went, his arrow to his bow. Several of the sailors were near, and one of them, a man whom they called Hargo, immediately stopped the operation that he was engaged in, and demanded of Hilbert what he was going to do.

"I am going to pop one of my arrows into that bird," said Hilbert.

"No such thing," said the sailor. "You pop an arrow into that bird, and I'll pop you overboard."

Sailors will never allow any one to molest or harm in any way the birds that alight upon their ships at sea.

"Overboard!" repeated Hilbert, in a tone of contempt and defiance. "You would not dare to do such a thing."

So saying, he went on adjusting his arrow,

and, creeping up toward the bird, began to take aim.

Hargo here made a signal to some of his comrades, who, in obedience to it, came up near him in a careless and apparently undesigned manner. Hargo then, by a sudden and unexpected movement, pulled the bow and arrow out of Hilbert's hand, and passed them instantly behind him to another sailor, who passed them to another, each standing in such a position as to conceal what they did entirely from Hilbert's sight. The thing was done so suddenly that Hilbert was entirely bewildered. His bow and arrow were gone, but he could not tell where. Each sailor, the instant that he had passed the bow and arrow to the next, assumed a careless air, and went on with his work with a very grave and unmeaning face, as if he had not been taking any notice of the transaction. The last man who received the charge was very near the side of the ship, and as he stood there, leaning with a careless air against the bulwarks, he slyly dropped the bow and arrow overboard. They fell into the water just in advance of the paddle wheel. As the ship was advancing through the water all this time with tremendous speed, the paddle struck both the bow and the arrow the instant after they touched the water, and broke them both into pieces. The fragments came out behind, and floated off unseen in the foam which drifted away in a long line in the wake of the steamer.

Hilbert was perfectly confounded. He

knew nothing of the fate which his weapons had met with. All he knew was, that they had somehow or other suddenly disappeared as if by magic. Hargo had taken them, he was sure; but what he had done with them, he could not imagine. He was in a great rage, and turning to Hargo with a fierce look, he demanded, in a loud and furious tone,—

"Give me back my bow and arrow."

"I have not got your bow and arrow," said Hargo.

So saying, Hargo held up both hands, by way of proving the truth of his assertion.

Hilbert gazed at him for a moment, utterly at a loss what to do or say, and then he looked at the other sailors who were near, first at one, and then at another; but he could get no clew to the mystery.

"You have got them hid behind you," said Hilbert, again addressing Hargo.

"No," said he. "See."

So saying, he turned round and let Hilbert see that the bow and arrow were not behind him.

"Well, you took them away from me, at any rate," said Hilbert; and saying this, he turned away and walked off, seemingly very angry. He was going to complain to his father.

He met his father coming up the cabin stairs and began, as soon as he came near him, to complain in very bitter and violent language of the treatment that he had received. Hargo had taken away his bow an arrow, and would not give them back to him.

"Very well," replied his father, quietly, "you had been doing some mischief with them, I suppose."

"No," said Hilbert, "I had not been doing anything at all."

"Then you were going to do some mischief with them, I suppose," said his father.

"No," said Hilbert, "I was only going to shoot a little bird."

"A little bird!" repeated his father, surprised. "What little bird?"

"Why, a little bird that came on board from Nova Scotia, they said," replied Hilbert. "He came to rest."

"And you were going to shoot him?" said his father, in a tone of surprise. Then, after pausing a moment, he added, "Here, come with me."

So saying, Hilbert's father turned and walked down the cabin stairs again. He led the way to his state room, which, as it happened, was on the opposite side of the cabin from that which Jennie occupied. When he reached the door of the state room, he opened it, and standing on one side, he pointed the way to Hilbert, saying sternly,—

"Go in there!"

Hilbert went in.

"You will stay there, now," said his father, "as long as that bird sees fit to remain on board. It won't do, I see, for you both to be on deck together."

So saying, Hilbert's father shut the state

room door, and locked it; and then, putting the key in his pocket, went away.

The bird was now safe, his two enemies—the only enemies he had on board the steamer—being shut up in their respective state rooms, as prisoners, one on one side of the cabin, and the other on the other. He did not, however, rest any the more quietly on this account; for he had not at any time been conscious of the danger that he had been in, either from the kitten or the boy. He went on reposing quietly at the resting-place which he had chosen on the coil of rigging, until at last, when his little wings had become somewhat reinvigorated, he came down from it, and went hopping about the deck. Jennie and Maria then went down below and got some bread for him. This they scattered in crumbs before him, and he came and ate it with great satisfaction. In about two hours he began to fly about a little; and finally he perched upon the bulwarks, and looked all over the sea. Perceiving that he was now strong enough to undertake the passage home to his mate, he flew off, and ascending high into the air, until he obtained sight of the coast, he then set forth with great speed in that direction. It was several hundred miles to the shore, and he had to rest two or three times on the way. Once he alighted on an English ship-of-war that was going into Halifax; the next time upon a small fishing boat on the Banks. He was not molested at either of his resting-places; and so in due time he

safely reached the shore, and joined his mate at the nest, in a little green valley in Nova Scotia. He was very glad to get home. He had not intended to have gone so far to sea. He was blown off by a strong wind, which came up suddenly while he was playing in the air, about five miles from shore.

The two prisoners were liberated from their state rooms after having been kept shut up about two hours. Tiger did not mind this confinement at all; for her conscience being quiet, she did not trouble herself about it in the least, but slept nearly the whole time. It was, however, quite a severe punishment to Hilbert; for his mind was all the time tormented with feelings of vexation, self-reproach and shame.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE STORM.

The navigation of the Atlantic by means of the immense sea-going steamers of the present day, with all its superiority in most respects, is attended with one very serious disadvantge, at least for all romantic people, and those who particularly enjoy what is grand and sublime. To passengers on board an Atlantic steamer, a storm at sea—that spectacle which has, in former times, been so often described as the most grand and sublime of all the exhibitions which the course of nature presents to man—is divested almost entirely of that imposing magnificence for which it was formerly so renowned.

There are several reasons for this.

First, the height of the waves appears far less impressive, when seen from on board an Atlantic steamer, than from any ordinary vessel; for the deck in the case of these steamers is so high, that the spectator, as it were, looks down upon them. Any one who has ever ascended a mountain knows very well what the effect is upon the apparent height of all smaller hills, when they are seen from an elevation that is far higher than they. In fact, a country that is really quite hilly is made to

appear almost level, by being surveyed from any one summit that rises above the other elevations. The same is the case with the waves of the sea, when seen from the promenade deck of one of these vast steamers.

The waves of the sea are never more than twelve or fifteen feet high, although a very common notion prevails that they run very much higher. It has been well ascertained that they never rise more than twelve or fifteen feet above the general level of the water, and if we allow the same quantity for the depth of the trough, or hollow between two waves, we shall have from twenty-five to thirty feet as the utmost altitude which any swell of water can have, reckoning from the most depressed portions of the surface near it. Now, in a first-class Atlantic steamer, there are two full stories, so to speak, above the surface of the sea, and a promenade deck above the uppermost one. This brings the head of the spectator, when he stands upon the promenade deck and surveys the ocean around him, to the height of twenty-five or thirty feet above the surface of the water. The elevation at which he stands varies considerably, it is true, at different portions of the voyage. When the ship first comes out of port she is very heavily laden, as she has on board, in addition to the cargo, all the coal which she is to consume during the whole voyage. This is an enormous quantity—enough for the full lading of what used to be considered a large ship in former days. This coal being gradually consumed

during the voyage, the steamer is lightened; and thus she swims lighter and lighter as she proceeds, being four or five feet higher out of the water when she reaches the end of her voyage than she was at the beginning. Thus the height at which the passenger stands above the waves, when walking on the promenade deck of an Atlantic steamer, varies somewhat during the progress of the voyage; but it is always, or almost always so great as to bring his head above the crests of the waves. Thus he looks down, as it were, upon the heaviest seas, and this greatly diminishes their apparent magnitude and elevation. On the contrary, to one going to sea in vessels as small as those with which Columbus made the voyage when he discovered America, the loftiest billows would rise and swell, and toss their foaming crests far above his head, as he clung to the deck to gaze at them. They would seem at times ready to overwhelm him with the vast and towering volumes of water which they raised around him. Then, when the shock which was produced by the encounter of one of them was passed, and the ship, trembling from the concussion, rose buoyantly over the swell, being small in comparison with the volume of the wave, she was lifted so high that she seemed to hang trembling upon the brink of it, ready to plunge to certain destruction into the yawning gulf which opened below.

All this is, however, now changed. The mighty steamer, twice as long, and nearly four times as massive as she ship, surpasses the

seas now, as it were, in magnitude and momentum, as well as in power. She not only triumphs over them in the contest of strength, but she towers above and overtops them in position. The billow can now no longer toss her up so lightly to the summit of its crest; nor, when the crest of it is passed, will she sink her so fearfully into the hollow of the sea. The spectator, raised above all apparent danger, and moving forward through the scene of wild commotion with a power greater far than that which the foaming surges can exert, surveys the scene around him with wonder and admiration, it is true, but without that overpowering sensation of awe which it could once inspire.

Then there is another thing. A sailing vessel, which is always in a great measure dependent upon the wind, is absolutely at its mercy in a storm. When the gale increases beyond a certain limit, she can no longer make head at all against its fury, but must turn and fly—or be driven—wherever the fury of the tempest may impel her. In such cases, she goes bounding over the seas, away from her course, toward rocks, shoals, breakers, or any other dangers whatever which may lie in the way, without the least power or possibility of resistance. She goes howling on, in such a case, over the wide waste of waters before her, wholly unable to escape from the dreadful fury of the master who is driving her, and with no hope of being released from his hand, until he chooses, of his own accord, to abate his rage.

All this, too, is now changed. This terrible master has now found his master in the sea-going steamer. She turns not aside to the right hand or to the left, for all his power. Boreas may send his gales from what quarter he pleases, and urge them with whatever violence he likes to display. The steamer goes steadily on, pointing her unswerving prow directly toward her port of destination, and triumphing easily, and apparently without effort, over all the fury of the wind and the shocks and concussions of the waves. The worst that the storm can do is to retard, in some degree, the swiftness of her motion. Instead of driving her, as it would have done a sailing vessel, two or three hundred miles out of her course, away over the sea, it can only reduce her speed in her own proper and determined direction to eight miles an hour instead of twelve.

Now, this makes a great difference in the effect produced upon the mind by witnessing a storm at sea. If the passenger, as he surveys the scene, feels that his ship, and all that it contains, has been seized by the terrific power which he sees raging around him, and that they are all entirely at its mercy—that it is sweeping them away over the sea, perhaps into the jaws of destruction, without any possible power, on their part, of resistance or escape—his mind is filled with the most grand and solemn emotions. Such a flight as this, extending day after day, perhaps for five hundred miles, over a raging sea, is really sublime.

The Atlantic steamer never flies. She never yields in any way to the fury of the gale, unless she gets disabled. While her machinery stands, she moves steadily forward in her course, and so far as any idea of danger is concerned, the passengers in their cabins and state rooms below pay no more regard to the storm than a farmer's family do to whistling and howling of the wind among the chimneys of their house, in a blustering night on land.

So much for the philosophy of a storm at sea, as witnessed by the passengers on board an Atlantic steamer.

