

Old Stories Told Anew

The Swiss Family Robinson

Illustrated by

Florence Maplestone



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SWISS...
1891



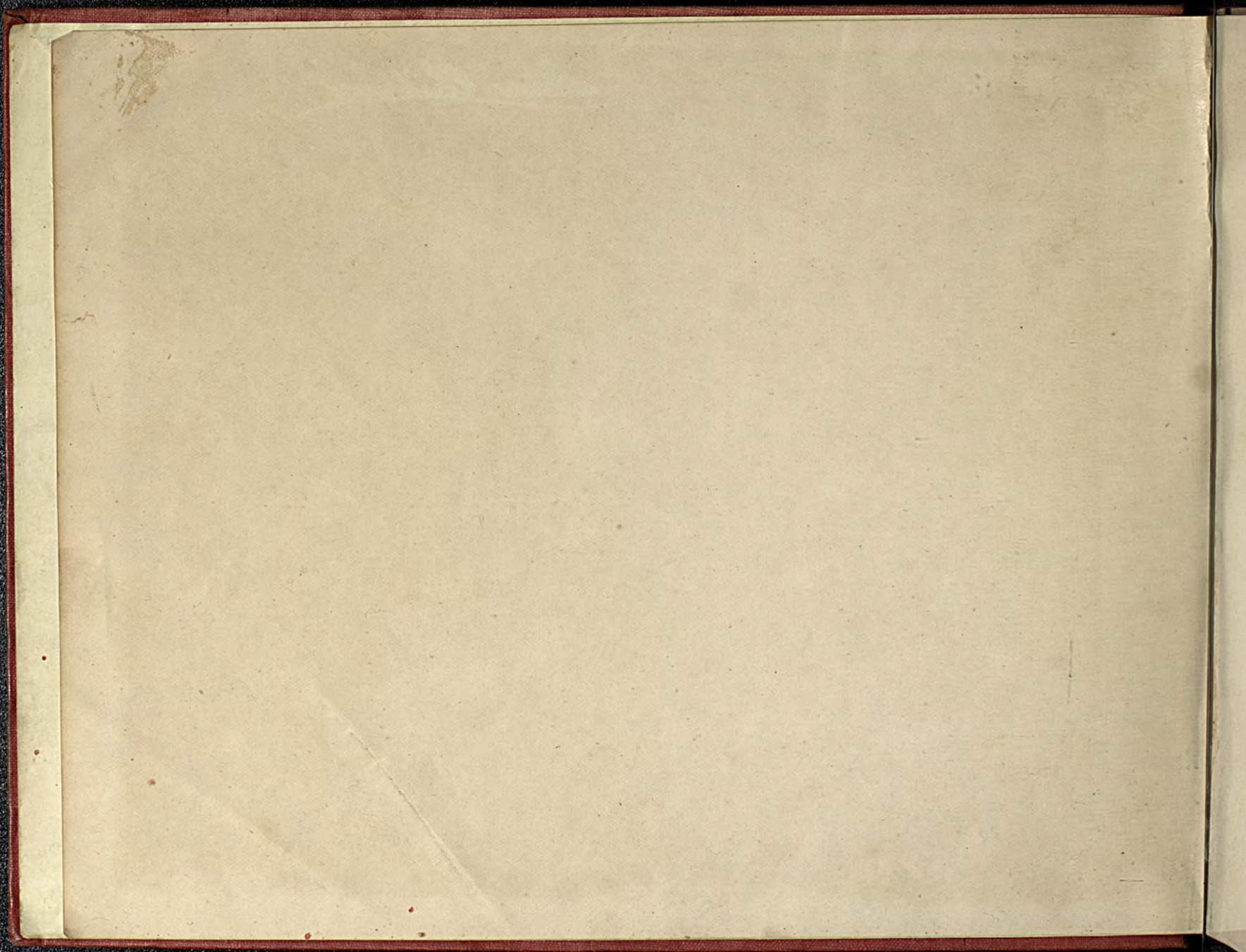
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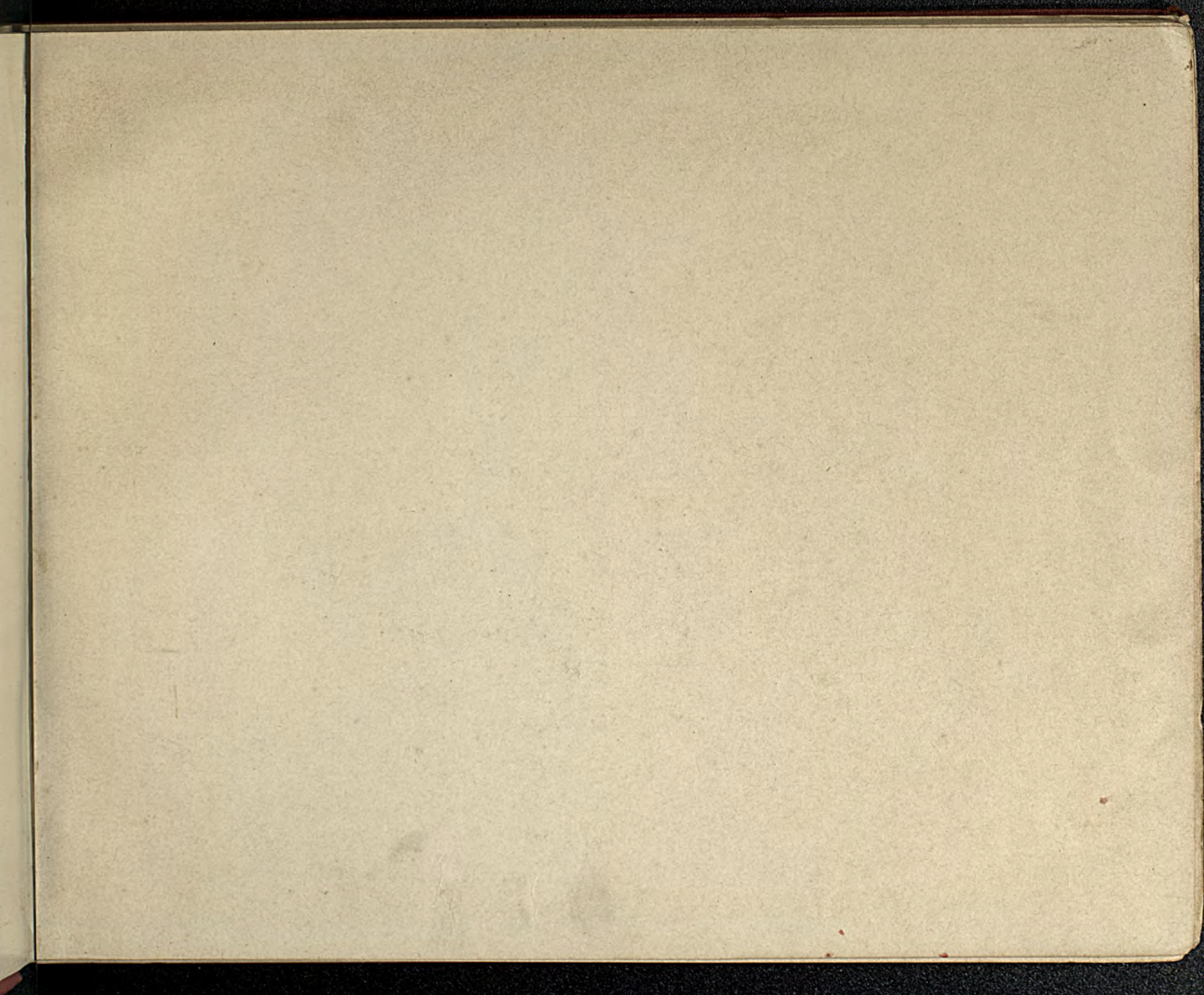
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Storer Children.







See Page 3

Nearing Land in the Tub boat.

OLD STORIES TOLD A NEW

The SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON

ADVENTURES ON A DESERT ISLAND

Edited by

JULIA S. E. P. A.

With original Illustrations

by

Florence M. A.

LONDON:

TRISCHLER & Co.
18 New Bridge St.

1852

Printed in England





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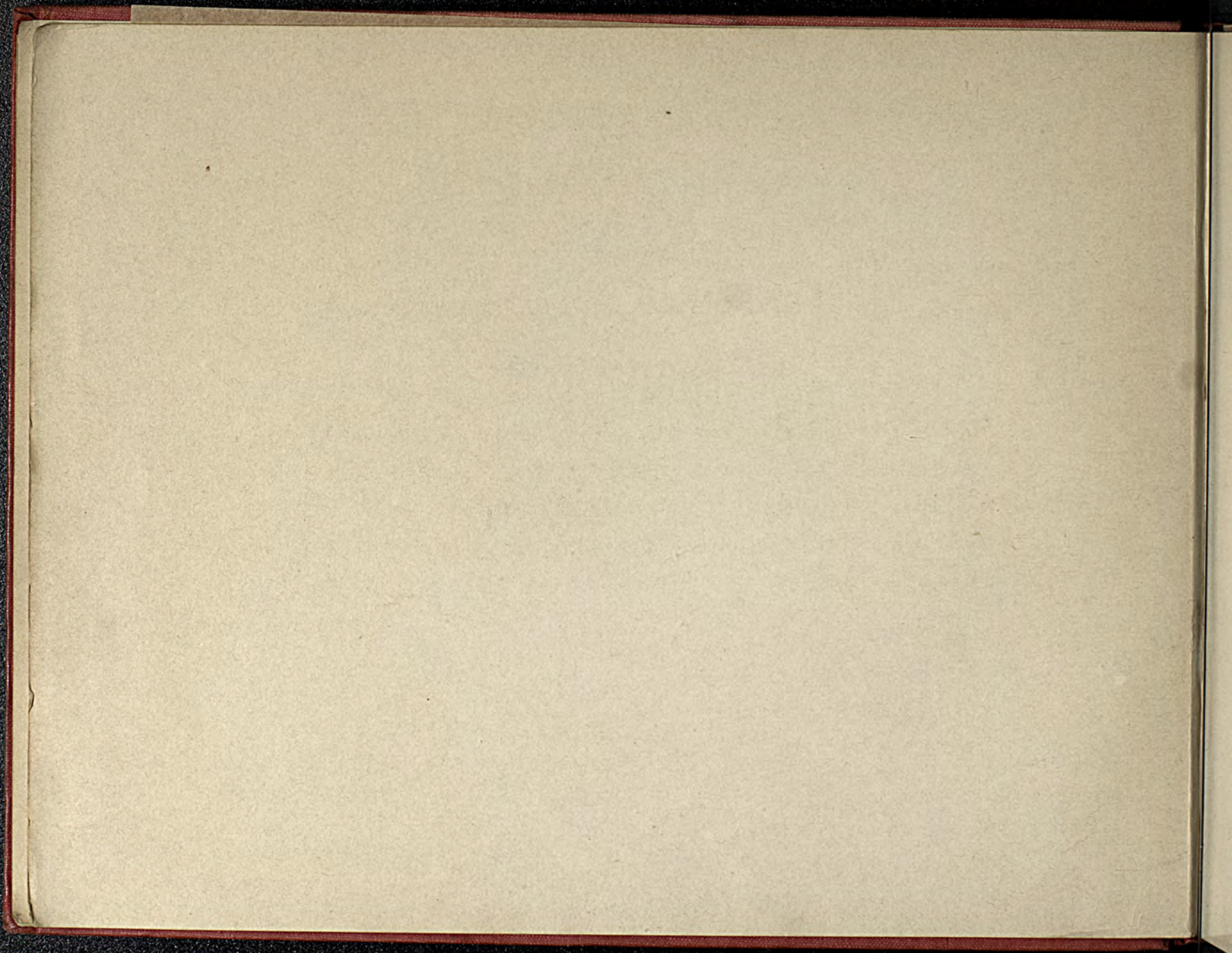
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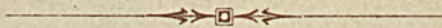




PREFACE

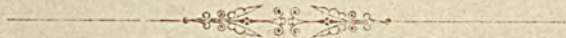
to

“OLD STORIES TOLD ANEW.”



In the revision of this short series of old stories, enjoying unrivalled popularity in their original form, the incidents, plot and dialogue have throughout been carefully preserved as far as possible; the object of the omissions made in the text being to simplify and adapt it to the modern tastes of younger readers of the present generation, to whom the new and interesting style of the illustrations will especially appeal.

EDITOR.

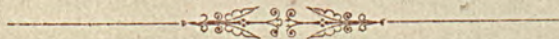


THE SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON.




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The Swiss Family Robinson.

CHAPTER I.

he storm had lasted for six days, and still raged around us. The ship was leaking fast, and all on board gave themselves up for lost. My poor wife and four boys clung to me in terror, and I tried to give them courage, and to pray to God to help us. Suddenly we heard above the storm the glad cry of "land" "land" and at the same moment the ship struck, and when the first shock was over we found that she had become fixed firmly between the rocks. Then the boats were launched, and before I could fight my way on deck, I found that the crew had all left the ship. A sailor was just cutting the last rope of the last boat, and although I shouted to him that we had been forgotten, my voice was lost in the roar of the wind and waves. Trying to shake off my terror at the thought of being thus forsaken on the sinking ship, I went back to my family and reminded them that we were quite near some land to the south of us, and that

as part of the ship was still well above water we should perhaps be able to land the next day when the storm was over. The boys soon went to their berths and fell asleep, but my wife and I sat up all night, in dread of what might happen at any moment. At the first break of dawn I went on deck, and found that the wind and sea were both much calmer, and we then began to prepare some means of leaving the ship. My eldest son Fritz, a brave boy of fifteen, had proposed that he and I should swim to shore and that we should contrive some way of floating the others in tubs or making a raft of some kind for them. First we searched the ship for stores of anything likely to be of use to us. Fritz collected guns, pistols, powder and shot. Ernest, who was about 12 years old, found tools and nails in the carpenters shop. Little Frank, the youngest, who was only six, brought a box of fish-hooks and lines: while Jack, a bright boy of ten discovered two large dogs in the Captains cabin. My wife found a cow, a donkey, two goats, a sheep, a ram and a sow, all very hungry, to whom she gave food and water, just in time to save their lives.

