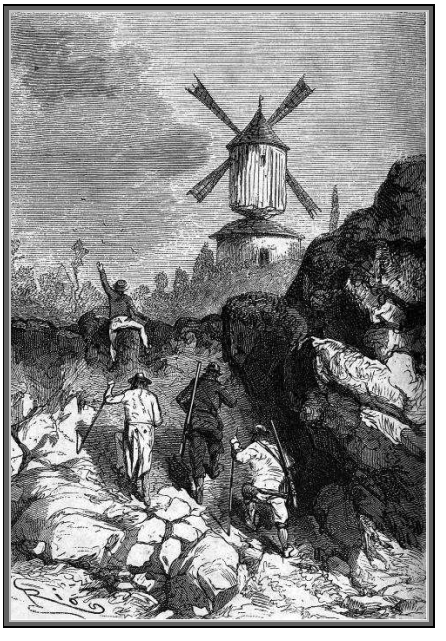
In Search of the Castaways

(A Romantic Narrative)

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By

Jules Verne

Edited By Charles F. Horne

ILLUSTRATED

&

PUBLISHED

BY

E-KİTAP PROJESİ & CHEAPEST BOOKS



www.cheapestboooks.com

www.facebook.com/EKitapProjesi

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Istanbul

ISBN: 978-625-6014-22-0

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About Author

Jules Verne:



Jules Gabriel Verne (1828 – 1905) was a French novelist, poet, and playwright best known for his adventure novels and his profound influence on the literary genre of science fiction.

Verne was born to bourgeois parents in the seaport of Nantes, where he was trained to follow in his father's footsteps as a lawyer, but quit the profession early in life to write for magazines and the stage. His collaboration with the publisher Pierre-Jules Hetzel led to the creation of the *Voyages extraordinaires*, a widely popular series of scrupulously researched adventure novels including *Journey to the Center of the Earth* (1864), *Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea* (1870), and *Around the World in Eighty Days* (1873).

Verne is generally considered a major literary author in France and most of Europe, where he has had a wide influence on the literary avant-garde and on surrealism. His reputation is markedly different in Anglophone regions, where he has often been labeled a writer of genre fiction or children's books, largely because of the highly abridged and altered translations in which his novels are often reprinted.

Verne has been the second most-translated author in the world since 1979, ranking between Agatha Christie and William Shakespeare. He has sometimes been called the

"Father of Science Fiction", a title that has also been given to H. G. Wells and Hugo Gernsback.

Jules Gabriel Verne was born on 8 February 1828 on Île Feydeau, a small artificial island on the Loire River within the town of Nantes, in No. 4 Rue de Clisson, the house of his maternal grandmother Dame Sophie Allotte de la Fuÿe. His parents were Pierre Verne, an attorney originally from Provins, and Sophie Allote de la Fuÿe, a Nantes woman from a local family of navigators and shipowners, of distant Scottish descent. In 1829, the Verne family moved some hundred meters away to No. 2 Quai Jean-Bart, where Verne's brother Paul was born the same year. Three sisters, Anna (1836), Mathilde (1839), and Marie (1842), would follow.

In 1834, at the age of six, Verne was sent to boarding school at 5 Place du Bouffay in Nantes. The teacher, Mme Sambin, was the widow of a naval captain who had disappeared some 30 years before. Mme Sambin often told the students that her husband was a shipwrecked castaway and that he would eventually return like Robinson Crusoe from his desert island paradise. The theme of the Robinsonade would stay with Verne throughout his life and appear in many of his novels, including *The Mysterious Island* (1874), *Second Fatherland* (1900), and *The School for Robinsons* (1882).

In 1836, Verne went on to École Saint-Stanislas, a Catholic school suiting the pious religious tastes of his father. Verne quickly distinguished himself in *mémoire* (recitation from memory), geography, Greek, Latin, and singing. In the same year, 1836, Pierre Verne bought a vacation house at 29 Rue des Réformés in the village of Chantenay (now part of Nantes) on the Loire River. In his brief memoir "Souvenirs d'enfance et de jeunesse" ("Memories of Childhood and Youth", 1890), Verne recalled a deep fascination with the river and with the many merchant vessels navigating it. He also took vacations at Brains, in the house of his uncle Prudent Allotte, a retired shipowner, who had gone around the world and served as mayor of Brains from 1828 to 1837. Verne took joy in playing interminable rounds of the Game of the Goose with his uncle, and both the game and his uncle's name would be memorialized in two late novels (*The Will of an Eccentric* (1900) and *Robur the Conqueror* (1886), respectively).

A VOYAGE ROUND THE WORLD.



IN SEARCH OF

THE CASTAWAYS:

A ROMANTIC NARRATIVE

OF THE

LOSS OF CAPTAIN GRANT OF THE BRIG BRITANNIA

AND OF

THE ADVENTURES OF HIS CHILDREN AND FRIENDS

IN HIS DISCOVERY AND RESCUE.