One night, when the steamer had been some time at sea, Rollo awoke, and found himself more than usually unsteady in his berth. Sometimes he slept upon his couch, and sometimes in his berth. This night he was in his berth, and he found himself rolling from side to side in it, very uneasily. The creaking of the ship, too, seemed to be much more violent and incessant than it had been before. Rollo turned over upon his other side, and drew up his knees in such a manner as to prevent himself from rolling about quite so much, and then went to sleep again.

His sleep, however, was very much broken and disturbed, and he was at last suddenly awakened by a violent lurch of the ship, which rolled him over hard against the outer edge of his berth, and then back against the inner edge of it again. There was a sort of cord, with large knobs upon it, at different distances,

which was hung like a bell cord from the back side of the berth. Rollo had observed this cord before, but he did not know what it was for. He now however, discovered what it was for, as, by grasping these knobs in his hands, he found that the cord was an excellent thing for him to hold on by in a heavy sea. By means of this support, he found that he could moor himself, as it were, quite well, and keep himself steady when a heavy swell came.

He was not long, however, at rest, for he found that his endeavors to go to sleep were disturbed by a little door that kept swinging to and fro, in his state room, as the ship rolled. This was the door of a little cupboard under the washstand. When the door swung open, it would strike against a board which formed the front side of the couch that has already been described. Then, when the ship rolled the other way, it would come to, and strike again upon its frame and sill. Rollo endured this noise as long as he could, and then he resolved to get up and shut the door. So he put his feet out of his berth upon the floor—which he could easily do, as the berth that he was in was the lower one—and sat there watching for a moment when the ship should be tolerably still. When the right moment came, he ran across to the little door, shut it, and crowded it hard into its place; then darted back to his berth again, getting there just in time to save a tremendous lurch of the ship, which would have perhaps pitched him across the state

room, if it had caught him when he was in the middle of the floor.

Rollo did not have time to fasten the little door with its lock; and this seemed in fact unnecessary, for it shut so hard and tight into its place that he was quite confident that the friction would hold it, and that it would not come open again. To his great surprise, therefore, a few minutes afterward, he heard a thumping sound, and, on turning over to see what the cause of it was, he found that the little door was loose again, and was swinging backward and forward as before. The fact was, that, although the door had shut in tight at the moment when Rollo had closed it, the space into which it had been fitted had been opened wider by the springing of the timbers and framework of the ship at the next roll, and thus set the door free again. So Rollo had to get up once more; and this time he locked the door when he had shut it, and so made it secure.

Still, however, he could not sleep. As soon as he began in the least degree to lose consciousness, so as to relax his hold upon the knobs of his cord, some heavy lurch of the sea would come, and roll him violently from side to side, and thus wake him up again. He tried to brace himself up with pillows, but he had not pillows enough. He climbed up to the upper berth, and brought down the bolster and pillow that belonged there; and thus he packed and wedged himself in. But the incessant rolling and pitching of the ship kept

everything in such a state of motion that the pillows soon worked loose again.

After making several ineffectual attempts to secure for himself a quiet and fixed position in his berth, Rollo finally concluded to shift his quarters to the other side of the state room and try the couch. The couch had a sort of side board, which passed along the front side of it, and which was higher somewhat than the one forming the front of the berth. This board was made movable, so that it could be shifted from the front to the back side, and vice versa, at pleasure. By putting this side board back, the place became a sort of sofa or couch, and it was usually in this state during the day; but by bringing it forward, which was done at night, it became a berth, and one somewhat larger and more comfortable than the permanent berths on the other side.

So Rollo began to make preparations for a removal. He threw the bolster and pillows across first, and then, getting out of the berth, and holding firmly to the edge of it, he waited for a moment's pause in the motion of the ship; and then, when he thought that the right time had come, he ran across. It happened, however, that he made a miscalculation as to the time, for the ship was then just beginning to careen violently in the direction in which he was going, and thus he was pitched head foremost over into the couch, where he floundered about several minutes among the pillows and bolsters before he could recover the command of himself.

At last he lay down, and attempted to compose himself to sleep; but he soon experienced a new trouble. It happened that there were some cloaks and coats hanging up upon a brass hook above him, and, as the ship rolled from side to side, the lower ends of them were continually swinging to and fro, directly over Rollo's face. He tried for a time to get out of the way of them, by moving his head one way and the other; but they seemed to follow him wherever he went, and so he was obliged at last to climb up and take them all off the hook, and throw them away into a corner. Then he lay down again, thinking that he should now be able to rest in peace.

At length, when he became finally settled, and began to think at last that perhaps he should be able to go to sleep, he thought that he heard something rolling about in Jennie's state room, and also, at intervals, a mewing sound. He listened. The door between the two state rooms was always put open a little way every night, and secured so by the chambermaid, so that either of the children might call to the other if anything were wanted. It was thus that Rollo heard the sound that came from Jennie's room. After listening a moment, he heard Jennie's voice calling to him.

"Rollo," said she, "are you awake?"

"Yes," said Rollo.

"Then I wish you would come and help my kitten. Here she is, shut up in her cage, and rolling in it all over the room."

It was even so. Jennie had put Tiger into

the cage at night when she went to bed, as she was accustomed to do, and then had set the cage in the corner of the state room. The violent motion of the ship had upset the cage, and it was now rolling about from one side of the state room to the other—the poor kitten mewing piteously all the time, and wondering what could be the cause of the astonishing gyrations that she was undergoing. Maria was asleep all the time, and heard nothing of it all.

Rollo said he would get up and help the kitten. So he disengaged himself from the wedgings of pillows and bolsters in which he had been packed, and, clinging all the time to something for support, he made his way into Jennie's state room. There was a dim light shining there, which came through a pane of glass on one side of the state room, near the door. This light was not sufficient to enable Rollo to see anything very distinctly. He, however, at length succeeded, by holding to the side of Jennie's berth with one hand, while he groped about the floor with the other, in finding the cage and securing it.

"I've got it," said Rollo, holding it up to the light. "It is the cage, and Tiger is in it. Poor thing! she looks frightened half to death. Would you let her out?"

"O, no," said Jennie. "She'll only be rolled about the rooms herself."

"Why, she could hold on with her claws, I should think," said Rollo.

"No," said Jennie, "keep her in the cage,

and put the cage in some safe place where it can't get away."

So Rollo put the kitten into the cage, and then put the cage itself in a narrow space between the foot of the couch and the end of the state room, where he wedged it in safely with a carpet bag. Having done this, he was just about returning to his place, when he was dreadfully alarmed at the sound of a terrible concussion upon the side of the ship, succeeded by a noise as of something breaking open in his state room, and a rush of water which seemed to come pouring in there like a torrent, and falling on the floor. Rollo's first thought was that the ship had sprung a leak, and that she was filling with water, and would sink immediately. Jennie, too, was exceedingly alarmed; while Maria, who had been sound asleep all this time, started up suddenly in great terror, calling out,—

"Mercy on me! what's that?"

"I'm sure I don't know," said Rollo, "unless the ship is sinking."

Maria put out her hand and rung the bell violently. In the meantime, the noise that had so alarmed the children ceased, and nothing was heard in Rollo's room but a sort of washing sound, as of water dashed to and fro on the floor. Of course, the excessive fears which the children had felt at first were in a great measure allayed.

In a moment the chambermaid came in with a light in her hand, and asked what was the matter.

"I don't know," said Maria. "Something or other has happened in Rollo's state room. Please look in and see."

The chambermaid went in, and exclaimed, as she entered,—

"What a goose!"

"Who's a goose?" said Rollo, following her.

"I am," said the chambermaid, "for forgetting to screw up your light. But go back; you'll get wet, if you come here."

Rollo accordingly kept back in Jennie's state room, though he advanced as near to the door as he could, and looked in to see what had happened. He found that his little round window had been burst open by a heavy sea, and that a great quantity of water had rushed in. His couch, which was directly under the window, was completely drenched, and so was the floor; though most of the water, except that which was retained by the bedding and the carpet, had run off through some unseen opening below. When Rollo got where he could see, the chambermaid was busy screwing up his window tight into its place. It has already been explained that this window was formed of one small and very thick pane of glass, of an oval form, and set in an iron frame, which was attached by a hinge on one side, and made to be secured when it was shut by a strong screw and clamp on the other.

"There," said the chambermaid. "It is safe now; only you can't sleep upon the couch any more, it is so wet. You must get into your

berth again. I will make you up a new bed in the couch in the morning."

Rollo accordingly clambered up into his berth again, and the chambermaid left him to himself. Presently, however, she came back with a dry pillow and bolster for him.

"What makes the ship pitch and toss about so?" said Rollo.

"Head wind and heavy sea," said the chambermaid; "that's all."

The chambermaid then, bidding Rollo go to sleep, passed on into Jennie's state room, on her way to her own place of repose. As she went by, Maria asked if there was not a storm coming on.

"Yes," said the chambermaid, "a terrible storm."

"How long will it be before morning?" asked Jennie.

"O, it is not two bells yet," said the chambermaid. "And you had better not get up when the morning comes. You'll only be knocking about the cabins if you do. I'll bring you some breakfast when it is time."

So saying, the chambermaid went away, and, left the children and Maria to themselves.

Rollo tried for a long time after this to get to sleep, but all was in vain. He heard two bells strike, and then three, and then four. He turned over first one way, and then the other; his head aching, and his limbs cramped and benumbed from the confined and uncomfortable positions in which he was obliged to keep them. In fact, when Jennie on one occa-

sion, just after four bells struck, being very restless and wakeful herself, ventured to speak to him in a gentle tone, and ask him whether he was asleep, he replied that he was not; that he had been trying very hard, but he could not get anything of him asleep except his legs.

At length the gray light of the morning began to shine in at his little round window. This he was very glad to see, although it did not promise any decided relief to his misery; for the storm still continued with unabated violence. At length, when breakfast time came, the chambermaid brought in some tea and toast for Maria and for both the children. They took it, and felt much better for it—so much so, that Rollo said he meant to get up and go and see the storm.

"Well," said the chambermaid, "you may go if you must. Dress yourself, and go on the next deck above this, and walk along the passage way that leads aft, and there you'll find a door that you can open and look out. You'll be safe there."

"Which way is aft?" asked Rollo.

"That way," replied the chambermaid, pointing.

So Rollo got up, and holding firmly to the side of his berth with one hand, and bracing himself between his berth and the side of his was stand cupboard with his knees, as the ship lurched to and fro, he contrived to dress himself, though he was a long time in accomplishing the feat. He then told Jennie that he was going up stairs to look out at some window

or door, in order to see the storm. Jennie did not make much reply, and so Rollo went away.

The ship rolled and pitched so violently that he could not stand alone for an instant. If he attempted to do so, he would be thrown against one side or the other of the cabin or passage-way by the most sudden and unaccountable impulses. He finally succeeded in getting up upon the main deck, where he went into the enclosed space which has already been described. This space was closely shut up now on all sides. There were, however, two doors which led from it out upon the deck. In order to go up upon the promenade deck, it was necessary to go out at one of these doors, and then ascend the promenade deck stairway. Rollo had, however, no intention of doing this, though he thought that perhaps he might open one of the doors a little and look out.

While he was thinking of this, he heard steps behind him as of some one coming up stairs, and then a voice, saying,—

"Halloo, Rollo! Are you up here?"

Rollo turned round and saw Hilbert. He was clinging to the side of the doorway. Rollo himself was upon one of the settees.

Just then one of the outer doors opened, and a man came in. He was an officer of the ship. A terrible gust of wind came in with him. The officer closed the door again immediately, and seeing the boys, he said to them,—

"Well, boys, you are pretty good sailors, to be about the ship such weather as this."