Then we all went down to the hold where many empty casks were floating about, and raised four of them to the lower deck, where with Fritz's help I sawed each of them in two and then we fixed the eight tubs in pairs, four in a row lengthways with planks nailed along them outside until they formed a sort of boat in eight divisions. It was not easy to launch this but at last we made wooden rollers over which it rushed into the sea. It was some time before we could right our vessel so that it could put to sea in safety, but by fastening other casks around

it to balance the weight more evenly, the boat at last floated steadily upon the sea. It was too late however to start that evening, so we had to pass one more night on the wreck. At daybreak I prayed with my family for protection from heaven before we prepared to leave the ship. We fed all the poor animals, and left them food for a few days, in case we were able to fetch them later on, should we get safely to land. We each took a large bag of food, besides as much portable soup and biscuits as we could carry, canvas for a tent and iron pot, some knives, hatchets etc. Several guns, a barrel of powder, and three pairs of pistols. At the last minute we decided to take the poultry with us, so we put ten hens and two cocks into a tub covered with a wooden grating. We let the geese, ducks, and pigeons loose to get to land by flying or swimming. Then we all got into our tubs I cut the rope that held the boat, and we rowed towards land. We each had a swimming belt of empty bottles and barrels in case of accident. The dogs were too big to take on board but as soon as they saw us start, they leaped into the sea and swam after us. Turk was an English mastiff and Bill a Danish dog. I was afraid they would not be able to swim so far, but now and then they rested their paws on the barrels floating around us and so kept up very well.

We were some time getting to land, and as we drew nearer to the coast, we were thankful to see fine trees of, vanclus lihg palms. A strong current led us to a small bay among the rocks, where we all landed safely and happily. We knelt down on the shore to thank God for His care of us, and pray for His

continued protection. We set up a tent to shelter us for the night, and while the children collected dry grass and moss for us to lie upon I made a hearth of stones for a fire, outside the tent. Upon this fire my wife cooked supper for us of the soup jelly we had brought from the ship, as it was being prepared Fritz who had loaded the guns took one and went along by the river, while Jack turned towards the rocks to look for mussels, and soon we heard him shrieking with terror in the distance. When I went to his assistance I found him in a pool up to his knees, an enormous crab holding him tightly by the leg.

"Papa do come here—I have caught such an immense thing"—he cried, half in triumph and half in fear—

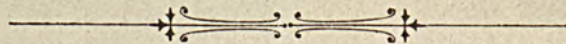
"Well then bring it here"—said I.

"I can't it has caught me."

I could not help laughing to see the captor taken captive in this way, but as I waded into the water to help him, the creature let go, and tried to escape, but I struck it a blow with a hatchet, and drew it ashore to Jack's great joy. He took hold of it to carry it to his mother but received such a violent blow from the crab that he lay at full length on the sand and roared again. Then he took up a stone killed his foe, and carried it home in triumph.

"Here everybody—I have caught a great crab" take care, Frank—he will bite you", cried Jack, as all came round to look at his prize. Ernest meanwhile had found some oysters. Fritz soon returned with a little animal he had shot

which he thought was a pig but it proved to be an agouti, and very good to eat. The dogs however began to devour it at once, and Fritz punished them so cruelly for it that I was obliged to scold him severely. We noticed after supper that it grew suddenly dark, without any twilight, so I knew that we could not be far from the Equator, where the sun's rays fall so straight down upon the land beneath that they disperse very quickly. We were all tired and soon slept soundly.



CHAPTER II.



he crowing of the cocks awoke me at daybreak, and my first thought was that we should seek for some of our shipwrecked companions, and at the same time explore the country, before arranging what we would do: but I only wished to take Fritz on this expedition, so my wife agreed to stay at home with the other boys. We decided that Turk should go with us, and Bill be left to take care of the rest of the family.

Fritz took a gun, game bag and hatchet, with a pair of pistols in his belt, and I did the same, with a bottle of water and some biscuits. As soon as we had said prayers, and had breakfast, we started, not knowing what dangers might await us in this unknown land. We were not able to cross the river for some time, as the banks in some places were high and steep, and on the other side we found some very long grass. Here we went down on the beach without finding any traces of our late companions, and then entered a small wood full of beautiful birds, whose song was not so sweet as that of those of our own country. We often had to cut our way through the numberless boughs that crossed our path, and at every step some new strange plant or tree appeared.

"What are those trees with curious swellings on the trunk" cried Fritz, as we were coming out of the wood towards the seashore. As we drew near

them I was delighted to find that they were gourd-trees, and explained to Fritz that from the shell of these gourds we should be able to make plates, cups and bottles. Then we tried to shape them into these things, and I shewed Fritz how the savages split the gourds by tying a cord tightly round the part of the fruit they wish to divide and the pulling or cutting it asunder. We made a quantity of bowls and jars of different sizes, and filling them with fine sand to keep them in shape, left them to dry in the sun until our return. In about four hours more we went up a hill of considerable height on a cape stretching out towards the sea: and from this point we could see far around us on every side of the island, which was fruitful and lovely. Next we came to a boggy march full of long grass and reeds, and when I cut one of the thickest I could find to use as a staff a sticky liquid oozed from it, which I tasted, and found to be sugar: I did not tell Fritz that we were passing through a grove of sugar canes, but advised him to cut a stick for himself, and then he too made this pleasant discovery. He sucked so much of the juice that I was afraid he would make himself ill, and then he cut down about a dozen of the finest canes to carry home to the others. We soon reached a thicket of palms where we rested for some time, and refreshed ourselves with something to eat. Suddenly a tribe of large monkeys, frightened at our approach and the barking of Turk, climbed up the trees so fast that we could hardly follow their movements. Once safely up there they ground their teeth with horrid cries. The trees were cocoa-nut palms, and I at once resolved to make the monkeys pluck the fruit for us. Fritz was going to shoot at the grinning

apes, but I advised him to throw stones at them instead, with the result as I had foreseen that they pelted us with cocoa-nuts, some of which we thoroughly enjoyed then and there, taking away as many we could carry for those at home presently we made our way back to the place where we had left our gourds, and found them so dry and hard that we easily could take them with us. But as we entered the little wood again, Turk darted amongst a troop of monkeys, who were playing about, heedless of our approach, and before we could get up to him, he had strangled a poor old mother, who was nursing her little ape. Fritz ran as hard as he could to save her from the dog, but it was too late: the poor ape who was watching the death of his poor mother no sooner saw Fritz than it jumped upon his back, and clung so tightly to his hair that he could not get rid of his new acquaintance I could not help laughing at this strange scene and said to Fritz—

“The poor thing has lost his mother, and evidently wishes you to be a father to it. I wonder if he thinks you at all like himself.”

“I suppose he means to pay me a compliment, but I wish you could induce him to leave off tearing my hair in this way”—said Fritz good naturedly. I petted the creature, offered it something to eat, and at length coaxed it to set Fritz free. It was not bigger than a kitten and quite unable to care for itself. Fritz begged my consent to take it home, and promised to feed it as well as he could, so I allowed him to keep his protégé. Turk meanwhile finished his horrid meal, for he was very hungry, and when he had eaten all he could of the poor monkey quickly joined us again. The little one was terrified when he saw his enemy come near

him, and took refuge in Fritz's arms. The boy took a cord and passed it round Turk's neck, put the monkey on the dog's back and the cord in the rider's hand, and told Turk that as he had eaten up this poor little monkey's mother, he was bound to be a kind protector to the orphan, and Turk seemed quite to understand what was expected of him, and carried his burden gently.

"We shall return to the tent like showmen from a fair," said I to Fritz, "your brothers will be delighted with the new pet." When we came to the river again our dear ones were waiting for us on the opposite side, and scarcely had the children seen what we brought when they jumped for joy at the sight of the little ape.

"A real live monkey? How did you get him Fritz" said Jack. "And what are those sticks, and the great bowls that Papa is carrying?" added little Frank.



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Jack took my gun, Ernest seized the cocoa-nuts, Frank took the gourds and my wife the gun bags. Fritz distributed the sugar canes, and shewed how to suck out the sugar.

When we reached the tent we found a capital supper ready for us. One side of the fire several sorts of fish were cooking on a wooden spit: on the other side was a goose roasting, and an iron pot hung over the fire with some good soup. My wife had opened one of the chests, which was filled with Dutch cheeses carefully packed in tins. I praised all these arrangements for our comfort, and only expressing some regret at the sacrifice of one of our few geese, but my wife replied:

"You need not worry about that, for the goose is only a wild bird Ernest caught, which he said was good to eat, and Frank caught the fish."

"I believe the bird was one of those stupid penguins," said Ernest, who had a great taste for natural history, and liked to display it. It had webbed feet, like all water birds and a long flat strong beak. It is just like the pictures I have seen of the penguins."

We sat down upon the ground and enjoyed our supper, which we ate out of our gourds. The children broke two cocoa-nuts, and found them very good, and then fed the little monkey with some of the cocoa-nut milk. The fish was rather nice, but the penguin turned out tough and fishy, though we tried to eat some of it. The sun disappeared suddenly soon after supper, and we prepared to go to bed. The hens went to roost at the top of the tent, the ducks and geese

went off to the rushes, and after our evening prayer we lay down in the tent with the monkey which Fritz had decided to call Knips.

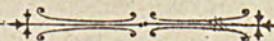
We had not been long asleep when the cackling of the hens and barking of the dogs awoke us. Fritz and I each seized a gun and rushed outside. By the moonlight we saw our two brave dogs surrounded by a whole troop of jackals of which they had killed three or four. Fritz and I both fired together, two jackals rolled over on the sand dead, others were wounded, and the rest ran away. We then went to sleep again, and were not disturbed any more after that.

In the morning the children found the great jackal that Fritz had shot standing stiff up against the door where he had placed it, the night before, and Ernest called it a yellow fox, Jack took it for a wolf, and Frank for a dog, and as the jackal is like all these animals in nature, I told them all they had all made very good guesses.

We were hungry when breakfast time came, and glad to find plenty of butter in one of our casks to eat with our ship biscuit. The poor dogs had been hurt in fighting the jackals and it was some days before their wounds were quite healed. I had made up my mind to pay a visit to the wreck with Fritz that day. For although my poor wife did not like us to run any risk, I felt it right to try and get all we could that would be of use in our desolate state. While Fritz was getting our boat of tubs ready I set up a flagstaff on the beach with a piece of canvas as a flag signal while we were on the ship. It was to be lowered in case of danger, and three or four shots would bring us back at once. We took only

our guns with us, and Fritz carried the monkey to give it some fresh milk from the cow on board. We reached the ship safely and made fast our boat, and went on board. The animals were delighted to see us, and we gave them fresh water and food, and then we took something to eat ourselves. We next fixed a sail in our boat, to help us in our return journey, and then we made a signal to my wife that we were going to stay on board the night, by putting up a flag.

We took everything from the ship that seemed most likely to be of use to us, knives, forks, spoons, and cooking vessels, also a quantity of hams, sausages, and some sacks of maize and other grain. Then we took some hammocks and blankets, some more powder, matches, cord, and a roll of canvas. After this we each put on a cork jacket, and being afraid to spend the night on the sinking ship got into our tubs to be ready in case of any sudden danger, but the night passed without any cause for alarm.



CHAPTER III.



he next morning early we looked out for the signal that all was well with our dear ones on shore, and then we set to work to try and save the animals on board. The plan we thought of was to let them swim on shore, and lest their strength should fail if tired, we fixed a cask on each side of the animals which enabled them to float with less fatigue, and thus they all got safely to land. There was a cow, an ass, a sow, and several sheep and goats, and when we had started them all one by one, we sprang into our boat and cut the cables, and having fastened towing ropes to all the animals, guided them towards land: All at once we saw an enormous fish swimming with great speed towards one of our sheep, but Fritz fired with so good an aim that the bullets struck the monster in the head, and he only rose once or twice feebly to the surface before he disappeared for ever. We then met with no further difficulty, and soon landed safely. The boys all came running to greet us, and admired our mast and sail and flag, and then Jack went down to the beach to take the swimming jackets off the sheep and goats, going into fits of laughter at the donkey's efforts to rid himself of his casks. Jack had made

himself a belt of the jackal's skin, and collars for the dogs of the same fur, spiked with nails to protect them in their fights with wild beasts. The ham we had brought, with some tortoise's eggs found by the party at home in our absence, made a grand feast for that evening, and the animals picked up what fragments they could. After supper my wife told me that she and the boys had made a long excursion with the two dogs across the river into the woods on the other side, and that she had been quite delighted with the country, and with the wonderful trees that grew at an immense height above the ground, supported upon roots as thick as the largest trunks, one being thirty-four feet round in one part, and eighty feet in another, while the height of the tree from the ground must have been about a hundred and fifty feet. The foliage was thick and gave pleasant shade and my wife thought that we could not find a better abode in this climate than in one of these trees, for the tent could not be long suitable for a really comfortable shelter. I was amused at this idea, and asked how she proposed to get up into the tree every night without either wings or a balloon: but she declared that she had often heard of huts like Robinson Crusoe's built in a tree with a ladder leading up to it. In the morning I said to my wife:

"I have been thinking over what you say, but it seems to me we might do worse than stay where we are. On one side we have the sea, with a river near for our wants, and much still on the wreck that may be useful to us."

"That may be so" replied my wife, "but you are out all day with Fritz, and forget how great the heat is under this tent in the middle of the day. We



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have nothing to eat except mussels and oysters, and the jackals, as you know, have already found us out: I expect lions and tigers here before long. As to the ship's stores, I never know a moment's peace while you are on that wreck."

I assured her that if she wished it so much, we would go and live in the woods, and make a sort of fort of the rocks around our tent. But before this I proposed to build a bridge across the river, which would otherwise be impassable when floods came in the rainy season. To get planks for this I made another journey to the wreck with Fritz and

Ernest, and on our way home we picked up many floating pieces of wood and spars, but it was not easy to haul up on shore such large masses of timber, and we made the cow and donkey drag some of it to land. We measured the width of the river by means of a ball of twine with a stone fastened to one end of the string, which we threw to the opposite bank, and found the distance from one side to

the other to be about eighteen feet, and there were planks long enough to cross it and leave some feet on each bank to fix the bridge firmly. It was difficult to place the first plank across, but after that we soon finished our bridge, in one hard days work, and the following day we collected all our animals and stores, and loaded the cow and donkey with all they could carry, little Frank too riding on the donkeys back. Fritz and his mother marched first—then came the cow, and ass with it's rider: following them the goats led by Jack, the monkey riding one of the goats. After him came Ernest with the sheep, and I walked last, while the dogs ran here and there on the look-out. So we got to the bridge, and here we were joined by the pig who would not come with us at first, and now shewed her discontent by constant grunts. The bridge was passed safely, but the animals strayed in every direction on the other side to enjoy the fresh sweet grass, and but for our faithful dogs, we should never have been able to get them together again. Suddenly the dogs darted away into the grass, and began to bark and howl as if they were hurt. Fritz shouldered his gun, and ran towards them Jack following him, and by the time I got to them Jack cried out that there was an enormous porcupine. The dogs with bleeding jaws were leaping round it, and whenever they attacked the animal it rolled itself up into a ball, with a sharp cry, offering nothing but spikes to his enemies, so that the brave dogs could not touch him.

