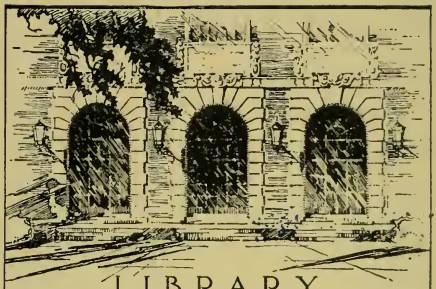

THE HISTORY

OF

AN ADVENTURER IN NEW GUINEA.

VOL. I.

LONDON
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ANDREW DEVEREL:

THE HISTORY OF

AN ADVENTURER IN NEW GUINEA.

BY

CHARLES BEACH.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

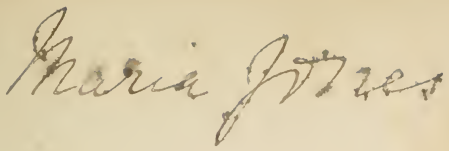
VOL. I.

LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.
1863.

PREFACE.

THE AUTHOR is an entirely unlearned man, unaccustomed to literature, but he has actually been in all the scenes he describes, and has taken part in the adventures. If he can excite the curiosity and call the attention of the commercial world to the riches and unexplored resources of New Guinea, he will have conferred a benefit. That beautiful country offers a virgin field of enterprise which would well repay the dangers and difficulties of exploration.

May 11, 1863.



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OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

ANDREW DEVEREL.

CHAPTER I.

THE ACQUIREMENTS AND HOPES OF A VAGRANT.

His years but young, but in experience old.
SHAKSPEARE.

ONE afternoon in May 1850, Andrew Deverel wandered into his native town, a small village on the Erie Canal in the State of New York. He was in his childhood's home, yet a stranger. Nine years had passed since he had left the place, and all things had changed except the canal.

He passed through the town to the village graveyard, and seeking amongst the graves, he came to one that had the appearance of not having been seen for years.

The top of a plain slab of marble at the head of the grave was inclined to the earth, and a wooden fence that had once enclosed it was decaying on the ground.

He stood by his mother's grave.

It was the last place he had visited before leaving his early home, and the first halting-place to which his footsteps were directed on his return.

'I come here because I have no other home,' thought he. 'This is my home—the only place where I am not intruding.'

To break the strength of rising emotions, he passed on.

A stone at the head of another grave met his gaze, and he read the words:—

IN MEMORY

OF

SARAH WOOSTER,

WHO DIED

MAY 25, 1838.

'I remember it was on my twelfth birthday that Sarah Wooster died.

'This is the 25th day of May 1850. This day I am twenty-two years of age.'

The sun went down, and a night dark as his thoughts came over the earth as he wandered to and fro about the village.

The night was cold and rainy, and he had no shelter.

'What shall be done now?' thought he. 'I am not acquainted with a person in the village. I have not the colour of money in my pockets. I am hungry. The houses are closed, and I would not beg even if they were not. I must

live as I can until morning, and then look for work. I must walk about the streets of my native village all night.'

He had reached the tow-path, and while thus musing, two horses passed by him towing a boat. Immediately after he heard a shout, and a noise of something falling in the water.

Hastening to the spot whence the shout proceeded, he found a man struggling in the water, unable to climb the bank.

The man had been thrown into the water by the tow-line, the horses having passed, leaving him between the line and the canal.

Andrew Deverel succeeded in pulling the man out just before the boat itself reached the spot. A few seconds longer, and the man would have been crushed by the boat against the bank.

'I am indebted for a longer existence to you,' said the man; 'but the night is so

dark I cannot tell who you are. I am John Grey, the miller. Come up to my rooms, and I will try and express my thanks over some hot brandy and water. I am too cold to do so here.'

'I am willing to go with you,' said Andrew, 'and thus find a shelter from this storm; but will only go on the condition that you say nothing about thanks.'

'All right,' said the miller; 'you shall not be annoyed. Come this way. There is the lamp of the public-house, and we shall soon be under shelter.'

John Grey was a bachelor about forty-five years of age, was a little eccentric in his character and habits. He had made what in the State of New York is thought to be a fortune, by grinding wheat and exporting the flour to Liverpool. Although able to retire from business, he was unwilling to do so, for

he saw no more agreeable way of killing time than by superintending it.

Mr. Grey conducted the young man to his rooms on the second floor of the public-house. Drawing a chair near the fire, he bade him sit down, and after placing some wood on the expiring fire, he retired to his bed-room adjoining, from which he soon after reappeared in a dressing-gown and slippers.

'I see you are a stranger in this place,' said Mr. Grey, after closely observing the young man for the first time.

'I arrived in the village this afternoon,' said Andrew, 'and of course I am a stranger here. Did you ever see a resident of the place so elaborately adorned with rags as myself?'

Mr. Grey was a very shrewd observer of humanity, and saw at a glance that the youth before him was no ordinary person. Had he been like the generality of young men, he would have

been at least decently dressed. For, thanks to the institutions and dimensions of the great republic, its citizens need not suffer for food and clothing; and had Andrew Deverel been like the majority of others, he would have been gaudily dressed, and disfigured with cheap jewellery.

'The population of the village is not large, said Mr. Grey, 'and I judged you to be a stranger by your face not being familiar to me; and I must own that you do not appear to be on good terms with mankind in general, or tailors in particular. I do not wish to flatter you, but I regard your appearance as evidence of genius unappreciated by the world.'

'Thank you. You have expressed my sentiments nearly as well as I could myself. There is but one thing you could have said that would have pleased me more, and that would have been to give the order for the

brandy and hot water you mentioned when I first had the pleasure of making your acquaintance.'

'I have not forgotten it,' said Mr. Grey, ringing a bell, 'for we both need it. I hope that the soft inclinations of your mind do not lead you to brandy alone.'

'Only on particular occasions such as the present, when I am wet, cold, and hungry.'

'These three disagreeable sensations can soon be removed. How long have you been without food? I am only asking out of curiosity.'

'I had a very good dinner yesterday, and after eating it, I told the landlord that I would pay him the next time I came that way, if I had the money. He gave me an invitation never to come again, and directed me to a place where I would get warm.'

Mr. Grey gave orders to the waiter to bring

the brandy and water immediately. 'And bring something to eat for two, as soon as the Lord will let you, and as much quicker as you can.'

The brandy came and was drunk, and soon after the supper was brought in.

'You must both eat and talk,' said Mr. Grey, as they sat down to the table. 'It is late, and we shall have no time to spare in talking after our supper. I wish you to tell me how you came to be on such bad terms with the world.'

'Pray talk of something else, or I shall curse what you call the world and everything that owns it,' said the young man.

'Stop that,' exclaimed the miller, 'and try and make your company agreeable. Art thou a Christian, yet curse the world that has been the home of thy Redeemer, and the things your God has made? If you are unhappy,

why curse the lovely earth, and all things beautiful? Search within your own soul for what gives it pain. You were made for the world, and not the world for you. Be thankful that thou art required in the construction of a universe, and make yourself worthy of the part you have to act in it. What would become of the world if the laws of nature could be controlled by the silly whims of individuals? If you have *any* reason, give it action for one minute, and be happy.'

'Do not talk to me of happiness; I am not so silly as to hope for that. In my life I have seen only two persons that were not miserable. One of those was a lunatic, and the other an idiot.'

'If only lunatics and fools were happy, you should enjoy unbounded felicity, for I never listened to more genuine nonsense than you can talk. Let us take an observation of the

circumstances in which you are placed, and determine the course for you to steer in the future. Do you state all that annoys you, and I will examine the means by which it may be removed.'

'Certainly, if you wish it, and I will not converse on any other subject than the one of which I know the most. In the first place I have poor health. My constitution has become injured by exposure and hardships in many climes. I am ignorant, and have a desire to obtain knowledge. I am in great poverty, and am not contented with it. I have not a relative or friend in the world, and I have some enemies. The education I have received by wandering from one place to another makes me unfitted for any special employment. I am so clothed with rags that no one would listen to any terms I could offer. I am madly in love with a girl who would faint

with disgust and indignation should I speak to her.'

'That is a long catalogue of miseries, and very warm ones too,' said Mr. Grey; 'but does it comprise all?'

'No. The worst of all is the state to which my mind is brought by those I have mentioned. I have no energy, no hope, no love of life, and no fear of death. All my feelings are gradually changing into hate and pride. I believe the strongest feeling that keeps me from crime, is my dislike to giving mankind the pleasure of punishing me for it.'

'I see nothing in all you have told me but what may be overcome or redeemed by action, guided by a determined will and a right spirit. Your health may be regained by proper care, food, exercise, and sleep.

'The acquisition of knowledge is a pleasant

recreation that will go far in removing your unhappiness.

'Wealth sufficient for earthly wants may be acquired by industry and economy; and a judicious pursuit of wealth is the most effectual way of regaining your health. You will surely find friends while seeking in the right manner for wealth and knowledge.'

'What you tell me is possible, yet very doubtful. Suppose all you show me could certainly be mine at the price you require — those blessings are not worth the toil and care required in procuring them, for health, wealth, knowledge, and liberty do not confer happiness. Many have I seen with them all, yet as miserable as myself. No doubt, were my circumstances to change to-morrow, I should be equally dissatisfied; for it is human nature to seek and find not.'

'If people will close their eyes, they cannot

see although the sun may be shining; and if you are determined not to look for happiness, you cannot find it.'

'You are telling me to be happy, and yet, may be, you are as miserable as myself. You apply your philosophy to the circumstances of others and show how all unhappiness may be prevented, and vex yourself because they are not benefited by it.'

'I believe there is some truth in what you say, for I am irritated to see a youth so unreasonable as you are, and probably have ever been, and to hear you talk as you have been talking to me, on a subject of which I know so much and you know so little. I confess my displeasure at seeing this beautiful earth made the scene of so much needless sorrow. It makes me angry to see pearls so profusely cast before swine — ay, worse than swine, for man fiendishly reviles what he has not the

wisdom to use. He is a loathsome ungrateful reptile, despoiling a bed of flowers. You seem to have no disposition for doing anything, good or bad: those are worse than dead who can see nothing worth living for. It is absurd to call yourself "madly in love," when you will not make an effort to win the object.'

'Show me a shadow of hope that my efforts will ever be of any avail, and I will display an energy and perseverance enough to satisfy even you.'

'You have hope. Men cannot live without it. Awaken yours, and act. Much — everything may be done in five or six years. Set up an object, and never yield to any circumstances that seem to stand in the way of reaching it. Place yourself under my care and tuition for a few weeks, and we will see if you are capable of being made into anything but a useless encumbrance of the earth.

'What has been your education? Do you know anything at all?'

'I was two years at school, from the time I was eleven years old until I was thirteen; and in those two years I did not injure my health by too much study.'

'Bad—very bad. How is your penmanship? Do you know how to write?'

'I could write a little before I went to school, and have improved since.'

'Good. Do you know anything of arithmetic?'

'Yes. I can some way arrive at a correct answer to any question you can ask me.'

'Very good. What else do you know?'

'I can speak German.'

'Better still. That may help you to obtain some respectable employment. How did you learn German?'

'My mother's parents were German, and

it was her native language. She taught me to speak and to read it, and when a child we had German servants, and I associated much with them.'

'Is there anything else you know?'

'I can speak Italian.'

'That language is not of much use in business. But how did you learn to speak it?'

'A few months after leaving school my mother died, leaving me without a home, and I was a wandering minstrel for more than a year with two Italian girls, and I learnt the language from them.'

'Can you speak any other language?'

'Yes, French and Spanish.'

'Wonderful! How did you learn French?'

'After leaving the Italian girls, I was for more than a year a cabin-boy in a French ship.'

'And Spanish?'

'I was in the Mexican war, where I remained awhile after the war was over. I have but lately returned. I have been all my life where I could associate with people of many countries, and I always try to converse with each in his own language.'

'I fear you know a "*leetle*" too much for me to be of any use to you. Are you honest?'

'I have ever been so, except on some occasions when I have been very hungry.'

'What has been your reason for being honest?'

'For the reason that I have had no particular inducement to be otherwise, except sometimes to get a dinner, as I did yesterday, and that very seldom, and would not do so under any circumstances more than three times a week. Having no object in the future strengthens the worst feelings of human na-

ture, and makes us regardless of the rights of others.'

'You are a wonderful youth. I could not have believed, before meeting with you, that the human mind was capable of such perverse folly. Now what would you like to do, supposing you had the power of doing as you pleased?'

'Marry the girl I love.'

'You believe this to be impossible?'

'I do; but the hope of doing that is the only thing that could inspire me to action. Show me the smallest hope of winning her, and there is nothing but what I would try to do.'

'That is talking more sensibly, and I believe something may be made of you yet. Now tell me all you know about the girl, and let us see whether there is any hope for you or not.'

'Her name is Laura Lorney, and she

cannot be more than seventeen years of age. Her father lives near the city of New Orleans, and has pride enough for the whole Spanish nation. He has much wealth and some talent, and has refused to be nominated for a member of Congress — his aristocratic pride leading him to suppose the station beneath his dignity. I first saw her in a carriage in the city, and then spent six weeks' time and all my money in trying to see more of her, but during that time I only got a glimpse of her twice. If you can now show me any hope, you are a very ingenious man.'

'Give you hope? certainly I can. The girl is undoubtedly good-looking?'

'Wonderfully so, in my opinion, and I fear in that of others also.'

'And she is a native of the "sunny south." Her name is Laura. Under all these circumstances, she will certainly marry some one, or

should do so. If she is a person so superior that no one has a chance of getting her, I would not advise you to try; but believing she will marry, I know of no reason why you cannot be made as worthy of her as another. Compare yourself with other men, and not with her, and you will see that your prospect looks much brighter.'

'It certainly does. You are right. Though covered with dirt and rags, I am inferior to no man on earth until I have been tried and found wanting. I wonder that I have never thought of this before.'

'Now you are beginning to live, and I must put you in the way of doing something.'

'During the long years I am doing this something, she may marry another.'

'In that case, marry another yourself. You must not do your countrywomen so much injustice as to believe that only one of them is

worthy of you. You must write to Laura Lorney and command her to wait for you.'

'Write to her? Command her?'

'Certainly. Both of you are too young to marry, but you must not neglect her on that account. Some inconvenience exists in your associating with her for three or four years, and this must be remedied by an occasional correspondence on your part, which will serve to make her somewhat acquainted with you, and cause her to examine the claims of others ere she accepts them and rejects your own. Unless she knows of the honour you intend to confer on her, you cannot complain at her accepting another. You must also write to her aristocratic father, or he may think you are trying to get his daughter without his consent or knowledge. You must manage the business with propriety, or you will not deserve the girl, and ought not to get her.'

Andrew Deverel remained silent.

'Here are fifty dollars,' continued Mr. Grey. 'Take them, and make a respectable appearance to-morrow morning at eleven o'clock in my office at Grey's Mill in the east end of the town on the other side of the canal.'

The young man took the money, said 'good night,' and left the room.

CHAPTER II.

DOUBTS DECIDED.

At the appointed hour the next day, Andrew Deverel entered the office of the miller, dressed in a manner that showed his taste to be good.

'I intend to give you some employment if you wish it,' said Mr. Grey. 'I think, from your appearance and conversation, that you are capable of succeeding in any pursuit you choose to follow. As I believe that practical knowledge is far superior to any other, I can but approve of the manner you have been educated. The principal way by which we

obtain knowledge is by the use of our eyes, and you appear to have had opportunities of gaining much information in that way, and also to be capable of forming opinions on what you have seen. What occupation would you like to follow, or what situation shall I try to procure for you?'

'Anything that a man need not feel shame in following.'

'You are a good-looking young fellow. Would you like a situation in some place where the ladies love to do their shopping?'

'No; I want some occupation more manly than that. There is work in this world requiring men to perform, and such work I would do, if able.'

'That's right—I thought so.'

'I wish for some active employment where I should not be too much under the control of others. I have been in situations where I was

told when to move and when to stand. I did not like it, and have no wish to be in a similar position again.'

'I have no wish to dictate to you your occupation. Do not be hasty; take three or four days to decide upon what you would wish to do. Call here each day if you wish, and when I am not engaged we can get better acquainted.'

Andrew rose to depart. Before he reached the door, Mr. Grey said, 'Have you got a name?'