BY

JULES VERNE,

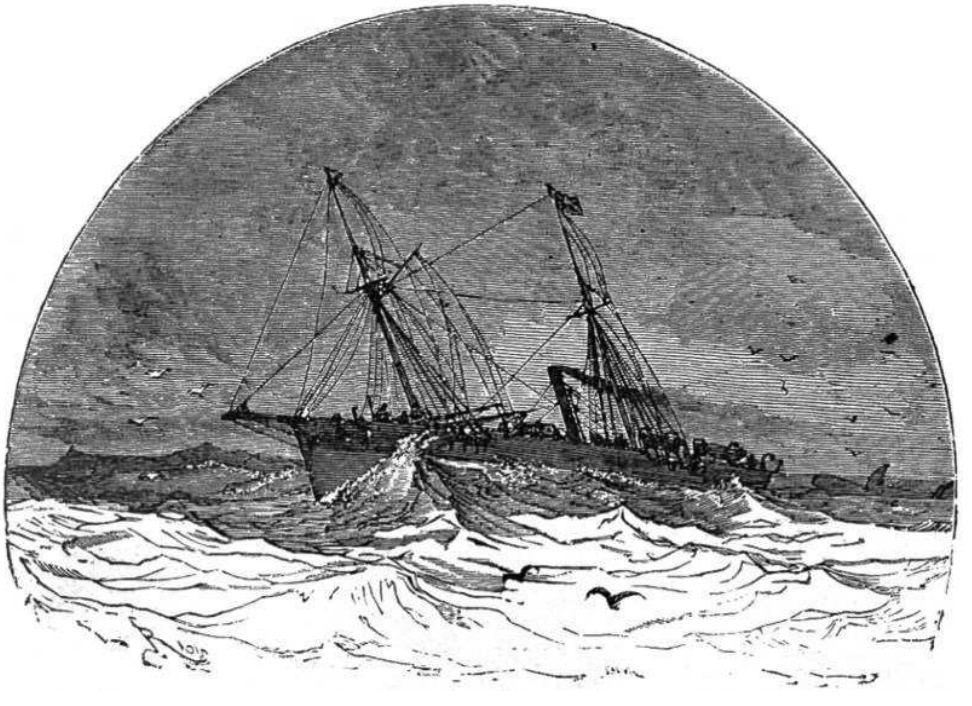
AUTHOR OF "TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED WITH ONE HUNDRED AND SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS

PHILADELPHIA:

J. B. LIPPINCOTT & CO.

1874.



CHAPTER I.

THE SHARK.

On the 26th of July, 1864, under a strong gale from the northeast, a magnificent yacht was steaming at full speed through the waves of the North Channel. The flag of England fluttered at her yard-arm, while at the top of the mainmast floated a blue pennon, bearing the initials E. G., worked in gold and surmounted by a ducal coronet. The yacht was called the Duncan, and belonged to Lord Glenarvan, one of the sixteen Scottish peers sitting in the House of Lords, and also a most distinguished member of the "Royal Thames Yacht Club," so celebrated throughout the United Kingdom.

Lord Edward Glenarvan was on board with his young wife, Lady Helena, and one of his cousins, Major MacNabb. The Duncan, newly constructed, had just been making a trial voyage several miles beyond the Frith of Clyde, and was now on her return to Glasgow. Already Arran Island was appearing on the horizon, when the look-out signaled an enormous fish that was sporting in the wake of the yacht. The captain, John Mangles, at once informed Lord Glenarvan of the fact, who mounted on deck with Major MacNabb, and asked the captain what he thought of the animal.

"Indeed, your lordship," replied Captain Mangles, "I think it is a shark of large proportions."

"A shark in these regions!" exclaimed Glenarvan.

"Without doubt," replied the captain. "This fish belongs to a species of sharks that are found in all seas and latitudes. It is the 'balance-fish,' and, if I am not greatly mistaken, we shall have an encounter with one of these fellows. If your lordship consents, and it pleases Lady Helena to witness such a novel chase, we will soon see what we have to deal with."

"What do you think, MacNabb?" said Lord Glenarvan to the major; "are you of a mind to try the adventure?"

"I am of whatever opinion pleases you," answered the major, calmly.

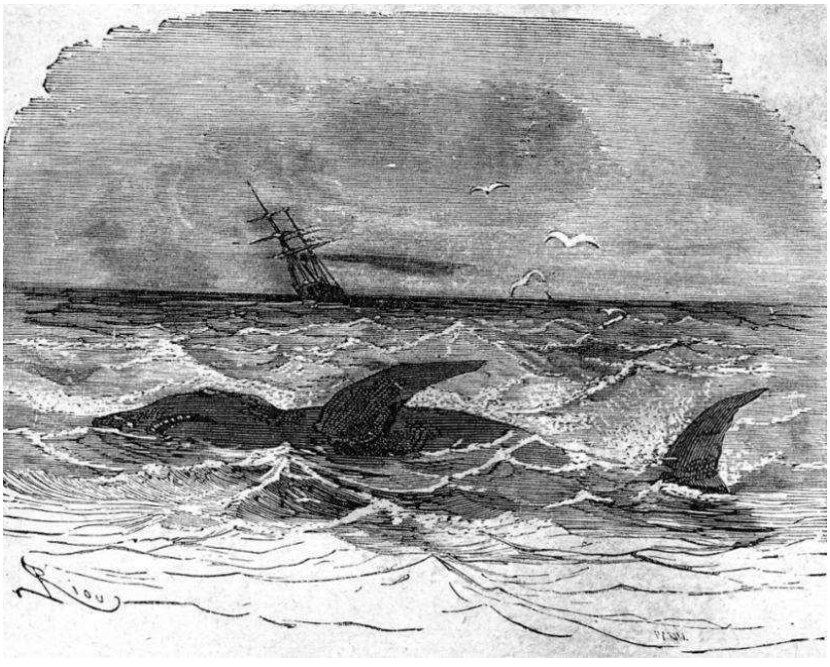
"Besides," continued Captain Mangles, "we cannot too soon exterminate these terrible monsters. Let us improve the opportunity, and, if your lordship pleases, it shall be an exciting scene as well as a good action."