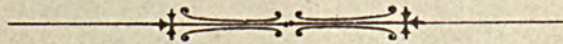
Jack instantly drew a pistol from his jacket-skin belt, took aim and shot the porcupine through the head, so that it fell dead on the spot.

"Is it possible"—cried Jack rather boastfully, "that I have killed a porcupine? look how it's armed on all sides, and what a fine crest it has on its head."


"What are you going to do with it," said I.

"I hope we may take it with us", said Jack in reply so we covered it with a thick layer of grass then rolled it in a piece of canvas, and placed it in a bag on the donkey's back.

I was charmed with the spot my wife had chosen for our new abode, and agreed with her that if we could live in one of those magnificent trees we should certainly be safe from all wild beasts, as not even a bear could climb so high upon those smooth trunks. We found that they were wild fig trees and thousands of figs were strewn in the grass around. We were now quite ready for dinner, but until we had had time to make a rope ladder I saw no prospect of being able to climb into the tree which we had selected as our future abode.



CHAPTER IV.

As it was impossible to get up into the tree that night I slung our hammocks that we might have shelter at all events from the dew and insects. Then I went up with Fritz and Ernest to look for the wood we should want to make our ladder, and fortunately we found a bundle of bamboos, half buried in the sand. They were so strong that we thought they would do, so I cut them into lengths of about four or five feet. Just then Bill, who was with us, rushing suddenly into the thicket, started a flock of flamingoes which rose quickly in the air. Fritz instantly fired, and hit two of them. One was killed, and the other was only wounded in the wing. It ran away at a great pace, but with Bill's help I succeeded in catching it at last. The boys were delighted with the live flamingo and Ernest undertook to get him the small fish and insects with which he would have to be fed. Fritz asked if all flamingoes had plumage of the same brilliant red as this one, and I told him that I thought the young birds were generally white, and only put on their finery when they were full grown.

When we got back to our camp with our bamboo canes and the flamingo,

I set to work to measure the height of the lower branches of the tree from the ground, and found it to be no less than forty feet, so that at least eighty feet of rope would be required for the rope ladder we had to make. I made a bow with one of the bamboo canes and half a dozen arrows of reeds tipped with feathers, and with these shot a long string right over the branch of the tree to the ground, by which we could be more sure of the exact height—:

We divided the rope into two lengths of about fifty feet each and laid them on the ground with a few inches space between them, and then we cut the bamboos into pieces about two feet long, and knotted them firmly on each side to the rope. In a short time our forty-foot ladder was made and safely fastened to the tree, and very soon tested first by Jack, then by Fritz, and myself.

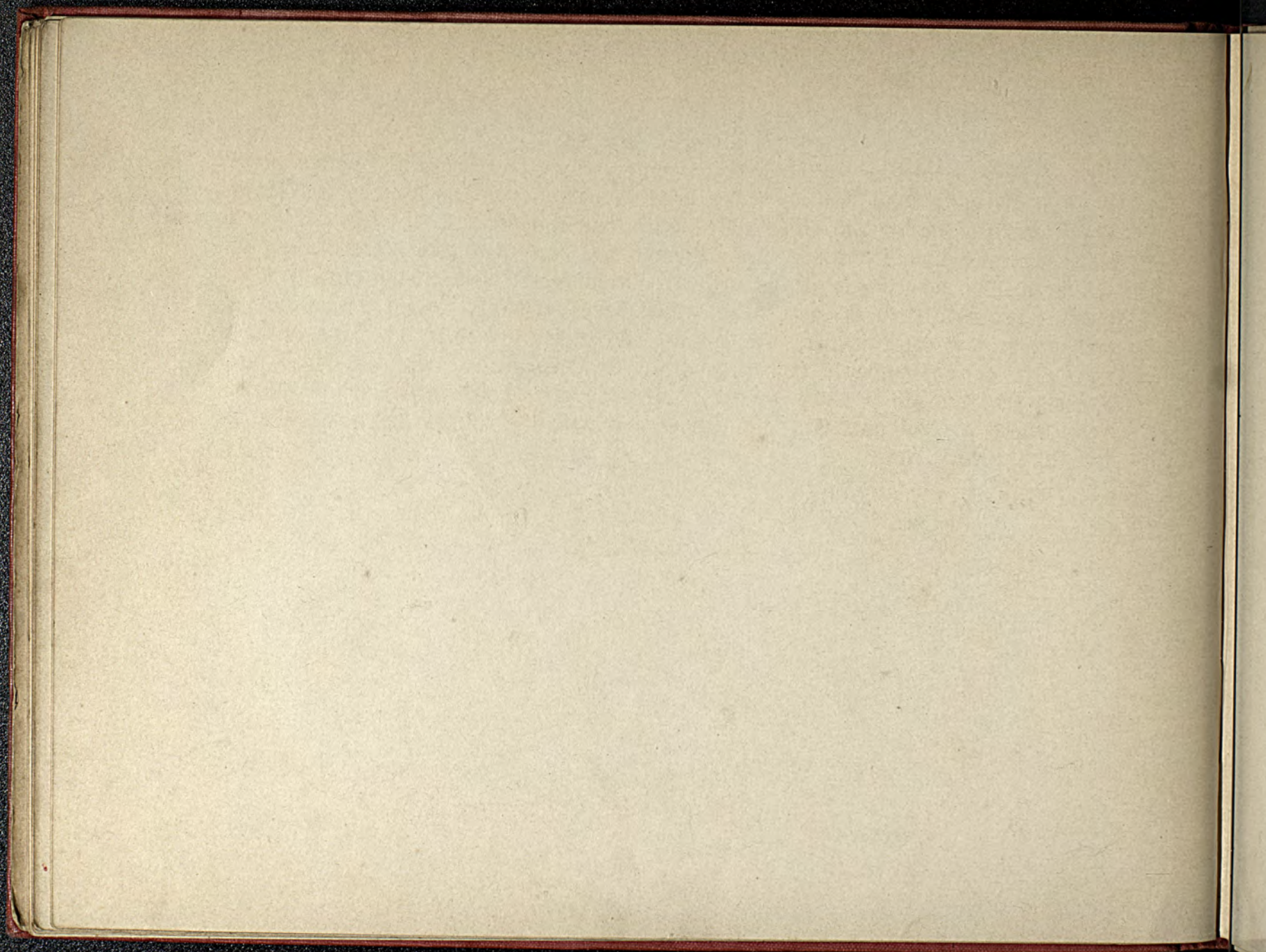
My wife had prepared a good supper for us of the porcupine killed the day before, and then we all got into our hammocks for the night, after lighting a great fire to scare away the wild beasts, as the savages do. The next day was employed in building our new house in the branches of the tree which in itself afforded so much shelter that our task was an easy one. The roof was formed of some of the higher branches of the tree woven together at the top and covered with a strong canvas covering, beneath which hung our hammocks, and by evening the work was completed. Of the planks remaining we made a table and two forms at the root of the tree. My wife was greatly pleased with our castle in the air, and said she should feel quite safe up there, and then reminded me that we should all take a good rest after our hard work the next day, which was Sunday. We

spent our Sunday morning in reading some parts of the Holy Bible which I thought most suitable to our present condition, and then I allowed my boys to enjoy a little amusement which would prevent them from feeling the time pass heavily or slowly on their hands. They wished very much to learn to use the bows and arrows I had made, and I thought it wise to teach them to shoot well with these weapons while they were young, that we might be able to do without powder when our supply was all gone. Indeed Ernest succeeded in hitting two birds, (called ortolans), like small pigeons, and although I forbade them to kill any more of them that day, we were glad to find a new and delicious kind of food within our reach. We then employed ourselves in finding names for the places on our island. The bay where we landed we called Safety Bay: our first encampment we named Zelt—heim, or Tent House. The little island near which Fritz killed the shark, became Shark Island, and the marsh where he shot the flamingo, Flamingo Marsh: and the river near which the jackals attacked us, Jackal River. Last of all we chose the name of Falcon's Nest for our new abode. In the cool of the evening we took an excursion to Zeltheim, with all the animals, including the flamingo, who had now grown quite tame, and followed me with a stately strut. We went by a new road to the sea-shore, and on the way made a valuable discovery of potatoes. Further on we came to many beautiful plants and shrubs growing among the rocks, and to the boys delight found some pineapples. From Zeltheim we carried back to the Falcon's Nest a fresh supply of salt, all the ducks and geese we had left there, and once more mounting our ladder, had a comfortable night's rest on our aerial home.

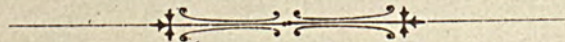


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Supper time after the First Expedition.



My next task was to make a sledge that could be used to convey the heavy casks of butter and other stores still at Zeltheim, and as soon as it was finished Ernest and I harnessed the donkey and cow to it, and set off along the sea-shore. We loaded our sledge with all the stores it would hold, and then enjoyed a good bathe in the sea, after which Ernest cleverly caught a fine salmon, and on our way back just as we had crossed the bridge, Bill, who was with us started a curious animal, that proved to be a kangaroo. We both fired, and Ernest's shot brought it down, so we carried the prize home in triumph to Falcon's Nest, where we had part of it for supper and with the salmon and some potatoes we all did very well.



CHAPTER V.

he next morning Fritz went over to the wreck again, intending to make a raft this time that would hold three times as much as our boat of tubs and it took us the whole day to do this. We were so tired when night came that we slept on board the ship in the Captain's cabin, and enjoyed a most comfortable night's rest. We took away everything belonging to ourselves on board, and several boxes of money and jewels from the officers' cabins, but the carpenter's chest of tools of all kinds, some sacks of grain and a number of fine European fruit-trees, ready for planting, were of more real value in our eyes. When the boat and raft were both full of the most useful things we could put in them, Fritz asked to be allowed to bring a new net and towing-rope, to which a harpoon was fixed so that he might use it if necessary, and then we set out on our return journey. The wind was favorable and we were sailing quietly along when we came near an enormous turtle, floating on the surface of the water, and to my great surprise I suddenly felt an enormous shock, our boat was dragged quickly away, and then Fritz exclaimed, "I have got him, he can't escape me now" I at once saw that the boy had harpooned the turtle, and was going to cut the cord and let it go, but Fritz begged so earnestly for a chance of securing the turtle, which was towing us along at an

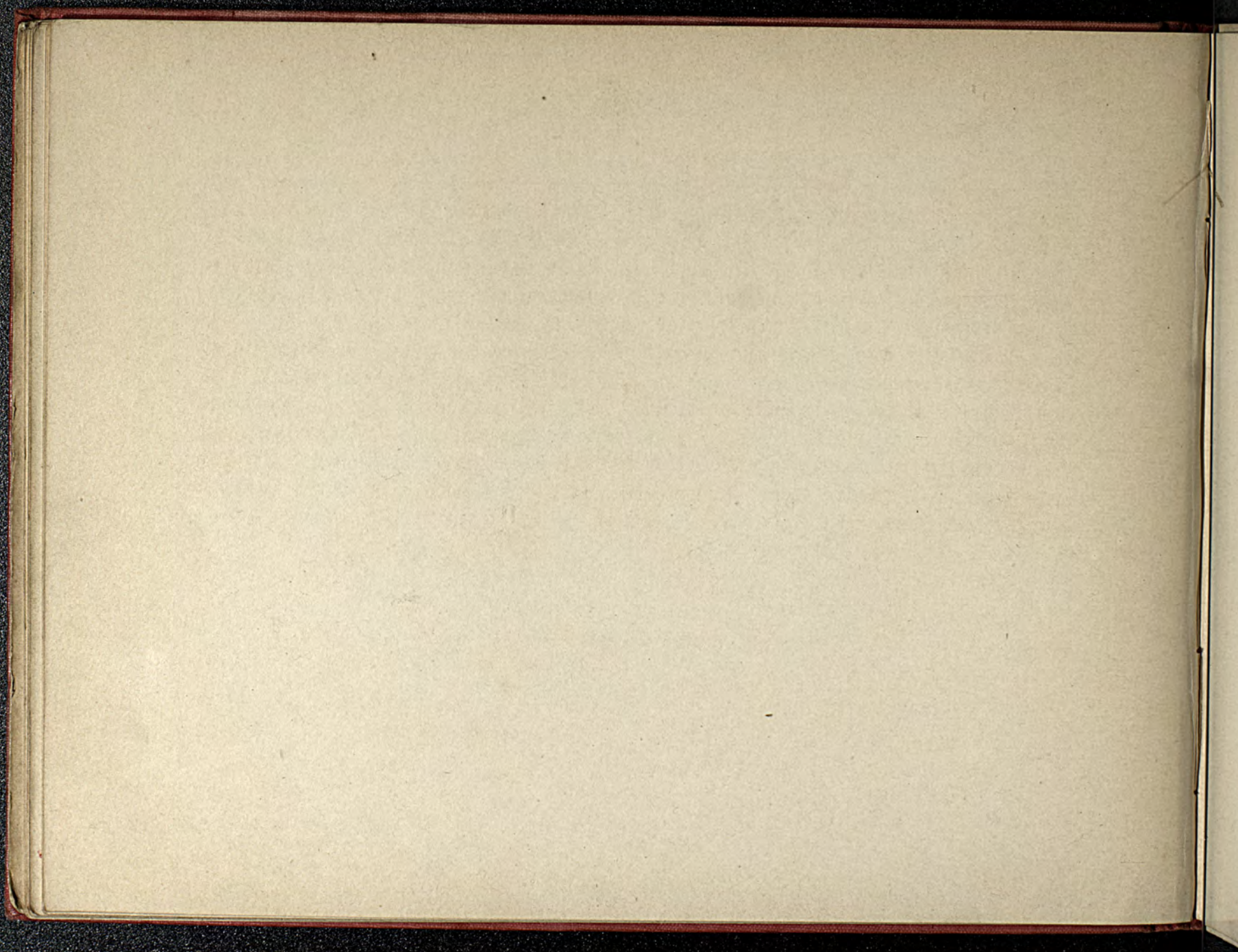
immense rate, that I managed to steer the boat in the direction of Falcons Nest, and as our pilot exhausted by swimming, was about to crawl upon land, I gave him a severe blow on the head with my hatchet, and cut off his head. We then made fast the boat and raft, and loading the sledge with all it could carry, the turtle alone weighing about three hundred pounds. So we returned to our Nest in triumph, and our first care was to prepare some turtle for supper, after which Fritz made up his mind that the shell should be turned into a bath to be fixed on the river bank. Ernest was eager to shew us some yams he had found, from which we could make cassava bread. That night and the next morning we carried all the things on shore we had brought from the wreck, and as the sea was calm and the weather fine I risked another visit on board with Jack and Fritz, and then we made an important discovery of a pinnance stowed away amongst the timber. It had been taken to pieces, so we had not time to put it together and launch it that day, but we found many useful things, amongst others three wheelbarrows, some tobacco graters, and large iron plates, which I meant to turn to account in a way of my own. My wife was not much pleased to hear of the pinnance, as she never liked our going often to the wreck, but I changed the subject by telling her how I thought we could make good bread by grinding the solid parts of the yams into flour with the tobacco scrapers and afterwards baking it in an oven made by the iron plates and this plan succeeded so well that we had plenty of nice bread and biscuits of our own baking in a little while. I could not rest now until we had put the pinnance together and made it our own,

but it took us a week to do this, and then we were delighted with this pretty, light boat, so different from our clumsy old tub-raft. The difficulty was to launch her from the ship, but at last I made up my mind to lay a train of gunpowder, and blow up the side of the wreck where the beautiful pinnace lay shut up, and this I did secretly, setting fire to the slow match as we left the ship. We had just landed at Zeltheim when the explosion took place. My wife and the boys were all wondering what it could be, and then I proposed rowing out to see for ourselves. All the boys came with me and as we got near the wrecked vessel, I found to my great joy that the pinnace lay open to our view, without being at all injured by the explosion around her. We soon managed to launch her into the sea, and then mooring her to the wreck, went home. During the next two days we put up her rigging and sails, and mounted the two small cannons belonging to her, and then taking our old boat of tubs in tow, we sailed in state over to Zeltheim, and as we entered the bay fired a royal salute from our guns to announce our arrival. My wife welcomed us back very warmly, admired the pinnace as much as we did, and the next day we all joyfully returned to our favourite Falcon's Nest, where we found plenty to do. We soon made an expedition into the country, and caught a very fine bustard on our way to the Monkey Wood to get a supply of cocoa-nuts. Here we met with an enormous land-crab which we killed, and then collected more gourds, to be made into useful vessels to hold our food and milk. The boys were looking for some fresh water to drink when they came upon what they thought was a crocodile asleep upon a rock but I found it was an