'Yes—Andrew Deverel.'

'Deverel! Deverel! Are you a native of this village?'

'Yes, and that was probably the reason why I have visited it again, although what was my object in coming I know not, and never shall.'

'Good day!' said Mr. Grey, turning to his desk. Andrew Deverel departed, leaving the

old bachelor looking at his ledger, but thinking of years that had long passed.

'That is the son of Louisa König,' thought he, 'the son of her who rejected me and married that poor devil Deverel, who killed himself with drink two years after. I will do something for that young man. It will prove that my love for his mother was such as a man should know, and that I bear no malice to the memory of his father.'

Mr. Grey had a brother in the city of New York who was engaged in the shipping business. The day on which he met Andrew Deverel, he had received a letter from his brother inviting him to join in the speculation of sending a ship to California.

'I will send this young man to California,' thought Mr. Grey. 'If he conducts himself properly, he will repay me; if not, the money will be lost. But I will run the risk.'

In answer to his brother, he wrote offering to join him in the speculation, and agreeing to abide by any arrangements the brother should make concerning it.

'Would you like to go to California?' asked Mr. Grey the next day when Andrew called at the office.

'Indeed I should,' answered Andrew. 'It is the place for a young man who wishes to live fast by making a fortune while young.'

'Very well; you shall have the means to go if you wish it. I can see no field in which a young man can accomplish so much in a short time.'

'I have often regretted my inability to go there, and shall be glad if you can give me an opportunity. I have been thinking, as you requested, of what occupation I should follow here, and have been unable to decide on anything.'

'We will call the business decided now. I will write to my brother in New York to secure you a passage to San Francisco by the way of Panama. I will give you some business to do for me in San Francisco, after which you can try to do something for yourself.'

While waiting the result of the communication to his brother, Mr. Grey had many long conversations with Andrew, and was surprised at the mixture of ability and perverseness he displayed. His wandering life had given him some knowledge of many phases of life.

Though young in years, he had seen more of the world and endured more hardships than many who have lived to an advanced age. Few things worth learning could be taught him by one of his own years.

He had not yielded to the temptations that ever beset those who live a wandering life, and he had acquired none of the habits that are

supposed to belong to all who are not trying to appear more respectable than they really are. His dislike to being under the control of others was the chief cause why he had not succeeded better in his fortune, but his love of independence and his self-respect had preserved him from becoming the slave of any vice. It was his pride to show that he could do without both favours and indulgences.

The business between Mr. Grey and his brother was soon arranged, and Andrew Deverel left his native village for New York. When shaking hands with Mr. Grey on leaving him, each knew that he grasped the hand of a friend.

The Sunday after Andrew's departure, some of the inhabitants of the village, when walking through the village graveyard, saw that the grave of the widow Deverel was surrounded by a new railing.

This was also noticed by John Grey.

'That is what I have wished to do for a long time,' thought he; 'but pride, which should humble us all, has prevented me.'

CHAPTER III.

TO SAN FRANCISCO.

On July 13, 1850, Andrew Deverel embarked on the steam ship Philadelphia, bound to Chagres.

Before leaving New York he wrote a letter to Laura Lorney, and by the same mail he also sent a letter to her father.

The 16th, 17th, and 18th days of July 1850, will ever be remembered by all who were on board the steamer Philadelphia, from the severe storm they encountered in the Gulf Stream.

The bulwarks, one paddle-wheel, and several

state rooms on the deck were carried away by the sea. The male passengers worked night and day at the pumps, and with much exertion kept the ship afloat.

Five or six of the passengers had not sufficient manliness to work, or seem willing in any way to save themselves. The reason may have been that they understood their own value, and knew that they were not worth saving. Some of the passengers had claimed a certain superiority over the rest, and they had been credited at their own valuation. But in the hour of danger this distinction vanished, and these men became of less importance than any other thing on the ship.

We refrain from giving particulars of his journey across the Isthmus to Panama. But at Panama, Andrew met with an 'incident of travel' which had an interest for him. He was to proceed from Panama in the steamer

California, commanded by Lieutenant Budd, of the U. S. Navy.

The California was lying in the Bay of Panama, and the passengers had to go off in boats. When Andrew reached the ship, a boat-load of steerage passengers were going up its side, and while waiting for them to get on board, he saw a youth of about seventeen, who did not take the usual way of boarding a ship, but, while the others were ascending the side by the proper means, this youth managed to get up by the paddle-wheel, and steal forward unobserved by the officer stationed by the gangway to examine the passage-tickets as the passengers came on board.

This manœuvre showed that the youth had no passage-ticket, and was trying at a very little expense to reach

> ——the land
> Where each bucket of sand
> Is into a dollar reducible.

For the first ten days of the passage to San Francisco, Andrew saw this youth on the deck every day, and he became much interested in his appearance.

His face wore a fixed, quiet, meditative expression.

He associated with none, and spoke only when addressed, and then in a low respectful tone. One day he was standing near the rail crossing abaft the wheels which separated the steerage from the cabin passengers. Andrew drew near and began a conversation.

'You appear very anxious to reach California,' said he, after trying to awaken the youth to some animation by common-place remarks.

'Yes,' said the boy, 'but I don't know why you should think I am more anxious than others.'

'I saw you when you came on board the

ship,' said Andrew, 'and I formed that opinion from the manner by which you reached the deck.'

'For God's sake do not tell of me,' said the youth. 'I had no money to pay my passage, or I would not go in this way. I am obliged to go to California on very important business, and if I had delayed till I got the money it would have been too late.'

'I do not intend to expose you, for, from what I have seen of your conduct since we sailed, I have formed a very good opinion of you. Let your conduct be such as will enable me to retain that opinion, and I shall certainly not speak of what I have seen. You seem to be in much trouble, and that is not the state of mind in which you should seek a land like California. I suppose you are homesick, and would like to see your friends again.'

'Yes, partly so, and I have no one to talk

to me. I have nothing to do but to think of home, and that does not make me happy.'

'Why do you not read? That is a better way of passing time than the one you take.'

'I have got no books, and I don't like to ask anybody to lend me.'

'You are going to the land of gold, and must look to the future with hope. It is natural you should regret leaving friends, but you should also be pleased at having friends to leave. You are much better off than I am, for I have not a relative in the world. No one regrets my absence. No one will meet me with much pleasure anywhere, for I have no home. Do you think that you would be more happy if, like me, you had no home to which you could return?'

'No! no! I should then wish to die. The hope of some day returning is all that keeps me alive now.'

Andrew learnt that the name of the youth was Henry Froud, and that his home was near Niagara Falls. He conversed with him every day during the rest of the voyage, lent him books, and succeeded in arousing him from the despondency into which he had fallen.

Prince Kamehameha (now Kamehameha IV.) and his brother were passengers with Andrew from Panama to San Francisco, on their way home to the Sandwich Islands. They were returning from a visit to England, France, and the United States.

Some of the passengers, who thought the natives of the Sandwich Islands were savages, were surprised at their intelligence and gentlemanlike deportment.

CHAPTER IV.

THE LIEUTENANT.

Much as Andrew Deverel had seen of the world, he saw and learnt much that was new to him in San Francisco. Never before had he seen collected together so many varieties of the human race, or heard such a confusion of tongues. Never before had he seen the ways of vice arrayed in such splendour and placed so conspicuously in the view of all.

In each street could be heard the ringing of money on the gambling-tables, and the storm of music that invited those passing into the shining halls of sin.

The day after landing he met an old acquaintance—a man who had been a lieutenant in the company of volunteers in which he had served in the Mexican war.

The distinctions of rank were now gone—they met as equals and friends, for they had marched many hundred miles together, and had fought beside each other on four fields of battle.

'Deverel,' said the Lieutenant, as they were standing in the 'Bella Union,' 'do you ever play?'

'Not often,' answered Andrew, as he remembered having lost and won on several occasions a few 'bits' at the interesting game of 'Poker.'

'Not having a passion for it, I presume your play has never been elevated far?'

'Never,' said Andrew, thinking of his games of 'pickayune anti,' where two pairs were only

worth half of a dollar. 'I consider gambling one of the most expensive amusements in which a man can indulge. It is an amusement I have never been able to afford.'

'You speak as though you thought gambling was not a vice. Do you think a professional gambler can be an honest man?'

'No doubt many of them are as honest as the majority of speculators and lawyers; yet as gamblers are following a business that is not thought necessary to the wants and happiness of mankind, their profession or occupation is an evil. Those in a respectable business, who do not conduct it in an honourable manner, are greater rogues than the majority of gamblers who are in a business where not much honour is expected. There must, or will be, a certain amount of crime in the world, and where it does not assume one form, it will another. The reason why I never play is, that I

never have had so large a sum of money but what I could dispose of it more to my inclination than by losing it at gambling.'

'You speak as though a man must always lose.'

'Certainly. A man with a passion for play will play so long as he has money, and he cannot always be fortunate. What good fortune has enabled him to win in one hour, will be lost the next when fortune is against him.'

'I have often learnt the truth of that. But is it not possible for one to win, when in a run of good fortune, what will enable him to go into respectable business or live independent of want for years?'

'But after this run of good fortune, as you call it, he must play no more?'

'Certainly not.'

'Then it will be by not gambling that he

will be able to go into business, or live independent of want for years. Thus you see the only way to be successful in life is to refrain from playing. Habits that require being thus broken or overcome should never have been acquired.'

During this conversation they were drinking a bottle of claret apart from the crowds around the gambling-tables, at which the Lieutenant, who seemed very uneasy, was constantly gazing.

'Come,' said he, 'and watch the game awhile. You can lose nothing but a little time at that, and it will give us some amusement.'

They moved to a table where a tall good-looking Mexican was 'dealing monte.' They watched the game for several minutes, when Andrew saw that the Lieutenant was in great distress, and evidently trying to subdue an inclination to put down his money.

To aid him, Andrew proposed a walk up the street.

'El dos y Rey,' said the dealer, laying two cards on the table before him. The Lieutenant withdrew a hand from his pocket, bringing with it a doubloon. 'Ocho pesos,' said he, placing the coin near the deuce. The cards were turned. 'El Rey en la puerte,' said the dealer, and the Lieutenant received eight dollars, and the doubloon was put in the bank.

The Lieutenant then took a seat at the table. He played for some time with indifferent fortune, winning one minute what he had lost in the preceding. He then lost several bets in succession, and, after having lost five doubloons, left the table in a manner that told Andrew Deverel that he had no more money to lose.

'Why did you not play longer?' asked Andrew after they had left the house. 'You

had a long run of ill-luck, and fortune must soon have turned in your favour.'

'I lost all my money,' answered the other, 'and that is always the case with me. Just as I should begin to win, I never have a stake to put down.'

'Let us change the subject,' said Andrew, 'for anything I could say to you might seem in bad taste to one who has just lost his money.'

Before Andrew Deverel had been a week in San Francisco, he was one day in a bowling saloon, and found his young friend and fellow-passenger, Henry Froud. Henry was much pleased at seeing him, and seemed delighted with the prospects of the future.

'If I keep in good health,' said he, 'all will be right. I found employment, the day I landed, at setting up the pins in this alley.'

'Is that the important business that brought you to California?' asked Andrew.

'Yes. I came here to make money, and I am doing so. I get eighty dollars a month and my board here, and when I have been here two or three months I shall go to the diggings and make a fortune. There is no one in California who needs a few hundred dollars so much as I do, and if I have good health I am sure of getting what I want. Anyone knowing the circumstances under which I left home would be nearly as much pleased at seeing me do well, as they would to do well themselves.'

'I know nothing of your circumstances, but am pleased that you are earning money, and that you have bright hopes of the future.'

'I'll tell you the reason that has brought me here. I am the eldest boy of a family of six children. My father has a farm, and has paid about half the money for it, and there is a mortgage on the farm for the rest. A few

months before I came away, my father had a stroke of paralysis, by which he became unable to work. We could see no way of paying up the mortgage on the farm, which would become due in less than two years, and were afraid that the money already paid would be lost, and that we should be turned out of a home. This thought so haunted father's mind that it was perfect misery to be in his company. All day long he was lamenting his misfortunes and the gloomy prospect before us. One would think he was waiting impatiently for himself and the little ones to be taken to the poor-house. I could not stand it any longer. I could do but little good at home. I could not raise the money to pay the mortgage by remaining, but I was resolved to do so or die. I knew it was of no use trying to get my parents' consent to my going to California, even if I had had the money to take

me there. I determined to run away, not, as rats leave a sinking ship, to save myself, but I was actuated by the wish to aid my family. I worked my passage to New York on a canal-boat, and went from New York to Chagres in a steamer as cook's assistant. At first I was a little sorry at leaving home in that way, but I am glad of it now, for I shall help my people. Father and mother will manage some way to live on the farm, and before the mortgage becomes due, I shall be home with the money to pay it.'

'I sincerely hope that you may,' said Andrew, 'for you deserve to succeed. There is but one thing that will prevent you from accomplishing your wishes. Before you have been here a year, you will have many strong temptations to withstand, and you must be different from the majority of young men unless you yield to some of them. You must

beware of the first downward step towards vice.'

'There is no fear of my doing that. Every time I shall be inclined to play for money, or do anything else wrong, a picture of my poor father and mother and the little ones would rise up before me to keep me from it. My poor father, whose head is always shaking now, would then seem to be moving it in warning me to stop.'

'You are a youth of the right sort,' said Andrew, 'and I hope that your love for your relatives will long keep you so; but remember that as one good quality of mind enables us to sustain others, so one evil habit, when once admitted, will open the door for more.'

Andrew then left his young friend, after promising to call often and see him.

CHAPTER V.

MR. GEORGE LORNEY.

From the promenade deck of a steamboat moving up or down the Mississippi, many lovely-looking homes may be seen within a few miles of New Orleans, but none of them look more delightful than the one occupied by George Lorney, whose mansion was about half of a mile from the river, and surrounded by all that art and nature could do to make it attractive.

Nor did the interior of the house contradict the promise given by the outside. The halls were ornamented with Italian marble, to each

piece of which seemed to have been given life and soul by the hands and brain of eminent artists. The walls were decorated with paintings of great value, principally of the French and Spanish schools. Mr. Lorney was a man of literature. His library was thought to be the best in the State of Louisiana.

'Wellington should soon be back from the post-office,' thought Mr. Lorney one warm afternoon in the latter part of the month of July; and, as a preparation for reading his letters, he left the library by a door that opened to a verandah on the east side of his mansion. Here a hammock was slung, in which he passed much of his time reading.

Seeing the expected servant riding up the avenue, he called for refreshments to enable him to perform the task of reading his letters

and papers more pleasantly. Claret, ice, and lemons were brought, and a lovely representative of the 'sable Venus' stood near to administer them.

Reclining in the hammock, Mr. Lorney received his letters. One was from a French nobleman, an old acquaintance. The subject of this letter was political philosophy, or the reflections of a Frenchman on French politics. One letter was from a friend in high authority in Washington. It was a prophetic letter, conveying intelligence of events that were soon to transpire. One letter bore the postmark of New York, and was addressed in a handwriting not familiar to him.

'From whom can this be?' thought he. 'I have no correspondent in New York, and do not wish for any. What business has a trading speculating Yankee with me?' Opening the letter, he read as follows:—

'New York, July 12, 1850.

'Sir,—A few months ago I resided for a few days in the city of New Orleans, and while there I had the pleasure of seeing your daughter. From that time I have been resolved that, on our arriving at a suitable age, she shall be my wife.

'I do not wish to take any means to bring about the accomplishment of this resolve unknown to yourself, and for this reason I write to acquaint you with my intentions.

'Your daughter is unacquainted with me, and consequently you will understand the necessity of my writing to her occasionally in order that this misfortune should be partly removed.'

Here Mr. Lorney put down the letter, and exclaimed, 'Josey, some wine!'

Revived by the cool claret, he resumed the reading of the letter.

'There is but one reasonable objection you can make to me as a son-in-law, and that is my poverty. During the next four years I shall do what I can, in an honourable way, towards removing this objection.

'Should I succeed in honestly acquiring some wealth, your good sense will enable you to see that my exertions will merit more respect than wealth can give when inherited. Though I do not claim to be worthy of your daughter, I believe I am as worthy of her as any other man.