"Very well, captain," said Lord Glenarvan. He then summoned Lady Helena, who joined him on deck, tempted by the exciting sport.

The sea was magnificent. You could easily follow along its surface the rapid motions of the fish, as it plunged and rose again with surprising agility. Captain Mangles gave his orders, and the sailors threw over the starboard ratling a stout rope, to which was fastened a hook baited with a thick piece of pork.

THE LAST MOUTHFUL.

The shark, although still at a distance of fifty yards, scented the bait offered to his voracity. He rapidly approached the yacht. You could see his fins, gray at their extremity and black at their base, beat the waves with violence, while his "caudal appendage" kept him in a rigorously straight line. As he advanced, his great glaring eyes seemed inflamed with eagerness, and his yawning jaws, when he turned, disclosed a quadruple row of teeth. His head was large, and shaped like a double-headed hammer. Captain Mangles was right. It was a very large specimen of the most rapacious family of sharks,—the "balance fish" of the English and the "jew-fish" of the Provençals.



All on board of the Duncan followed the movements of the shark with lively attention. The animal was soon within reach of the hook; he turned upon his back, in order to seize it better, and the enormous bait disappeared down his vast gullet. At the same time he hooked himself, giving the line a violent shake, whereupon the sailors hoisted the huge creature by means of a pulley at the end of the yard-arm.

The shark struggled violently at feeling himself drawn from his natural element, but his struggles were of no avail. A rope with a slip-noose confined his tail and paralyzed his movements. A few moments afterward he was hauled over the ratlings, and precipitated upon the deck of the yacht. One of the sailors at once approached him, not without caution, and with a vigorous blow of the hatchet cut off the formidable tail of the animal.

The chase was ended, and there was nothing more to fear from the monster. The vengeance of the sailors was satisfied, but not their curiosity. Indeed, it is customary on board of every vessel to carefully examine the stomachs of sharks. The men, knowing the inordinate voracity of the creature, wait with some anxiety, and their expectation is not always in vain.

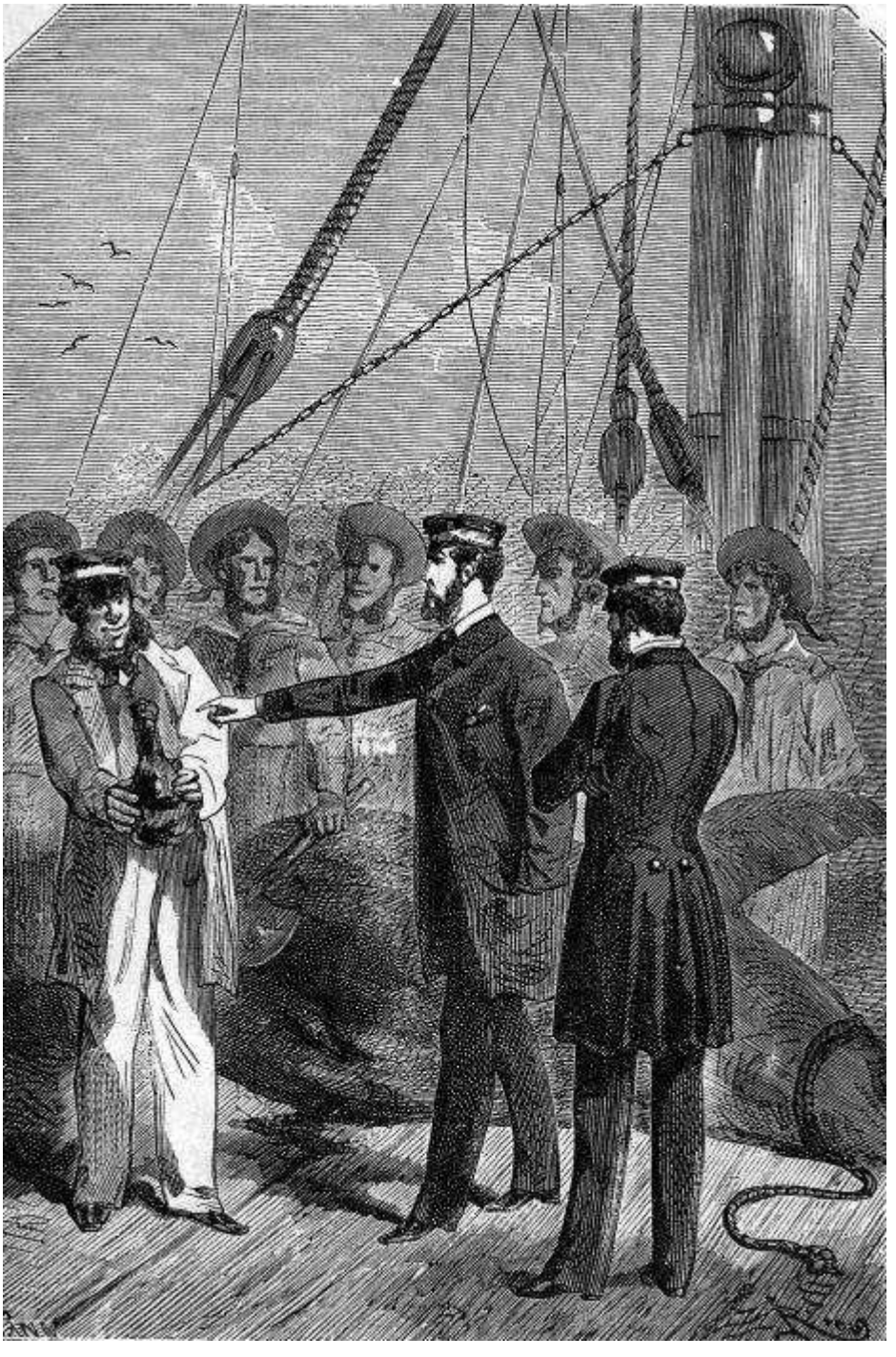
Lady Glenarvan, not wishing to witness this strange "exploration," retired to the cabin. The shark was still panting. He was ten feet long, and weighed more than six hundred pounds. These dimensions are nothing extraordinary; for if the balance-fish is not classed among the giants of this species, at least he belongs to the most formidable of their family.