"I'm going up on the promenade deck," said Hilbert.

"No," said the officer, "you had better do no such thing. You will get pitched into the lee scuppers before you know where you are."

"Is there any such place where we can look out and see the sea?" said Rollo.

"Yes," replied the officer; "go aft, there, along that passage way, and you will find a door on the lee quarter where you can look out."

So saying, the officer went away down into the cabin.

Hilbert did not know what was meant by getting pitched into the lee scuppers, and Rollo did not know what the lee quarter could be. He however determined to go in the direction that the man had indicated, and see if he could find the door.

As for Hilbert, he said to Rollo that he was not afraid of the lee scuppers or any other scuppers, and he was going up on the promenade deck. There was an iron railing, he said, that he could cling to all the way.

Rollo, in the meantime, went along the passage way, bracing his arms against the sides of it as he advanced. The ship was rolling over from side to side so excessively that he was borne with his whole weight first against one side of the passage way, and then against the other, so heavily that he was every moment obliged to stop and wait until the ship came up again before he could go on. At length he came into a small room with several doors

opening from it. In the back side of this room was the compartment where the helmsmen stood with his wheel. There were several men in this place with the helmsmen, helping him to control the wheel. Rollo observed, too, that there were a number of large rockets put away in a sort of frame in the coil overhead.

He went to one of the doors that was on the right-hand side of this room, and opened it a little way; but the wind and rain came in so violently that he thought he would go to the opposite side and try that door. This idea proved a very fortunate one, for, being now on the sheltered side of the ship, he could open the door and look out without exposing himself to the fury of the storm. He gazed for a time at the raging fury of the sea with a sentiment of profound admiration and awe. The surface of the ocean was covered with foam, and the waves were tossing themselves up in prodigious heaps; the crests, as fast as they were formed being seized and hurled away by the wind in a mass of driving spray, which went scudding over the water like drifting snow in a wintry storm on land.

After Rollo had looked upon this scene until he was satisfied he shut the door, and returned along the passage way, intending to go down and give Jennie an account of his adventures. As he advanced toward the little compartment where the landing was, from the stairs, he heard a sound as of some one in distress, and on drawing near he found Hilbert coming in perfectly drenched with sea water. He was

moaning and crying bitterly, and, as he staggered along, the water dripped from his clothes in streams. Rollo asked him what was the matter; but he could not answer. Hilbert pressed on sullenly, crying and groaning as he went down to find his father.

The matter was, that, in attempting to go up on the promenade deck, he had unfortunately taken the stairway on the weather side; and when he had got half way up, a terrible sea struck the ship just forward of the paddle box. A portion of the wave, and an immense mass of spray dashed up on board the ship, and a quantity equal to several barrels of water came down upon the stairs where Hilbert was ascending. The poor fellow was almost strangled by the shock. He however clung manfully of the rope railing, and as soon as he recovered his breath he came back into the cabin.

CHAPTER IX.

THE PASSENGER'S LOTTERY.

One morning, a few days after the storm described in the last chapter, Rollo was sitting upon one of the settees that stood around the sky-light on the promenade deck, secured to their places by lashings of spun yarn, as has already been described, and was there listening to a conversation which was going on between two gentlemen that were seated on the next settee. The morning was very pleasant. The sun was shining, the air was soft and balmy, and the surface of the water was smooth. There was so little wind that the sails were all furled—for, in the case of a steamer at sea, the wind, even if it is fair, cannot help to impel the ship at all, unless it moves faster than the rate which the paddle wheels would of themselves carry her; and if it moves slower than this, of course, the steamer would by her own progress outstrip it, and the sails, if they were spread, would only be pressed back against the masts by the onward progress of the vessel, and thus her motion would only be retarded by them.

The steamer, on the day of which we are speaking, was going on very smoothly and rapidly by the power of her engines alone, and

all the passengers were in excellent spirits. There was quite a company of them assembled at a place near one of the paddle boxes where smoking was allowed. Some were seated upon a settee that was placed there against the side of the paddle box, and others were standing around them. They were nearly all smoking, and, as they smoked, they were talking and laughing very merrily. Hilbert was among them, and he seemed to be listening very eagerly to what they were saying. Rollo was very strongly inclined to go out there, too, to hear what the men were talking about; but he was so much interested in what the gentlemen were saying who were near him, that he concluded to wait till they had finished their conversation, and then go.

The gentlemen who were near him were talking about the rockets—the same rockets that Rollo had seen when he went back to the stern of the ship to look out at the sea, on the day of the storm. One of the men, who had often been at sea before, and who seemed to be well acquainted with all nautical affairs, said that the rockets were used to throw lines from one ship to another, or from a ship to the shore, in case of wrecks or storms. He said that sometimes at sea a steamer came across a wrecked vessel, or one that was disabled, while yet there were some seamen or passengers still alive on board. These men would generally be seen clinging to the decks, or lashed to the rigging. In such cases the sea was often in so frightful a commotion that no boat could live in it; and

there was consequently on way to get the unfortunate mariners off their vessel but by throwing a line across, and then drawing them over in some way or other along the line. He said that the sailors had a way of making a sort of sling, by which a man could be suspended under such a line with loops or rings, made of rope, and so adjusted that they would run along upon it; and that by this means men could be drawn across from one ship to another, at sea, if there was only a line stretched across for the rings to run upon.

Now, the rockets were used for the purpose of throwing such a line. A small light line was attached to the stick of the rocket, and then the rocket itself was fired, being pointed in such a manner as to go directly over the wrecked ship. If it was aimed correctly, it would fall down so as to carry the small line across the ship. Then the sailors on board the wrecked vessel would seize it, by means of it would draw the end of a strong line over, and thus effect the means of making their escape. It was, however, a very dreadful alternative, after all; for the rope forming this fearful bridge would of course be subject all the time to the most violent jerkings, from the rolling and pitching of the vessels to which the two extremities of it were attached, and the unhappy men who had to be drawn over by means of it would be perhaps repeatedly struck and overwhelmed by the foaming surges on the way.

While Rollo was listening to this conversa-

tion, Hilbert's father and another gentleman who had been walking with him up and down the deck came and sat down on one of the settees. Very soon, Hilbert, seeing his father sitting there, came eagerly to him, and said, holding out his hand,—

"Father, I want you to give me half a sovereign."

"Half a sovereign," repeated his father; "what do you want of half a sovereign?"

A sovereign is the common gold coin of England. The value of it is a pound, or nearly five dollars; and half a sovereign is, of course, in value about equal to two dollars and a half of American money.

"I want to get a ticket," said Hilbert. "Come, father, make haste," he added, with many impatient looks and gestures, and still holding out his hand.

"A ticket? what ticket?" asked his father. As he asked these questions, he put his hand in his pocket and drew out an elegant little purse.

"Why, they are going to have a lottery about the ship's run, to-day," replied Hilbert, "and I want a ticket. The tickets are half a sovereign apiece, and the one who gets the right one will have all the half sovereigns. There will be twenty of them, and that will make ten pounds."

"Nearly fifty dollars," said his father; "and what can you do with all that money, if you get it? O, no, Hibby; I can't let you have any money for that. And besides, these lotteries,

and the betting about the run of the ship, are as bad as gambling. They are gambling, in fact."

"Why, father," said Hilbert, "you bet, very often."

Mr. Livingston, for that was his father's name, and his companion, the gentleman who was sitting wtih him, laughed at hearing this; and the gentleman said,—

"Ah, George, he has you there."

Even Hilbert looked pleased at the effect which his rejoinder had produced. In fact, he considered his half sovereign as already gained.

"O, let him have the half sovereign," continued the gentleman. "He'll find some way to spend the ten pounds, if he gets them, I'll guarantee."

So Mr. Livingston gave Hilbert the half sovereign, and he, receiving it with great delight, ran away.

The plan of the lottery, which the men at the paddle box were arranging, was this. In order, however, that the reader may understand it perfectly, it is necessary to make a little preliminary explanation in respect to the mode of keeping what is called the reckoning of ships and steamers at sea. When a vessel leaves the shore at New York, and loses sight of the Highlands of Neversink, which is the land that remains longest in view, the mariners that guide her have then more than two thousand miles to go, across a stormy and trackless ocean, with nothing whatever but the sun and stars, and their own calculation of

their motion, to guide them. Now, unless at the end of the voyage they should come out precisely at the lighthouse or at the harbor which they aim at, they might get into great difficulty or danger. They might run upon rocks where they expected a port, or come upon some strange and unknown land, and be entirely unable to determine which way to turn in order to find their destined haven.

The navigators could, however, manage this all very well, provided they could be sure of seeing the sun every day at proper times, particularly at noon. The sun passes through different portions of the sky every different day of the year, rising to a higher point at noon in the summer, and to a lower one in the winter. The place of the sun, too, in the sky, is different according as the observer is more to the northward or southward. For inasmuch as the sun, to the inhabitants of northern latitudes, always passes through the southern part of the sky, if one person stands at a place one hundred or five hundred miles to the southward of another, the sun will, of course, appear to be much higher over his head to the former than to the latter. The farther north, therefore, a ship is at sea, the lower in the sky, that is, the farther down toward the south, the sun will be at noon.

Navigators, then, at sea, always go out upon the deck at noon, if the sun is out, with a very curious and complicated instrument, called a sextant, in their hands; and with this instrument they measure exactly the distance from

the sun at noon down to the southern horizon. This is called making an observation. When the observation is made, the captain takes the number of degrees, and minutes, and goes into his state room; and there, by the help of certain tables contained in books which he always keeps there for the purpose, he makes a calculation, and finds out the exact latitude of the ship; that is, where she is, in respect to north and south.

There are other observations and calculations by which he determines the longitude; that is, where the ship is in respect to east and west. When both these are determined he can find the precise place on the chart where the vessel is, and so—inasmuch as he had ascertained by the same means where she was the day before—he can easily calculate how far she has come during the twenty-four hours between one noon and another. These calculations are always made at noon, because that is the time for making the observations on the sun. It takes about an hour to make the calculations. The passengers on board the ship during this interval are generally full of interest and curiosity to know the result. They come out from their lunch at half past twelve, and then they wait the remaining half hour with great impatience. They are eager to know how far they have advanced on their voyage since noon of the day before.

In order to let the passengers know the result, when it is determined, the captain puts up a written notice, thus:—

Latitude, 44° 26″.
Longitude, 16° 31″.
Distance, 270.

The passengers, on seeing this notice, which is called a bulletin, know at once, from the first two items, whereabout on the ocean they are; and from the last they learn that the distance which the ship has come since the day before is 270 miles.

This plan of finding out the ship's place every day, and of ascertaining the distance which she has sailed since the day before, would be perfectly successful, and amply sufficient for all the purposes required, if the sun could always be seen when the hour arrives for making the observation; but this is not the fact. The sky is often obscured by clouds for many days in succession; and, in fact, it sometimes happens that the captain has scarcely an opportunity to get a good observation during the whole voyage. There is, therefore, another way by which the navigator can determine where the ship is, and how fast she gets along on her voyage.