'The exertions I shall make to accomplish the fulfilment of my hopes may benefit me in after years, whether I succeed or not. Knowing this, I shall try to merit your good opinion, and your daughter's warmest respect.

'I cannot tell you who I am now, for I am

nobody. When I have become what the world will acknowledge to be some one, you shall hear from me again.

'Mr. George Lorney.'

'That is rather amusing,' thought Mr. Lorney. 'It is from some Yankee youth, for no other could write such a letter. No other could possess so much energy, conceit, hope, impertinence, and courage. He is a promising youth, and I hope he will do well.'

Considering the business unworthy of further notice, Mr. Lorney took up a paper, and forgot the letter over the news of the day.

The father of Mr. Lorney had been a wealthy planter. When he died he left his only son George the heir of a large plantation—several hundred slaves, and the holder of bank stock to a large amount.

George Lorney when young had made the

most of a good opportunity of acquiring an excellent education. In his youth he passed several years in Europe.

At the age of twenty-five he married the only daughter of a planter, and by her received a considerable addition to his wealth.

The only offspring of this marriage was one child, the girl Laura, who had captivated by her appearance the soul of the wandering and homeless Andrew Deverel.

Laura Lorney had been educated in her father's house, and although her accomplishments were many, the manner in which she had been educated had not spoiled her child-like simplicity. Mrs. Lorney was a woman who, compared with any women but those of the United States, would have been thought to possess many disagreeable eccentricities; but she was not unlike many other American women.

She would have made some men very unhappy, but Mr. Lorney possessed a philosophical turn of mind that enabled him to be often amused, and seldom allowed him to be annoyed, at all that was disagreeable in his companion.

Between Mrs. Lorney and her daughter there did not exist the confidence and companionship that generally exist between mothers and daughters. Laura was not wanting in duty and affection for her mother, but she preferred the society of her father, and he would always lay aside his book and amuse her by conversation, in which he ever tried to give her some knowledge of the world and aid her in forming correct opinions.

CHAPTER VI.

LAURA.

Leaving Mr. Lorney engaged with his papers, we will make a call on his daughter Laura. She is in the lawn near the house, seeking amusement by tormenting a sleepy hound. On being woke up with a stick, the hound opened his eyes, and his features expressed a smile of recognition and friendship at seeing his young mistress, and then lazily composed himself again to forgetfulness of a dog's happy existence. Again the stick disturbed his slumbers. He did not smile then, but assumed an expression of countenance that seemed to say, 'I am

in great want of sleep; pray do not annoy me more,' and, trusting that this request would be heeded, he once more closed his eyes. Again he was awaked to the cares of this unfeeling world, which cares, in his opinion, then consisted of mischievous girls and long sticks. He then ventured a slight reproof for her cruelty by a gentle growl, which also seemed to convey some idea of his astonishment at her unladylike behaviour. 'Poor Satan,' exclaimed Laura, caressing the dog, 'I 'll tease you no more.'

An unfortunate kitten then attracted her attention, and catching it she proceeded with it across the lawn to a large tree from which a rope was depending on which the young blacks amused themselves by swinging.

She found a blue ribbon lying near, and with it tied the kitten to the rope. She then moved it to and fro, gently increasing the

speed of its vibrations until the kitten was flying from side to side twenty feet high. Becoming weary of this, she released the kitten, which started for the house with a speed that seemed to transform it into a large black snake moving with elevated coils.

In search of other adventures she drew near the house, where she found a miniature 'image of God cut in ebony' crawling on the grass. She took from it a baby rattle, which she threw a few feet beyond its reach, and when the child would attempt crawling to regain its toy, she would place one of her little feet on its dress. When first retarded in its efforts to move, the child displayed the white of its eyes in profound astonishment. Again he tried to advance, and was suddenly checked. His countenance then assumed an expression of one about to investigate the cause of some profound mystery. He examined the ground over which

he had been trying to crawl, his garments, the vicinity about him, and the sky above, but could only see one possible cause of the mystery he was trying to solve, and that was Miss Laura.

He now tried the experiment of keeping one eye on the toy and the other in observing what would transpire in the rear.

This attempt gave his features such an expression of excruciating agony, that Laura had not the cruelty to annoy him more.

Do not imagine, reader, that Laura had no amusements but such as we have attempted to describe. She could also find pleasure in pleasing others, and there was not a servant on the plantation but what would 'declar' that 'missy Lory' was an angel, and the 'most kindest one dat eber libed.'

Her parents had taken much pains to keep from her the knowledge that she was then a

young lady. She was still regarded as a girl, and was allowed to conduct herself in a very girlish manner.

With every feature of her face, except the eyes, some fault could be found; her eyes were large, and of a colour seldom seen, yet they were blue. Her brow, when seen without blending the view with the other features, seemed too large, and her lips, observed in the same manner, seemed too full; but each feature so adorned the others that envy itself could not deny her claim to beauty.

On entering the house, after having amused herself as above related, a letter was handed to her.

'Posted at New York?' said Laura; 'who can be there? 'T is a man's writing, so it cannot be from my old teacher, who could not stay longer where slaves were kept, and who was herself the most enslaved of anyone here.

No man would write to me but cousin "Gus," and he is not in New York, and this is not his writing. From whom can it be?'

At last the thought occurred to her that perhaps she might learn by opening the letter, which she did, and read the following words:—

'New York, July 12, 1850.

'Miss Laura Lorney, — Do not puzzle yourself with guessing which of your acquaintances has sent you this letter, for you have probably never seen me. I have seen you, and I love. From the instant you first dawned upon my sight I resolved to win you for a wife. Nothing shall be left undone on my part to accomplish this, and you being one of the parties concerned, I write to acquaint you with the resolution I have, which henceforward shall be the foundation on which my soul shall work.

You cannot, or should not, be offended at this communication, for there is no harm in your knowing that for your sake there is one striving to be all that a man should be—that for you there is one who will resist every temptation to evil.

'Pardon my egotism, for I am going to write some particulars concerning myself. I am twenty-two years of age, and above the average height of men. I do not think my face is handsome, but then I try to look good.

'My education has been of that kind which gives me more wisdom than learning, and I hope that it will ever continue so. I have never been spoiled by the kindness of friends, or ruined by the prospect of wealth unearned in the future. Fortune has ever favoured me by making my circumstances such as make a man.

'I shall soon write to you again. It is

necessary for me to do so in order that you may become acquainted with me.

'This is but an introductory epistle, and cannot be as interesting as I hope to make others, which you can read as you would the last number of a lady's magazine, where you read what is written by those with whom you are not acquainted; and as long as my letters contain nothing offensive to a right-thinking girl, I entreat the favour of having them read. Allow me to be your travelling correspondent, contributing articles for your instruction and amusement, and I will try to make my letters worthy of being read.

'I have ever been a wanderer on the earth, without friends or home. Man can never live as he should without some reason for doing so; hitherto I have had none, but I have now. Since seeing you, I can understand that the war of life is not all vanity and folly, that there

is something to be won in the strife, and that life has happier thoughts than seeking how to kill the present time. The sight of you has wrought as great a change in me as the sun in spring gives to earth after the winter. To me the world and life were once only worth three meals per day, and sometimes not that. I met with you, and now view the world as one vast field where man can earn happiness by pleasant toil. Life has become a gleam of heaven, and the world seems illuminated with hope—the hope of winning you.'

There was something in this letter that Laura could not but admire. That admiration might have been caused by the novelty of receiving such a letter from one she had never seen.

CHAPTER VII.

SPECULATIONS.

ANDREW DEVEREL did not go to the mines to dig for gold; knowing that the gold procured there would eventually come to San Francisco, he thought that some of it might honestly become his own by remaining in the city. Through the kindness of Mr. Grey, he had the use of a few hundred dollars, and he resolved to go into business.

After engaging a building in Montgomery Street, he laid out his money in merchandise from France, taking his purchase from a ship

in the Bay. The day after commencing business, he sold out and doubled his money. For several weeks he amused himself by buying cheap and selling dear; and with so much judgement was this done, that he made much more money without any place of business than he could have done in a more regular and safe way of trading. As his money increased, he extended the amount of his speculations, and one day he purchased a cargo of lumber from Oregon. The next day San Francisco was a field of smoking ruins. His cargo of lumber was in the ship in the Bay, and the next day it was sold for three times the amount he had paid for it.

The Bay of San Francisco contained many ships that could not put to sea for the want of men. Some of these ships were for sale much below their real value. Andrew became acquainted with the owner of one vessel, a brig

of 250 tons, and was solicited by him to try to sell it.

A few days after he met two old acquaintances—French sailors with whom he had been shipmate a few years before, when a cabin-boy in a French ship. These two men had been shipmates and companions ever since. They, with four other Frenchmen — all sailors — had just come down from the northern mines. They had done well on the mines, but being unable to work there to any advantage during the winter months, they had come down to San Francisco, with the intention of going to the Sandwich Islands to pass a few weeks, and return to the mines in the spring.

Andrew proposed to them to help him to take a ship to the Sandwich Islands. They had intended to pay for their passage, but sailors are easily dissuaded from that, and Andrew's former shipmates being inclined to aid him, they

easily overcame the objections made by the others. One of them had been the first mate of the ship that brought them to California. This man agreed to take the command; and Andrew Deverel purchased the brig the same day. Andrew was to do his duty as seaman along with the others, and all were to eat at the cabin table of the best provisions that could be procured in the market. They were to have a French cook, and an unlimited supply of wine and cigars. Under these conditions, the four Frenchmen agreed to take the brig to Honolulu without wages. Andrew knew, if he could get the brig to Honolulu, he should there find plenty of natives and others to work it back again. The brig was got ready for the voyage with all possible expedition.

Since early boyhood Andrew had been dependent on his own exertions. The wandering life he had lived, and the hardships he

had endured, had early developed a strong and active mind. He had a soul superior to the combination of a few animal propensities, governed by vanity, that forms the minds of too many young men of the present day.

Time is not always the measure of existence. Some people of twenty-five years have seen, done, and learnt more than others of seventy-five. Some men with active minds do more in the way of thinking in one year than others do in ten, although an inactive mind may think itself ever employed. Andrew Deverel had ever been in circumstances requiring the exercise of all his faculties.

If he was so much superior to the majority of young men, the reader may enquire, why should we find him in the streets of his native village, homeless, ill-clad, and hungry?

His destitute state was not the result of profligacy or of idleness; but he had a restless love

of excitement and adventure; he preferred a wandering life, and seeing different countries, instead of following any fixed employment; he had chosen to be 'a rolling stone,' and to sacrifice all the 'moss' of wealth or comfort he might have gained in a settled business. He was manly and honourable, but he could not bear control, and he revolted from everything like routine. His peculiarities were precisely those most likely to prevent him from ever becoming rich, and to land him occasionally on the positive fact of destitution, but he could always find something to which he could turn his hand to help himself out of his inconveniences; he carried himself complete wherever he went, and he considered his circumstances, whether good or ill, as merely temporary. He was tall, well made, lithe of limb, capable of enduring great fatigue and privation; with the free and graceful carriage of an Indian chief, he

had the grave composure of one. His manners had the characteristic of an old civilisation — viz. that of never seeming to be out of his place. His face was decidedly handsome — a pair of large grey eyes with long black eyelashes, which could look very kind and good in spite of a certain haughtiness, due partly to the erect manner in which he held his head; a straight powerful nose; a light brown beard and moustache allowed his mouth to be only partly seen. When he was in a good temper or a cheerful mood, the expression of his whole counteance was kind and gentle, but it was capable of looking very sarcastic and fierce when he was not pleased. His hair, which was brown like his beard, fell back from his forehead over his head, rather long, and without the slightest curl. He had the pride of a dozen devils, a good deal of perverseness, and though his nature was kind, his temper was uncertain. Fortune would

have to humour him as well as to favour him, if he were ever to become a rich man.

During the few days of the passage to the Sandwich Islands, Andrew Deverel learnt the practical part of navigation.

They had a very pleasant passage to Honolulu, in which the labour of working the vessel was only a pleasant recreation, and the hours below were passed in conviviality that made them regret the voyage was not of longer duration.

Immediately on landing, the Frenchmen commenced a life of dissipation, with all the energy so peculiar to their countrymen in a place like Honolulu.

CHAPTER VIII.

HENRY FROUD.

ANDREW DEVEREL had immense energy when once set going—although, like the swallow, he found some difficulty in getting on the wing—but his indolence when quiescent was equal to his energy when roused to activity. He lost no time freighting his brig with provisions and fruit, and found no difficulty in shipping some runaway sailors, anxious to work their passage to California.

The only knowledge he had of a ship had been learned in fifteen months, when he was a boy, and recently during the few days occupied

in going from San Francisco to Honolulu. He took the command of the brig without hesitating, and made a short and pleasant run to within twelve hours' sail of the Golden Gate, where he took a pilot, who brought the brig safe to anchor in San Francisco Bay.

The money made by this voyage equalled his most sanguine hopes, yet he did not wish to make another trip; he was proud and perverse; he hated the thought of becoming a trader—he would rather have been a farm labourer. He had made a few thousand dollars, and could afford to resume his pride.

Meeting with a fellow-passenger from New York, who had been to the mines and made some money, he entered into partnership with him for continuing the trade to the islands. His friend, whose name was Warren, agreed to take the whole control of the business, and, being an old sea-captain, was to command the brig.

Andrew Deverel then tried speculating in water lots. The condition of things was abnormal in California.

Labouring men were engaged in mining. Others were trading, speculating, or doing nothing, but all were dependent on the importation of food for what they needed.

He knew that this state of affairs could not long continue; he foresaw that the attention of more would soon be turned to agriculture, and that a demand for real estate would be created which would raise its value.

He invested his dollars in the purchase of Mexican grants and established ranchos on the public lands. In all his transactions he was very fortunate, without resorting to the usual deceptions and devices of land speculators.

Since leaving New York he had written several times to Mr. Grey, and, in a letter written before his voyage to the islands, he

paid by draft the money Mr. Grey had lent him. He had also written three letters to Laura Lorney, one from Panama, another from San Francisco, and the last from Honolulu.

Andrew looked upon wealth as the means to an end. Had he not loved Laura Lorney, wealth to him would not have been worth the trouble of seeking, but love had been awakened, and it governed every thought of his soul. Others saw the ardour and perseverance with which he pursued the acquisition of wealth — the knowledge and foresight he displayed — but did not know his motive.

After being in California eighteen months, he found himself worth one hundred and twenty thousand dollars, exclusive of some water lots, and a valuable rancho well stocked.

He then resolved to make no more speculations, but to increase his capital in a slower but surer way.

While he had but little to lose and much to gain, he speculated; but when sure that his object, or the first step towards it, was gained, he became cautious.

He could loan money on 'maiden security' at six per cent. per month, and could erect buildings that would pay good interest on the money invested on them, while the property would be increasing in value.

He invested some of his money in this way; then, having some leisure time, and never having been to the diggings, he resolved to pay them a visit.

At Sonora, in Tuolumne county, he found his old friend the Lieutenant, who initiated him into some of the mysteries of that wonderful place. The Lieutenant was without money, and in debt. Having lately received letters from his friends, offering great inducements, and bright hopes of future prosperity and happiness

to entice him home to one of the eastern States, he was very anxious to go, but he had not the means to pay his passage.

He was a gambler and a victim of gamblers. Often had he resolved to refrain from the soul-enthralling vice of play, but some indescribable irresistible mental power, or want of power, broke his strongest resolutions.

Many of the most contemptible characters on earth are respectable men. They never act upon the impulse of the moment, but always deliberate, and act with a view to appearances. They make money to be respectable; give away a little in a public way for charity, to be respectable; marry to be respectable, and join a church for the same purpose.

The world is full of respectable people who heed the opinion of others more than they do their own self-respect.

Andrew Deverel could see many good traits

in the Lieutenant, and could pity him for his infatuated love of play.

Thinking, when amongst friends, and away from the temptations so enticingly displayed in California, his friend might be able to withstand the allurements of play, he gave the Lieutenant money to pay his debts and his passage home. A steamer was to sail in three days, and the next morning the Lieutenant started for San Francisco.

Andrew Deverel then visited Campo-Seco, a village about four miles to the west of Sonora. Here he found his old protégé and fellow-passenger, Henry Froud, who was working one of the best claims on Golden Hill, a few hundred yards from the village. He seemed the happiest person in California.