The enormous fish was soon cut open by a blow of the hatchet, without further ceremony. The hook had penetrated to the stomach, which was absolutely empty. Evidently the animal had fasted a long time, and the disappointed seamen were about to cast the remains into the sea, when the attention of the mate was attracted by a bulky object firmly imbedded in the viscera.

"Ha! what is this?" he exclaimed.

"That," replied one of the sailors, "is a piece of rock that the creature has taken in for ballast."

"Good!" said another; "it is probably a bullet that this fellow has received in the stomach, and could not digest."



"Good," said Glenarvan; "wash the dirty thing, and bring it into the cabin."

"Be still, all of you!" cried Tom Austin, the mate; "do you not see that the animal was a great drunkard? and to lose nothing, has drank not only the wine, but the bottle too!"

"What!" exclaimed Lord Glenarvan, "is it a bottle that this shark has in his stomach?"

"A real bottle!" replied the mate, "but you can easily see that it does not come from the wine-cellar."

"Well, Tom," said Glenarvan, "draw it out carefully. Bottles found in the sea frequently contain precious documents."

"Do you think so?" said Major MacNabb.

"I do; at least, that it may happen so."

"Oh! I do not contradict you," replied the major. "Perhaps there may be a secret in this."

"We shall see," said Glenarvan. "Well, Tom?"

"Here it is," said the mate, displaying the shapeless object that he had just drawn with difficulty from the interior of the shark.

"Good," said Glenarvan; "wash the dirty thing, and bring it into the cabin."

Tom obeyed; and the bottle found under such singular circumstances was placed on the cabin-table, around which Lord Glenarvan, Major MacNabb, and Captain John Mangles took their seats, together with Lady Helena; for a woman, they say, is always a little inquisitive.

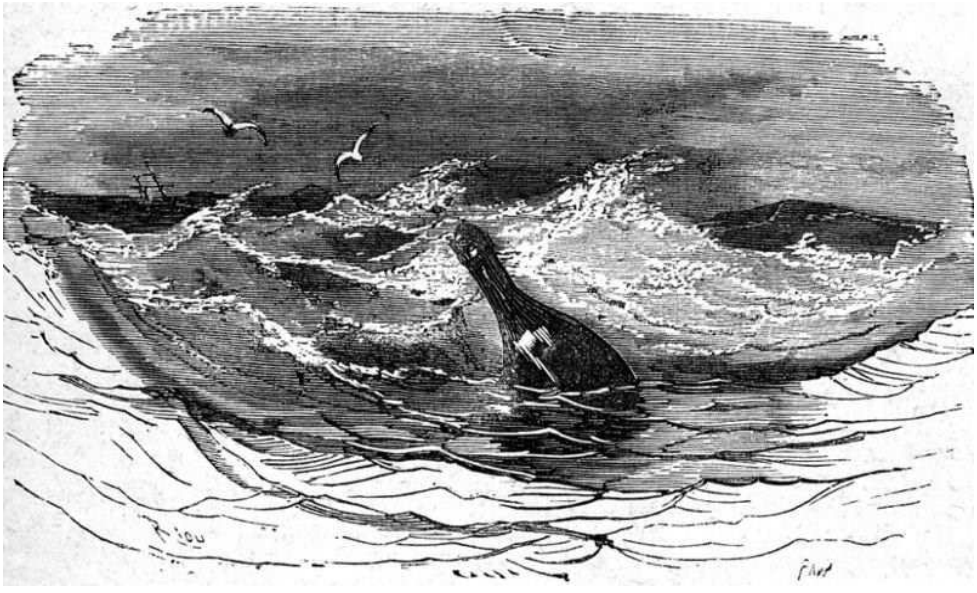
Everything causes excitement at sea. For a moment there was silence. Each gazed wonderingly at this strange waif. Did it contain the secret of a disaster, or only an insignificant message confided to the mercy of the waves by some idle navigator?

"OLD IN BOTTLE."

However, they must know what it was, and Glenarvan, without waiting longer, proceeded to examine the bottle. He took, moreover, all necessary precautions. You would have thought a coroner was pointing out the particulars of a suspicious quest. And Glenarvan was right, for the most insignificant mark in appearance may often lead to an important discovery.