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Bringing the animals from the Wreck.



iguana, one of the large richly coloured lizards of tropical America, which are said to be very good to eat, so I supplied a noose for his head whistling softly all the time to tame him, for these are known to listen most attentively to any kind of musical sound. The monster made great resistance but we got the better of him at last, although his formidable row of teeth was enough to terrify the boys. As we had no other way of carrying off our prize I hoisted the iguana on my shoulders, like a great purple robe, the boys in turn holding up the long tail behind. We then returned with our spoils to Falcon's Nest. On our next excursion we found candle-berries, growing on the myrica cerefera or wax-plant, and of these we made a large store for candles, which we had wanted very much until now. We also discovered india-rubber trees, with their elastic gum oozing from the bark of which I could make waterproof boots and shoes, and many other useful things.



CHAPTER VI.

uring the next few weeks we employed ourselves in planting trees all round our encampment at Zeltheim as a protection in case of being attacked at any time, and we also fixed the sledge upon wheels which we had brought from the ship, and thus turned it into a waggon. In time too our clothes began to wear out very fast, and we made our last expedition to the ship to carry away all the chests of linen, etc. we could find on board, and secure some of the smaller cannon also: and when we had stripped the old ship, of everything likely to be of use to us I boldly resolved to blow up the rest of the wreck, that the pieces of timber and other valuables yet remaining in her might in time be washed ashore on our island. So we rolled a cask of gunpowder into the hold, and fixed it to a long fuse that would burn for some hours, and having lighted it returned as quickly as possible to Safety Bay. We had our supper on a hill where we could see the explosion well, and at night fall a tremendous explosion and bright flash of fire told us that the ship was gone!

But we felt grieved to see the last of her and in silence returned to our tent, sorry to have parted from an old and faithful friend. After storing up the wreckage where we thought it would be most useful to us, we again went back

to Falcon's Nest, and soon made a further expedition from thence in search of sugar-canes, guavas, and candleberries for our household. Ernest distinguished himself by finding a palm cabbage for us and bringing down from the tree where it grew, the delicious liquid that flows from it, when cut. We decided to camp out that night, under shelter of a hut of branches and leaves, and as we were preparing this, the donkey behaved in a most extraordinary manner, and after, kicking and jumping about, gave a loud "hee-haw," dashed off at full gallop into the forest, and disappeared. As the dogs did not seem inclined to hunt their old companion like a wild beast, and darkness had fallen upon us, we left the donkey to its fate, and loading the guns lighted a fire, stretched ourselves upon our grassy beds for the night, and slept soundly and safely. In the morning we found traces of the donkey's hoofs, which led to a plain of great extent, where a wide river flowed down to the sea. Here Jack and I found footprints of the ass in the wet sand, mixed with other marks of different form and size, and across the immense prairie that now lay before us we could see, far away in the distance, a herd of wild animals like cows, that we had not before met with. We tried to approach these buffaloes, for such they were, without being seen by them, for giant rushes as thick as a man's body, grew on the marshy ground to a height of ten or twelve feet. At last we were within about forty paces of the herd, who looked so wild and strong that I felt not a little alarmed but the buffaloes who seemed never to have seen man before, did not attempt either to advance or retreat. I had made up my mind to retire quietly when unfortunately

Turk and Bill came up. The buffaloes at once began to bellow and paw the ground, and toss their heads about in a frightful way, but the dogs bravely attacked a young buffalo a few paces in front of the herd, and seizing it by the ears, held fast to it, and tried to drag it towards us. The fight was begun and we could not forsake our poor dogs, so with loudly beating hearts we both fired at the same instant at the buffaloes, and to our unspeakable joy we saw them halt, and then turning away, gallop over the plain at full speed to the range of hills in the distance. But one of the herd, probably the mother of the calf attacked by the dogs, had been wounded, and furiously charging upon the dogs, she would no doubt have killed them outright had I not by a timely shot rolled her over as she rushed forward, and at once put an end to her sufferings with a pistol shot.

It was only then that we really felt the danger we had escaped. I was surprised at the coolness Jack had shewn in facing death without any sign of terror or alarm, but we had no time to lose in hastening to the help of the poor dogs, and Jack came to their rescue by cleverly casting his sling around the animal's hind legs, so that he fell to the ground, and we were then able to tie his legs tightly enough to prevent his escape.

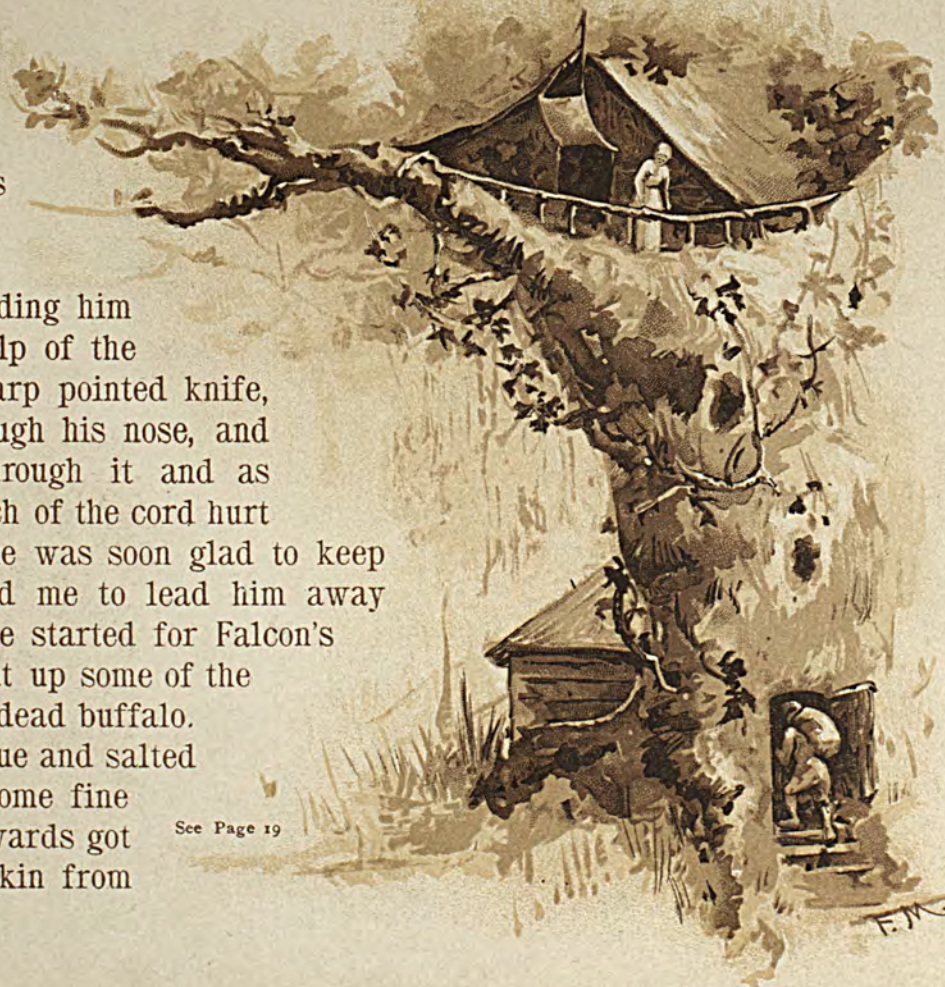
"It is lucky we have managed to catch this young bull," said Jack, "as we can't find our runaway donkey. Now we shall be able to yoke our buffalo to the cow instead."

"I don't know how you mean to get him to Falcon's Nest," I replied.

"The only way I can think of is to try and tame him as the natives subdue wild buffaloes."

Then holding him down with the help of the dogs, with my sharp pointed knife, I slit a hole through his nose, and passed a cord through it and as the slightest twitch of the cord hurt him very much, he was soon glad to keep quiet and allowed me to lead him away easily. Before we started for Falcon's Nest I tried to cut up some of the best parts of the dead buffalo. I took out the tongue and salted it, and also cut some fine steaks, and afterwards got off some of the skin from

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the legs to make boots and shoes. It was then so late that we gave up any further search for the ass, and hastened home. On our way the dogs found a jackal's den, and falling upon the mother and little ones, killed all except one baby jackal that Jack begged to be allowed to tame and bring up to hunt other animals.

On our return we found that Fritz had caught a fine young eagle which he wished to train to catch birds. The buffalo soon became very friendly with the cow, and quite happy.

In a little while he became tame enough to carry loads on his backs for us, and at last he allowed the boys all to ride him, although not until he had done his best to throw them many times. He even became affectionate to the children, and would trot or gallop with them, just as they liked. Fritz had given up his monkey to Ernest, in return for his help in training the eagle: and by degrees master Knips was taught by his new master to carry a basket and its contents on his back, wherever it was wanted. Jack could not induce his jackal to hunt except for his own benefit, for he only brought home the skin of any animal killed, after devouring its flesh.

One morning we heard some curious sounds in the distance and after trying in vain to discover what they were, our old friend the donkey came in sight, bringing with him a companion something like himself, only stronger and more graceful. It was an Onagra, and we were all anxious to secure him, so Fritz went up gently, carrying a noose ready to throw over the Onagra's head when near

enough, and in the other some corn and salt which the donkey took at once, and then the Onagra, also coming up Fritz instantly cast the noose over it and made it a prisoner. It was no easy task however to tame it, and we were about to give up our efforts to do so as useless when I made a last attempt to bring it to reason by the savages plan of biting it's ear until the blood flowed, and to my surprise this had the desired effect. Proud of thus having subdued this high-spirited animal, I gave it to Fritz, and had the pleasure of seeing him enjoy many a ride on his swift steed, which he named Lightfoot.

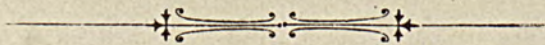
The rainy season was now drawing near, and all the trouble we had taken to train the animals would be lost if we could not shelter them from the bad weather. So we made them a comfortable stable among the spreading roots of the banyan-tree at the foot of our Nest, with a solid roof of clay covered with pitch. This shed was divided into stalls for the animals, with room for storing the food they would want during the season when we should be unable to procure it for them.

When the torrents of rain fell around us, and storms swept the forest, we found our aerial castle a most uncomfortable place to live in, indeed we were soon obliged to take refuge at night in the shed below with the animals, where the rain did not come through, in spite of the disagreeable smells and want of air.

However we made the best of it during this winter not without many sad

recollections of the pleasant houses of our native land, only resolving to try and find some more suitable home by the time the rainy season came again.

We had some hope of discovering a cave like Robinson Crusoe's when we could get out once more.



CHAPTER VII.



After being shut up for many long weeks we at length saw again with delight the clear sky and green earth and inhaled the sweet air of the first spring day.

We were restored to life and liberty, and the boys rejoiced in the scents of countless flowers, and the songs of hundreds of birds flying hither and thither on gaudy wings.

Our house in the tree was half filled with dry leaves, but we soon returned to it for the summer. Our first excursion was to Zeltheim, which we found in a sad state. The tent was upset, a quantity of our provisions had been spoiled by the rain, and had to be thrown away. Fortunately our pretty little pinnacle was as good as ever, but the tub-boat was so injured that it was quite useless. The loss we most regretted was that of two casks of gunpowder, which we had not stored away among the rocks. We at once began to try and bore out a cave by the sea-shore deep enough to hold all our powder safely, and we toiled away at the rock until in a few days we had actually reached a depth of seven feet, when we found that the hole we had made had pierced right through the rock to some open space beyond. I put my head to the opening and feeling a giddiness caused by the foul air within, our first care was to purify it before

venturing to enter the cave. We threw in some shells and rockets from the ship's store of signals, which exploded with many echoes, and the poisonous air rushed out with the smoke, until at length a fire would burn in the cave, and we knew the air was pure. Then we saw that the walls of the cave glittered like diamonds, and we longed to explore our new fairy palace, but first I sent Jack upon his buffalo for a supply of candles to Falcon's Nest, to tell his mother of our discovery, and beg her to come and see the place for herself. In about four hours Jack returned on his buffalo, but first came the cart drawn by the cow with Ernest for it's driver, and in it was my wife with little Frank. Meanwhile Fritz and I had not been idle: we had enlarged the entrance, carrying away loose stones and earth near it. We each took two candles, flint, steel and tinder, and then entered the cave and here a glorious sight met our view. The floor was of white transparent granite covered with fine dry sand with pillars of the same supporting the roof, from which hung crystals glittering like diamonds. Upon breaking and tasting these crystals, I found that our enchanted grotto was really a salt-mine, Fritz fairly jumped for joy, and embracing his mother exclaimed —

“It is the most beautiful winter palace in the world”!