'I have made more than two thousand dollars,' said he, 'and my claim is not yet worked out. I wish it were, for I have got all the money I want,

and I am impatient to get home; but I do not like to go, and leave gold in my claim, so I suppose I must stay a few weeks longer, for I can do it, and still be home in time to pay the mortgage.'

'I am well pleased to learn that you have been so fortunate,' said Andrew; 'the object for which you have toiled deserves success.'

'I knew that I should do well,' said Henry; 'for God would not treat one so cruelly as to let one leave home for the purpose I did, and then make him unsuccessful.'

In the evening they took a walk through the streets of the town.

Campo-Seco at that time was the scene of much animation. It was the centre of a large mining population, about half of whom were Mexicans. Everyone seemed trying to make a fortune in an hour.

In one of the gambling-houses, Henry found

a man who was his partner in working the claim on Golden Hill. He was much excited by drink, and was betting at a Monte bank. His purse, containing about 40 oz. of gold, was in the bank, and 6 oz. which he had drawn of the banker and lost, were marked up against it. No other person was betting at that bank, and the two gamblers at the table were in a fair way for obtaining all in the purse. Henry went up to the man and entreated him to pay what he had lost and leave. Not one man of a hundred, under the same circumstances, would have paid any attention to this request, but this man, as though under some strange influence unknown, complied with it and left the house. The gamblers were as indignant at Henry as though he had robbed them of the purse of gold.

When they came out of the house, one of the gamblers followed them.

'Young man,' said he, addressing Henry, 'I can beat you at running a foot-race.'

Henry knew the gambler intended by this remark to commence a quarrel, and, determining not to contradict him in anything he might say, replied, 'I have not the least doubt of it.'

'Do you doubt being in the state of Arkensaw?' asked the gambler.

Henry did not answer, and made an effort to move on, but was prevented by the gambler, who stepped before him and said, 'Young man, your education has been much neglected. Allow me to give you a lesson that will enable you hereafter to mind your own business.'

Seeing that a contest was inevitable, Henry grasped the gambler's right hand, which was on a revolver. In the struggle that ensued, the gambler freed his hand, stepped back, and the revolver was raised on a level with Henry's breast. At that instant a blow from the strong

arm of Andrew Deverel knocked him down; but the blow was given too late. As the man fell the revolver was discharged, and a ball entered Henry's left thigh. In the commotion that followed, the gambler managed to escape.

Henry was taken to his home, where a surgeon immediately attended him. After examining the wound, the surgeon pronounced his inability to extract the ball, and advised that the wounded man should be sent to San Francisco immediately.

The next morning Henry's share in the claim on Golden Hill was sold for $400, a carriage was engaged, and Andrew, accompanied by the surgeon, started with him for Stockton.

On arriving at San Francisco, Henry was removed from the boat to an hospital.

CHAPTER IX.

THE LIEUTENANT'S FATE.

On the day that the Lieutenant parted with Andrew Deverel, he reached Stockton an hour before the departure of the steamer for San Francisco. To pass this hour he entered a public-house. There was nothing wrong in this, for the sun was shining strong, and he was fatigued with a long ride. The public-houses in California at that time contained gambling-tables. This was not his fault, therefore let no one blame him for entering a gambling-house.

'I must not play,' thought he, 'even supposing I had the wish to do so, which I have not.

I have sufficient money to take me home, and I want no more. Under these circumstances it would be folly for me to play.'

He stood near a Monte bank watching the betting, and while engaged in this became very uneasy. Often he would find his hand in his pocket, and would firmly withdraw it. This was repeated till a purse was taken from his pocket and held in his hand.

A man near him had won five bets in succession, and on laying down his sixth stake the Lieutenant could not refrain from putting down a stake on the opposite card.

'That man will not win this time,' said he, 'and I should be a fool to lose the chance of betting against him, and winning the price of a passage down the river.'

The ten dollars that he laid on the table were lost, and in trying to get back this sum he lost forty more.

By a violent mental exertion that nearly upset the throne of reason, he left the house and went on board the steamer. The next morning he stepped ashore in San Francisco.

He was intending to take a cabin passage home, and needed some clothing to make a more respectable appearance than he then presented.

His clothing was purchased without much economy, and on counting his money afterwards, he found no more than would pay for the passage ticket.

His expenses crossing the Isthmus would not be less than twenty dollars, and this sum must be raised in some way, or he could not go in the cabin.

Of course he resolved to try obtaining this small sum by betting.

He could lose one hundred dollars in trying

to win what he wished, and then have enough left to go home as a steerage passenger.

The night following the departure of the steamer for Panama, in which he had intended to sail, the Lieutenant was wandering penniless through the streets of San Francisco.

The day after the ball had been extracted from Henry Froud's leg, Andrew Deverel went to the hospital to see him.

He stayed with him an hour, and promised to come and see him the next morning.

He left the youth suffering much pain, but happy with the hope of soon being able to start for his home.

After leaving the hospital, Andrew walked down to the sea-shore. While there, he saw some men dragging a human body out of the water.

Curiosity led him nearer, and he recognised

in the dead body his friend the Lieutenant, whom he had supposed to be on his way home. The Lieutenant, after wandering about the streets homeless, friendless, and penniless, had sought relief from mental agony in suicide.

Andrew had the body decently buried, and took care that the coffin in which it was taken to the grave returned not again in the hearse to the city, to be again used in carrying other bodies to the graveyard.

This was a necessary precaution, for when a man died friendless and penniless, there was no one who cared to go to the expense of several ounces to secure *en perpétuité* a useless coffin.

Some strange things used to be performed in California at that time—deeds that shocked the sense of propriety of civilised people in other parts of the world. People are too apt to judge of the actions of others under all circumstances as they would of their own. There is

no reason in this. Several thousand people gathered from all parts of the earth, and scrambling for gold in a place where there is no domestic happiness, are not likely to act as they would under some other circumstances. Their crimes differ a little from the crimes of civilised life, and civilised people are not tempted to commit them; but there is no less guilt in cities that claim to be the heart of civilisation.

CHAPTER X.

AUGUSTUS BLISS.

THE day Laura Lorney received her first letter from Andrew Deverel, she showed it to her father, who read it and gave it back without saying a word. Laura very naturally supposed the business deserved more consideration, and enquired what she should do if another should come.

'Bring it unopened to me,' answered Mr. Lorney, resuming his book.

'Shall I tell mother about this letter?'

This was a question not easily answered; but after some deliberation he replied, 'Cer-

tainly, you must never receive letters unknown to your mother; but you may never get another, and the affair is of so little importance, perhaps you had better not annoy your mother with it. If you get any more letters, bring them to me, and I will tell your mother.'

Six weeks after the date of her first letter, Laura received another, dated from Panama. This letter Mr. Lorney seemed much interested in reading. It contained an account of his voyage. It was both amusing and instructive, and Mr. Lorney, without any hesitation, gave it to his daughter.

There was something so unusual in the manner her unknown lover had chosen for commencing an acquaintance and making himself agreeable, that Laura became much interested in learning something more about him. The romance of receiving letters and a declaration of love from one she had never

seen, touched her fancy. Thought upon this subject with her bred thought, until she learnt to think that her unknown lover really had some claim on her for esteem.

Mrs. Lorney had a nephew, the son of a much-loved sister who died while young. This nephew, whose name was Augustus Bliss, inherited from his father a large plantation, and the political, religious, and social rights of one hundred and eighty people, and from his mother $50,000 in bank stock.

He is introduced to the reader in the twenty-third year of his age, soon after he had graduated, without distinction, at a Southern college.

Augustus Bliss, dressed in petticoats, would have made a charming appearance in a ball-room or on a stage, for his features were small and of feminine loveliness. His head was small back of his ears, and much less in front

of them. It was adorned with long dark hair, upon which he devoted more time and care than a mother should give to a child. His voice, naturally weak and soft, was made ridiculous by affectation in his endeavours to speak unlike men of business, who speak plain —with intelligence and decision. He resided in New Orleans, but was not a 'fast young man' of that city—not that good sense, but want of manliness, prevented him from being one. I would give the reader an adumbration of his character, if possible; but he had none, good, bad, or indifferent. His mind was small and weak, possessing not one strong sentiment or propensity, unless it was an aversion to action. He knew enough to eat when hungry, and, like many men more intelligent, he often drank when not thirsty. To him it might with truth be said, by paraphrasing Shakspeare,

> 'Thou hast nor life nor death,
> But as it were an after-dinner sleep
> Dreaming on both.'

Mrs. Lorney had long designed that Augustus Bliss should marry Laura, on her arriving at a suitable age, and had often communicated her wishes on this subject to her husband. As circumstances did not demand his immediate attention to the business, he had ever listened to her schemes without coming to any conclusion about them.

Augustus Bliss passed much of his time at the residence of Mr. Lorney, and his visits were always received with much pleasure by Laura, who was ever amused with the eccentricities of her 'Cousin Gus;' but Andrew Deverel need have had no fear of Mr. Bliss as a rival.

'Cousin Gus,' said Laura, one day, 'why do you not go to California, and see, do, and

learn something? I know not how a young man can be content with such an existence as yours.'

'Whee, Lawree, you alawm me! I knew not that I was exyeesting in meesery that should make me deescontented.'

'Certainly you are not, if you are ignorant of it; but if I was a young man I would see the world and do something. Your only care is for your dress, and how to kill time. Surely you cannot think that burning a few leaves of tobacco, and pushing little ivory balls round a table with a stick, is sufficient business for one of the "lords of creation?"'

'Queet suffeecient, I asshu you, and even that often makes me veera weera. Let those eggsert themselves who are compelled to action by neceesity, which I am nut.'

'The less necessity there is for your doing anything would add to your merit for what

you might accomplish. Those who have plenty of time and money are those who should accomplish great things.'

'What would you have them do?'

'I would have them do something that would benefit themselves and others. There is plenty of such work all over the world, and if I was a man I would find and do it.'

'You are a young gurl now, and have much to leearn. I will call Miss Orr, who will show you this subject by the light of wisdom. The day is too warm for me to hold an argument.'

Miss Orr, who was near, engaged in reading, on being invited to take a part in the conversation, joined them.

Miss Orr, who was twenty-three years of age, and not ill-looking, was born and educated in the city of Boston, and then filled in Mr. Lorney's household the situation of

teacher to Laura. Besides this occupation, which she had the will and ability to perform in a creditable manner, she was always ready to do a little business for herself, in the way of catching some young man whose appearance and character were good, and who could support her in good society. She understood Augustus Bliss, and would agree with him in all his opinions. Some men are annoyed at having others coincide with them, but this is never the case with a man of a lazy mind. Guided by this knowledge, Miss Orr joined the conversation, which Augustus Bliss resigned to her, and listened with indolent satisfaction to her improved edition of his own opinions. Laura listened with impatience, and teased her kitten.

A few weeks after the receipt of the letter from Panama, Laura began to expect another. She was not disappointed. She read it with

much interest, and thought that the author was such a man as she could like, and she wished to see him merely to know whether she was right in the idea she had formed of his appearance.

CHAPTER XI.

THE LORNEYS GO TO EUROPE, AND HAVE A FELLOW-TRAVELLER.

Mr. Bliss had a slave, named Hannibal. He was a quadroon, and had received some education. He had a handsome appearance and a well-bred deportment. He had been given to Augustus Bliss when they were both children, and they had been playfellows. Augustus had always treated him kindly, and Hannibal had great influence over his master, to whom he was sincerely attached.

It was the intention of Mr. and Mrs. Lorney to visit England, and Augustus Bliss was in-

vited to accompany them. He gladly accepted the invitation, and declared his intention of taking his 'boy Hannibal' with him. The party, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Lorney, Laura, Miss Orr, Augustus Bliss, and Hannibal, proceeded to New York, and thence sailed for England; though, as the Great Exhibition was open, Mrs. Lorney was terribly afraid lest they should be taken for exhibitors.

Fellow-passengers with Mr. Lorney and his party in the steamer to Liverpool were the two brothers Grey— the New York merchant being accompanied by his daughter.

Mrs. Lorney had a great horror of forming new acquaintances, and, notwithstanding the democracy that must to a certain extent exist amongst those who walk the same deck and sit at the same table, she was not inclined to be sociable.

Mr. Lorney became acquainted with the two

Greys, and found them very intelligent men, and, what to him seemed more remarkable, they were very much like gentlemen, although they were Yankees and men of business.

Notwithstanding Mrs. Lorney's advice to the contrary, Laura became quite intimate with Miss Mary Grey, the merchant's daughter, who was an animated, blue-eyed, rosy-looking girl about her own age.

Augustus Bliss much amused Mr. Grey by his airs, and the opinion he expressed that though gentlemen visited other parts of Europe, only tradesmen ever went to England. Mr. Grey used to put him down in a way that roused his wrath, indolent as he was, but he was soothed by the attention with which Miss Orr listened to him, and he thought her much more agreeable and in every way superior to his cousin Laura. Although he intended to comply with his aunt's wishes and marry her

some time, he wished it was Miss Orr who was in question instead of Laura.

John Grey became very friendly with Laura and Miss Orr, and his peculiarities greatly amused them.

One day they were trying to annoy him for being unmarried.

The reason he gave for his unfortunate condition was, that only one man in a thousand was worthy of a good wife, and that he was not so vain as to suppose himself that one, or so selfish as to claim what he did not deserve.

'Are the chances of our getting bad husbands really as great as you represent?' asked Laura.

'They certainly are.'

'Heaven protect us!' exclaimed Mary in affected alarm. 'What shall we do?'

'That question,' said Mr. Grey, 'deserves your serious attention. Unfortunately, I know

of but one young man who is worthy of either of you.'

'You mean, uncle, that, fortunately, you are acquainted with a young man who is worthy of one of us,' said Mary.

'Yes, that is what I mean. The other will have to trust to fortune.'

'Who is he?' 'Where is he?'

'What is his name?' 'Is he handsome?'

'Tell us all about him.'

'He is young and good-looking, speaks five languages, has seen much of the world, and is now engaged in seeing more. He has honour and pride of the right kinds—things difficult to find in young men of the present age. He is brave, and has seen active service in the armies of his country. He is not vain, selfish, or avaricious. He has energy, firmness, decision, and all that ennobles the mind of man.'

'What a prize!' exclaimed Mary. 'He is the one for whom I have been looking.'

'You have not told us his name,' said Laura.

'His name is Andrew Deverel. What do you think of it?'

'A very pretty name. Give him to me, uncle,' said Mary. 'You know I have no lover.'

'Mr. Grey,' said Laura, 'I too have no lover.'

'I must settle this by lot,' said the bachelor, which he proceeded to do in a way that enabled Laura to win.

'When shall I see my prize?' asked Laura, apparently much pleased at her good fortune.

'Not within one year, but probably within two. I shall write to acquaint him with his fate.'

John Grey, on hearing the name of Lorney, and learning that the family were from New Orleans, supposed Mr. Lorney to be the father

of the girl with whom Andrew Deverel was so much interested. This supposition was confirmed on finding that the daughter's name was Laura, and on seeing her he gave Andrew credit for much taste.

It is not necessary in this story to go into the details of all that the Greys and the Lorneys saw and did during their sojourn in England; they were fortunate in securing comfortable accommodation, and Mrs. Lorney was surprised to find that Mr. Grey and his brother knew more people in good society than she did, which gave her a respect for them although they were in business. John Grey did not fail to write to Andrew Deverel to tell him of his meeting with the Lorneys and his opinion of the family in general, and of Laura in particular.

The Lorneys remained in England for three months. The exquisite Augustus did not remain

with them all that time; he soon grew tired of England and went to Paris, and thence to Italy. Occasionally he wrote to Laura, who found his letters very different to those of her unknown correspondent. The Lorneys did not visit the Continent, but returned direct to America, as Mrs. Lorney's health seemed failing, and she wished to go home.

After her return she became weaker, and though no danger was apprehended by those around her, she herself believed she should not recover. Her favourite scheme to marry her daughter to Augustus Bliss was much on her mind, and she greatly regretted his absence. She endeavoured to extract a promise from Laura that she would accept him, but Laura was firm, and would only promise to be guided by her father and marry no one without his consent. With this Mrs. Lorney was obliged to be content, and endeavoured to impress on

her husband the great advantages of the match. Poor Mrs. Lorney grew worse, and though her friends thought her a silly woman, her husband and her daughter both loved her, and her death was a great sorrow to both. She had been to the best of her power an affectionate wife and mother. Laura felt her loss deeply, for, though mothers may be silly, there is no other relation like them.