Before examining it internally, the bottle was inspected externally. It had a slender neck, the mouth of which was protected by an iron wire considerably rusted. Its sides were very thick, and capable of supporting a pressure of several atmospheres, betray-

ing evidently previous connection with champagne. With these bottles the wine-dressers of Aï and Epernay block carriage-wheels without their showing the slightest fracture. This one could, therefore, easily bear the hardships of a long voyage.



"A bottle of the Maison Cliquot," said the major quietly; and, as if he ought to know, his affirmation was accepted without contradiction.

"My dear major," said Lady Helena, "it matters little what this bottle is, provided we know whence it comes."

"We shall know, my dear," said Lord Edward, "and already we can affirm that it has come from a distance. See the petrified particles that cover it, these substances mineralized, so to speak, under the action of the sea-water. This waif had already taken a long voyage in the ocean, before being engulfed in the stomach of a shark."

"I cannot but be of your opinion," replied the major; "this fragile vase, protected by its strong envelope, must have made a long journey."

"But whence does it come?" inquired Lady Glenarvan.

"Wait, my dear Helena, wait. We must be patient with bottles. If I am not greatly mistaken, this one will itself answer all our questions."

And so saying, Glenarvan began to scrape off the hard particles that protected the neck. Soon the cork appeared, but very much damaged with the salt water.

"This is a pity," said Glenarvan; "for if there is any paper in it, it will be in a bad condition."

"That's what I fear," replied the major.

"I will add," continued Glenarvan, "that this badly-corked bottle would soon have sunk; and it is fortunate that this shark swallowed it, and brought it on board of the Duncan."

"Certainly," interposed Captain Mangles; "it would have been better, however, had it been caught in the open sea on a well-known latitude and longitude. We could then, by studying the atmospheric and marine currents, have discovered the course traversed; but with a guide like one of these sharks, that travel against wind and tide, we cannot know whence it comes."

"We shall soon see," answered Glenarvan. At the same time he drew out the cork with the greatest care, and a strong saline odor permeated the cabin.

"Well?" said Lady Helena, with a truly feminine impatience.

"Yes," said Glenarvan; "I am not mistaken! Here are papers!"

"Documents! documents!" cried Lady Helena.

"Only," replied Glenarvan, "they appear to be damaged by the water. It is impossible to remove them, for they adhere to the sides of the bottle."

"Let us break it," said MacNabb.

"I would rather keep it whole," replied Glenarvan.

The fragments soon strewed the table, and several pieces of paper were perceived adhering to each other. Glenarvan drew them out carefully.

"I should, too," said the major.

"Very true," added Lady Helena; "but the contents are more valuable than that which contains them, and it is better to sacrifice one than the other."

"Let your lordship only break off the neck," said the captain, "and that will enable you to draw them out without injury."

"Yes, yes, my dear Edward!" cried Lady Glenarvan.



It was difficult to proceed in any other way, and, at all hazards, Glenarvan determined to break the neck of the precious bottle. It was necessary to use a hammer, for the stony covering had acquired the hardness of granite. The fragments soon strewed

the table, and several pieces of paper were perceived adhering to each other. Glenarvan drew them out carefully, separating and examining them closely, while Lady Helena, the major, and the captain crowded around him.





CHAPTER II.

THE THREE DOCUMENTS.

These pieces of paper, half destroyed by the sea-water, exhibited only a few words, the traces of handwriting almost entirely effaced. For several minutes Lord Glenarvan examined them attentively, turned them about in every way, and exposed them to the light of day, observing the least traces of writing spared by the sea. Then he looked at his friends, who were regarding him with anxious eyes.

"There are here," said he, "three distinct documents, probably three copies of the same missive, translated into three different languages: one English, another French, and the third German. The few words that remain leave no doubt on this point."

"But these words have at least a meaning?" said Lady Glenarvan.

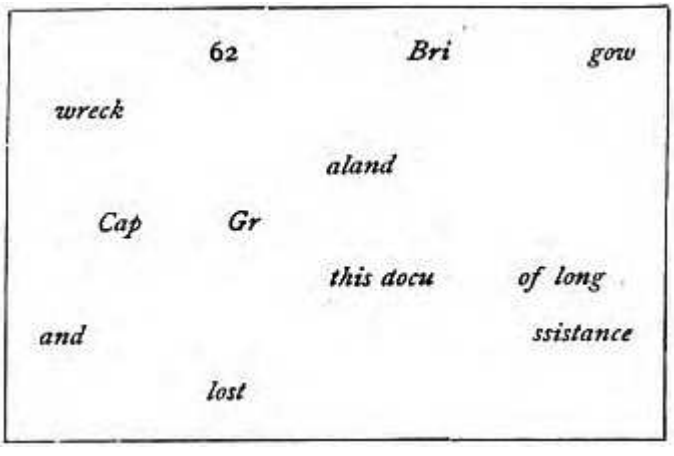
"That is difficult to say, my dear Helena. The words traced on these papers are very imperfect."

"Perhaps they will complete each other," said the major.

"That may be," replied Captain Mangles. "It is not probable that the water has obliterated these lines in exactly the same places on each, and by comparing these remains of phrases we shall arrive at some intelligible meaning."

"We will do so," said Lord Glenarvan; "but let us proceed systematically. And, first, here is the English document."

It showed the following arrangement of lines and words:



"That does not mean much," said the major, with an air of disappointment.