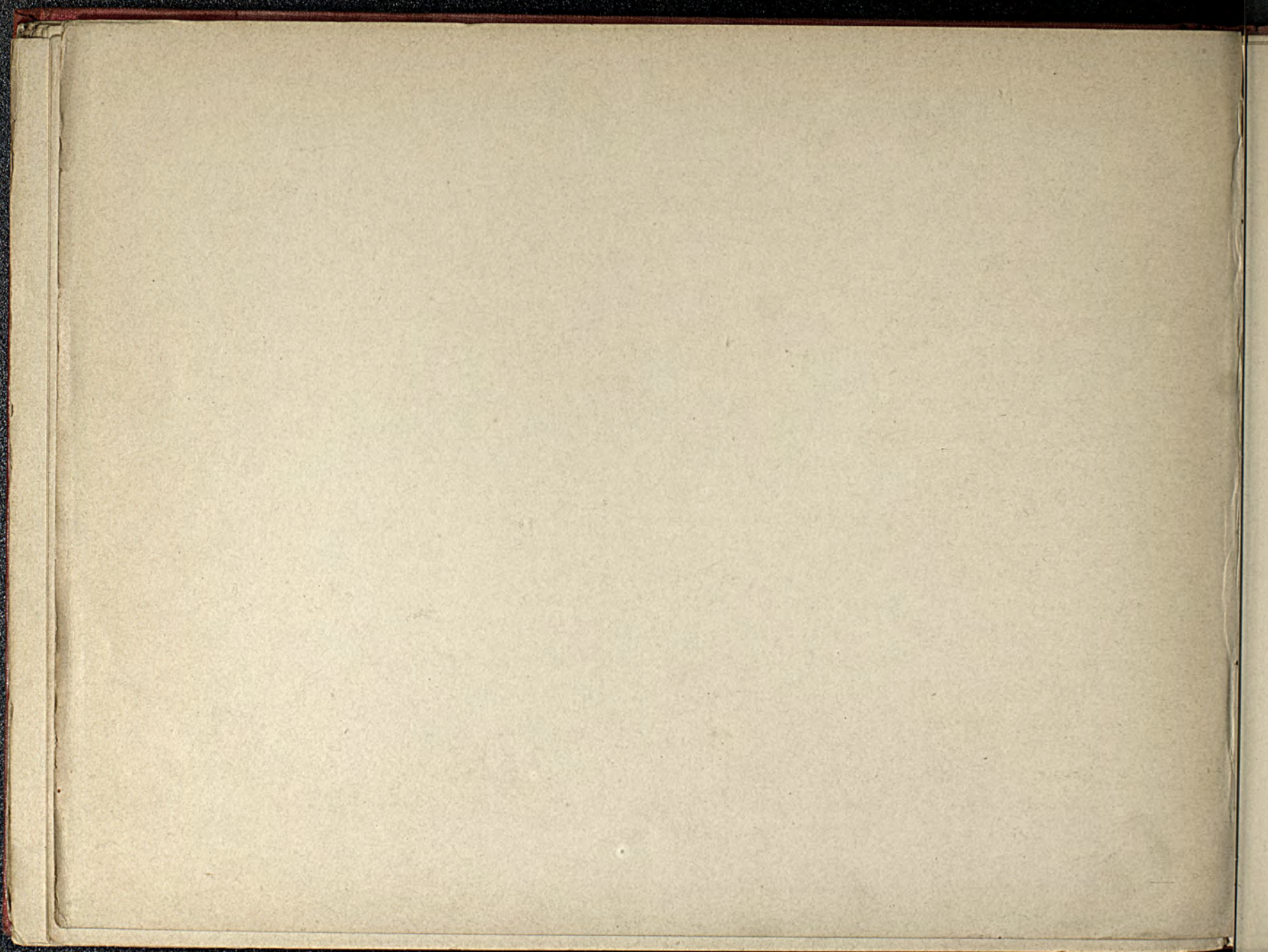
“And God made it my boy,”—added his mother with a loving kiss.

The rainy season had now no terrors for us but we decided to spend our summers as before at Falcon's Nest. We planned a door in the Rock for our new house, and divided the cave into two parts, one for ourselves, the other for kitchens, and stables, and at the end we fitted up cellars and store rooms. The space was



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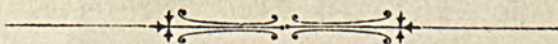
Father reading to the family in Rock Castle.



large enough to give us ample room for ourselves and belongings, and we spent nearly all our time in making our home as comfortable as possible. We laid up great stores of turtle, of herrings, salmon and other fine fish, some of which we carefully salted and put away for food in the rainy season. All our crops and plants grew and flourished well, especially maize, sugar-canes, bananas, melons and cucumbers. We had now so many animals that I decided to find a suitable spot to make a colony of those we did not require in our daily life, and there we built a bark house among the trees, and in exploring new country found (among other valuable things) the cotton-plant, and delicious strawberries. We were returning from this successful expedition when we went up a hill that commanded a fine view of the whole country, towards Falcon's Nest on one side and the sea and cape on the other, and this we named Prospect Hill. I was very anxious to make a light bark canoe, in which Fritz or I could cruise about the coast in a way we could not do in the pinnace. For this purpose we chose a kind of oak like a cork tree, the trunk of which was about five feet round. With a saw I cut through the bark all round the foot of the stem, and then Fritz went up a rope ladder and did the same about eighteen feet higher up. I next cut through the bark in a straight upward line from one circle to the other, until we were by degrees able to strip the tree completely of its bark. Then I folded the bark together at each end until I had made a sharp bow and stern for my canoe, and I shaped the delicate boat, lined it with fibre, and pitched it thoroughly with resinous gum. I added wood to strengthen the boat outside, and for a keel, put

in stones for ballast, and fitted it with boards and moveable benches. In the midst was a mast with a three—cornered sail and there was also a rudder. To make my light boat still lighter we filled some skins of the dog-fish with air, and fixed them round her, and these bladders not only gave her buoyancy, but kept her from capsizing.

We had now a pretty calf, and as Ernest had his ape, Fritz the onagra, Jack both the buffalo and jackal, Frank gladly undertook the charge of the calf, and gave him the name of Brummer. At the same time Jack decided to call the buffalo "Storm". It took us two months to prepare our Rock House for the rainy season, and we intended to make it as pretty as we could inside, during the weeks when we should have to live entirely within doors.



CHAPTER VIII.



year had passed since we had been wrecked (at the end of January), and as I had no Almanack for the new year we had to keep account of the days for ourselves as well as we could. I wished to make the anniversary of the day on which our lives had been so mercifully spared, a day of joy and gratitude for the many benefits we had since enjoyed, and after solemn thanks-giving to God I arranged various games of skill for the boys, which would serve to display all the useful arts they had learned during our stay on this pleasant island. They began by shooting with gun and pistol at about a hundred paces. The target was a plank roughly cut into the shape of an animal, with two pieces of wood sticking up like ears, and a strap for a tail. The three eldest boys were to have two shots each, and Fritz hit the mark twice in the head— Ernest once in the body, while Jack shot off the ears, much to our amusement.

They next shot with bows and arrows, and little Frank took part in this. A race came next, in which Fritz and Ernest did very well, and ran from the grotto to Falcon's Nest and back in fifty minutes, although I always allowed thirty-five minutes for one journey the shortest way.

In riding Fritz and Jack fairly surprised me by galloping without saddle

or bridle, jumping off and on the animals by seizing the mane. Frank too, shewed some very clever tricks with his young bull, which he had taught to walk slowly, trot, or gallop, also to stop short at the boy's command, fall on his knees like a camel, get up and bellow, turn his tail round in a circle, and pretend to toss up his head as if it already had horns. Next came throwing the lasso, in which none of the boys were very skilful as yet, and last of all we had a swimming match, in which Fritz had no rival. My wife distributed the prizes at the end of the day, Fritz receiving a gun and hunting knife for shooting and swimming, Ernest, the winner in the race and lasso throwing, a gold watch, Jack for riding, a pair of steel spurs and a whip, and Frank a pair of stirrups and a whip, for training the bull. I offered my wife a lady's companion with thimbles, scissors, needles, etc. as a token of love and gratitude for her affectionate devotion to us all, and the day ended happily and peacefully with prayer and praise to the Giver of all good things.

Soon after this holiday, we thought the season was come to chase some more of the delicate ortolans that would be so agreeable an addition to our winter fare, and to save our powder collected a quantity of india-rubber juice to mix with oil and make bird-lime to catch, instead of shooting, the birds.

This we spread on switches, and fixing them on the branches of a great fig-tree, where the ortolans came in great numbers, the poor birds soon got caught by the sticky substance and fell helpless at our feet. We also got up a torch-light chase, in which we startled the birds after they had gone to roost for the



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night by the sudden glare of torches, and then struck them down with bamboo canes until we had secured as many as we required. The following day we roasted all our delicious game and packed away a large cask full of ortolans preserved in butter for future supply.

But we now had to wage a terrible war against the monkeys, who had done no end of mischief upon our farm, and taking the three eldest boys with me, I started on this painful expedition.

Fritz was the first to see a troop of our malicious enemies in a field of rice we had planted, and we set to work to lay snares for the apes, by preparing tempting food upon trees where we placed bird-lime in sufficient quantities to prevent any creature from getting away that once stuck fast to it. It was comical to see the efforts the poor animals made to free themselves, but the scene became horrible indeed when the dogs attacked and killed the unfortunate apes in large numbers. My sons and I put an end to their sufferings as soon as we could, but the whole field of battle was a horrid sight, and my boys turned with disgust from it.

Fritz declared that he hoped it would never again be necessary to commit

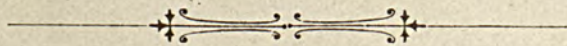
so cruel a deed. I reminded him that the slaughter of the poor ortolans was no less cruel, but Fritz replied, that each ape he had killed cried so like a man that he felt it was murder.

We dug a large ditch about three feet deep in which we buried the monkeys, and then returned with sad hearts to the farm.

A great many pigeons were then caught, some by the eagle, and others by bird-lime, so that we had always enough of them for food when required. Jack had a curious adventure about this time, which might have cost him his life. He went down to Flamingo Marsh alone with his jackal to get some reeds to make a dove-cote, and came home covered with black mud from head to foot. He looked most woe-begone, and I begged him to tell us how he came to be in this sad plight. He replied. "I wanted to get some long straight reeds that grew in the centre of the marsh, and in trying to reach them I slipped into the bog, and really thought it would swallow me up. I cut off a great armful of reeds and kept myself up as well as I could. My good jackal was running about in a terrible state of mind on the bank, as if he knew that I could not get out, so I called to him and took hold of his tail, and by his struggles to get away he dragged me ashore." We could not help being amused at the way he saved himself, although it was really a serious danger he had escaped.

The rainy season was now drawing near, and we hurried on the last preparations for our stay in the Rock House. The greatest difficulty we had was want of light as it had only four openings, including the door, but we fixed a

long bamboo pole to the top of the grotto, and hoisted up a lantern from the wreck with a lamp inside, which lighted up the place very well. Ernest and Frank made shelves for the many very good books we had; my wife and Jack put the kitchen in order, and I with Fritz fitted the workshop with the fine turning lathe, forge, and tools we had saved from the ship. Much of our time was passed in reading and study, and the rest in useful work, and training our numerous family of animals and birds. As far as I could find out by the maps we had, our Island was in the Indian archipelago, near the Straits of Malacca, and I tried to learn a little of the Malay language, in case we should ever meet with natives.



CHAPTER IX.



owards the end of August, when we expected the rainy season to be over the weather became more stormy than ever, but at length the clouds dispersed, and all was sunny and bright once more.

As we were walking along the rocks on the seashore, after our long imprisonment, we saw on a little sandy isle near, a round object of great size, which we resolved to examine more closely, so we unmoored the canoe, and having baled out the water, rigged it up, and the next morning, very early I set out with Ernest, Fritz and Jack. As soon as we were nearer to the strange object, I saw that it was a stranded whale. The little island was only a few inches above the water, and could be crossed in ten or twelve minutes, but it was full of beautiful plants, and a number of sea-birds had made their nests upon it. We landed and took a good look at the whale, but could not do anything with it until we had some proper weapons to use. The boys found coral shells, which they collected to carry home, to my wife, who agreed to accompany us to the islet the next day. I particularly wished to get the whale oil for our lamps, so we took some empty tubs in tow of our canoe, which was rather heavily laden with all the tools we wanted for our troublesome work.

After we had secured the canoe and tubs, we went up to the enormous animal, and I saw by its back, fins and black tail, that it was a Greenland whale, I reckoned that the monster must be at least seventy feet long, and thirty wide. We were most struck with the immense size of its head, and smallness of its eyes. His jaws were about ten feet long, filled with black flexible bones called whale-bone. Fritz and Jack climbed on the whale's back, and cutting away at the head with hatchets and knives, removed the upper jaw and took out some of the whale-bone, my wife and little Frank carried it to the canoe, while Ernest cut from the flanks of the whale two immense pieces of blubber about three feet thick. Suddenly a flock of birds flew around us trying to get possession of the prey, and of these bold intruders we killed not a few. I then cut a long strip of skin from the head to the tail of the animal, to use for harness and soles for our shoes.

We took away all we could of our spoils, but the smell of the oil was horrible, and the air was quite poisoned by it. We pressed out all the oil we could from the blubber, and then threw it into the Jackal River. My wife proposed turning Whale Island into a store-house for the oil and that we should have a plantation on it as well, and this we did.

We next found a very fine turtle, which we landed and killed.

His shell made a beautiful basin for fresh water at the entrance of the grotto, while the flesh supplied us with delicious food for many days.

We were one day busily engaged in basket-making when Fritz's sharp eye noticed something moving in the path leading towards Falcon's Nest, which

came on with a rolling bounding motion.

"It is very curious", said Fritz, "the thing looks almost like a great cable rolled out upon the ground— Now it has stopped— What do you think of it Papa?"

"I think the best thing we can do is to shut ourselves up in the Rock Grotto— I have no doubt this is a great serpent."