CHAPTER XII.

THE EXPEDITION TO NEW GUINEA.

THE excitement of making money soon subsided with Andrew Deverel, and his old love of seeing strange lands came over him.

He had once been acquainted with a seaman who had lived some time on one of the Pelew Islands, and had been a few times along the east coast of Papua or New Guinea. On this island he with three companions had resided several days, and had narrowly escaped being killed by the natives. The description which the seaman had given of his adventures and of what he had seen, created in Andrew's mind a desire to visit

that part of the world. Some knowledge of the place obtained from other sources had strengthened this desire. He knew that it had long been the opinion of all who had any knowledge of the subject, that New Guinea is one of the richest countries on the globe, and the least improved. Some have thought that the Dapnau Mountains in New Guinea were auriferous, and the discovery of gold in New South Wales, though many hundreds of miles away, added to the strength of that supposition. As early as the year 1643, Tasman saw evidence for believing there was gold in New Guinea; Le Maire, Dampier, and others who had better opportunities of knowing than Tasman, were also of his opinion.

Andrew Deverel did not wish to return to the eastern side of the continent before he arrived at the age of twenty-five years. There was still another to be passed in some

way, and he resolved to visit New Guinea. That island had been represented to him as one bordered with pearls and tortoise-shells that lie sparkling on its shores, and as one where the birds of paradise fly over forests of sandal wood —nutmeg trees and spice groves miles in extent. Whether these accounts were true or not, the island had the charm of being but little known. He determined to explore, if possible, a portion of the interior. With this object in view, he concluded a partnership with Captain Warren, who commanded his brig trading to Honolulu, and entered into other articles of copartnership for the intended voyage, allowing Warren to continue in the command of the vessel. He easily found fifteen men who were willing to join an expedition that had the attractions of danger, novelty, excitement, and uncertainty.

Two days before the brig was to sail, he went to the hospital to see Henry Froud.

Henry's leg was so much better, that Andrew thought it advisable to see him start for his home before he sailed on his exploring expedition. He had him removed from the hospital to a steamer bound for Panama. When Henry heard of the expedition on which his friend Andrew was about to start, his desire to go with him was counteracted by the stronger desire of seeing his friends; but his desire to do both was so strong, that his eyes filled with tears to know that he could not be in two places at the same time.

Before leaving San Francisco, Andrew Deverel purchased twenty-five Colt's revolvers, as many rifles, and two guns known as six-pounders. He also for a few dollars purchased a library of second-hand books, for the amusement of his crew during the voyage. He was aware that the majority of the men who were to accompany him were adventurers

who would be controlled with difficulty. Each of them had some money, and, as one means of preventing disturbances, gambling aboard of the brig was strictly prohibited. All united in forming rules, which each was compelled to obey. There are men who will obey laws they have helped to make, yet will take pleasure in disobeying all restrictions imposed upon them by others.

Those who have followed gold-hunting for any length of time are more inclined to act in this way than men following any other occupation; for in the early days of gold-digging, in any country, they are more often called on to form opinions of right and wrong, and the independent life of the miner makes him submit unwillingly to requirements he does not need, and which he generally regards as something intended to fetter thoughts and deeds.

The brig was cleared through the Custom House in San Francisco for Manilla, to call at Honolulu, and sailed one pleasant Sunday morning through the 'Golden Gate' on its way to the wide open sea.

At Honolulu provisions were taken aboard for a long voyage, and a crew was shipped for working the vessel. Six more men there volunteered to go with them, and were accepted. All who were not shipped as seamen, were given a free passage, but no wages. After visiting New Guinea they were to be landed at Sydney, New South Wales.

Andrew Deverel did not intend to lose money in this voyage; and, to pay the expenses of it, some goods were shipped in San Francisco, and more were to be purchased in Manilla, suitable for trade in the Arafura Sea. They had a quick and pleasant passage to Manilla, in which nothing occurred worthy of

record. On arriving in Manilla the passengers plunged into all the dissipations of that gay city, with energy only known to gold-diggers released from the confinement of a ship. During their stay in Manilla, Captain Warren was busy in purchasing knives, toys, cheap jewellery, and other articles to be used in trade for sandal wood, shells, mother-of-pearl, and spices. Before sailing from Manilla, eleven men joined them with the intention of some time reaching the new gold-fields of New South Wales. Three of the men who came with them from San Francisco remained in Manilla. One of them, an Irishman, had won the affections of a young widow, whom he married, and obtained a small fortune. Another was a Scotchman, who found a good opportunity of going into business with a countryman, and, his national prudence being stronger than his love for adventures, he was

reluctant to go any farther. The third was a man named Warnock, from the State of Arkansas. He had got into a row in a gambling-house — used his bowie knife, and was left behind in the hands of the authorities. Deverel felt much regret at leaving him behind, for he knew that Warnock was a man on whom he could have depended in the hour of danger. He had strength, courage, and decision, with great skill in the use of offensive weapons.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE RETURN OF HENRY FROUD.

BEFORE we return to Andrew Deverel we may relate the return home of Henry Froud.

The father of Henry Froud lived in the western part of the State of New York, not far from the Falls of Niagara. He occupied a small farm of eighty acres, about half of which was in an imperfect state for cultivation. A glance at the way the farm was managed, and at the dwelling-house and barn, revealed the knowledge that the proprietor was not in affluent circumstances. Poverty was written in unmistakable signs on everything.

The fences, buildings, and all things on the farm, had the appearance of belonging to an habitual drunkard, but Henry Froud, Sen., was never intoxicated.

It is the month of January, a time too unpleasant in the State of New York to remain long out where the ground is clothed with two feet of snow, and we will walk in, although the appearance of the house is not very inviting. In the corner by the fireplace sits a man in the prime of life, yet feeble in mind and body by afflictions of both.

A woman with sad and careworn appearance was bustling about the room, and three ragged children were on the floor, amusing themselves with a basket full of young cats.

The family were not all present.

The eldest son had absconded when affliction came to the father, and they knew not where

he was. The second son and eldest girl were at the district school.

The bodily infirmity of Mr. Froud was not the most serious calamity under which he suffered. His home was to be sold at a sheriff's sale the next day. The last sum of interest due on the mortgage on his farm, had not been paid, and proceedings had been taken that would soon turn his family from a home.

He could think of but little else than of a future home in the alms-house for himself and family, and of what he called the 'ingratitude' of his son.

'We shall soon be there,' said he. 'The farm is to be sold to-morrow, and they will not allow us to stay here long after. For myself I would not care, but, Mary, to see you and the children in the poor-house will drive me mad.'

'Henry! Henry!' exclaimed Mrs. Froud, 'do not talk in that way. You will break my

heart. Do not try to make me think that our son whom we loved so well is ungrateful. I believe that he left home with the intention of doing something to aid us. He has been unfortunate and cannot return.

'He may be dead. Oh, Henry, do not speak ill of him!'

The two children returned half frozen from the school, and nearly walked into the fire to get warm.

'I don't want to go to school any more,' said the boy. 'My clothes are so old and bad that I am ashamed.'

'Pride on the road to the poor-house!' observed his father.

''Tain't all pride, father,' said the boy, 'for I nearly freeze in going to school and back.'

'Do not complain, brother,' said his sister, who always looked and talked like a little rag-covered angel. 'Your clothes are better than

that poor lame fellow's we passed on the way home. Poor man, how cold he must be, dressed so bad, and walking so slow with his crutch!'

She knew not that the 'poor fellow' she had passed, had called at the public-house not far away, and had borrowed his rags for the purpose of gratifying a whim.

There was a knock at the door. It was opened, and Henry Froud, Jun., covered with rags and using a crutch, entered the room.

Mrs. Froud and the children were wild with joy. Mr. Froud remained in his seat by the fire.

'Father, cannot you welcome me home?' said Henry, going up to him.

'Had you come a day later,' said his father, 'we should have no home of our own to welcome you at. The sheriff sells the farm tomorrow, and you are another one for the poor-house.'

Mr. Froud did feel some joy at the return of his son, and could not conceal it.

'Henry,' he continued, 'why did you leave us? Tell me the truth.'

'I saw that I could do no good here,' said Henry, 'and I wanted to do something to help you. I could not stop here day after day doing no good and seeing times getting worse. Do not blame me. I did what I thought was right.'

'I knew it. I told you so,' said his mother, again embracing him.

'I will believe you, my boy,' said Mr. Froud, taking his son's hand; 'but tell me, what ails your leg?'

'It was shot accidentally. A man who intended to shoot me through the body accidentally hit my leg, because a friend of mine gave him a blow at the time he fired; but it will soon be all right again.'

'Why, you have been in California!' said his oldest brother.

'Yes; I have just come from there, and am happy to have reached home alive.'

'My poor boy, don't stand any longer, but come and sit down,' said his mother, placing a chair before the fire.

'And is it possible you have been to California?' asked his father.

'California!' exclaimed each of his brothers and sisters, looking at him with as much astonishment as though he had come from another world.

'Where is the sheriff's sale to be held?' asked Henry, taking a seat.

'On the steps of the Court-house in Lockport,' said his father with a sigh.

'Give me your bundle, Henry,' said Mrs. Froud, extending her hand.

Henry placed on her hand a parcel tied in a

handkerchief, which being much heavier than she expected, she let it fall to the floor. There was no mistaking the cause of the jingling sound heard by the falling of that parcel.

From father, mother, brothers, and sisters, there was a simultaneous exclamation of the word 'Money!'

A dish was brought, and into it, from a canvas bag, Henry poured four hundred and twenty half-eagles.

Henry Froud, Sen., became a new man. He was able to go to town the next day and pay the mortgage, and he was never known to use the word 'Poor-house' again.

CHAPTER XIV.

NEW GUINEA—AN UNEXPLORED PARADISE.

During the passage from Manilla to that point on the north-east coast of New Guinea where they wished to land, the weather was pleasant, but, owing to light winds, they were twelve days in making it.

The coast was made in the evening, and the brig 'laid off and on' until morning, when it was run close in near the outlet of a small river, and both anchors were dropped.

During the day, they were busy in preparing small packs of provisions and other things

necessary for the party who were going to the interior.

At noon, they were visited by four natives, who appeared friendly. Presents were made them, and, contrary to the advice of some, they were allowed to depart.

The exploring party was to consist of Andrew Deverel and twenty others. Each was to carry a rifle, a bowie knife, a Colt's revolver, and ammunition for not less than one hundred shots.

Besides arms, each one was to carry twenty pounds of provisions for himself, a roll of blankets for his bed, and some article, such as an axe, pick, or shovel, to be for the use of all.

Captain Warren was to remain in the ship, with nine men besides the officers and crew, and was to keep a constant watch against being surprised by the natives; and to be always ready on a short notice to seek a farther

'offing,' if necessary for the safety of the brig. The next morning at nine o'clock, the expedition landed and started inland, keeping along the bank of the little river.

The boats returned to the vessel, leaving three men on shore, who wished to stop for some shooting.

In the afternoon a boat was sent ashore for the three men, but they could not be found. Search was made in the vicinity of where they were left, and shots were fired, but the boat had to return without them. Captain Warren had a gun fired, and an hour afterwards sent the boat ashore again, but the men did not make their appearance.

The night came on very dark, and a light was hoisted on the brig, as a signal for the boat to return.

All were eager to hear the man's adventures, which had been sufficiently perilous. It would

seem that he and his two companions proceeded about three miles into the interior, going very slowly, and pausing occasionally to shoot some most beautifully coloured birds, quite different from any they had ever seen before. At this point in his story a sailor, called 'Arkansas' from the name of his native State, started up and said:—'And did you shoot those birds? You deserved to be shot yourselves!' 'Suddenly,' continued the man, 'about thirty blacks armed with spears and stones rushed upon us and attacked us.' 'Served you right!' cried Arkansas grimly.

The man did not speak, but he looked black at this second interruption, and Captain Warren, seeing Arkansas inclined to be quarrelsome, interfered, and bade him allow the man to proceed. Arkansas muttered, loud enough to be heard, something about 'a cockney sportsman,' which enraged the other so much that, exhausted

as he was, he sprang up and offered to fight him with his own weapon, a bowie knife, 'and their left hands tied together.'

This interruption to the narrative, which had excited the curiosity of all on board, was received with indignation, and Arkansas was summarily silenced.

The sailor then related how one of his companions, named Leighton, had been struck with four spears. He and his other companion then ran for their lives, firing at the blacks, but their numbers seemed to increase. At last the two men got separated; the narrator succeeded in reaching the shore, where he hid himself amongst some bushes. Other blacks had, however, spread themselves about the shore, and he did not dare to show himself, nor yet to fire upon them. At length, when it grew dusk, he saw the light hoisted for a signal, and, knowing that the tide had then turned, he took

off his clothes, crawled to the shore, and swam off to the vessel, hardly conscious how he reached it. His concluding information was startling: —

'I afterwards heard parties of blacks coming from all directions, and I have no doubt but what they intend taking the vessel. I think the reason why they did not molest the boat's crew was, fear that the brig would sail during the night. I was within hearing of them for several hours, and during that time they were very busy at something, probably building rafts.'

All hands were immediately called, the anchors hove, and the brig taken about two miles farther out.

In the morning, three green water snakes were found on the deck. They had crawled up the cables, and through the hawse-holes.

The snakes were killed by Arkansas. While

throwing them over, he saw several more in the water.

He went up to the man with whom he had tried to have a quarrel a few hours before, and said, 'Do you say that you shot some of the natives?'

'Yes,' said the man gruffly.

'And you swam a mile through a sea of snakes—and did it all alone?'

'Yes; so it seems.'

'Well, here 's my hand,' said Arkansas, 'but do n't again shoot the most beautiful-coloured birds you ever saw. There is manliness enough about you to seek some amusement more noble than killing insects.'

Arkansas was not a bad man; his companion knew this, gave his hand, and the two became friends.

Captain Warren despatched a boat towards the shore, to learn what the natives were about.

When the boat returned, the second mate reported that there were not less than one hundred and fifty natives on the beach, and that they were launching rafts.

Captain Warren would not go out of sight of land and leave the party on shore at the mercy of savages; yet the danger of remaining where he was, would leave but little chance for him to aid those ashore.

While deliberating what to do, he gave orders to have the two guns loaded with grape shot, and made other preparations for defence. While they were completed, the Captain decided on going farther in. The party on shore might be in trouble and wish to come on board.

The brig was then taken within a mile of the mouth of the river, and within a cable's length of the perpendicular shore on the north side of the cove, where the anchors were again

dropped. His reason for anchoring so near the high land was the hope of being able in some way to communicate with the party on shore, should they be near and wanting assistance.

The first officer proposed that they should ru nthe brig farther in and disperse the blacks with the two guns, then land a party to try and find Green, and learn whether the others were in trouble; but Captain Warren thought the chances would be greatly against the few who could be spared to go ashore ever returning.

'It would be folly,' said he, 'to take the great risk of losing six men for the very small chance of finding one. Moreover, as long as the blacks are intent on taking the brig, they will allow the party on shore to remain unmolested. Should we disperse them, they will

turn their attention to the others, and overpower them by numbers.'

The natives appeared in great force on the shore at the entrance of the river, and were evidently waiting for the tide to turn in their favour in order to commence the attack.

CHAPTER XV.

THE EXPLORING PARTY, AND WHAT THEY SAW IN THE ISLAND OF NEW GUINEA.

MEANWHILE the exploring party, after following up the stream for about five miles, found that it was leading them more to the north than they wished to go, and some proposed to leave it; but it was decided to continue their course by the river, as that would insure them plenty of fresh water and game.

They soon after met a party of about twenty blacks, who fled at their approach. A mile farther on, they came to a village of thirty or forty huts, from which men, women,

and children were flying into the bush. They passed these without disturbing anything, and soon after called a halt for dinner.

The portion of the island they had seen was very beautiful. Groves of nutmeg trees and clove bushes were frequent. The Dutch would have found plenty of business had they tried to destroy the spice trees there, as, according to Dampier and others, they have tried to do on other islands.