This second method consists of actually measuring the progress of the ship through the water, by an instrument called the log and line. The log—which, however, is not any log at all, but only a small piece of board, loaded at one edge so as to float upright in the water—has a long line attached to it, which line is wound upon a light windlass called a reel. The line, except a small portion of it at

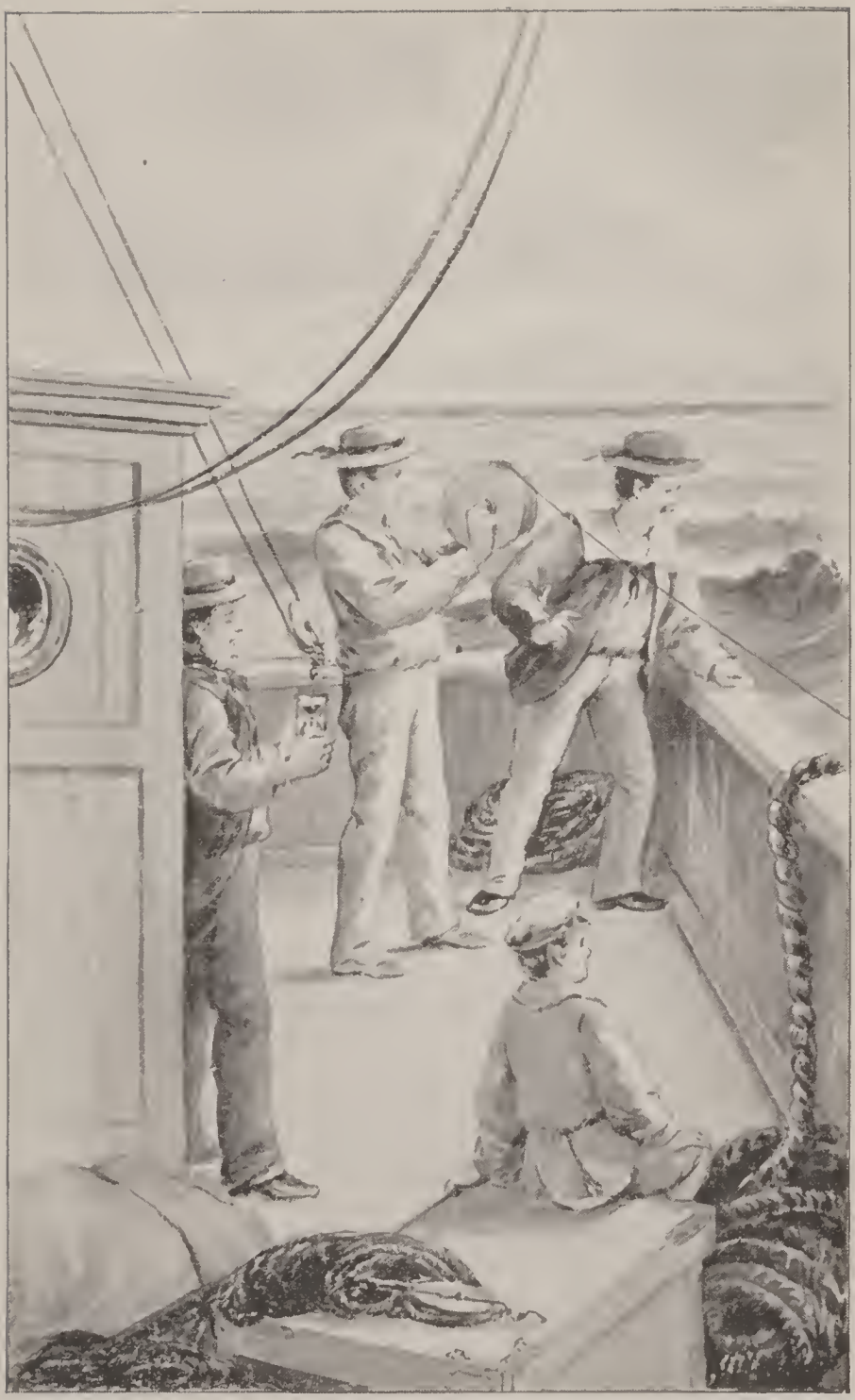
the beginning, is marked off into lengths by small knots made in it at regular intervals. There are little rags of different forms and colors tied into these knots, so that they may easily be seen, and may also be distinguished one from the other.

When the time comes for performing the operation of heaving the log, as they call it, the men appointed for the purpose bring the log and the reel to the stern of the ship. One man holds the log, and another man the reel. There are two handles, one at each end of the reel, by which the man who serves it can hold it up over his head, and let the line run off from it. Besides the two men who hold the log and the reel, there is a third, who has a minute glass in his hand. The minute glass is like an hour glass, only there is but just sand enough in it to run a minute. The man who has the minute glass holds it upon its side at first, so as not to set the sand to running until all is ready.

At length the man who holds the log throws it over into the water, and the ship, sailing onward all the time, leaves it there floating edge upward. The man who holds the reel lifts it up high, so that the line can run off easily as the ship moves on. As soon as the first rag runs off, which denotes the beginning of the marked point of the line, he calls out suddenly,—

"Turn!"

This is the command to the man who holds the minute glass to hold it so as to set the



"The man who holds the reel lifts it up high."—Page 136.

Rollo on the Atlantic.

sand to running. He accordingly instantly changes the position of the glass, and holds it perpendicularly, and immediately sets himself to watching the running out of the sand. The instant it is gone, he calls out,—

"Stop!"

The man who is holding the reel, and another who stands by ready to help him, instantly stop the line, and begin to draw it in. They observe how many knots have run out, and they know from this how many miles an hour the ship is going. Each knot goes for a mile.

They do not have to count the knots that have run out. They can always determine, by the form and color of the last one that passes, what knot it is. One of the men goes immediately and reports to the captain that the ship is going so many knots, and the captain makes a record of it. The other men at once begin to draw in the line, which brings the log in also at the end of it. This line comes in very hard, for the friction of so long a cord, dragged so swiftly through the water, is very great. It generally takes for or five men to pull the line in. These men walk along the deck, one behind the other, with the line over their shoulders; and at first they have to tug very hard. The reel man winds the line upon the reel as fast as they draw it in. It comes in more and more easily as the part that is in the water grows shorter; and at length the log itself is soon skipping through the foam in the wake of the ship, until it

comes up out of the water and is taken on board.

They heave the log every two hours,—that is, twelve times for every twenty-four hours,—and from the reports which the captain receives of the results of these trials, it is easy for him to calculate how far the ship has come during the whole period. As he knows, too, exactly how far the pilot has been steering by the compass all this time, he has both the direction in which the ship has been sailing, and the distance to which she has come; and of course from these data he can calculate where she must now be. This mode of determining the ship's place is called by the reckoning. The other is called by observation.

The intelligent and reflecting boy who has carefully read and understood the preceding explanations will perceive that the two operations which we have been describing are in some sense the reverse of each other. By the former, the navigator ascertains by his measurements where the ship actually is today, and then calculates from that how far, and in what direction, she has come since yesterday. Whereas, by the latter method, his measurements determine directly how far, and in what direction, the ship has come; and then he calculates from these where she now is. Each method has its advantages. The former, that by observation, is the most sure and exact; but then it is not always practicable, for it may be cloudy. On the other hand,

the latter—that is, by the reckoning—never fails, for the log can always be thrown, be the weather what it may; but it cannot be fully relied upon, on account of the currents in the water and the drifting of the vessel. Consequently, on board all ships they keep the reckoning regularly every day. Then, if they get a good observation, they rely upon that. If they do not, they go by the reckoning.

We now return to the story. And here, I suppose, is the place where those sagacious children, who, when they are reading a book in which entertainment and instruction are combined, always skip all the instruction, and read only the story, will begin to read again, after having turned over the leaves of this chapter thus far, seeing they contain only explanations of the mode of navigating a ship, and saying nothing about Hilbert and Rollo. Now, before going any farther, I wish to warn all such readers, that they will not be able to comprehend at all clearly the complicated difficulties which Hilbert and the others got into in respect to the lottery without understanding all that has been explained in the preceding pages of this chapter. I advise them, therefore, if they have skipped any of it, to go back and read it all, and to read it slowly too, and with the utmost attention. And I advise them, moreover, if they do not perfectly understand it all, to ask some older person to read it over with them and explain it to them. If they are not willing to do this, but insist on skipping the first part of the

chapter, I advise them to make complete work of it, and skip the last half too; for they certainly will not understand it.

When Hilbert went back to the paddle box with his half sovereign, it was about eleven o'clock. The observation was to be made at twelve; and the results, both in respect to the observation and reckoning, were to be calculated immediately afterward. The lottery which the men were making related to the number of miles which the ship would have made during the twenty-four hours. The men were just making up the list of subscribers to the tickets when Hilbert went up to them. He gave his half sovereign to the man who had the list. This man, whom they called the Colonel, took the money, saying, "That's right, my lad," and put it in a little leather purse with the other half sovereigns.

"What's your name, Bob?" said he.

"Livingston," said Hilbert.

"Bobby Livingston," said the Colonel, writing down the name on his list.

"No," said Hilbert, contemptuously, "not Bobby Livingston. Hilbert Livingston."

"O, never mind," said the Colonel; "it's all the same thing. Bobby means boy."

The plan of the lottery was this: It was generally supposed that the ship's run would be about 270 miles; and it was considered quite certain, as has already been stated, that it would not be more than 280, nor less than 260. So they made twenty tickets, by cutting five of the Colonel's visiting cards into quar-

ters, which tickets were to represent all the numbers from 261 to 280, inclusive. They wrote the numbers upon these cards, omitting, however, the first figure, namely, the 2, in order to save time; for as that figure came in all the numbers, it was considered unnecessary to write it. When the numbers were written thus upon the card, the cards themselves were all put into a cap and shaken up, and then every one who had paid a half sovereign drew out one, the colonel holding the hat up high all the time, so that no one could see which number he drew. This operation was performed in the midst of jokes and gibes and loud shouts of laughter, which made the whole scene a very merry one. When Hilbert came to draw, the merriment was redoubled. Some called on the Colonel to hold down the cap lower, so that Bob could reach it. Others said that he was sure to get the lucky number, and that there was no chance at all for the rest of them. Others, still, were asking him what he would take for his ticket, or for half of it, quarter of it, and so on. Hilbert was half pleased and half ashamed at being the object of so much coarse notoriety; while Rollo, who had drawn up toward the place, and was looking on from a safe distance at the proceedings that were going on, was very glad that he was not in Hilbert's place.

The ticket that Hilbert drew was marked 67. It denoted, of course, the number 267; and that, being pretty near to the number of miles which it was thought the ship would

probably make, was considered quite a valuable ticket. The owners of the several tickets, as soon as the drawing was completed, began to compare them and talk about them, and to propose bargains to one another for buying and selling them, or exchanging them. In these negotiations each man was endeavoring to outwit and circumvent his friend, in hopes of buying his ticket for a moderate sum, and drawing the whole prize with it. Others were engaged in betting on particular tickets. These bets, when they were made, they recorded in little memorandum books kept for the purpose. In fact, a very noisy and tumultuous scene of bargaining, and betting, and barter ensued.

Hilbert was very much pleased with his ticket. He went to show it to Rollo. He said he verily believed that he had got the exact ticket to draw the prize. He did not think the ship would go quite 270 miles.

"And if she does not," said he, "and should happen to go only 267 miles, then I shall have ten pounds; and that is almost fifty dollars."

So saying, Hilbert began to caper about the deck in the exuberance of his joy.

His antics were, however, suddenly interrupted by the Colonel, who just then came up to him and asked to see his ticket. Hilbert held it up so that the Colonel could see the number upon it.

"Sixty-seven," said the Colonel. "That is not worth much. Nobody thinks she'll go less than 270. However," he added, in a care-

less tone, "I'll give you twelve shillings for it. That is two shillings over what you paid for it —nearly half a dollar. You'd better make sure of half a dollar than run the risk of losing everything on such a poor ticket as that."