"Whatever it may mean," replied the captain, "it is good English."

"There is no doubt of that," said his lordship. "The words *wreck, aland, this, and, lost*, are perfect. *Cap* evidently means *captain*, referring to the captain of a ship-wrecked vessel."

"Let us add," said the captain, "the portions of the words *docu* and *ssistance*, the meaning of which is plain."

"Well, something is gained already!" added Lady Helena.

"Unfortunately," replied the major, "entire lines are wanting. How can we find the name of the lost vessel, or the place of shipwreck?"

"We shall find them," said Lord Edward.

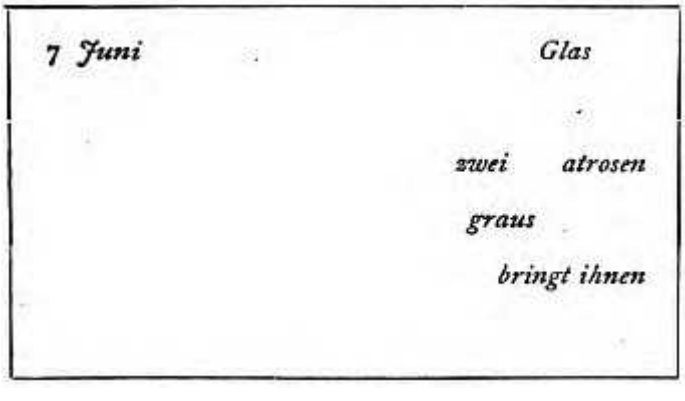
"Very likely," answered the major, who was invariably of the opinion of every one else; "but how?"

"By comparing one document with another."

"Let us see!" cried Lady Helena.

The second piece of paper, more damaged than the former, exhibited only isolated words, arranged thus:

COMPARATIVE PHILOLOGY.



"This is written in German," said Captain Mangles, when he had cast his eyes upon it.

"And do you know that language?" asked Glenarvan.

"Perfectly, your lordship."

"Well, tell us what these few words mean."

The captain examined the document closely, and expressed himself as follows:

"First, the date of the event is determined. *7 Juni* means June 7th, and by comparing this figure with the figures '62,' furnished by the English document, we have the date complete,—June 7th, 1862."

"Very well!" exclaimed Lady Helena. "Go on."

"On the same line," continued the young captain, "I find the word *Glas*, which, united with the word *gow* of the first document, gives *Glasgow*. It is plainly a ship from the port of Glasgow."

"That was my opinion," said the major.

"The second line is missing entirely," continued Captain Mangles; "but on the third I meet with two important words *zwei*, which means *two*, and *atrosen*, or rather *matrosen*, which signifies *sailors* in German."

"There were a captain and two sailors, then?" said Lady Helena.

"Probably," replied her husband.

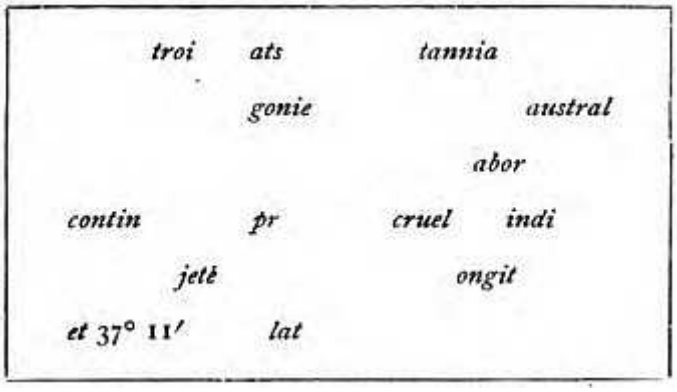
"I will confess, your lordship," said the captain, "that the next word, *graus*, puzzles me. I do not know how to translate it. Perhaps the third document will enable us to understand it. As to the two last words, they are easily explained. *Bringt ihnen* means *bring to them*, and if we compare these with the English word, which is likewise on the sixth line of the first document (I mean the word *assistance*), we shall have the phrase *bring them assistance*."

"Yes, bring them assistance," said Glenarvan. "But where are the unfortunates? We have not yet a single indication of the place, and the scene of the catastrophe is absolutely unknown."

"Let us hope that the French document will be more explicit," said Lady Helena.

"Let us look at it, then," replied Glenarvan; "and, as we all know this language, our examination will be more easy."

Here is an exact fac-simile of the third document:



"There are figures!" cried Lady Helena. "Look, gentlemen, look!"

"Let us proceed in order," said Lord Glenarvan, "and start at the beginning. Permit me to point out one by one these scattered and incomplete words. I see from the first letters *troi ats* (*trois-mats*), that it is a brig, the name of which, thanks to the English and French documents, is entirely preserved: *The Britannia*. Of the two following words, *gonie* and *austral*, only the last has an intelligible meaning."

THE PUZZLE EXPLAINED.

"That is an important point," replied Captain Mangles; "the shipwreck took place in the southern hemisphere."

"That is indefinite," said the major.

"I will continue," resumed Glenarvan. "The word *abor* is the trace of the verb *aborder* (to land). These unfortunates have landed somewhere. But where? *Contin!* Is it on a continent? *Cruel!*"

"'Cruel!'" cried Mangles; "that explains the German word *graus, grausam, cruel*!"