Never before had our hero so fully realised how incomplete was man's task of subduing and tilling the earth as now, when he found himself in a land so beautiful and fertile, knowing it was so large and all a wilderness. The scene before him was such as to excite profound admiration. He could not but wonder why civilised men should have neglected the land he saw before him, and have chosen instead to contend against Nature for domi-

nion on lands where a sharp and constant struggle is required to maintain a bare existence.

While preparing their dinner they were surprised by seeing Green slowly coming towards them, and walking with much difficulty — with a spear in his leg. All jumped up and gathered around him, each one asking questions.

'Dry up!' said Green. 'How can I answer twenty-one men, all asking questions at the same time? Some of you try and get this spear out of my leg, and I will amuse myself during the time by telling you all about it; but first give me a drink of brandy, to help me undergo the operation.'

One of the men, called Missouri, stepped forward and with his bowie knife cut off the leg of the garment enclosing the wounded member. He then examined the spear, the point of which

was sticking out of the opposite side of the leg from where it went in.

'This spear can't be pulled back the way it entered. It must pass right through the leg. Alabama,' said he to one of the men near him, 'hold the handle of the spear level with the point.'

Alabama obeyed, and Missouri proceeded to cut the beam of the spear close to the wound. This was soon done, and the point was pulled out on the opposite side of the leg. The operation must have been very painful, but the man bore it without any complaint. After the wound was dressed, blankets were spread for Green in the shade, and the others gathered around him to eat their dinner and hear his story.

'Soon after you left,' said Green, 'Leighton, the Londoner, and I, went into the bush to amuse ourselves by shooting. As we were

passing some bushes, I heard a great noise, looked around, and saw several blacks, and Leighton lying on the ground with some spears in him. The Londoner and I fired our revolvers and dropped several of them, but as there were dozens more coming upon us we made tracks. Bill and I got separated, and five of the blacks followed me. I ran for about two miles, and then began to give out. Three of them were close upon me, and I was looking ahead for a big tree to get behind and show fight, when one of them gave me this spear that I brought here. I turned round and gave him in return the only shot I had left out of the six. He fell, and the other two turned and ran back. Since then I have walked about two miles, and had I not found you I know not what would have become of me, for I thought that I was going towards the ship.'

'Do you think that Leighton was killed?' asked Deverel.

'I can't say. There were three or four spears in him; but I saw him firing his revolver when he was down, and I think all the blacks left him.'

'Our journey is delayed for a time,' said Deverel. 'We must find Leighton and Bill, and save them if they are not already killed. Can you guide us, Green, to the place where you left Leighton?'

'Not from here,' answered Green. 'I am lost, or I never would have come in this direction; but I could go to the place from the shore where we started.'

They resolved to return immediately to the brig. A cot was made of some poles and blankets in which to carry Green, for his leg became so painful that he could not walk. In their journey back they moved very slowly,

for Green was a heavy man, and was carried with much difficulty.

The sun had set when they reached the top of a hill that commanded a view of the cove where the brig was lying. Here they encountered a party of about fifty blacks, who tried to oppose their progress. A volley from the rifles, which killed seven of them, put the remainder to flight; but not till they threw a shower of darts and stones which wounded Deverel and another.

Deverel was hit on the head by a stone from a sling, and for an hour was insensible. The blacks retreated towards the shore in the direction in which the party wished to go. Looking in that direction they could see many fires, showing there were other blacks besides those they had just driven away. A consultation was then held, and they resolved to remain where they were till morning. It was

not easy to fight their way through the savages while carrying two wounded men.

When Andrew Deverel regained his senses, his thoughts were anything but pleasant. Communication with the brig was cut off by the blacks, and his friend Leighton, if yet alive, was certainly severely wounded. He might die from exposure and want of aid, yet they knew not in which direction to seek him. The night was very dark, and an immediate attempt to find Leighton and his companion Bill would only bring more misfortunes. He felt there was nothing to be done. He could only wait until morning; but the necessity that caused this resolution caused him to pass a sleepless night.

A watch was set for the night, which was passed without their being molested.

In the morning they discovered that wherever a boat could land on the beach, the spot

was occupied by natives, who seemed preparing to attack the brig.

Some of the party were afraid the brig would put to sea and leave them; and all thoughts of finding Leighton and the Londoner Bill were abandoned for the moment until they should have communication with those on the brig.

They found that, by walking out on the promontory that bounded the cove on the north, they could approach near enough the brig to signal her; accordingly, they made a circuit around the blacks to the north side of the cove.

Missouri, Shane, and another were then sent forward to get as near the brig as possible, and let Captain Warren know that the party had returned. On arriving opposite the brig, Missouri shouted twice, and Captain Warren came off in a boat; he could approach near enough to speak to them, but there was no place

where a boat could land except what was occupied by the natives. It was resolved that the brig should go in and disperse them with the two guns. The party on shore would then be able to fight their way to the landing-place, where the boats would be sent to meet them.

When the three men returned with this intelligence, Deverel regretted the attack had not been delayed until they had at least tried to find Leighton and the Londoner.

'I told him that we had Green with us,' said Missouri, 'and he said that the Londoner was safe on board, and that Leighton was killed.'

Green felt jealous that the Londoner should have found his way to the brig whilst he, Sam Green, who had been brought up in the bush, had lost himself. 'Bill can give no later news from Leighton than I can,' said he. 'When we broke cover of the trees, Leighton was alive, although he is probably dead before this,

even had he received no further injury, for I certainly saw three spears sticking in him.'

'We must try to find him before we go aboard,' said Deverel.

'It won't do,' said Missouri, 'for we shall not have time. Captain Warren said the natives were preparing to take the brig, and that he was expecting them every hour.'

'I do not like to leave a wounded man to die, and I will not,' said Deverel.

'I don't suppose that any one of us likes to do such a thing,' answered Missouri, 'but the chances are that the natives have taken all the care of Leighton that he will want in this world; besides, our first duty is to save ourselves.'

By this time the brig had got under way, and was moving farther up the cove.

Seeing this, the men took up their packs and proceeded along the shore towards the mouth of the river.

CHAPTER XVI.

EXPLORING CONTINUED.

As the brig drew near the mouth of the river, the natives were seen on their rafts coming to meet it. The tide had just turned, and the rafts were moving slowly out. The breeze that enabled the brig to move against the tide was light, and it approached the rafts but slowly.

When it was within about three hundred yards of the rafts, the two guns were fired with horrible execution: the blacks not killed all left the rafts and swam for the shore.

Deverel and his party, when the firing com-

menced, made for the landing-place, which they reached after a short skirmish with a party of the retreating natives, who killed one of the men and wounded two others.

In two hours from the time the firing commenced, they were once more aboard of the brig and had buried the slain man.

The brig was then allowed to move by the tide farther out, and orders were given to come to an anchor. At this there was some murmuring amongst the crew, who were anxious to proceed immediately to sea.

Early the next morning, Deverel and nine others left the brig for the shore, with the intention of trying to find Leighton, but, as more than two hundred natives stood on the shore to oppose their landing, they had to return.

A consultation was held as to what should be done.

Deverel was unwilling to relinquish visiting

the interior of the island; four others united with him in trying to persuade the others to make one more attempt.

They were opposed by all the rest, and the most strongly by Missouri.

'What is our object in exploring this island,' said he, 'but the possibility of finding gold? Would we not show more wisdom in going to New South Wales, where gold has already been found, in large quantities and but lately? I am no coward, but I believe our chance of getting killed here is greater than that of finding gold. If the natives were not troublesome, I would not mind taking a little trip up the country, out of curiosity.

'I came with the expedition partly for that purpose; but for so few of us to fight our way against so many, and with so little inducement, will not pay. This island is a paradise, but it is inhabited by devils, and I want to leave it.'

As Missouri expressed the opinion of nearly all the others, Andrew Deverel had to yield, and resigned himself to the disappointment of going to sea without accomplishing the object for which he left San Francisco. It was not easy for him to do this, for he had a great desire to make some discovery that should bring about the colonisation of New Guinea, and reveal to the world its many sources of wealth. He knew that if gold were discovered in New Guinea, the island would rapidly become a place of great importance, not only on account of its gold-fields, but from its wealth in other respects. The great fertility of its soil would become known, and thousands would be drawn to its shores by the superior attractions it possesses over all other lands. He knew that the attention of mankind could not be turned upon New Guinea without some notice being taken of the one who had first drawn

the attention of others to it. He would be making a mark on the world that would last for ages. He would some time have his name written on the pages of the history of a country. He would be doing something towards making himself worthy of the one he loved, and would be winning a name that even her proud father might envy. By the decision of his comrades all those bright hopes were for the present overthrown, and he had only to return to San Francisco.

When all things were ready for leaving the cove, the elements were against them. A strong breeze sprang up from the north-east as the tide was coming in. Before morning the breeze increased to a gale, and, in an attempt to get out for sea-room, the brig was nearly lost on some rocks. Both anchors were then dropped, with the hope that

the brig might ride through the gale; but the storm caused it to drag the anchors, in doing which the brig gradually neared the perpendicular cliffs on the southern side of the cove. The danger soon became so imminent that both cables were slipped, and the brig put before the wind with the intention of running her a short distance up the river, which was the only chance of saving the vessel. By doing this there was a great chance of all being killed by the blacks, but the certainty of being thrown on the rocks, should they remain, made the course necessary; and some one has written that 'what is absolutely necessary is never dangerous.'

As the brig entered the mouth of the river, it became very doubtful whether the water would be of sufficient depth to allow it to ascend, for it struck twice, but the succeeding wave carried it off each time.

The blacks were seen at a distance on the shore, assembling in great force.

The danger of losing the brig, and the certainty of having to meet the blacks, made their situation highly exciting.

Under the most favourable circumstances to which they could then look forward with any hope, there were hardships and dangers to be encountered; and when Andrew Deverel saw the probable misfortunes which he had been the means of bringing upon so many, his regrets were as strong for the wild hopes he had formed as they had been a few hours before for having to abandon them.

About a mile up the river they saw a place where it widened abruptly, on one side forming a right angle. The brig was made to turn this angle, and was then run ashore upon a bank thickly covered with drift of reeds and bushes.

Preparations were then made for bringing the guns to bear on any point of danger. The passengers were divided between the two watches, and every precaution was taken to prevent a surprise from the natives.

That night the gale abated, and the next morning a steady breeze was blowing from the south, but the brig could not be got off the bank.

The natives were seen a few hundred yards off on both sides of the river, and one was observed stealing behind some bushes, not far from the ship. Some of the men fired into the bushes, and the native fled to his companions.

Deverel wished to make an attempt to find Leighton, or at least to obtain some certainty as to his fate; but, from the number of natives seen around them in every direction, such an attempt could not be safely made, and, moreover, the captain wanted all hands to aid in

getting the vessel from the bank. All that day they were unmolested by the blacks, but their efforts to move the brig were ineffectual.

Towards sunset a party of six landed to proceed a short distance up the south bank and see what the natives were about, for it had been noticed that they had been very busy in that direction. The party returned with the intelligence that the blacks were making rafts, and that they had four large canoes, which had probably been brought down the river since the first attack. That night a good watch was kept, but they were undisturbed until the daylight, when all hands were roused by the cry that the blacks were coming. On both sides of the river the blacks were numerous. Several large rafts were seen floating down the river, each one containing from eight to twelve men.

Contrary to the expectations of all, the canoes approaching the brig from behind were seen pulling against the stream. As they could not have been taken down the river past the brig, they must have been dragged over land, past the vessel, during the night.

It was plain that the object of the blacks was to attack the brig from every direction.

During the passage from Manilla, exaggerated accounts of the ferocity of the natives of New Guinea, and their love of plundering vessels, had been freely circulated.

The second mate could give the names of four ships that had been taken, and all hands killed by the blacks, on the coast of New Guinea.

One of the crew told how he had been in a ship that got becalmed while passing through Torres' Straits. The ship was close in upon the New Guinea coast, and the blacks came off,

but, fortunately for those on board, after an hour of hard fighting, a light breeze sprang up that took the ship away.

These stories, with what they had themselves seen since coming to the island, gave all on board the brig a full sense of the danger of their situation.

As the canoes slowly swept around the point, they saw that some of them were towing rafts, which, although unmanned, were evidently intended for some use.

Captain Warren directed both guns to be brought to bear on the canoes, which were approaching rapidly.

The rafts that were floating down the stream, spread from each other like a fan.

Those on the bank of the river, where the brig had struck, came rushing down, throwing stones with slings, and yelling like lunatic demons — their object apparently being

to divert the attention of those on board the brig as much as possible from those in the canoes and on the rafts.

'Never mind those on shore, but look out for those on the water,' said the captain. 'Fire the port gun at the first canoe. Reserve the fire of the starboard gun till we see the effect of the other.'

'Draw a fine sight, and don't lose a shot,' said Arkansas.

Then came a moment of intense anxiety.

Whilst waiting for the canoes, a dart, thrown by one of the blacks on the shore, struck one of the crew, named Shane, on the neck. He fell, made a convulsive grasp at the dart, tore it from the wound, and died before the battle fairly commenced.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ESCAPE FROM NEW GUINEA.

THERE was no time to remove him. The port gun, loaded with a ball and slugs of broken iron, was fired at the foremost canoe. It was knocked in pieces, and most of the natives in it were killed.

Some of the blacks in the other canoes were killed and wounded by the large splinters of wood, and by some of the iron slugs.

A volley from the rifles killed several of the natives on the rafts.

Missouri did not fire in the same direction as the rest. His attention was attracted by

one of the natives who was in a tree on the shore, not far from the ship. He raised his rifle to his shoulder and fired.

The black in the tree fell headlong to the ground.

A volley from the revolvers killed several on the shore, and caused the rest to retire.

Those in the canoes and on the rafts were thrown into some confusion, but they could not well retreat.

They hesitated for a minute, but a man standing in one of the canoes, much whiter than the others, shouted some orders to those on the rafts, who renewed their exertions for reaching the brig.

Whilst the fight was going on, clouds darkened the air, and as the canoes were preparing to renew the attack, the storm broke with great violence.

Rain fell in torrents, filling the air so full of water that some of the men afterwards declared that during the storm they experienced a sensation of drowning or suffocation.

The guns were fired at the canoes in spite of the storm, doing great damage. Nearly all the blacks who remained unhurt swam for the shore. Three volleys were fired at the same time from the revolvers at those on the rafts, and the rout of the natives became general.

In vain the tall white man in one of the canoes strove to rally them, but the storm of iron and lead was too fatal to be withstood. For a while the danger was past; still none on board the brig doubted that another attack would follow, as the natives were not destroyed, though discomfited for the moment.

A great number of the natives on the opposite bank of the river, who had taken no part in the affray except by uttering

hideous yells, still remained, and the rafts towed by the canoes were uninjured.

The thunderstorm soon passed, and the heat of the sunbeams was so intense that the evaporation made the island seem a vast vapour-bath.

With the exception of Shane, who had been killed, only two men were wounded on the brig.

'Did you see me knock one of the black-pelted devils out of that tree?' said Missouri, pointing to a tree on the shore.

'Yes; I regret to say that I saw you do it,' said Deverel, 'and thought at the time that you would have shown more wisdom by firing at those on the rafts, for there was no immediate danger of the man in the tree.'

'Why,' said Missouri, 'that was the black who killed poor Shane! I saw the dart come from the tree.'

'Pardon me, Missouri,' said Deverel, grasping his hand; 'I will try never to form a wrong opinion of your actions again.'

At nine o'clock in the evening the river began to rise with the tide, and there were strong hopes of getting the brig off. The mountain streams that fed the river had been swollen by the late storm, and the water rose rapidly.

About ten o'clock, however, there was a fresh alarm of the approach of the blacks.

The night was very dark, and the canoes were nearly alongside before they were discovered.

The large guns could not be used, and the blacks were soon climbing the sides.

Lamps were burning over the deck.

These lights enabled them to see a black head whenever it appeared over the bulwarks, and whenever a head arose, it received a bullet or a blow with a handspike.

The blacks had some trouble at first in ascending the side, and were easily kept at bay for a while, but the danger was imminent.

'She moves! she moves!' exclaimed Captain Warren.

He was right.

The brig was indeed afloat and gradually turning into the current.

A light breeze was springing up from the north.

'Set the mainsail!' shouted the captain. 'We are off! Jones, take the wheel. Sou'-west by sou'!'

'Sou'-west by sou',' said Jones, dropping a handspike and running to the wheel.