"Would you?" said Hilbert, turning to Rollo.

"I don't know," replied Rollo, shaking his head. "I don't know anything about it."

"No," said Hilbert, turning to the Colonel again; "I believe I'll keep my ticket, and take my chance."

The Colonel said, "Very well; just as you please;" and then went away. Hilbert had, after this, several other offers, all of which he declined; and in about a quarter of an hour the Colonel met him again, as if accidentally, and began to talk about his ticket. He said that all the tickets under 270 were selling at a low price, as almost everybody believed that the ship's run would be more than that; but still, he said, he would give a pound for Hilbert's ticket, if he wished to sell it. "Thus," he said, "you'll get back the half sovereign you paid, and another half sovereign besides, and make sure of it."

But the more the people seemed to wish to buy Hilbert's ticket, the less inclined he was to part with it. So he refused the Colonel's offer, and put the card safely away in his wallet. In one sense he was right in refusing to sell his chance; for as the whole business of making such a lottery, and buying and selling the tickets afterward, and betting on the result, is wrong, the less one does about it the better.

Every new transaction arising out of it is a new sin. It could easily be shown, by reasoning on the philosophy of the thing, why it is wrong, if there were time and space for it here. But this is not necessary, as every man has a feeling in his own conscience that there is a wrong in such transactions. It is only bad characters, in general, that seek such amusements. When others adventure in them a little, they make apologies for it. They say they are not in the habit of betting, or of venturing in lotteries, or that they don't approve of it—but will do it this once. Then, when people lose their money, the chagrin which they feel is always deepened and embittered by remorse and self-condemnation; while the pleasure which those feel who gain is greatly marred by a sort of guilty feeling, which they cannot shake off, at having taking the money of their friends and companions by such means. All these indications, and many others which might be pointed out, show that there is a deep-seated and permanent instinct in the human heart which condemns such things; and nobody can engage in them without doing violence to this instinct, and thus committing a known wrong.

In regard to most of the men who were engaged in the lottery, they had so often done such things before that their consciences had become pretty well seared and hardened. There was one man, however, who decided to take a ticket against considerable opposition that was made to it by the moral sentiments of

his heart. This was Maria's brother. He had been confined to his berth most of the voyage, but was now better; and he had been walking up and down the deck with a friend. He looked pale and dejected, however, and seemed still quite feeble.

His friend, whom he called Charles, seeing that they were going on with a lottery near the paddle boxes, proposed that they should both go and buy tickets.

"Come," said he, "Chauncy, that will amuse you."

"O, no," said Mr. Chauncy.

"Yes, come," said Charles. "Besides, we ought to do our part to assist in entertaining one another."

So saying, Charles led Mr. Chauncy along, and partly by persuasion and partly by a little gentle force, he made him take out his purse and produce a half sovereign, too. He also subscribed himself, and then drew both the tickets. He gave one of them to Mr. Chauncy, and the other he kept himself; and then the two friends walked away. Mr. Chauncy's ticket was 66, the number immediately below that which Hilbert had drawn.

Mr. Chauncy, being now tired of walking, went to sit down upon one of the settees next to where Hilbert and Rollo had just gone to take a seat. Mr. Chauncy was next to Hilbert. He immediately began to talk with Hilbert about the lottery.

"Have you got a ticket in this lottery?" he asked.

"Yes," said Hilbert, "mine is 267. What is yours?"

"I don't know," said Mr. Chauncy, "I did not observe." As he said this, however, he took his ticket out of his pocket, and said, reading it, "Ninety-nine."

He was holding it wrong side upward, and so it read 99.

"Ho!" said Hilbert, "that will not get the prize. We shall not go 299 miles. I would not exchange mine for yours on any account."

"No," said Mr. Chauncy, "nor would I exchange mine for yours."

"Why?" said Hilbert. "Do you think there is any chance of the ship's making 299?"

"No," replied Mr. Chauncy, "and that is the very reason I like my ticket. If I had yours, I should be afraid I might get the prize."

"Afraid?" repeated Hilbert.

"Yes," said Mr. Chauncy.

"Why should you be afraid?" asked Hilbert, much surprised.

"Because," said Mr. Chauncy, "I should not know what to do with the money. I would not put it in my purse; for I don't let anything go in there but honest money. I don't know who I could give it to. Besides, I should not like to ask anybody to take what I should be ashamed to keep myself. I should really be in a very awkward situation."

As he said this, Mr. Chauncy held his ticket between his thumb and finger, and looked at the number. Neither he nor Hilbert suspected

for a moment that there was any mistake in reading it; for, not having paid any attention to the scheme, as it is called, of the lottery, they did not know how high the numbers went.

"There is a possibility that I may get it, after all," said Mr. Chauncy at length, musing. "We have had fine weather, and have been coming on fast. The best thing for me to do is to get rid of the ticket. Have you got a ticket, Rollo?" said he, turning to Rollo.

"No, sir," said Rollo.

"I have a great mind to give it to you, then."

"No, sir," said Rollo; "I would rather not have it."

"That is right," said Mr. Chauncy. "I like you the better for that. I know what I will do with it. Do you remember an Irish woman that you see sitting on the forward deck sometimes with her two children?"

"Yes," said Rollo, "she is there now."

"Very well," said Mr. Chauncy, "carry this to her, and tell her it is a ticket in a lottery, and it may possibly draw a prize. Have you any conscientious scruples about doing that?"

"No, sir," said Rollo.

"Then take the ticket and go," said Mr. Chauncy. "Tell her she had better sell the ticket for two shillings, if she gets a chance. There may be somebody among the gamblers that will buy it."

So Rollo took the ticket and carried it to the Irish woman. She was a woman who was returning to Ireland as a deck passenger. She

was quite poor. When Rollo tendered her the ticket, she was, at first, much surprised. Rollo explained the case fully to her, and concluded by repeating Mr. Chauncy's advice—that she should sell the ticket, if she could get a chance to sell it for as much as two shillings. The woman, having been at sea before, understood something about such lotteries, and seemed to be quite pleased to get a ticket. She asked Rollo to tell such gentleman as he might meet that she had 99 to sell for two shillings. This, however, Rollo did not like to do, and so he simply returned to the settee and reported to Mr. Chauncy that he had given the woman the ticket and delivered the message.

Mr. Chauncy said he was very much obliged to him; and then, rising from his seat, he walked slowly away, and descended into the cabin.

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF THE LOTTERY.

In almost all cases of betting and lotteries the operation of the system is, that certain persons, called the knowing ones, contrive to manage the business in such a way, by secret manœuvres and intrigues, as to make the result turn out to their advantage, at the expense of those parties concerned who are ignorant and inexperienced, or, as they term it, "green." Very deep plans were laid for accomplishing this object in respect to the lottery described in the last chapter; though, as it happened in this case, they were fortunately frustrated.

The principal of these manœuvres were the work of the man whom they called the Colonel. He had formed the plan, with another man, of secretly watching the operation of heaving the log every time it was performed, and making a note of the result. By doing this, he thought he could calculate very nearly how many miles the ship would make, while all the other passengers would have nothing to guide them but such general estimates as they could make from recollection. He accordingly arranged it with his confederates that one or the other of them should be on deck whenever the men

were called to heave the log, and, without appearing to pay any particular attention to the operation, carefully to obtain the result, and make a memorandum of it. This plan was sufficient for the daytime. For the night—inasmuch as it might excite suspicion for them to be up at unseasonable hours to watch the operation—they resorted to another method. They bribed one of the seamen of each watch to find out the result of each trial during his watch, and to give them the answers in the morning. When the last time for the heaving the log, previous to making up the accounts for the day, came, which was at ten o'clock, they took that result, and then, shutting themselves up in their state room, they made a calculation, and ascertained pretty certainly, as they thought, that the distance would be about 267 miles. It might possibly be 266, or 268; but they thought that they were sure that it would be one of these three numbers. The next thing was to circulate statements, and to express opinions in private conversation here and there among the passengers, in a careless sort of way, to produce a general impression that the rate of the ship would not be less than 270 miles. This was to lead the owners of the tickets, and the bettors generally, not to attach a high value to the number below 270. By doing this, they expected to depress the value of these tickets in the general estimation, so that they could buy them easily. They calculated that, if their plans succeeded, they could buy 266, 267 and 268 for about a sovereign

apiece—the holders of them being made to suppose, by their manœuvres, that those numbers would have very little chance of obtaining the prize.

The plan was very deeply laid, and very skilfully executed; and the men were so far successful in their efforts that they did produce a general impression that the ship's run could not be below 270. They also bought ticket 268, though they had to give two sovereigns for it. It has already been shown how their attempts to get possession of 267 failed, by Hilbert's refusal to sell it. They, of course, also failed to get 266, for that ticket was not to be found. They could not make any very open and public inquiries for it, as it was necessary that everything which they did should be performed in a very unconcerned and careless manner. They, however, made repeated inquiries privately for this ticket, but could not get any tidings of it. A certain sailor told some of the bettors that an Irish woman on the forward deck had a ticket which she offered to sell for two shillings; but when, on being asked what the number was, he answered 99, they laughed at him, supposing that somebody had been putting a hoax upon the poor Irish woman, as there was no such number as that in the lottery.

Besides the manœuvres of these two confederates, there was another man who was devising a cunning scheme for obtaining the prize. This was the mate of a merchant ship that had put into the port of New York in a damaged

condition, and had there been sold. The mate, being thus left without a vessel, was now returning as a passenger in the steamer, to Scotland, where he belonged.

This man was accustomed to navigation; and he had the necessary books for making the computations in his trunk. He conceived the idea of being present on deck at twelve o'clock, when the captain made his observation, and of learning from him, as it were accidentally, what the sun's altitude was observed to be. This he could very easily do, for it was customary to have the observation made not only by the captain, but one or two of the chief officers of the ship also, at the same time, who are all always provided with sextants for the purpose. The results, when obtained, are compared together, to see if they agree—each observer telling the others what altitude he obtains. Thus they are more sure of getting the result correctly. Besides, it is important that these officers should have practice, so that they may be able to take the observation when the captain is sick, or when they come to command ships themselves.

Now, the mate above referred to thought that, by standing near the captain and his officers when they made the observations, he could overhear them in comparing their results, and then that he could go down into his state room immediately; and that there, by working very diligently, he could ascertain the run of the ship before it should be reported on the captain's bulletin, and so know beforehand

what ticket would gain the prize. Or, if he could not determine absolutely what the precise ticket would be—since his computation might not agree precisely with that made by the captain—he could determine within two or three of the right one, and then buy three tickets—that is, the one which agreed with his calculation, and also the one above and below it—for perhaps a sovereign or so apiece: he would thus get the ten sovereigns by an expenditure of three or four. His plan, in fact, was similar to that of the Colonel; only his estimate was to be based on the observation, while that of the Colonel was based on the dead reckoning. They both performed their computations in a very skilful manner, and they came to nearly the same result. The mate came to the conclusion that the run of the ship would be 266 miles; while the Colonel, as has already been stated, made it 267. While, therefore, the Colonel, to make sure of the prize, wished to buy tickets 266, 267 and 268, the mate wished to secure 265, 266 and 267. The mate, after making some inquiry, found who had 265; and, after some bargaining, succeeded in buying it for two sovereigns and a half. But he could not hear anything of 266. As for 267, he discovered that Hilbert had it, just as the bell rang for luncheon. He told Hilbert that if he wished to sell his ticket he would give him thirty shillings for it, which is a sovereign and a half. But Hilbert said no.