Fritz wanted to get his gun and hatchet ready to attack the monster, but I made him join my wife and the other boys in the cave, and then after displacing the planks of the bridge also retired. The monster advanced slowly but surely, from time to time raising his head high in the air, and darting out his forked tongue. It had come within fifty paces of us when Ernest suddenly fired— then Jack and Frank, and to my surprise my wife also, shot off their guns, and at this salute the serpent fled with great speed, and almost instantly, disappeared in the reeds of Wild-Duck Marsh. I was much annoyed at having missed the monster, for we could not feel safe while it was hanging about the neighbourhood, and I forbade any one to venture out of the grotto without my permission, indeed we hardly left it for a moment during three long days. But for the uneasiness of the ducks and geese on the lake, we should have thought the boa had made its escape, but as it evidently was still not far off, we had not dared to fetch the usual supplies of food for the animals as well as ourselves, and yet it could no longer be done without, so we resolved to let the animals cross the river at the ford above the bridge, and seek food for themselves. My brave Fritz on his onagra led the way, and had orders, should the enemy be seen anywhere near, to gallop as fast as he

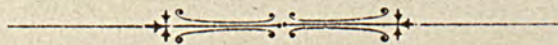
could to Falcon's Nest. The other boys and their mother were to stay indoors and fire from the windows, should the serpent show itself on that side. I took up a post on a rock where I had a view of the marsh, and loading my gun with large bullets, prepared to set out. Unluckily my wife opened the door a little too soon and the donkey, fresh and lively after his three days rest, rushed out kicking up his heels in a reckless way, and fled at a mad gallop to the Duck's Marsh. Fritz hurried after him, but I had to call him back, for as soon as the ass reached the marsh we saw the terrible serpent raise his head, look round with glittering eyes, and dart out his tongue with malicious fury. The wretched donkey suddenly stopped and gave a loud hee-haw; as if to mock us, and at that moment the boa sprang upon him, folded him in its deadly embrace, squeezed him tighter and tighter, skilfully avoiding his mad kicks. The children and their mother struck with terror and grief, begged me to shoot the serpent and save our poor old donkey. But I was obliged to tell them that it was now too late to save, and that we should gain nothing by turning the boa's attention to ourselves, where as we should be able to kill it when it began to swallow it's victim, and was unable to move quickly.

"But how can a serpent swallow his prey at a single mouthful?" asked Fritz.

"It squeezes its victims into one mass which it swallows by degrees, as this boa now does our poor old friend".

"I cannot bear this horrible sight", said my wife, hurrying away with Frank. It was indeed a terrible scene to look upon, as the boa, who had coiled

his tail round a large stone to increase his power over the ass, enveloped and struck again and again the wretched brute in its grip, until he lay dead on the sand after a few last convulsive movements. The serpent at once crushed the body into a shapeless mass, licked it all over, and then opening his enormous jaws began by swallowing the hind legs and body of the ass until nothing but the head remained visible. I thought this a favourable moment to attack the serpent, for I had only looked upon this terrible sight for the sake of killing our enemy as soon as we could safely do so. I now saw that it was as I supposed a boa-constrictor, the king of serpents, and when we were within eighteen or twenty feet of it, Fritz and I both fired, and our shots entered the head, and soon put an end to our formidable enemy. The boys wished to stuff his beautiful skin which they did by hanging the serpent up by the head to a tree and then sliding down his body stripping off the skin with a knife. Having cleaned and dried it well the boys stuffed it with moss and dried leaves, with plaster marbles for eyes, and a piece of iron wire painted red with cochineal for a tongue. The boa was placed on stands of wood around which we coiled the uplifted head as if about to strike its prey, and it looked so natural that the dogs rushed at it barking, and the buffalo was on the point of butting it with his horns. We afterwards placed the boa in our museum of stuffed birds and animals, amongst the other wonderful creatures we had met with on our Island.



CHAPTER X



Upon making another excursion to our farm at Prospect Hill, we found had again been invaded by the monkeys, who had been as destructive and mischievous as ever. However, we put off punishing them for the present, as we had made up our minds to explore a new part of the country. We came upon a hot sandy desert, where tired and dispirited we were lying under the shadow of rock to rest and refresh ourselves, when a troop of ostriches approached. I knew that it would be hopeless for the boys to try and catch any of them, unless well mounted, but the dogs rushed madly upon the male ostrich, remarkable for variety of his feathers, and all the birds fled with extraordinary speed. We had almost lost sight of them when Fritz unhooded his eagle, which at once pursued them and fastened upon the ostrich. When we got up to him we found the poor bird rolling in the dust, severely wounded in the neck and shoulders, and all hope of saving his life being at an end, I put him out of his pain. We took out the beautiful tail feathers, and carried them in our old hats.

“What a pity it is we could not keep him alive,” said Fritz, “he is six feet high, and I could easily have ridden him.”

Ernest and Jack, who had gone on with the jackal, suddenly stopped and

waving their hats in the air, called out to us, "Come quickly — we have found an ostrich's nest. This nest was only a hole scratched in the ground, and the eggs, about thirty in number, were so placed as to take up the space and retain the heat. Each egg was as large as a baby's head, and the jackal had broken some of them before we came up. "We may as well carry away these eggs, and hatch them in the sun," said Jack. "You forget," said I, "that each egg weighs about three pounds, and how can we carry them without breaking them"? The boys however took one each, which they slung on their arms in a handkerchief, and after a short rest we went on our way. Upon leaving this desert plain we saw a lovely valley lying before us with thick grass and pleasant trees. The Jackal Grotto as we called it, was not far off, and Ernest was going on in front with one of the dogs, when suddenly he ran into my arms with a loud cry of terror— "A bear"— close behind me"!was all he could say. I was going forward with my gun to meet the bear, when to my dismay, another came out of the grotto to meet us. The dogs were already near them, but Fritz and I only slightly wounded one of the bears with our first shots, and rising on their hind legs they came forward with extended claws, and then turning their rage against the dogs, wounded them severely. Fritz and I then fired again, and broke the jaw of one bear, and shattered the shoulder of the other, then the dogs held them down, while we shot them dead, much to our relief, for we had been in terrible danger of our lives. We resolved to return the next day to carry off the fine soft fur of the bears, and were very thankful to return to our tent for the night. The next day we found a flock of vultures

hovering over the dead bears at the entrance of the grotto.

It took us all day to skin, and prepare the flesh of the two bears. We cut off the parts considered good to eat, salted and smoked them, and then left the remains of the bears to be devoured by the birds of prey, who soon picked their bones very clean.

Before the rainy season came on I went once more with Fritz, Jack and Frank to the desert plain where we had seen the ostriches, this time riding our animals. Fritz, who was very anxious to take an ostrich alive this time, got his eagle ready, and tied up his beak. Before very long we saw here and there flying masses darting through the wood. At length four magnificent ostriches rose and came towards us at a tremendous pace, and we soon chose the one we wished to capture. Fritz then let fly his eagle, which plunged down upon the ostrich, and gave him so tremendous blows with its wings that he was almost stunned and staggered as if about to fall. Then Jack threw his ball sling around the bird's



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F.M.

legs, and made him a prisoner. At last I thought of throwing my handkerchief over his head, and as soon as the bird was deprived of light, the victory was ours. I passed a belt round his body with straps on each side, and we tied also a cord round his legs tight enough to prevent him running away.

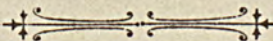
"I doubt whether we shall ever tame this great bird to be of use to us," said Fritz.

"Do you not know" said I, "that the Indians tame elephants by placing a wild one between two tame ones, who help their riders to keep him in order. I think the bull and buffalo will serve the same purpose," and Jack and Frank each with a whip can take the place of the elephant drivers."

I then tied the ostrich to the horns of Storm and Brummer, put the boys on the saddles, and took off the handkerchief. He started up quickly and tried to escape, but finding all his attempts to run or fly useless, he made up his mind to walk with his companions, and at length broke into a sort of gallop with them, much to our joy. My wife and Ernest were delighted with our splendid prize, and the next day we broke up our summer camp and took our treasures home. The ostrich had to be blind folded and tied to his two guardians, and altogether our caravan was a very strange one. After two days march we reached our dear rock house, where we hoped to make a long stay, the ostrich was tied up under the trees and by degrees we lengthened his cord until he became quite tame. We had sometimes to stupify him with tobacco smoke: but while he still

had to be tied up we placed the food and water he liked best always within his reach, although for more than three days he would not eat, but afterwards became almost greedy. Then we taught him to carry burdens, to walk, trot or gallop as he was told and at the end of a month he became quite educated to do what we wished. At last he was trained to carry one of the boys upon his back, and made very swift journeys between Falcon's Nest and Rock House. Jack generally rode him but upon condition that his brothers should sometimes mount him too, if necessary. During this rainy season I proposed to employ the boys in making a small canoe, called by the Greenlanders a Kaiak, in which we could occasionally cruise about the coast. The framework of this little boat was made of curved whalebone and bamboo, with a light deck of wood and a hole in the centre where the rower was to sit, and the outer covering was of sealskin dried in the sun, and covered with melted resin. It was lined with sealskin and floated upon the water like a balloon, but I made it a rule that the rower should always wear a swimming jacket in case of any accident to the canoe. The boat was fitted with a locker to carry food, fresh water, and fire-arms, and with strong harpoons. Fritz was the first to try the new vessel, dressed in his seal-skin water-proof suit, and it was shoved gaily into the sea by the three other boys, and went along at a tremendous pace. Fritz showed perfect control over the canoe, but when he was carried out to sea by the current, I set out with Jack and Ernest in the other boat, to keep him in sight if we could. He had however disappeared behind some reefs, but we soon heard two pistol shots about three quarters of a mile

off, and a few minutes afterwards rejoined Fritz, and were not a little surprised to see on a rock near him the body of a large walrus he had shot. We could not remove this monster, which was about fifteen feet long, but Fritz carried off his head with its two beautiful ivory tusks, which he afterwards fixed upon his kaiak as a trophy of his brave deed.



CHAPTER XI.



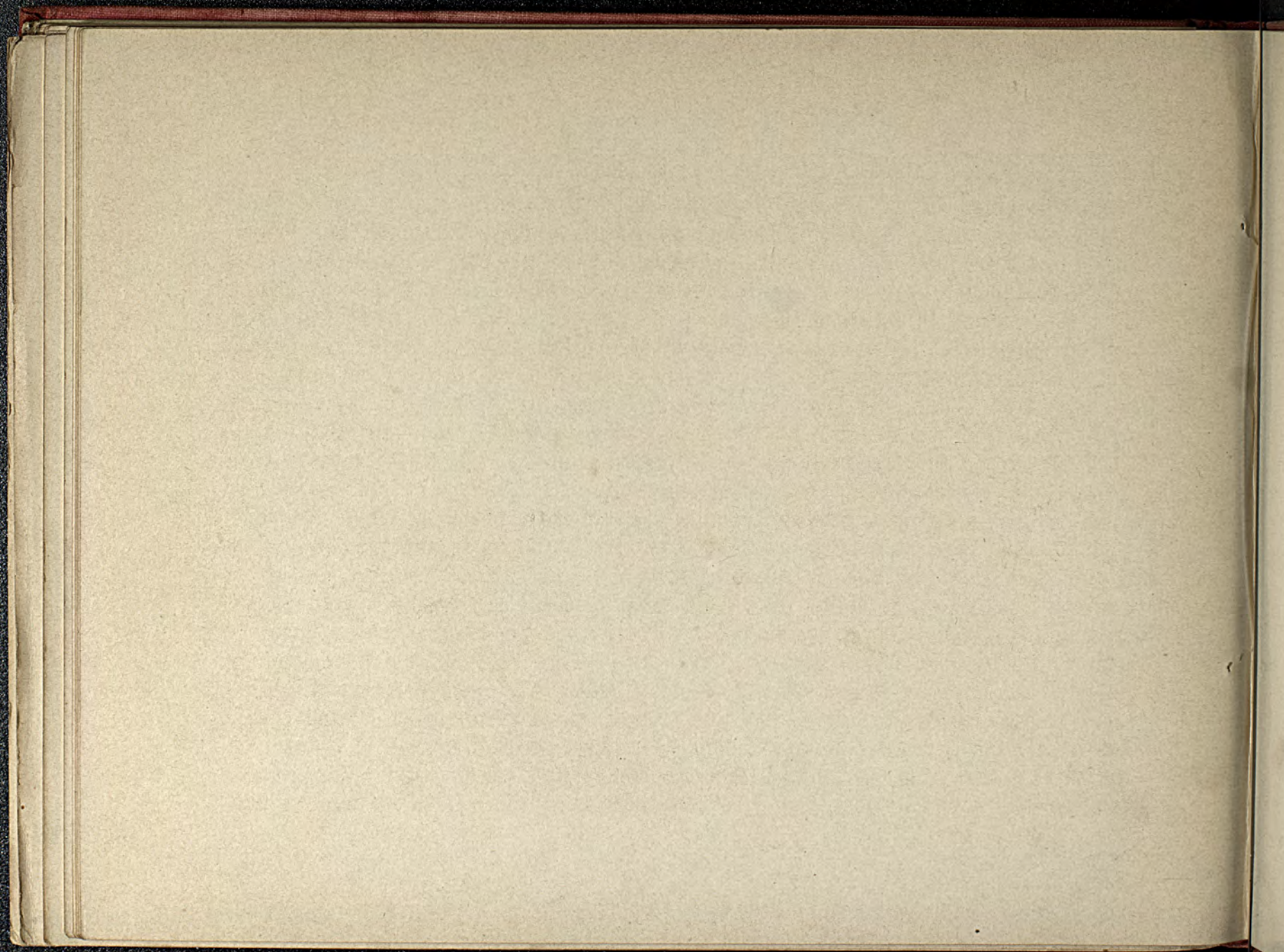
en years passed by, bringing more or less of adventure to us all on our island. The boys were stronger and more robust than they ever would have become in Europe, and my wife and I were also in very good health. Fritz was now 24, and though not tall was muscular and strong. Ernest was slighter and less energetic: Jack full of life and spirit, though more delicately made than Fritz: and Frank, who was seventeen, was like all his brothers in some way or other. We still spent the summers at Falcon's Nest, and the rainy seasons at Felsenheim, Our Rock House. Our Gardens and plantations, full of beautiful trees and plants, reached from the Grotto to the source of the Jackal River. At first when we had not much corn or fruit, we had to wage war against the birds by day and the bats by night: but later on we allowed the little thieves to take what they pleased. All our animals were well and happy and the boys took as much delight as ever in riding their favourite creatures. We had not yet given up the hope of some day returning to civilised life, and with this idea had stored up a quantity of fine ostrich feathers, spices, india-rubber, and other produce of our island. The boys now often made excursions to some distance on their own account. One day Fritz went off in his canoe to Felsenheim for the whole day, and on his return we all went down to the

beach to welcome him, and land the spoils. He told us how he had made his way round the cape, and there met with every kind of marine animal, basking on the rocks in the sun, Sea-lions, sea—elephants, sea—bears, and all sorts of seals, with countless numbers of sea birds. He had also brought some oyster shells containing magnificent pearls of great size and fine colour, from a bay to which he had given the name of Bay of Pearls. Then he told us how he had struck down a beautiful albatross, and afterwards asked me to come with him to a quiet spot near, where he wished to tell me only, a very curious incident that had happened. He said that a piece of linen was tied round one of the legs of this albatross with these words written in English upon it: "Whoever you are to whom God sends this message, come to the help of an unfortunate English woman, who is cast away upon the volcanic island you may know by the fire escaping from one of its craters. Save the forlorn one on the smoking rock." His first idea was to write upon the linen, with a feather dipped in blood—the words in English— "have faith in God. Help is not far off." Then he tied it again to the birds leg, as he felt sure it was a tame one, and would return to the lady on the rock, and the albatross soon flew away so quickly towards the west, that it would have been hopeless to try and follow it. I was much pleased with the sense my son had shown in not telling his story to his mother and brothers, until he knew more as to whether the lady still lived or could be found, and I assured him that for the future I should look upon him as a man, able to act upon his own judgement, and no longer offer to control, but only to advise him as to his conduct.