While the sail was being set, four or five natives had gained the deck, but they were immediately shot or knocked down.

'Sou'-west by sou'' took them into the centre of the stream beyond the point. The bow was

then allowed to turn down stream, the sail was trimmed, and the brig rushed down the river.

While sheltered by the trees on the bank of the river, the breeze seemed light, but on gaining the cove it blew strong, and increasing. Captain Warren did not dare attempt to recover his anchors, for fear of again getting ashore.

The topsails were set, and the brig was allowed to run through the cove into the open sea. In clearing the deck, one of their assailants, who had boarded the vessel and been shot down, was found to be still living. He was recognised as the tall white man who had been in command of the blacks during the attack in the morning. He was carried below, and a young man, one of the passengers, who officiated as surgeon, proceeded to examine the wound.

The man had been shot in the breast. The

surgeon exclaimed, 'Good God! A man living two hours after being shot through the heart!'

Such, at first, really seemed to be the fact, for the ball had struck the breast a little above the heart, and entering the body had taken a course slightly upwards. Had the ball struck one inch lower, the man must have died instantly.

The young man was proceeding to probe the wound.

'I say,' said Arkansas, who was standing near, 'I reckon you want to kill the man.'

'I think he will surely die,' said the surgeon; 'but certainly his only chance is to have the ball extracted.'

'I dare say you are right,' said Arkansas. 'Take out the ball if you can.'

The surgeon again applied the probe to the wound.

'I say, you will kill him,' said Arkansas;

'but p'rhaps 't is all right. I reckon he deserves it.'

'How *shall* I extract the ball?' asked the young man, with an expression of anger and perplexity combined.

Arkansas advanced and turned the wounded man gently over on his face. Passing his hand over the man's back, he felt the ball, which lay close under the shoulder blade. The surgeon made a slight incision with the knife, and picked out the ball.

Andrew Deverel did not wish to go to Sydney, New South Wales, neither did Captain Warren, and yet they did not wish to take any advantage of circumstances to break their engagement with the passengers and crew.

The next morning, all hands were assembled, and the captain told them that, under existing circumstances, he could not take them direct to Sydney. He wished to go to Manilla, the

nearest port where he could obtain anchors. From thence he promised to take them immediately to Sydney, or would pay their passage to that port, in any vessel that would be going thither.

That night, about twelve o'clock, there was a shock which made all on board think that the brig had struck.

Those on deck were thrown off their legs, and many below were nearly thrown out of their hammocks. All came running on deck undressed, to see the brig go to pieces. Again the ship seemed to strike heavily on a rock. The vessel rolled wildly for a minute, and then was free. This motion was followed by a plunge that threatened to take it to the bottom. The confusion on deck was great, for all were anxious to learn what would be likely to form the largest part of the wreck. The brig was put on another tack, and an attempt was

made to take soundings, but no bottom could be found. Five minutes of anxious suspense passed, and all were astonished to find themselves unharmed. The pumps were sounded, and no water was found.

'It was only an earthquake, or a *sea*-quake,' said Captain Warren; and one minute after, only the watch remained on the deck.

Andrew Deverel never passed a more unpleasant time at sea than on the passage from New Guinea to Manilla. He was going from New Guinea with a stronger desire to explore the country than he possessed when he first sailed to it, for the little he had seen of it only increased the desire to see more. He had seen that the land was rich in natural wealth. The valleys were broad and covered with valuable timber. The hills were clothed with spice trees, and everywhere the soil seemed fertile; and, cultivated only by Nature, abun-

dance of food was growing. He saw no reason to doubt that gold might be found amongst the mountains he had seen far in advance, in the direction they had started to explore, and the necessity that compelled him to turn from the island without seeing more of it, was one that he must ever regret. He knew the country must, some time or other, be settled by people who speak English, but his expedition to bring about that result had failed. His name would never be written in the future history of New Guinea.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE WOUNDED PIRATE.

The brig containing the disappointed gold-hunters had good weather, and a quick run to Manilla. During the passage there, the wounded man brought from New Guinea remained in a very uncertain state, fluttering between life and death.

He seemed a little better on reaching Manilla, and on being gently conveyed ashore, and examined by the surgeons of a hospital, they pronounced him to be in very little danger.

After receiving every assurance that the

man would have proper care, they left him in the hospital.

Andrew Deverel very naturally had much curiosity to learn something of the one who had thus strangely been brought under his care, but, as the man could only speak with much difficulty and pain, he could learn nothing.

An English ship was to sail for Sydney in two days after our adventurers arrived in Manilla, and arrangements were made with its captain to take all those from the brig who wished to go—an opportunity of which nearly all availed themselves.

The captain lost no time in getting the brig again ready for sea. He easily shipped another crew, and, three weeks after his arrival, sailed on a trading voyage amongst the Spice Islands.

Andrew Deverel would have liked to accompany him in the voyage, but business called him elsewhere.

The object for which the exertions of the last two years had been made was not obtained, and must no longer be neglected.

It was arranged between Captain Warren and Deverel that when the brig had obtained a cargo, it should proceed to New York, at which place the Captain was to write as often as convenient during the year or eighteen months in which he expected to be freighting the brig.

The Captain sailed for the Celebes, and Deverel remained in Manilla, waiting for a passage to San Francisco.

He called daily at the hospital to see the wounded man whom they had brought from New Guinea.

Ever since his arrival in Manilla, the man had been recovering much faster than the appearance of the wound at first would lead anyone to expect. A month after being

placed in the hospital, he was able to walk gently about the room, and to converse without much difficulty.

One day, on visiting him, Deverel said, 'I am going to leave here next week, and I am undecided what to do with you before I go.'

'Tell me how you are in doubt,' said the man, 'and I will try to help you out of it, although I owe you, or some one, no good will for bringing me from home, and leaving me wounded here.'

'Had we not brought you away, you would have died of your wound,' said Deverel.

'Had you never molested me in my home,' said the man, 'I should not have been wounded.'

'Now we are coming to the point on which I am in doubt how to act.

'In the attacks made upon the brig, or those

belonging to it, you will probably claim to be repelling invaders. I maintain, that the object of those attacks was plunder, and that, in trying to accomplish that object, you have aided in murdering three men. I am in doubt whether I should, or should not, hand you over to the authorities.'

'Do not allow those doubts to give you any uneasiness. Satisfy your own conscience, without any regard to what may be my wishes, for whatever you do will not in the least affect my welfare.

'The Spanish authorities, or those of any other country, cannot trouble me for my acts in New Guinea.

'My country and my people are on the east coast of New Guinea, and I will not be held accountable here for anything I may have done there, when my country was invaded.'

'Do you really think that you cannot be

punished for what you have done?' asked Deverel.

'I am certain that I could not be punished lawfully, whatever I might be made to suffer unjustly.

'I had lived where you found me for more than ten years, obeying the laws of the people in the country I adopted for a home. What human power has the right to punish me for that?'

'We will not argue that question now; but tell me what you intend doing, should I leave you here free.'

'I shall probably return to the happy home from which I have been cruelly taken away.'

'I shall try to prevent that. I believe that you are capable of being a useful member of civilised society, even should that society be composed of convicts. I must prevent your returning to New Guinea, where

you may be the cause of bringing upon others the same misfortune that met my companions and myself.'

'We will not argue that point now, but tell me for what purpose you landed in New Guinea.'

'To explore the country.'

'I thought so; and, thank God, I prevented that purpose from being accomplished. My life has not been in vain.'

'Why do you thank God for having injured those who never wronged you?' asked Deverel, with some surprise.

'To give a correct answer might only induce you to go there again,' replied the pirate, 'and you might then be more successful.'

'No. I am about to visit my native country, and shall never again see this part of the world. But why would you regret my going again, and being successful in my object?'

'Since you do not intend going again, I will answer your question. If one-half of the truth respecting the riches of New Guinea were known to the greedy, avaricious peace-destroyers of this world, who think themselves "civilised" and "enlightened," in less than twelve months the island would be overrun with them, and the natives of the country would have no home of their own. The natives of New Guinea are not so bad as you have ever heard them represented. I have lived amongst them for many years, and I like them too well to see them fall under the curse that the march of civilisation would certainly bring to them. You cannot show me on earth a people living in a state of barbarism, but what have been reduced still lower in the scale of humanity by being brought under subjection of those professing civilisation. If the people of New Guinea wish a home for their children — if they do

not wish as a people to be washed out of existence by their own blood and tears — they must repel from their shores adventurers like you, who come to spy the riches of the land, who would draw to its shores a crowd of hungry, greedy wretches. While I have been in New Guinea I have known of two ship-loads of the natives being taken away in slave ships. The natives on each occasion had been treacherously enticed aboard the ships, seized, taken below, and put on the chains. So little do I blame them for all the injury they do to the white men who visit them, that I have given my aid in killing all who come to the island. You tell me that you intend leaving here next week?'

'Yes, I am going to San Francisco, on my way home to New York.'

'San Francisco! Where is that? I have never heard of it.'

'In California. You have certainly heard of that place?'

'California! California! Let me see. Oh, I remember! It is on the west coast of America. I have never heard of the place before, since I was twelve years of age at school. I do not know what object can take you there, unless a similar one to what brought you to New Guinea, and if such is the case, I hope you will meet with no better success. Before you leave, I demand from you the way or means of returning to my home in New Guinea.'

'You had better go with me to California.'

'Tell me your object in going there.'

'To return to the eastern side of America.'

'That is a strange course to take. Why not go by the way of China, or India?'

'I see your knowledge of places is a few years behind the times. California is now one

of the United States. It is not the wilderness you suppose, but the war of life is raging more wildly there than in any other place. I can go from San Francisco to New York in less than thirty days, by steamers running to the Isthmus of Darien.'

'What has worked that great change in so short a time with California?'

'The discovery of rich and extensive gold-fields, where thousands are working and procuring tons of gold annually. Will you go with me there? It is on your way home, and you can have a look at the land of gold.'

'Gold has no charms for me. In the last ten years I have often seen it shining beneath my feet, and have passed it by as unheeded as the sands on the shore. I would not leave New Guinea to seek gold.'

'But will you go with me? Are there not

other inducements to entice you to a civilised life?'

'Give me time to think. I have a wife and family in New Guinea, who now mourn me as dead, and I would like to remove their anxiety, yet I have been intending to visit the great world again. I have business to transact in it, and perhaps a more convenient time for my going to my native land may never occur than now. My wife and children can suffer no more than they already have suffered at my loss, and it would only renew their sorrow to lose me again, believing I would never return, for I could not make them understand how business should take me away. I cannot promise you now, but give me time to think, and see me again before you leave.'

Deverel promised to do as the wounded man required, and left him.

CHAPTER XIX.

ISABEL.

One day, as Andrew Deverel was walking a short distance out of the city of Manilla, he came to a beautiful residence, in front of which was a garden full of ornamental trees and shrubbery. His path lay close to the railing dividing the garden from the street, and while proceeding along it, he heard a woman in a low voice call 'Hombre! Señor!'

He turned, and saw a young woman partly concealed by bushes in the garden, and looking at him through the railing that enclosed it.

'Habla usted Español?' she asked.

He replied in the affirmative, and she then asked if he was not an American. On being told that he was, she asked if he was ever going to Panama. He replied that he expected to be in that city within three months. She then requested him to turn and gaze upon anything the other side of the street, as she might otherwise be observed from the house. He thought the request a strange one, yet complied with it.

'I wish to send a letter to a person in Panama,' said she, 'and have tried to send two by mail, but have reason to believe they never left Manilla. Will you take one for me?'

'Si, Señorita, con mucho placer,' answered Deverel.

'If you will walk along this path between eight and nine o'clock to-morrow morning, I will be here with the letter. Now walk on,

or you will be seen standing here, and I shall not be allowed out again for a month.'

Deverel promised to do as she requested, and passed on. The next morning, at the appointed time, he walked along the street, in front of the garden. The girl was there, but not alone; a woman, several years older than herself, was her companion. As Deverel drew near, the girl called the attention of her companion to something on the other side of the garden, and extended her hand, in which was a small package, through the railing. He took the package and passed on without stopping. Attached to the package was an unsealed note, evidently for himself. On reaching his room, he opened it, and read his instructions and thanks.

Señor N——, to whom the package was addressed, held an office under the government of New Granada. In case the package

should be lost, he was to tell Señor N—— that Isabel was in Manilla, and to give him directions where to find her.

'I wish,' thought Andrew Deverel, as he gazed on the package, 'that one I have seen was as anxious to find me as the girl I saw to-day is to find Señor Carlos N——.'

'Well, my friend, on what have you decided?' said Andrew Deverel, the next time he visited the wounded man in the hospital.

'The only conclusion I have formed is, to reflect a little longer,' said the man. 'The reasons for and against my going with you are so many and strong on both sides, that I shall be troubled with regrets in the future, decide however I will. One great inducement for my returning to New Guinea is to get something to eat.'

'Amongst other great changes that have come over the world since you have been

lost to it, you cannot suppose that people have learnt to do without food.'

'No. I do not suppose they have much changed in that respect, but I have. I have acquired habits of eating food that cannot be gratified elsewhere than in my home in New Guinea, and I am nearly starved here.'

'I find no reason to complain here,' said Deverel, 'and probably you would not, if out of the hospital.'

'You are mistaken, or rather you do not understand me. My taste has become refined by a long residence amongst those whom you will call savages, and I do not like the gross food that man eats in common with brutes in civilised communities.

'For my breakfast I want a dish of cloves and cinnamon, and in the place of bread I want ginger. I cannot make an evening meal unless I am somewhere near a sago tree.'

'Cloves, cinnamon, ginger, and sago can be obtained in any part of the world,' said Deverel.

'True, but not in a state fit for food. I gave instructions how to cook a dish of cloves and cinnamon, and in consequence I am in danger of being removed from here to a madhouse.'

'I am not surprised at that, and I should call a taste that preferred ginger to bread false rather than refined.'

'Because you know nothing about it. Ginger, to be used for food, must be cooked and eaten when green. It is not so strong then as when dried. But there are many other things to which my taste has become accustomed, and which I do not like to do without.

'This may seem very ridiculous, but to a man who is unwell and in an hospital, such considerations are very serious.'

'Perhaps, when you have recovered your health, and been a few months from home, you will become accustomed to our fare. You had better try the experiment. A ship will soon sail for San Francisco, so decide whether you will accompany me or not, that I may make arrangements.'

'It is very unpleasant to be amongst a covetous, avaricious, copper-grabbing people without money. Have you got plenty of it?'

'Yes, if you are not too unreasonable in your demands.'

'I shall want enough to land me in London with a good suit of clothes on my back. I will try to send you the money you advance me on my arrival in England. If I cannot, you must do without it. I will make no certain promise to do so.'

'Very well. We will act upon the understanding that you accompany me to San

Francisco, and I will make preparations for you.'

'Yes. I will remain no longer hesitating. I must go to England some time, and will start with you. I may never have a better opportunity.'

'May you never repent making this resolve! I will go immediately and arrange for a passage for both of us,' said Deverel; and the two men shook hands and parted.

Had Andrew Deverel ever formed his opinions of others from the unfavourable circumstances in which all are often placed, he could only have treated the man he had brought from New Guinea as a pirate and murderer; but he had himself often been in circumstances from which others might have drawn some strange conclusions as to his character, and knowing that our actions are often influenced by circumstances which others do

not know or do not understand, he could believe there was something worth saving in the man he wished to prevent from returning to a state of barbarism.

CHAPTER XX.

THE PIRATE'S ACCOUNT OF HIMSELF.

ANDREW DEVEREL engaged a passage for himself and his companion in an American ship bound for San Francisco, and four days after the conversation related in the preceding chapter, they left the 'island of the Corregidor,' at the entrance of the bay, with a fair breeze. They were the only passengers on the ship, and as the captain was not a sociable man, they had but little of his company.

'I must give you credit for not possessing one disagreeable peculiarity that I have heard ascribed to your countrymen,' said the com-

panion of our hero, as they were one day sitting on the poop.

'I regret to hear you say so,' said Deverel.

'You are not inquisitive,' continued the other, not heeding the interruption. 'You have not even asked my name.'

'If I have refrained from being inquisitive, the reason was not because I have no curiosity to gratify in learning something of your past life, but that I thought you would some time tell me all you were willing to communicate. I confess that I have a strong desire to learn how you came to reside in New Guinea—how you managed to live there so long, and why you wish to return.'