It is, however, time that this story of the lottery should draw to a close, were it not so,

a great deal more detail might have been given of the manœuvres and contrivances which both the Colonel and the mate resorted to, to induce Hilbert to sell his ticket. These efforts attracted no special attention, for all the others were buying and selling tickets continually, and making offers for those which they could not buy. Some were put up at auction, and sold to the highest bidder, amid jokes, and gibes, and continual shouts of laughter.

At length, when the time drew nigh for the captain's bulletin to appear, the mate offered Hilbert three pounds for his ticket, and Hilbert went and asked his father's advice about accepting this offer. His father hesitated for some time, but finally advised him not to sell his ticket at all. Hilbert was satisfied with this advice, for he now began to be quite sure that he should get the prize.

At length, about fifteen minutes after the party had come up from luncheon, and were all assembled around the paddle-box settee, a gentleman came up one of stairways with a slip of paper in his hands, and, advancing to the group, he attempted to still the noise they were making, by saying,—

"Order, gentlemen, order. I've got the bulletin."

Everybody's attention was arrested by these words, and all began to call out "Order" and "Silence!" until at length something like quiet was restored. The persons assembled were all very much interested in learning the result; for, in addition to the prize of the lottery, there

were a great many bets, some of them quite large, pending, all of which were to be decided by the bulletin.

When, at length, the gentleman found that he could be heard, he began to read in a very deliberate voice,—

"Latitude forty-eight, thirty-one."

"Never mind the latitude," exclaimed the company. "The distance. Let's have the distance."

"Longitude," continued the reader, "ten, fourteen."

"Nonsense!" said the company. "What's the distance?"

"Distance," continued the reader, in the same tone, "two hundred and sixty-six."

"Sixty-six!" they all exclaimed together; and great inquiries were immediately made for the missing ticket. But nobody knew anything about it. At last, Mr. Chauncy's companion, Charles, who happened to be there, said,—

"Why, Chauncy had 66, I believe." Then calling out aloud to Mr. Chauncy, who had come up on the deck after luncheon, and was now sitting on one of the settees that stood around the skylight, he added,—

"Chauncy! here! come here! Where is your ticket? You have got the prize."

"No," said Mr. Chauncy, in a careless tone, without, however, moving from his seat. "I have not any ticket."

Two or three of the gentlemen, then, headed by Charles, went to the place where Mr.

Chauncy was sitting, to question him more particularly.

"Where's your ticket?" said Charles.

"I gave it to one of the deck passengers," said Mr. Chauncy.

"You did!" said Charles. "Well, it has drawn the prize. What was the number of it?"

"Ninety-nine, I believe," said Mr. Chauncy.

"Ninety-nine!" repeated Charles, contemptuously. "Nonsense! There was no ninety-nine. It was sixty-six."

Then, shouting with laughter, he said, "O, dear me! that's exactly like Chauncy. He gives half a sovereign for a tcket, then reads it upside down, and gives it away to an Irishwoman. O Gemini!"

So saying, Charles, and those with him, went away, laughing vociferously at Chauncy's expense.

The remainder of the adventurers in the lottery had in the meantime dispersed, having slunk away, as is usual in such cases, to conceal their mortification and chagrin. It was not merely that they had each lost a half sovereign; but they had all calculated, with greater or less certainty, on getting the prize; and the vexation which they experienced at the disappointment was extreme. Some of them had bought up several tickets, in order to make sure of the prize. These were, of course, doubly and trebly chagrined. Some had been offered good prices for their tickets, but had refused to accept them, hoping, by keeping the

tickets, to get the prize. These persons were now vexed and angry with themselves for not accepting these offers. Then there was a feeling of guilt and condemnation which mingled with their disappointment, and made it very bitter and hard to bear.

The Colonel and the mate, when they learned that the Irishwoman held the winning ticket, both immediately began to saunter slowly along toward the stairways that led down to the forward deck, each having formed the plan of going and buying the ticket of the woman before she should hear that it had gained the prize. They moved along with a careless and unconcerned air, in order not to awaken any suspicion of their designs. They were suspected, however, both of them, by Mr. Chauncy. He accordingly walked forward, too, and reached a part of the promenade deck that was near the smoke pipe, where he could look down upon the place where the woman was sitting. He reached the spot just as two men came before her, one having descended by one staircase, and the other by the other. When they met each other, close before where the woman was sitting, they each understood in an instant for what purpose the other had come. They knew, too, that it would defeat the object altogether if they both attempted to buy the ticket; and yet there was no time or opportunity to make any formal stipulation on the subject between them. Such men, however, are always very quick and cunning, and ready for all emergencies. The mate, without speaking

to the woman, gave a wink to the Colonel, and said in an undertone, as he sauntered slowly along by him,—

"Colonel! half!"

"Done!" said the Colonel.

So the mate passed carelessly on, leaving the Colonel to manage the negotiation, with the understanding that they were to share the profits of the transaction between them.

Just at this moment, Mr. Chauncy, who was looking down upon this scene from above, called out to the woman,—

"My good woman, your ticket has drawn the prize. The Colonel has come to pay you the money."

The Colonel was overwhelmed with astonishment and vexation at this interruption. He looked up, with a countenance full of rage, to see from whom the sound proceeded. There were one or two other gentlemen standing with Chauncy as witnesses of the scene; and the Colonel saw at once that his scheme was defeated. So he made a virtue of necessity, and, taking out the purse, he poured the ten sovereigns into the poor woman's lap. She was overwhelmed and bewildered with astonishment at finding herself suddenly in possession of so much money.

As for Hilbert, there were no bounds to the vexation and anger which he experienced in the failure of all his hopes and expectations.

"What a miserable fool I was!" said he. "I might have had that very ticket. He as good as offered to exchange with me. Such a stupid

dolt as I was, not to know when it was upside down! Then, besides, I was offered two pounds for my ticket, sure—and I believe I should have taken it, if my father had not advised me not to do it. That would have come to almost fifteen dollars, and that I should have been sure of. So much for taking my father's advice. I hope they'll get up another lottery to-morrow, and then I'll buy a ticket and do just as I please with it, and not take anybody's advice. I shall be sure to make fifteen dollars, at least, if I don't do any better than I might have done to-day."

The rest of the company felt very much as Hilbert did about their losses and disappointments, though the etiquette of gambling, which they understood better than he, forbade their expressing feelings so freely. In fact, one source of the illusion which surrounds this vice is, that the interest which it excites, and the hilarity and mirth which attend it during its progress, are all open to view, while the disappointment, the mortification, the chagrin, and the remorse are all studiously concealed. The remorse is the worst ingredient in the bitter cup. It not only stings and torments those who have lost, but it also spoils the pleasure of those who win. That is, in fact, always the nature and tendency of remorse. It aggravates all the pain and suffering that it mingles with and poisons all the pleasure.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ARRIVAL.

Day after day of the voyage thus glided away, the time being beguiled by the various incidents which occurred, until at length the ship began to draw near toward the land. As the time passed on, the interest which the passengers felt in their approach toward the land began to be very strong. Some of them were crossing the Atlantic for the first time; and they, of course, anticipated their first view of the shores of the old world with great anticipations of delight. The first land to be "made," as the sailors say, that is to be seen, was Cape Clear—the southern port of Ireland. There is a light-house on this point; and so well had the captain kept his reckoning, and so exact had been his calculations in his progress over the mighty waste of waters, that on the morning of the last day he could venture to predict to an hour when the light would come into view. He said it would be between nine and ten. When Maria and the two children went to their berths, Maria asked the chambermaid to come and tell them when the light was in sight. She accordingly did so. Rollo, in order to know how near the captain was in his calculations, asked her what o'clock it was. She

said twenty-five minutes after eight. How astonishing must be the accuracy of the instruments and the calculations which can enable a man to guide a ship across so utterly trackless a waste aiming at a light-house three thousand miles away, and not only come out exactly upon it, but come there, too, so exactly at the time predicted by the calculation!

When the children went on deck the next morning, the southern coast of Ireland was all in full view. Those who feel an interest in seeing the track the ship, will find, by turning to a map of Great Britain and Ireland, that her course in going in from the Atlantic toward Liverpool lay at first along the southern coast of Ireland, and then along the western coast of Wales. This route, though it seems but a short distance on the map, requires really a voyage of several hundred miles, and more than a day in time, for the performance of it. The voyage of the ship is, therefore, by no means ended when she reaches the land at Cape Clear. There is still a day and a night more for the passengers to spend on board the vessel. The time is, however, very much beguiled during this last day's sail by the sight of the land and the various objects which it presents to view—the green slopes, the castle-covered hills, the cliffs, the lines of beach, with surf and breakers rolling in upon them; and sometimes, when the ship approaches nearer to the shore than usual, the pretty little cottages, covered with thatch, and adorned with gardens and shrubbery.

The children stood by the railing of the deck for some time after they came up from below, gazing at the shores, and admiring the various pictures of rural beauty which the scene presented to the eye. At length, becoming a little tired, they went and sat down upon one of the settees, where they could have a more comfortable position, and still enjoy a good view. Not long afterward, the captain, who had been walking up and down the deck for some time, came and sat down by them.

"Well, children," said he, "are you glad to get to the end of the voyage?"

"Yes, sir," replied Jennie. "I am glad to get safe off of the great sea."

"And I suppose that you must be very glad, sir," added Rollo, "to get to the end of your responsibility."

"Ah, but I have not got to the end of my responsibility yet, by any means," said the captain.

As he said this, he rose from his seat, and looked out very attentively forward for a minute or two. A length he seemed satisfied, and sat down again.

"Well, you have got through all the danger, at any rate," said Rollo, "now that we are inside the land."

"On the contrary," said the captain, "we are just coming into the danger. There is very little danger for a good ship, whether it is a sailing ship or a steamer, out in the open sea. It is only when she comes among the rocks, and shoals, and currents, and other dan-

gers which thicken along the margin of the land, that she has much to fear. Ships are almost always cast away, when they are cast away at all, near or upon the land."

"Is that the way?" replied Rollo. "I thought they were cast away at sea. I am sure it looks a great deal safer here than it does out in the middle of the ocean."

"I suppose so, to your eyes," replied the captain. "But you will see, by reflecting on the subject, that it is, in fact, just the contrary. If a very violent storm comes up when the ship is out in the open sea, it can ordinarily do no harm, only to drive the ship off her course, or perhaps carry away some of her spars or sails. If there is no land in the way, she is in very little danger. But it is very different if a gale of wind comes up suddenly in such a place as this."

"And how is it here?" asked Rollo.

"Why, in the case of a good steamer like this," said the captain, "it makes no great difference here; for we go straight forward on our course, as long as we can see, let it blow as it will. But a sailing vessel would very probably not be able to stand against it, but would be driven off toward any rocks, or sand banks, or shores that might happen to be in the way."

"And so she would certainly be wrecked," said Rollo.

"No, not certainly," replied the captain. "As soon as they found that the water was shoaling, they would anchor."

"How do they know when the water is shoaling?" asked Rollo.

"By the lead," replied the captain. "Did you never sound with the lead and line?"

"No, sir," replied Rollo.

"Well, they have a lead, and a long line," rejoined the captain, "and they let the lead down to the bottom by means of the line, and so learn how deep the water is. The lead is round and long. It is about as large round, and about as long, as Jennie's arm, from her elbow to her wrist, and there is a small cavity in the lower end of it."