"Go on, go on!" cried Glenarvan, whose interest was greatly excited as the meaning of these incomplete words was elucidated. "*Indi*! Is it India, then, where these sailors have been cast? What is the meaning of the word *ongit*? Ha, longitude! And here is the latitude, 37° 11'. In short, we have a definite indication."

"But the longitude is wanting," said MacNabb.

"We cannot have everything, my dear major," replied Glenarvan; "and an exact degree of latitude is something. This French document is decidedly the most complete of the three. Each of them was evidently a literal translation of the others, for they all

convey the same information. We must, therefore, unite and translate them into one language, and seek their most probable meaning, the one that is most logical and explicit."

"Shall we make this translation in French, English, or German?" asked the major.

"In English," answered Glenarvan, "since that is our own language."

"Your lordship is right," said Captain Mangles, "besides, it was also theirs."

"It is agreed, then. I will write this document, uniting these parts of words and fragments of phrases, leaving the gaps that separate them, and filling up those the meaning of which is not ambiguous. Then we will compare them and form an opinion."

Glenarvan at once took a pen, and, in a few moments, presented to his friends a paper on which were written the following lines:

June 7, 1862 brig Britannia Glasgow
wrecked gonia Southern
ashore two sailors
Captain Gr rea
contin pr cruel Indi
thrown this document of longitude
and 37° 11′ of latitude Bring them assistance
lost.

At this moment a sailor informed the captain that the Duncan was entering the Frith of Clyde, and asked his orders.

"What are your lordship's wishes?" said the captain, addressing Lord Glenarvan.

"Reach Dumbarton as quickly as possible, captain. Then, while Lady Helena returns to Malcolm Castle, I will go to London and submit this document to the authorities."

The captain gave his orders in pursuance of this, and the mate executed them.

"Now, my friends," said Glenarvan, "we will continue our investigations. We are on the track of a great catastrophe. The lives of several men depend upon our sagacity. Let us use therefore all our ingenuity to divine the secret of this enigma."

"We are ready, my dear Edward," replied Lady Helena.

"First of all," continued Glenarvan, "we must consider three distinct points in this document. First, what is known; second, what can be conjectured; and third, what is unknown. What do we know? That on the 7th of June, 1862, a brig, the Britannia, of

Glasgow, was wrecked; that two sailors and the captain threw this document into the sea in latitude 37° 11', and in it ask for assistance."

"Exactly," replied the major.

"LINE UPON LINE."

"What can we conjecture?" resumed Glenarvan. "First, that the shipwreck took place in the South Seas; and now I call your attention to the word *gonia*. Does it not indicate the name of the country which they reached?"

"Patagonia!" cried Lady Helena.

"Probably."

"But is Patagonia crossed by the thirty-seventh parallel?" asked the major.

"That is easily seen," said the captain, taking out a map of South America. "It is so: Patagonia is bisected by the thirty-seventh parallel, which crosses Araucania, over the Pampas, north of Patagonia, and is lost in the Atlantic."

"Well, let us continue our conjectures. The two sailors and the captain *abor, land*. Where? *Contin*,—the *continent*, you understand; a continent, not an island. What becomes of them? We have fortunately two letters, *pr*, which inform us of their fate. These unfortunates, in short, are *captured* (pris) or *prisoners*. By whom? The *cruel Indians*. Are you convinced? Do not the words fit naturally into the vacant places? Does not the document grow clear to your eyes? Does not light break in upon your mind?"

Glenarvan spoke with conviction. His looks betokened an absolute confidence; and his enthusiasm was communicated to his hearers. Like him they cried, "It is plain! it is plain!"

A moment after Lord Edward resumed, in these terms:

"All these hypotheses, my friends, seem to me extremely plausible. In my opinion, the catastrophe took place on the shores of Patagonia. However, I will inquire at Glasgow what was the destination of the Britannia, and we shall know whether she could have been led to these regions."

"We do not need to go so far," replied the captain; "I have here the shipping news of the *Mercantile and Shipping Gazette*, which will give us definite information."

"Let us see! let us see!" said Lady Glenarvan.

Captain Mangles took a file of papers of the year 1862, and began to turn over the leaves rapidly. His search was soon ended; as he said, in a tone of satisfaction,—

"May 30, 1862, Callao, Peru, *Britannia*, Captain Grant, bound for Glasgow."

"Grant!" exclaimed Lord Glenarvan; "that hardy Scotchman who wished to found a new Scotland in the waters of the Pacific?"

"Yes," answered the captain, "the very same, who, in 1861, embarked in the Britannia at Glasgow, and of whom nothing has since been heard."

"Exactly! exactly!" said Glenarvan; "it is indeed he. The Britannia left Callao the 30th of May, and on the 7th of June, eight days after her departure, she was lost on the shores of Patagonia. This is the whole story elucidated from the remains of these words that seemed undecipherable. You see, my friends, that what we can conjecture is very important. As to what we do not know, this is reduced to one item, the missing degree of longitude."

"It is of no account," added Captain Mangles, "since the country is known; and with the latitude alone, I will undertake to go straight to the scene of the shipwreck."

"We know all, then?" said Lady Glenarvan.

"All, my dear Helena: and these blanks that the sea has made between the words of the document, I can as easily fill out as though I were writing at the dictation of Captain Grant."