'I have but little to tell, but with that little your patience shall be rewarded and your curiosity gratified.

'I have reason to believe that my father was wealthy. I know that before his death he

lived in good style, and appeared to have the command of plenty of money. My mother died when I was fourteen, and my father soon after married again. I never felt at home in my father's house after that, neither did my brother, who was two years older than myself. My step-mother did not like us, and we hated her. She made home as disagreeable to us as possible, and we were only happy when away from her at school. When I was about seventeen, my father died, and my step-mother married again. We were then told that our father had died poor, and that the sooner we were able to take care of ourselves the better. We were still kept at school, but every shilling for our support seemed to come from unwilling hands.

'When my brother objected to being kept at school any longer, being the heir of my father's property and entitled to have something done

for him, a commission was purchased for him in the army, and he was sent to India.

'I was told to prepare myself for the church. No reflection was necessary to tell me that I was never intended for the church. That was the last profession or occupation followed by man that I could be driven into pursuing, and I told my step-mother so.

'"Very well," said she; "earn a living in any way you choose, but you must provide for yourself." I resolved from that moment never to receive another penny through her hands, yet I was puzzled what to do.

'I had an uncle named Richard Leighton, a very wealthy man, but I did not like to apply to him, although my mother was his only sister. My father and he had not been good friends, and I had not seen Uncle Richard for several years. I had heard that he had chosen for his heir the eldest son of his brother, my cousin

Henry Leighton, and I had some pride that prevented my going to him for assistance which I have no doubt he would have given me.'

'Do you say that your cousin's name was Henry Leighton?' asked Deverel.

'Yes, and I have forgotten or neglected to tell you that mine is Richard Leighton Middleton now; but on the island I had another name, the only word in the language I did not learn to pronounce.'

'One of our men killed on the island was named Henry Leighton,' said Deverel, 'and there was a little resemblance between him and you.'

'You are right,' exclaimed Middleton; 'I saw him. It was my cousin. Was he an Englishman?'

'Yes, from somewhere near London—I think he told me Brompton.'

'There is no doubt about it. He was killed on the first day you landed. I passed by after he was dead, and saw his features. They looked familiar, but the idea that any of my former acquaintances had reached New Guinea was too absurd to be entertained for a second, and I passed by as heedless as the others.'

'I have with me a portmanteau left by Leighton. I was intending some time to look over its contents, and if I found anything of any value to send it to his friends.'

'Let us see it now. It may contain positive proof of what I now believe, that that man was my cousin. How strange that I should meet him lying dead in New Guinea!'

They went into the cabin, and after trying several keys, they found one that fitted the lock. In the portmanteau they found some letters written by Leighton's mother. Middleton

examined the letters, and said they were written by his aunt, Mrs. Leighton.

They also found some daguerreotypes of his relatives, and other proofs which placed the question beyond all doubt that the man killed on the island was Middleton's cousin.

'Poor Harry!' said Middleton. 'What could have induced him to leave home?'

'He told me, on the passage to New Guinea,' said Deverel, 'that he had lost the good-will of an uncle on whom he had been dependent, that his prospects were ruined at home, and that he came to seek a fortune in California, where a strong propensity for hunting prevented him from meeting with success.'

They then returned to the deck, and Middleton continued his story.

'I was acquainted with a young man who was a midshipman in an Indian merchantman. He had been a schoolmate, and we were warm friends. The ship to which he belonged was

about to sail, and I shipped on board as an ordinary seaman. This was a foolish freak of youth, but I was determined to earn my own living, and in my own way. I am going to cut my story as short as possible.

'On reaching India I left the ship and found my brother. He told me that I had done wrong—that I should have stayed and insisted on being put into a respectable way of living by my mother-in-law and her husband. I told him of what she said about her child having to go without food in order that I might be supported in idleness, and of the complaints they were always making about what they had advanced for him.

'My brother was in a great rage, and talked about going home to punish them in some way for dishonesty; he could not believe but that our father must have left more money than what they said was the case. He obtained for me

the situation as secretary to a government officer about to visit Borneo, the Celebes, Moluccas, and some other islands, in a man-of-war. While at the Moluccas the government officer reprimanded me, in very ungentleman-like language, for a simple act of carelessness, and I left the situation.

'On the day I left the ship, I received a letter from my brother, telling me that he had heard from Uncle Richard Leighton, informing him that I had left home, and begging him to come to England to look after his affairs, which Uncle Richard thought were being mismanaged. My brother stated in his letter his intention of obtaining leave, or, if he could not do so, to sell his commission and go to England. He advised me to keep my situation until I heard from him again.

'It was on the island of Gilolo where I left the ship, and, not long after it sailed, I fell into

bad company, composed of runaways from Portuguese ships, and outcasts from Dutch settlements in the neighbouring islands. These men were under the command and in the employ of a native of Java, who, in my opinion, was a very remarkable man.

'He was a pirate owning three pirogues, and employed the crews by the month—thus making all the profits and losses of the business his own. He was a wonderful man. He had the most courage, energy, firmness, skill in the use of weapons, strength of mind and body, and the most of everything requisite for his business, of any person I ever saw. For more than a year much of my time was passed in a pirogue with that man, and the startling adventures and deeds of wanton cruelty I witnessed would fill a large volume. His business used to be followed chiefly between the coasts of the Celebes and China;

but he had been driven thence by English cruisers, and was now forced to follow business where there was less danger.

'Whenever we were so situated that I could not leave these men, I would have frequently a strong desire to escape and lead a better life; but whenever we were in a place where I could go where I pleased, I had no desire to leave them.

'One time we received intelligence of the whereabouts of some Chinese junks, which had been to a trading station on an island to the north of New Britain, and taken aboard the fleet a large quantity of valuable merchandise. Our leader determined to capture these junks, and we sailed to meet them.

'It was resolved that we should attack them in the night and take them by surprise, but in doing this we were surprised ourselves. We found, to our cost, that we had not attacked

a fleet of junks manned by inoffensive Chinese, but had to defend ourselves from about five times our number of fierce Malays. A scene of indescribable confusion took place. For more than half an hour all that any man knew was that he was fighting. I believe that our leader sounded a retreat, but those on the junks had grappled the pirogues, and we could not get away from them. Instead of boarding the junks, we had more than we could do to keep he Malays from boarding us. I know not how long this strife lasted, but before it was over, I found the boat I was in separated from all the others. It had got clear, and some one had set the sail, by which the distance between me and the others was fast increasing. Twelve men were in the pirogue besides myself when the strife began, and I was then the only person standing.

'I was unwounded, yet had not been back-

ward in the strife. Some of my companions in the other pirogues were still defending themselves, but I could do nothing towards saving them, and, seeing the expedition had failed, I allowed circumstances to take me safely out of it. Two of my companions were alive and moaning piteously. I examined their wounds, but could do little for them, and they died before morning. The next morning, at daylight, I threw over six bodies, four of which were those of whom I had long been a companion, and two were Malays.

'The next night I landed on the coast of New Guinea, and in the morning came across a tribe of natives by whom I was treated kindly. The natives of New Guinea are not so bad as they have been represented. They will board a ship and kill all hands for the sake of plunder, and they will attack a party of men landing on their shore, but one man helpless and unarmed

falling into their hands will have no cause to complain—at least I had not.

'I have now told you how I came on the island of New Guinea, and that is enough.

'The deeds of bloodshed and violence I witnessed there, you may dislike as much to hear as I to remember.

'One ship taken and plundered by the tribe with whom I dwelt had on board a large quantity of books, which fell to my share of the spoil.

'By these books I kept up a knowledge of my mother-tongue, and often used to read them aloud, so that the mode of speaking it might remain familiar.

'I believe that the island of New Guinea, in mineral wealth and fertility of soil, excels every other country in the world for its size.

'I have left a wife and five children there, and unless I find affairs in England very dif-

ferent from what I expect, I shall return. New Guinea is, for many reasons, a home that I prefer to any other land I was ever in.

'If the men of capital and enterprise, of that great nation to which I belong, knew of the immense sources of wealth to be met in New Guinea, a flourishing English colony would soon be planted on its shores, and it would become the most valuable of all the English possessions.'

CHAPTER XXI.

A ROBBER'S DEN ON THE ISTHMUS.

On arriving in San Francisco, Middleton, being anxious to reach England as soon as possible, took the first steamer to Panama. Deverel wished to have accompanied him, but as he did not want to make another voyage to California, he wished to settle his affairs before he left, and this would detain him at least a fortnight. He instructed Middleton when writing to him to address his letters to the care of John Grey; and they parted with much regret, for they never expected to meet again.

Deverel disposed of his water lots for sixty

thousand dollars, and obtained fifteen thousand more for the rancho. Having settled all his business, he took a passage for Panama two weeks after the departure of Middleton. On reaching Panama he learned that the steamer in which he intended to leave Chagres for New Orleans would not sail for some days. Panama being a more pleasant and healthy place than Chagres, he preferred to spend the time in Panama, and amused himself by visiting different places in the vicinity of the city.

One day, while riding in the neighbourhood of the city, he was suddenly seized with a severe headache, and in a few minutes after lost all control over himself and all recollection — he was unable to sit on his mule, and fell from the saddle, but without sustaining any injury. The mule returned to its stables without its rider.

For two or three hours Andrew retained

strength to walk at a great speed, but had no judgement to guide him in the way he should take. He wandered far from the path in which he had been riding, insensibly struggling through thickly growing bushes, crossing deep ravines and vine- and bush-clad hills.

As the sun was setting he arrived in a small valley hid amongst the hills, where about an acre of ground was cultivated in a negligent unworkmanlike manner.

The valley was crossed by a small clear stream, on the banks of which stood a long low dwelling made of poles, canes, leaves, and calico.

On approaching the house a man rushed out with a gun, but seeing only one intruder, and that one apparently unarmed, with an uncovered head and dress torn to rags, the man put down the gun and asked Deverel in broken English what he wanted.

To none of his questions could he obtain an intelligible answer—not that Deverel could not talk, for his tongue was moving incessantly, but one word seemed to refer to the past, another to the future, and the next to nothing.

The man soon comprehended what was wrong with his visitor, and, with the assistance of another man and a woman, he placed Deverel on the ground with his face to the earth, and then poured several buckets of water over his head. This done, they took off his boots and socks, and one of the men, with a sharp knife, opened a vein in the sole of one of his feet, taking about a pint of blood. A cup of cold water was then given him to drink.

He was then placed in a hammock, and in a few minutes was in a sound sleep.

Mateo Barri, the man who first accosted

Deverel, was the owner of the 'rancho,' and the husband of the woman.

He was an Italian and a robber. For nearly two years he had been successfully plundering travellers going to and fro. He owned mules, and often sought loading for them in Cruces and Panama, but the trunks and other property intrusted to his care were generally taken to his home, unless they were accompanied by the owner. When he went into Panama, his mules were generally loaded with wood, to give the appearance that he was anxious to earn an honest living; and so adroitly did he manage his business, that he was never suspected of any of the many crimes he had committed.

Had his rancho been visited by the authorities, they would have found nothing that would have led them to suspect his business, unless the fact of his living in a place so retired

should give suspicion that something was wrong.

All evidences of his profession were hidden in a cave near his house, the entrance to the cave being carefully concealed.

The contents of the trunks piled in this cave were principally clothing, and how to dispose of this property for anything like its value was a source of great perplexity to Mateo.

He sometimes transacted a little business with a London Jew who was in business in Panama; but this Jew, knowing something of Mateo's business, used to take advantage of him, and would not pay more than a fifth of the real value for the property offered to him. Knowing this, Mateo used to keep the most of his ill-gotten treasures in the cave, trusting that circumstances would some time give him an opportunity of disposing of it.

Being of a miserly disposition, he took

much pleasure in visiting the cave and viewing his accumulation.

From the trunks of those going to California Mateo had often taken sums of money—generally in silver—with which the owners had not wished to be encumbered, and had left in their luggage.

In the baggage of those returning from California he often found nuggets of gold—specimens of gold and quartz—parcels of black sand containing much fine gold, china silks, and other things of much value.

Where money was to be gained, or safety insured, Mateo did not hesitate at murder. Persons who had insisted on keeping in sight of their luggage had been decoyed from the old 'military road,' taken near his rancho, and there murdered.

He generally made his agreements with travellers through other persons, and so

managed to throw the danger of detection on another.

Mateo was a large muscular man, with quick, sharp, and restless eyes, and was about thirty-six years of age.

Yvonne, his wife, was ten years younger; she looked careworn and melancholy, but must at one time have been very beautiful. Much of that beauty still remained, yet it created a painful sensation in the beholder, who could but read that its brightness had been taken away, not by the wings of time, but by the fire of sorrow.

Manuel, the comrade of Mateo, was a native of New Granada, and was a man who would not hesitate to commit any crime by which he could gain the means to gamble at a Monte bank.

To say that Andrew Deverel slept that night would not describe the state of insensibility and stupor in which he existed till

morning, when he was visited by Mateo, who found him unable to rise from the hammock.

Manuel was called, and they took him from his bed, poured cold water over his head for several minutes, rubbed him dry, and placed him again in the hammock.

Yvonne then came with some bread and chocolate, of which she succeeded in getting him to take a little.

The application of cold water had roused him from the stupor, but he still continued delirious, and all their endeavours to learn his name, who were his friends, and where he wished to go, were in vain.

That day, Mateo and Manuel went to Panama. Mateo left instructions with Yvonne to keep the patient's head continually wet with cold water, and to give him plenty of water to drink.

Andrew Deverel possessed a strong consti-

tution, that could successfully resist a strong attack of fever.

Had his physical system been feeble, had he been confined in a close room, and his head not kept cool, he probably would have died in a few hours.

In the afternoon he seemed much better. His speech was more coherent, he knew himself, and appeared to know that something was wrong.

Yvonne sat near him, agitating the lazy air with a fan. She liked to gaze on him, for there was something in his features that strongly interested her, and turned her thoughts to former days.

Whilst Andrew Deverel lay in a dreamy half-conscious state, his thoughts went back to his early life: scenes and incidents long forgotten came to mind. Later events were blotted from his memory, but he thought of his mother

and words she had spoken to him, her last farewell on her death-bed, and he recalled his grief and the scene of her poor funeral on a cold winter's day; but he thought of everything as though it had happened to some other person.

He thought of his wanderings with the two Italian girls, and recollected the scenes and incidents of their journeyings.

While thinking of these he fixed his eyes with an earnest gaze on Yvonne, who was sitting by his side.

'Yvonne,' said he in Italian, 'what ails you? How old you do look! Where is Beatrice?' He said this without any feeling of surprise, but as though it were part of a dream.

'Andrew! my long-lost — my ever-loved— my never-forgotten Andrew! I have found you again,' exclaimed Yvonne in Italian, as she

threw her arms around, and nearly smothered him in giving expression to her joy.

Remembering the condition her Andrew was in, she controlled her emotions, and began to talk of Beatrice.

'You are certainly Yvonne,' said he, 'but how old you look!'

'Si!' said she, with a sigh. 'We have not seen each other for many long years. You were a boy, and I was a girl, when we last saw each other. You are now a young man, and I am an old woman. Do you not remember running away from us? We were sleeping in a barn, and when we woke up you were gone. Little Beatrice cried all that day.'

'Poor little Beatrice! Where is she now?'

'Gone home to beautiful Italy. She is happy now. Do not say "poor Beatrice," but look at me and say poor Yvonne. Where did you go when you left us in the barn?'

'I went down to New York, and went to sea in a French ship as cabin-boy, where I stayed a year.'

'My poor Andrew, why did you leave us?'

'I knew the life we were living could not always last, and I wished to do something else. I wanted to be a man.'

'But why did you not tell us you were going, and say good-bye?'

'I had not the courage to part with you in that way, so I stole away in the night; but I have often thought about you, and wished to see you again.'

'What did you do after leaving the French ship?'

'I lived a few months by my wits, which could not have been great, for I nearly starved. When the Mexican war commenced, I passed for a year older than I was, being tall for my age, and was taken for a volunteer. I stayed in

Mexico a few months after the war was over, and then went to New Orleans. I afterwards went to California—I am going home from there. But where am I now, and how came I here?'

Yvonne explained all she knew, told him that he was very ill and must talk no more.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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