"What is that for?" asked Rollo.

"That is to bring up some of the sand, or mud, or gravel, or whatever it may be, that forms the bottom," replied the captain. "They put something into the hole, before they let the lead down, to make the sand or gravel stick. When they see the nature of the bottom in this way, it often helps them to determine where they are, in case it is a dark night, or a foggy day, and they have got lost. It is very easy to measure the depth of the sea in this way, where it is not over a few hundred fathoms."

"How much is a fathom?" asked Rollo.

"Six feet," replied the captain; "that is as far as a man can reach by stretching out both hands along a wall. If the water is only a few hundred fathoms deep," continued the captain, "we can sound; but if it is much deeper than that, it is very difficult to get the lead down."

"Why, I should think," said Rollo, "that the

lead would go down to the bottom of itself, no matter how deep the water was."

"It would," said the captain, "were it not for the line. But the line has some buoyancy; and, besides, it makes a great deal of friction in being drawn through the water; so that, when the line begins to get very long, it becomes very difficult for the lead to get it down. As they let out the line from the ship, it goes more and more slowly, until at last it does not seem to move at all."

"Then the lead must be on the bottom," said Rollo.

"No, that is not certain," said the captain. "It may be only that the quantity of line that is out is sufficient to float the lead. Besides that, the currents in the water, which may set in different directions at different depths, carry the line off to one side and the other, so that it lies very crooked in the water, and the weight of the lead is not sufficient to straighten it."

"Then they ought to have a heavier lead, I should think," said Rollo.

"Yes," said the captain; "and for deep-sea soundings they do use very heavy sinkers. Sometimes they use cannon balls as heavy as a man can lift. Then they take great pains, too, to have a very light and small line. Still, with all these precautions, it is very difficult, after some miles of the line are run out, to tell when the shot reaches the bottom. In some of the deepest places in the sea, the line, when they attempt to sound, is all day running out. I knew one case where they threw the shot over-

board in the morning, and the line continued to run out, though slower and slower, of course, all the time, until night. It changed its rate of running so gradually, that at last they could not tell whether it was running or not. It seemed to float idly in the water, sinking slowly all the time; and yet they could not tell whether it was drawn in by the drifting of the portion of the line already down, or by the weight of the shot. So they could not tell certainly whether they had reached bottom or not.

"There is another thing that is curious about it," added the captain; "and that is, that, when a line is let out to such a length, they can never get it back again."

"Why not?" asked Rollo.

"It is not strong enough," said the captain, "to bear the strain of drawing such an immense length out of the water. There is a very considerable degree of friction produced in drawing a line of any kind through the water; and when the line is some miles in length, and has, besides, a heavy ball at the end of it, the resistance becomes enormous. Whenever they attempt to draw up a sounding line of such a length, it always parts at a distance of a few hundred fathoms from the surface, so that only a small part of the line is ever recovered."

"I should not suppose it would be so hard to draw up the line," said Rollo. "I should have thought that it would come up very easily."

"No," said the captain. "If you draw even

a whiplash through the water, you will find that it draws much harder than it does on the grass; and if a boy's kite were to fall upon a pond at a great distance from the shore, I don't think he could draw it in by the string. The string would break, on account of the friction of the string and of the kite in the water. Sometimes, in naval battles, when a ship is pretending to try to escape, in order to entice another ship to follow her, away from the rest of the fleet, they tow a rope behind, and this rope, dragging in the water, retards the ship, and prevents her from going very fast, notwithstanding that all the sails are set, and she seems to be sailing as fast as she can."

"That's a curious way of doing it," said Rollo; "isn't it, Jennie?"

Jennie thought that it was a very curious way indeed.

"There is no difficulty," said the captain, resuming his explanations, "in finding the depth of the sea in harbors and bays, or at any place near the shore; for in all such places it is usually much less than a hundred fathoms. So when in a dark night, or in a fog, the ship is driven by the wind in a direction where they know there is land, they sound often; and when they find that the water is shoal enough, they let go the anchor."

"And so the anchor holds them," said Jennie, "I suppose, and keeps them from going against the land."

"Yes," said the captain, "generally, but

not always. Sometimes the bottom is of smooth rock, or of some other hard formation, which the flukes of the anchor cannot penetrate, and then the ship drifts on toward the land, dragging the anchor with her."

"And what do they do in that case?" asked Rollo.

"Very often there is nothing that they can do," said the captain, "except to let out more cable, cautiously, so as to give the anchor a better chance to catch in some cleft or crevice in the bottom. Sometimes it does catch in this manner, and then the ship is stopped, and, for a time the people on board think they are safe."

"And are they safe?" asked Rollo.

"Perhaps so," replied the captain; "and yet there is still some danger. The anchor may have caught at a place where the cable passes over the edge of a sharp rock, which soon cuts it off, in consequence of the motion. Then the ship must go on shore.

"At other times," continued the captain, "the ground for the anchor is too soft, instead of being too hard; and the flukes, therefore, do not take a firm hold of it. Then the anchor will drag. Every sea that strikes the ship drives her a little in toward the shore, and she is, of course, in great danger."

The captain would, perhaps, have gone on still further in his conversation with the children, had it not happened that just at this time, on rising to look out forward, he saw a large ship, under full sail, coming down the

channel. So he rose, and went up upon one of the paddle boxes, to see that a proper look-out was kept, to avoid a collision.

The seas which lie between England and Ireland are so wide, and they are so provided with lighthouses and buoys, that no pilot is necessary for the navigation of them; and the pilot boats, therefore, which contain the pilot who is to take the vessel into port, generally await the arrival of the ship off the mouth of the Mersey, at a place which the steamer reaches about twenty-four hours after making Cape Clear. When the steamer in which Rollo made his voyage arrived at this place, almost all the passengers came on deck to witness the operation of taking the pilot on board. There were ships and steamers to be seen on every side, proceeding in different directions—some going across to Ireland, some southwardly out to sea; and there were others, still, which were, like the steamer, bound in to Liverpool. Among these, there was a small vessel at a distance from the steamer, with a certain signal flying. This signal was to show that this boat was the one which contained the pilot whose turn it was to take the steamer in. The captain gave the proper orders to the helmsman, and the steamer gradually turned from her course, so as to approach the spot where the pilot boat was lying. As she came near, a little skiff was seen at the stern of the pilot boat, with men getting into it. In a moment more, the skiff pushed off and rowed toward the steamer. A sailor stood on a sort

of platform abaft the wheel house to throw the men in the skiff a rope when they came near. The engine was stopped, and the monstrous steampipe commenced blowing off the steam, which, being now no longer employed to work the engine, it would be dangerous to keep pent up. The steam, in issuing from the pipe, produced a dense cloud of smoke and a terrific roaring.

In the meantime, the skiff approached the ship, and the men on board of it caught the rope thrown to them by the sailor on the platform. By this rope they were drawn up to the side of the ship at a place where there was a ladder; and then the pilot, leaving the skiff, clambered up and came on board. The men in the skiff then pushed off and turned to go back toward the pilot boat. The roaring of the steam suddenly ceased, the paddle wheels began again to revolve, and the ship recommenced her motion. The pilot went up upon the paddle box and gave orders to the helmsman how to steer, while the captain came down. His responsibility and care in respect to the navigation of the ship for that voyage was now over.

In fact, the passengers began to consider the voyage ended. They all went to work packing up their trunks, adjusting their dresses, changing their caps for hats, and making other preparations for the land.

As the time drew nigh for going on shore, Jennie began to feel some apprehension on the subject, inasmuch as, judging from all the

formidable preparations which she saw going on around her, she inferred that landing in Liverpool from an Atlantic steamer must be a very different thing from going on shore at New York after a voyage down the Hudson. As for Rollo, his feelings were quite the reverse from Jennie's. He not only felt no solicitude on the subject, but he began to be quite ambitious of being ashore alone—that is, without anyone to take charge of him.

"We shall get along, Jennie, very well indeed," said Rollo. "I asked one of the passengers about it. The custom-house officers will come and look into our trunks, to see if we have got any smuggled goods in them. They won't find any in ours, I can tell them. Then all I have got to do is, to ask one of the cabmen to take us in his cab, and carry us to a hotel."

"To what hotel?" asked Jennie.

"Why—I don't know," said Rollo, rather puzzled. "To the best hotel. I'll just tell him to the best hotel."

"Well," said Jennie, "and what then?"

"Well,—and then,"—said Rollo, looking a little perplexed again, and speaking rather doubtingly,—"then, — why, I suppose that father will send somebody there to find us."

Jennie was not convinced; but she had nothing more to say, and so she was silent.

Rollo's plan, however, of taking care of himself in the landing seemed not likely to be realized; for there were not less than three different arrangements made, on the evening

of the arrival, for taking care of him. In the first place, his father and mother were at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, awaiting the arrival of the steamer, and intending to go on board as soon as the guns should announce her coming. In the second place, Mr. Chauncy, Maria's brother, said that they should go with him and Maria. He would take the children, he said, to a hotel, and then take immediate measures to find out where Mr. Holiday was. In the third place, the captain came to Rollo just after sunset, and made a similar proposal.

Rollo, not knowing anything about his father's plan, accepted Mr. Chauncy's offer; and then, when the captain came, he thanked him for his kindness, but said that he was going with Mr. Chauncy and Maria.

"Then you will go in the night," said the captain; "for Mr. Chauncy is the bearer of dispatches."

Rollo did not understand what the captain meant by this, though it was afterward explained to him. The explanation was this: Every steamer, besides the passengers, carries the mails. The mails, containing all the letters and papers that are passing between the two countries, are conveyed in a great number of canvas and leather bags, and sometimes in tin boxes; enough, often, to make several cartloads. Besides these mails, which contain the letters of private citizens, the government of the United States has always a bag full of letters and papers which are to be sent to the American minister in London, for his instruc-

tion. These letters and papers are called the government dispatches. They are not sent with the mails, but are intrusted usually to some one of the passengers—a gentleman known to the government as faithful and trustworthy. This passenger is called the bearer of dispatches.

Now, the steamers, when they arrive at Liverpool, cannot usually go directly up to the pier, because the water is not deep enough there, except at particular states of the tide. They accordingly have to anchor in the stream, at some distance from the shore. As soon as they anchor, whether it is by day or by night, a small steamer comes alongside to get the mails and the dispatches; for they must be landed immediately, so as to proceed directly to London by the first train. The bearer of dispatches, together with his family, or those whom he has directly under his charge, are, of course, allowed to go on shore in the small steamer with the dispatch bag, but the rest of the passengers have to wait to have their trunks and baggage examined by the custom-house officers. If the vessel gets to Liverpool in the night, they have to wait until the next morning. This was what the captain meant by saying, that, if the children went on shore with Mr. Chauncy, they would go in the night; for he then expected to get to his anchoring ground so that the boat for the mails would come off to the ship at about half past twelve.

Accordingly, that evening, when bedtime came, Maria and the children did not go to

bed, but they lay down upon the couches and in their berths, in their dayclothes, awaiting the summons which they expected to receive when the small steamer should come. In the meantime, the ship went on, sometimes going very slowly, and sometimes stopping altogether, in order to avoid a collision with some other vessel which was coming in her way. The night was foggy and dark, so that her progress, to be safe, was necessarily slow. At length, Maria and the children, tired of waiting and watching, all three fell asleep. They were, however, suddenly aroused from their slumbers about midnight by the chambermaid, who came into the state room and told them that Mr. Chauncy was ready.