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The Lion.



Fritz was quite overcome by this mark of my confidence in him, and we soon joined the rest of the family in collecting and admiring the treasures he had brought.

We decided to make another expedition to the Bay of Pearls and Fritz and Jack led the way in the little canoe—to which Fritz had lately added a second seat—while I followed them in the larger boat. We soon reached the bay and the gigantic cliffs around it, and after fishing for pearls and other sea-spoils until evening we retired to our boat for the night under a canvas awning we had put up after lighting a large fire on shore. Suddenly we heard a terrible roar re-echoing from the forest near, which was soon repeated even nearer than before. Then we saw Knips followed by the jackal and dogs, rush down to the fire in great alarm. The monkey took refuge on a table, but the jackal and dogs kept a watch upon the forest, howling whining and occasionally barking, while their hair stood on end with fear. Before long we were startled by the appearance of an immense lion that rushed forward with a terrific roar. The fire seemed to excite his rage, and he sat up like a cat and fixed his eyes angrily upon the dogs, lashing his sides with his great tail. After a time the king of beasts began to pace to and fro, as if he were about to spring. Then Fritz fired, the lion sprang up and roared, then staggered, fell on his knees and at last sank at full length upon the ground, shot through the heart, telling the boys to remain in the boat, I landed quickly and went up to the fire. The dogs seemed pleased to see me, but almost at once turning towards the forest, they began to howl piteously. Immediately afterwards I saw a lioness, rapidly approaching, and quickly discovering her dead

mate, she licked his paws, with most lamentable cries, gnashing her teeth all the while, as though longing to avenge his death. A second shot was heard, the right paw of the lioness was broken, and I had scarcely time to fire another shot, which broke her jaw, when the dogs were upon her, and a fearful fight began. One of the animals terrible paws tore open poor Bill's chest, and he fell at the moment his enemy bit the dust. I went forward with my hunting knife in my hand as Fritz was coming to meet me with his loaded gun. I took his hand, and begged him to give thanks with me for our merciful rescue from a great danger. We announced the victory to the others who came ashore to rejoice in our safety, and to our grief found that poor Bill faithful and brave to the last died holding fast to the neck of the lioness.

"We have much to be thankful for" said Fritz, gravely to-morrow we can take the spoils of our dreadful foes, but let us first bury our poor dog by torchlight."

The boys placed our faithful old Bill in his grave and put up a tombstone to mark the spot, with the following words written by Ernest upon it:

"Here lies Bill—a dog renowned for his courage and devotion. He perished beneath the claws of a formidable lioness, dying in the moment of victory."

This done we lay down for a few hours on board the boat, and at sunrise, stripped the lions of their skins, and then soon weighed anchor and left the bay of Pearls. Fritz led the way in his little canoe, and when we had safely returned, handed me a note to say that he was going to make an attempt to find

the shipwrecked lady, and before I could stop him, he had taken himself off. Towards evening we had reached Safety Bay, and my wife's pleasure at seeing us was rather spoilt by the absence of Fritz, while Frank was much distressed at poor Bill's tragic death. We heard nothing of Fritz for five days, and then we all, including my wife, set out for Pearl Bay where we thought it most likely we should meet him. As we drew near the Bay we were sailing slowly along the coast on account of the rocks, when at a distance we saw as we thought a savage in a canoe, who dissappeared behind a reef as if to watch us. We kept a sharp look out, and soon again saw a canoe with a single rower as before. I shouted a few words of welcome in the Malay language, which I had learnt from a book, but it had no effect, and then Jack seized the speaking trumpet, and called out a few rough sailors phrases, upon which the savage waved a green branch, and paddled towards us. We looked at him with curiosity and burst into a merry fit of laughter when we discovered that the small hump-backed man with black face and hands, riding upon a walrus, was no other than Fritz.

My wife, who had been anxiously watching the stranger, now smiled with tears of joy running down her cheeks, as we took our boy and his canoe on board our boat, and kissed until our faces and hands were almost as black as his own.



CHAPTER XII.



asked Fritz aside if he had succeeded in his object, to which he replied that he had, and then I wanted to know why he had played us such a trick. He replied

“I really took you for Malay pirates, and disguised myself to deceive you. I meant to go back to fetch the English Lady during the night, for I have found her, and she is now on a small island awaiting my return.” I wished to ask more questions but my wife insisted on her son taking off his paint, for she could not bear to see him dressed up like a savage. We now decided to anchor our boat at a convenient point, and Fritz proposed the island where he had left his fair companion. I could not help smiling at this, but I felt glad to carry out what he had so well begun. Fritz jumped eagerly into his canoe to guide us to the landing place on a small pretty island in the great Pearl Bay, and there we fastened our boat to a tree.

Fritz sprang ashore, and went direct to a small wood, where under the shade of the palm—trees was a small hut made of branches. We followed him and saw in front of the hut a stone fire place, and on the fire an immense shell as a sauce—pan. Fritz was still calling out to some one among the trees, and then there was a rustling in the boughs of a tree from which a young man dressed



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as a sailor, quickly came down. The young stranger seemed rather uncertain how to receive an armed troop like ourselves, but Fritz throwing his hat into the air cried out— Long live the young Lord Montrose of the smoking rock: shall we not welcome him as a friend and a brother.

“He is welcome”: We all said at once, and he then came up to us with much ease and grace of manner. As head of the family I shook hands with him, and greeted him as I might have done a child, of my own, and then turning timidly to my wife, he asked her also to be kind to him.

My wife and I both understood that Fritz wished his brothers not to know who the stranger really was, and the boys did all they could to make their

companion feel at home. Our supper was quite a feast, and the merriment after a time became so boisterous that I put an end to it for the sake of our guest, whom my wife invited on board for the night. When the brothers were left alone they teased Fritz with so many questions that he told them about the albatross, and called the stranger "Miss Jenny" so often that his brothers found out his secret, and gave three cheers for the charming sister who had joined the family.

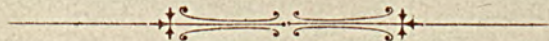
The next morning the three younger boys mischievously greeted the young lady as Miss Jenny, and she blushing confessed it to be her name.

The day was spent in preparing to return to Felsenheim, and looking at all Miss Jenny's treasures, saved from the wreck, or made of materials she had picked up. Among the most useful things there were some long tresses of hair made into fishing lines, with mother of pearl hooks, needles made of fish-bones, bodkins of birds beaks, small needle cases of pelicans feathers and seal bones, a shell made into a saucepan, and many smaller shells used for eating and drinking purposes. There was also a hat made of the pelican's pouch worn as a kind of hood with feathers shading the face and neck, and other feather ornaments, with shoes and belts of sealskin: and she had some beautiful tortoise-shells. Another surprise for us was a tame cormorant, which Jenny had taught to catch fish for her, and she promised my wife some fish for dinner. Jumping lightly into the canoe with her cormorant she pushed off into the bay, and it was a pretty sight to see how the bird plunged into the sea from time to time, bringing up a large fish which he gave to his mistress. She had fastened a ring round his neck which

prevented his swallowing the fish until she chose to free him, and give him some as a reward. We made Fritz tell us all about his great voyage of discovery. He first spent two or three days in cruising about in search of a smoking island, during which time he landed for a short time, and met with a tiger, who would probably have killed him but for his faithful eagle, who flew at the tiger to tear out its eyes, but unluckily Fritz shot the poor bird also as he fired at the tiger, to his great sorrow. Soon he forgot this sad loss in the joy of seeing in the far distance a little rocky isle from which arose a thin column of smoke. Here he soon landed and saw with joyful surprise the first strange face he had looked upon for so many years. The poor girl thankfully awaited his approach, and although she did not understand all he said, he soon induced her to embark in the canoe with him. Miss Jenny had spent about two years alone on this rock, and her contrivances of many things for use were as clever as those of the famous Crusoe. She afterwards told us herself that having lost her mother when she was scarcely seven years old, she went to India with her father Sir William Montrose, who was an officer, and after ten years spent in travelling with him from place to place, in the care of a very devoted nurse, who taught her many womanly occupations she could not otherwise have learnt in her wandering life, she alone was saved in a shipwreck off the island where she was found by Fritz. Her father had returned home in a troop ship in command of his regiment sending her at the same time in a fine vessel in charge of her old attendant. The horror in finding herself thus alone in this desolate

place had at first almost crushed the brave girl's spirit but the constant exertion necessary to obtain food and shelter for herself had kept her well and strong, and she had never lost the hope that God, who had so wonderfully spared her life would not leave her to perish.

During our return to the Rock House Miss Jenny was delighted with all she saw, and shewed great pleasure in our various animals. Fritz and Frank went on before us to Felsenheim, where they prepared a feast for our arrival in honour of Miss Jenny. We next paid a visit to Falcon's Nest, and then the rainy passed happily in the society of our new daughter.



CHAPTER XIII.



he rains were over, and the boys went to look at the cannon on Shark Island, and to fire them off, as they occasionally did, in the hope of some day being heard by a passing ship.

This time there was a distinct answer to their two shots, and they all hastened home to announce the wonderful event. We were on the look-out all the night for any new signals, but a storm came on which lasted two days and nights, and prevented our going near the sea.

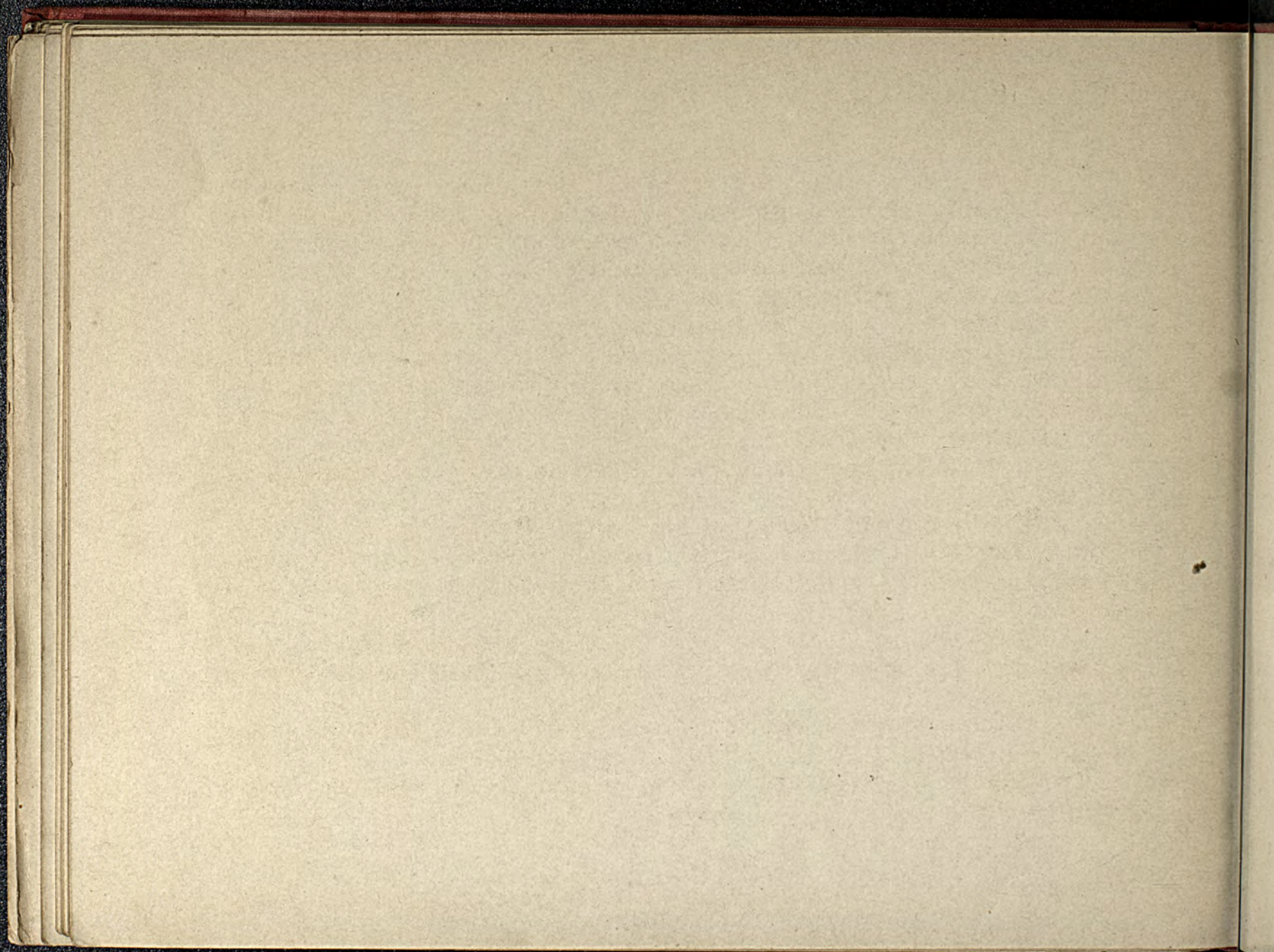
Although on the third day I resolved to fire three shots again, and then we listened attentively, and actually counted seven shots in reply. Then Fritz and I set out in the kaiak to discover who the strangers were, for we feared they might be pirates. We had disguised ourselves as savages, and rowed round the cape near Duck's Marsh, when we came in sight of a fine ship at anchor, flying the English flag. As soon as those on board saw us they made signs to us to supply them with potatoes, cocoanuts, figs, and other fruits, upon which we retired for a while, and rowed home with all speed. Jenny was convinced that the ship had been sent by her father to look for her, and then we decided that we would go altogether in our boat with a present of fresh fruits, and look as important as we could. Fritz dressed as a naval officer, went before us as pilot

in his canoe. In our boat we were all dressed as sailors, lightly armed, and we steered straight up to the ship, saluting it with a ringing cheer, which was warmly returned. Fritz and I flying the white flag paid our respects to the Commander, who received us hospitably, and asked how it was that we were living in this out-of-the-way-place, where he only expected to meet savages. In as few words as possibly I told him our story and that of Miss Jenny, which I thought might interest him more than ours. He then told me that he had heard of the young lady and her father, and had been asked to look out during his command of Her Majesty's ship "Unicorn" for any trace of the ship in which Miss Montrose was wrecked off this desolate coast. The Captain seemed delighted to have met her and said that when he heard our cannon shot, he had expected it was the crew of the wrecked vessel that had taken refuge here. I then invited the Captain to come on board my boat, which he soon did and we all became friendly at once. We returned to our island after a stay of two days near the "Unicorn", during which time we not only made the acquaintance of the Captain, but of a gentleman with his wife and two young daughters, who had been rescued from a ship-wreck and were now on their way home on board the frigate. The Captain and his guests had so great a wish to see our home that Fritz in his canoe sailed to the "Unicorn" the day after our return to the island, and acted as pilot to the Captain and his party. On landing we all went out to see receive them with honour, the boys as usual riding their animals and the ostrich, to the great delight of the strangers. The English family had an earnest wish to take up their abode with



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Review of the Birds and Animals before the Captain of the Ship.



us on the island, to which we gladly agreed, and my wife too begged to end her days there with me and two of the boys, while the other two might go to Europe and send out to us some good people to found a colony we decided to call New Switzerland. It was hard to part with either of our sons, and still harder to choose who should go or stay, but that question was soon settled by themselves. We had dined all together, and I then spoke of our wish to stay in New Switzerland. "Long live New Switzerland" and we drank the toast joyously. "Long life to those who wish to remain here" added Ernest, clinking his glass against his mother's and mine, as he said: "Yes—I have made up my mind to stay with you here"

"I should like to stay here, but still England has greater attractions for me" said Miss Jenny.