They rose and hurried up on deck. Their trunks had been taken up before them. When they reached the deck, they found Mr. Chauncy there and the captain, and with them two or three rather rough-looking men, in shaggy coats, examining their trunks by the light of lanterns which they held in their hands. The examination was very slight. The men merely lifted up the things in the corners a little, and, finding that there appeared to be nothing but clothing in the trunks, they said, "All right!" and then shut them up again. All this time the steampipe of the little steamer alongside kept up such a deafening roar that it was almost impossible to hear what was said.

The way of descent to get down from the deck of the great steamer to the little one was

very steep and intricate, and it seemed doubly so on account of the darkness and gloom of the night. In the first place, you had to climb up three or four steps to get to the top of the bulwarks; then to go down a long ladder, which landed you on the top of the paddle box of the steamer. From this paddle box you walked along a little way over what they called a bridge; and then there was another flight of stairs leading to the deck. As all these stairs, and also the sides of both the steamers, were painted black, and as the water looked black and gloomy too, the whole being only faintly illuminated by the lurid glare of the lanterns held by the men, the prospect was really very disheartening. Maria said, when she reached the top of the bulwarks and looked down, that she should never dare to go down there in the world.

She was, however, a sensible girl, and as she knew very well that there could not be any real danger in such a case, she summoned all her resolution and went on. Men stood below, at the different landing-places, to help her, and her brother handed her down from above. Mr. Chauncy, as soon as he saw that she had safely descended, was going to attend to the children, but just at that instant he missed his dispatch bag. He asked where it was. Some said they believed it had gone down the slide. There was a sort of slide by the side of the ladder, where the mails and trunks had been sent down. Some said it had gone down this slide; others did not know. So he directed

the children to wait a moment while he went down to see. He accordingly descended the ladder, and began to look about in a hurried manner to see if he could find it. The men on board the steamer, in the meanwhile, were impatient to cut loose from the ship, the mail agent having called out to them to make haste, or they would be too late for the train. Accordingly, some of them stood by the ladder, ready to take it down; while others seized the ropes and prepared to cast them off at a moment's notice, as soon as they should hear that the dispatch bag was found. They did not know that the children were at the top of the ladder, waiting to come on board; for it was so dark that nothing could be seen distinctly except where the lanterns were directly shining, and the noise made by the roaring of the steamer was so great that very little could be heard.

Mr. Chauncy found the dispatch bag very soon in the after part of the vessel, where somebody had put it in a safe place. As soon as he saw it, he said, "Ah, here it is. All right!"

"All right! all right!" said the sailors around him, repeating his words in a loud tone, when they heard him say that the dispatch bag was found. Mr. Chauncy immediately hurried back to go up the ladder to the children; but he was too late. On hearing the words "all right!" the men had immediately drawn down the ladder, and cast off the fastenings, so that, by the time that Mr.

Chauncy reached the paddle box, the noise of the steam pipe had suddenly stopped, the paddle wheels were beginning to revolve, and the little steamer was gliding rapidly away from the vast and towering mass under which it had been lying.

"The children!" exclaimed Mr. Chauncy, "the children!"

"Never mind," said the captain, in a very quiet tone. "It's too late now. I'll take care of them to-morrow morning."

The captain spoke in a manner as calm and unconcerned as if the children being left in this way was not a matter of the slightest consequence in the world. In fact, the commanders of these steamships, being accustomed to encounter continually all sorts of emergencies, difficulties, and dangers, get in the habit of taking everything very coolly, which is, indeed, always the best way.

Then, turning to the children, he said:

"It's all right, children. Go below and get into your berths again, and I will send you on shore to-morrow morning when the rest of the passengers go."

So Rollo and Jennie went below again. The chambermaid was surprised to see them coming back; and when she heard an explanation of the case, she advised them to undress themselves and go to bed regularly. This they did, and were soon fast asleep.

The next morning, very soon after sunrise, another steamer came off from the shore, bringing several customhouse officers to exam-

ine the passengers' baggage. By the time that this steamer had arrived, a great many of the passengers were up, and had their trunks ready on deck to be examined. Among the rest was Hilbert with his trunk, though his father and mother were not yet ready. Hilbert was very anxious to get on shore, and so he had got his trunk up, and was all ready on the deck half an hour before the steamer came.

When the tug came alongside, Hilbert, who was looking down upon her from the promenade deck, observed a neatly-dressed looking man on board of it, who seemed to be looking at him very earnestly. This was Mr. Holiday's servant. His name was Alfred. When Mr. Holiday had gone to bed the night before, he had given Alfred orders that in case the steamer should come in in the night, or at a very early hour in the morning, before it would be safe for him, as an invalid, to go out, he, Alfred, was to go on board, find the children, and bring them on shore. Accordingly, when Alfred saw Hilbert, and observed that he was of about the same size as Rollo had been described to him to be, he supposed that it must be Rollo. Accordingly, as soon as the tug was made fast, he came up the ladder, and immediately made his way to the promenade deck, to the place where Hilbert was standing. As he approached Hilbert, he touched his hat, and then said, in a very respectful tone:

"Beg pardon, sir. Is this Master Holiday?"

"Rollo, do you mean?" said Hilbert. "No.

Rollo went ashore last night with the bearer of dispatches."

Hilbert knew that this was the arrangement which had been made, and he supposed that it had been carried into effect.

Alfred, who was a very faithful and trustworthy man, and was accustomed to do everything thoroughly, was not fully satisfied with this information, coming as it did from a boy; but he waited some little time, and made inquiries of other passengers. At last, one gentleman told him that he was sure that Rollo had gone on shore, for he saw him and his sister pass up out of the cabin when the mail tug came. He was sitting up in the cabin reading at the time. Alfred was satisfied with this explanation, and so he called a small boat which was alongside, and engaged the boatman to row him ashore.

Thus the second plan for taking care of Rollo and Jennie, in the landing, failed.

All this time Rollo and Jennie were both asleep—for the chambermaid, thinking that they must be tired from having been up so late the night before, concluded to let them sleep as long as possible. While they were sleeping, the waiters on board the ship were all employed in carrying up trunks, and boxes, and carpet bags, and bundles of canes and umbrellas, from all the state rooms, and spreading them about upon the decks, where the custom-house officers could examine them. The decks soon, of course, presented in every part very bustling and noisy scenes. Passengers were

hurrying to and fro. Some were getting their baggage together for examination; some were unstrapping their trunks; and others, having unstrapped theirs, were now fumbling in their pockets, in great distress, to find the keys. It is always an awkward thing to lose a trunk key; but the most unfortunate of all possible times for meeting with this calamity is when a customhouse officer is standing by, waiting to examine what your trunk contains. Those who could not find their keys were obliged to stand aside and let others take their turn. As fast as the trunks were inspected, the lid of each was shut down, and it was marked with chalk; and then, as soon as it was locked and strapped again, a porter conveyed it to the tug, where the owner followed it, ready to go on shore.

In the midst of this scene the captain came on deck, and began to look around for the children whom he had promised to take care of. He made some inquiries for them, and at length was told that they had gone ashore.

"At least, I think they have gone," said his informant. "I saw Mr. Holiday's coachman here, inquiring for them, a short time ago. And he seems to be gone. I presume he has taken them ashore."

"He can't have taken them ashore," said the captain. "There is nothing to go ashore till this tug goes. However, I presume he has got them under his charge somewhere."

So the captain dismissed the subject from his mind; and after remaining a few minutes on

deck, and seeing that everything was going on well, he went below into his state room, in order to write a letter to the owners of the ship, to inform them of the safe termination of the voyage.

It was about this time that the chambermaid waked Rollo and Jennie. They rose immediately, and were soon dressed. On going up upon the deck, they were somewhat surprised to witness the bustling scenes that were enacting there; and they stood for a few minutes surveying the various groups, and watching with great interest the process of examining the baggage. At length, after following the process through in the case of one of the passengers, who was just opening his trunk when they came up, Rollo turned to Jennie, and said:

"It is nothing at all, Jennie. I can do it as well as anybody."

So he looked about till he found his trunk, and, leading Jennie there, he took his station by the side of it, and immediately proceeded to unstrap and unlock it. He took out some of the largest things from the top of the trunk and put them on a settee near, so that the officer could easily examine the rest. By the time he had done this an officer was ready.

"Is this your trunk, my lad?" said the officer, at the same time lifting up the clothes a little at the corners.

"Yes, sir," said Rollo.

"All right," said the officer, and he shut down the lid, and marked the top with a P.

Rollo opened his trunk again to put the other things in, and then locked and strapped it. A porter then took it and carried it on board the tender. Rollo and Jennie followed him.

In about half an hour the tender put off from the steamer and went to the shore. On the way, Jennie, who could not help feeling some anxiety about the result of these formidable proceedings, said, timidly:

"I don't see what we are going to do, Rollo, when we get to the shore."

"We will do what the rest do," said Rollo. As soon as the steamer touched the pier and began to blow off her steam, a terrific scene of noise and confusion ensued. Rollo and Jennie stood near their trunk, overawed and silenced; but yet Rollo was not, after all, much afraid, for he felt confident that it would all come out right in the end. He was right in this supposition; for as soon as some fifty of the most impatient and eager of the passengers had got their baggage, and had gone ashore, the tumult subsided in a great measure. At length, a porter, after taking away a great many trunks near Rollo, asked him if that trunk, pointing to Rollo's, was to go on shore. Rollo said that it was. So the porter took it up and went away, Rollo and Jennie following him.

They made their way through the crowd, and across the plank, to the pier. When they had got upon the pier, the porter turned and said, "Do you want a carriage?" Rollo anwered, "Yes;" and then the porter immedi-

ately put the trunk upon the top of a small carriage which was standing there in a line with many others. He then opened the door, and Rollo and Jennie got in.

"How much to pay, sir?" said Rollo.

"Sixpence, if you please, sir," said the porter.

Rollo, who had the precaution to provide himself with silver change, so as to be ready, gave the man a sixpence. Of course, it was an English sixpence.

"Thank you, sir," said the porter. "Where shall he drive?"

"To the hotel," said Rollo.

"To what hotel?" said the porter.

"Why—I don't know," said Rollo. "To—to the best hotel."

"To the Adelphi," said the porter to the coachman. So saying, he shut the door, and the coachman drove away.

When they arrived at the door of the hotel, the landlord, who came out to see who had come, supposed at once that his new guests must be Mr. Holiday's children; so he sent them up immediately to their father's parlor, where the breakfast table had been set, and their father and mother, and Thanny were waiting for them. The joy of their parents at seeing them was unbounded, and they themselves were almost equally rejoiced in finding their long voyage brought thus to a safe and happy termination.

In respect to Tiger, however, the end of the voyage was unfortunately not so propitious.

In the confusion of the landing she was forgotten, and left behind; and Jennie was so excited and overjoyed at meeting her mother that it was nearly noon before she thought of the kitten at all. Her father then sent Alfred on board the ship to see if he could get her. He came back with the cage, but he said that the kitten was nowhere to be found. He made diligent inquiry, but he could obtain no tidings of her—and no tidings were ever afterward heard. Whether she fell overboard and was drowned; or whether the waiters on the ship took a fancy to her, and hid her away somewhere in the forecastle in order to keep her for their pet and plaything in future voyages; or whether she walked over the plank to the pier, when the ship came alongside of it, and there got enticed away by the Liverpool cats into the various retreats and recesses which they resort to among the docks and sewers—could never be known. At all events, neither Jennie nor Rollo ever saw or heard of her again.