Fritz replied "All happiness to the dear pastor's family here."

"Fritz will go—" said I "he has a taste for travelling—but he will always be welcome back to New Switzerland, to his first and best friends. But what will Jack do?"

"Jack is going to stay here", was the reply— "He will be the best rider, the best shot, and the best climber, when Fritz is gone. I do not want to go to school in Europe."

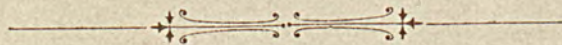
"That's just what I want to do," said Frank— "I think one of the family should settle in the old country— That is if my father pleases."

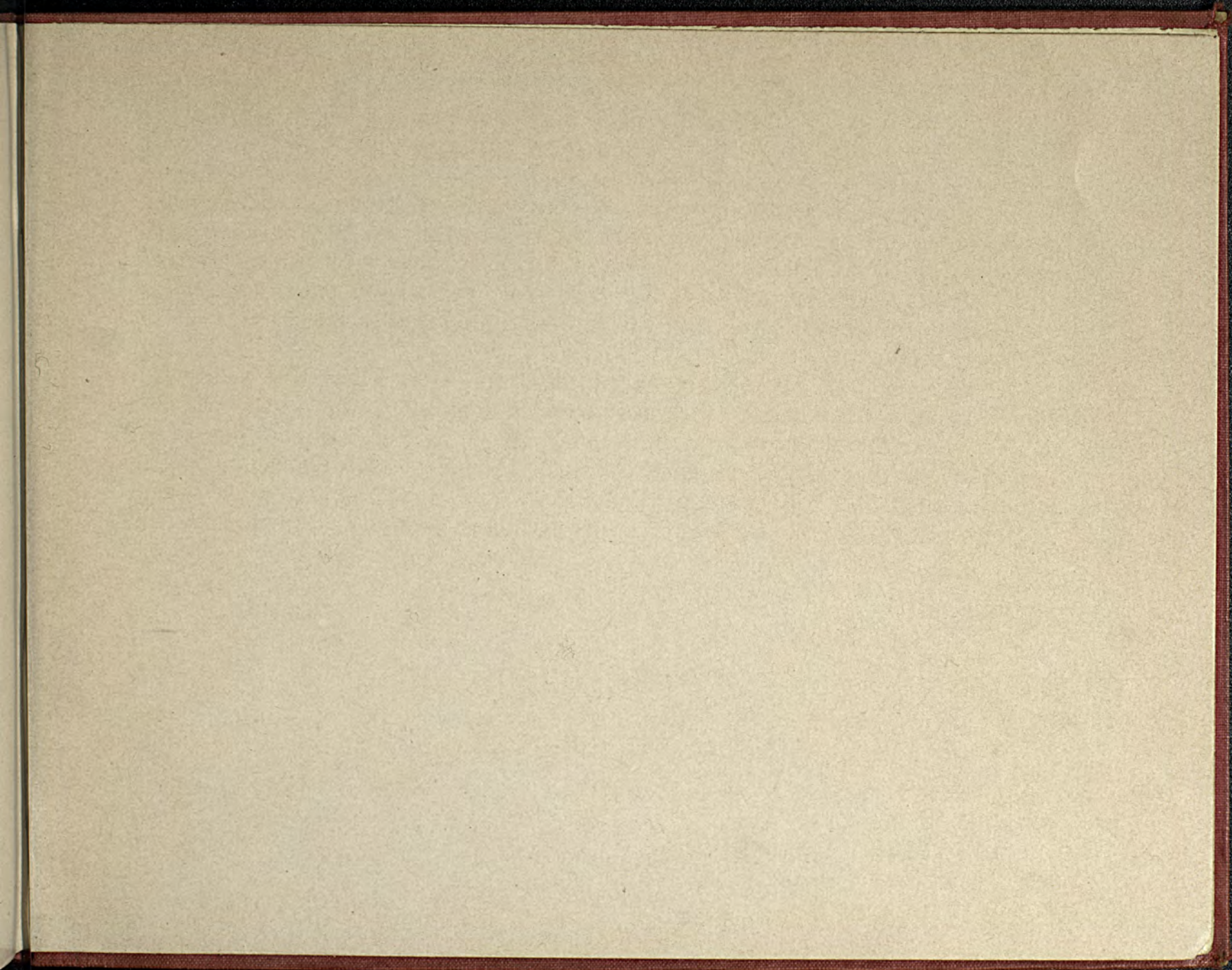
"I shall take you at your word my boys, and may God bless you, whether you go or stay."

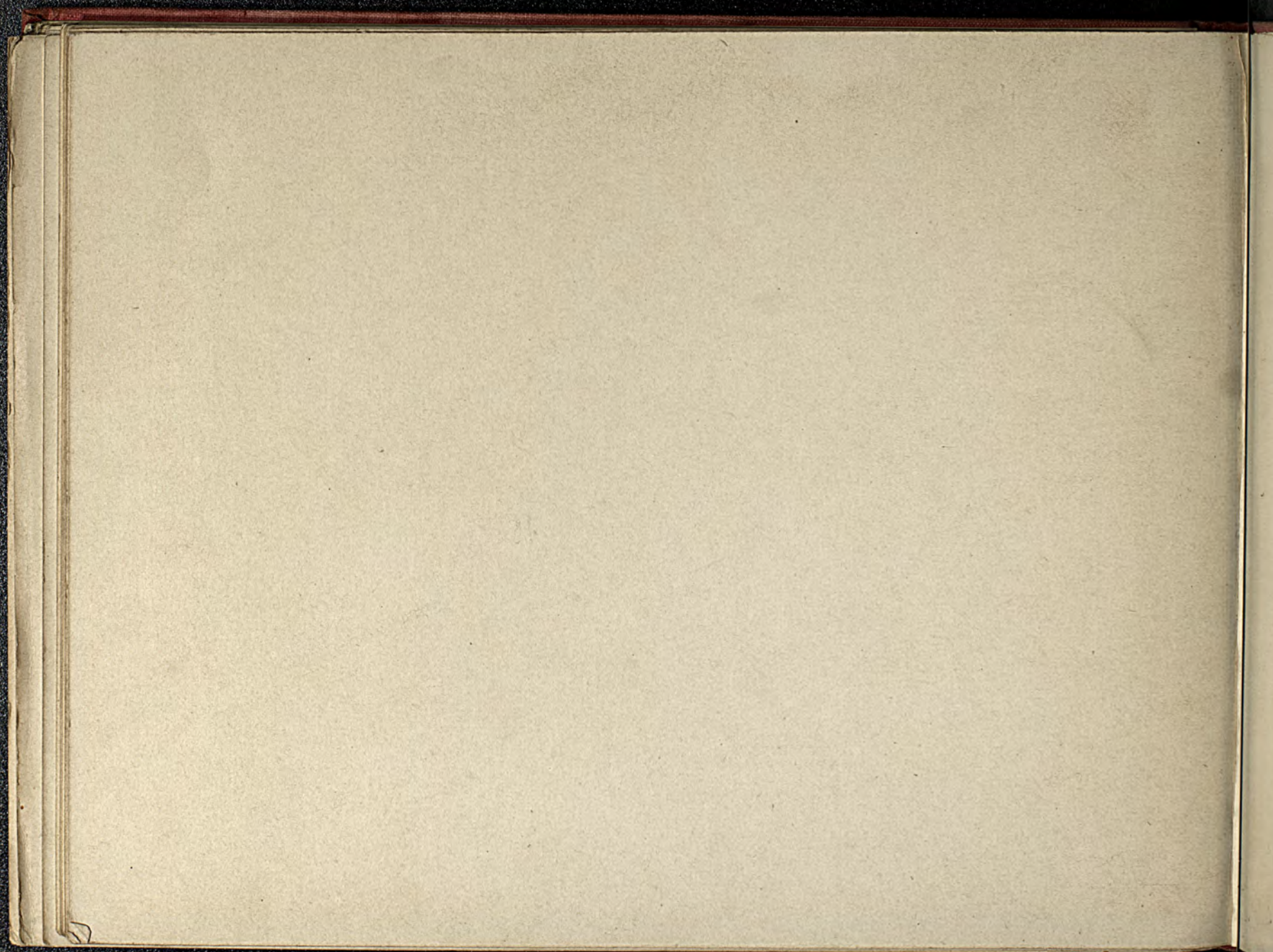
The Captain was quite willing to take charge of the three wanderer's and anxious to set out as soon as possible, so we bestowed all the gifts we could upon our departing friends, and supplied the "Unicorn" with all the provisions we could spare.

I was very sad at losing my dear sons, and begged them to remember the good principles I had tried to impress upon their minds, and to lead Christian lives.

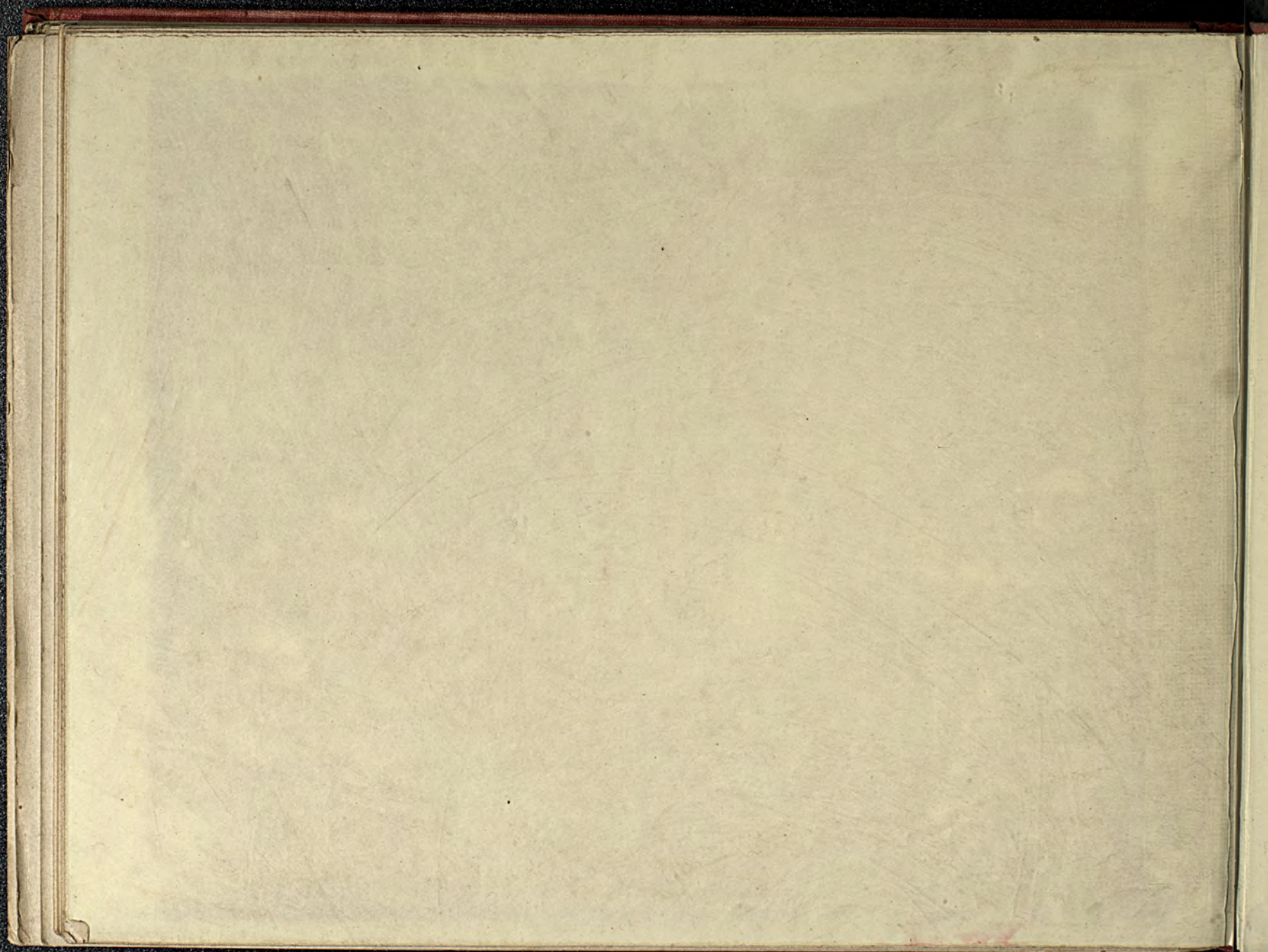
On the last evening we invited the Captain and Officers to a farewell supper, after which I placed the journal I had written of our life and adventures on the island in the hands of Fritz begging him to have it some day printed in Europe, in the hope that others might find comfort and pleasure in reading of the many blessings and happiness that God had sent to us in the new world where under His Providence we had spent so many useful and profitable years of our lives.











Moxer