Accordingly Lord Glenarvan took the pen again, and wrote, without hesitation, the following note:

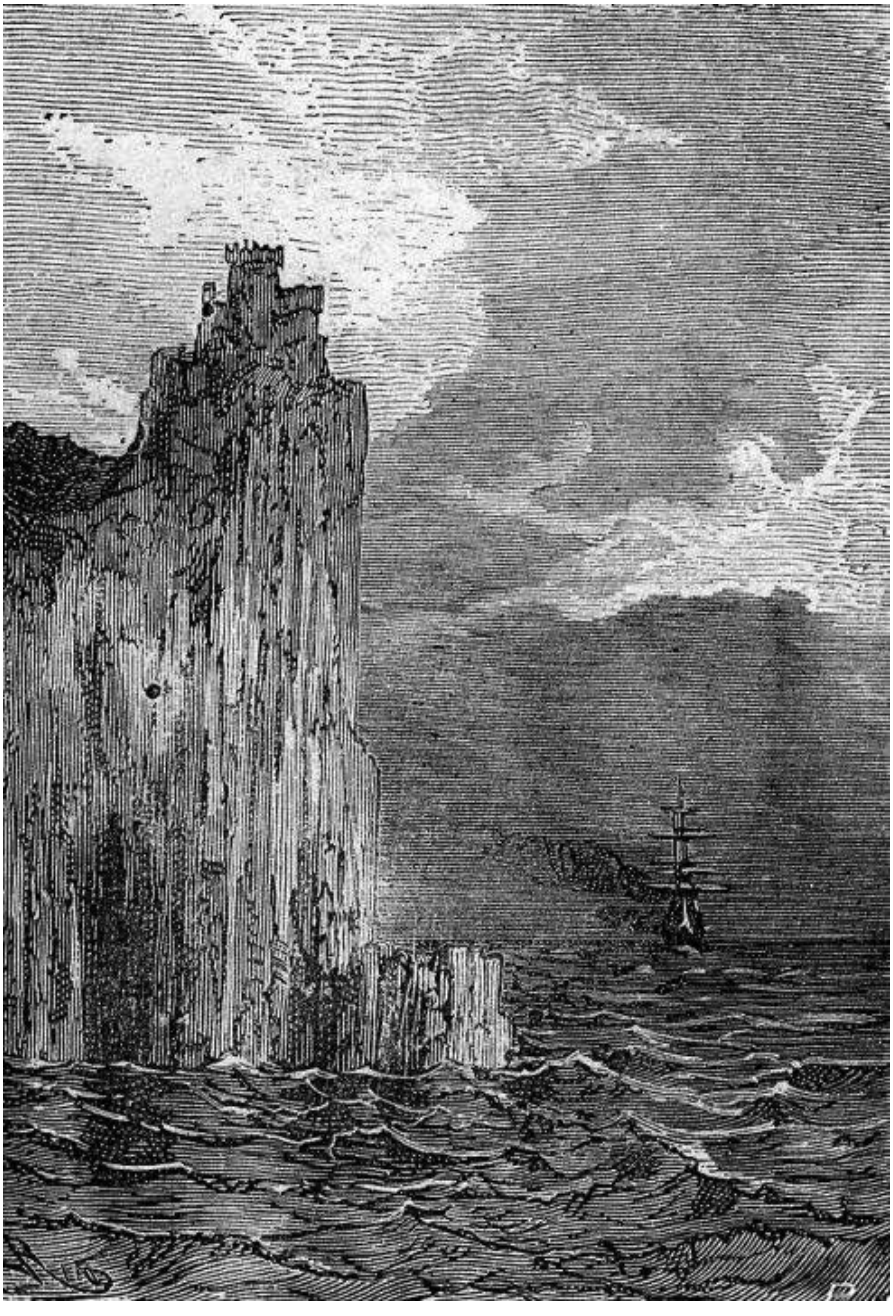
"June 7, 1862.—The brig Britannia of Glasgow was wrecked on the shores of Patagonia, in the Southern Hemisphere. Directing their course to land, two sailors and Captain Grant attempted to reach the continent, where they will be prisoners of the cruel Indians. They have thrown this document into the sea, at longitude ——, latitude 37° 11'. Bring them assistance or they are lost."

A NOBLE RESOLVE.

"Good! good! my dear Edward!" said Lady Glenarvan; "and if these unfortunates see their native country again, they will owe this happiness to you."

"And they shall see it again," replied Glenarvan. "This document is too explicit, too clear, too certain, for Englishmen to hesitate. What has been done for Sir John Franklin, and so many others, will also be done for the shipwrecked of the Britannia."

"But these unfortunates," answered Lady Helena, "have, without doubt, a family that mourns their loss. Perhaps this poor Captain Grant has a wife, children——"



Dumbarton Castle.

"You are right, my dear lady; and I charge myself with informing them that all hope is not yet lost. And now, my friends, let us go on deck, for we must be approaching the harbor."

Indeed, the Duncan had forced on steam, and was now skirting the shores of Bute Island. Rothesay, with its charming little village nestling in its fertile valley, was left on the starboard, and the vessel entered the narrow inlets of the frith, passed Greenock, and, at six in the evening, was anchored at the foot of the basaltic rocks of Dumbarton, crowned by the celebrated castle.

Here a coach was waiting to take Lady Helena and Major MacNabb back to Malcolm Castle. Lord Glenarvan, after embracing his young wife, hurried to take the express train for Glasgow. But before going, he confided an important message to a more rapid agent, and a few moments after the electric telegraph conveyed to the *Times* and *Morning Chronicle* an advertisement in the following terms:

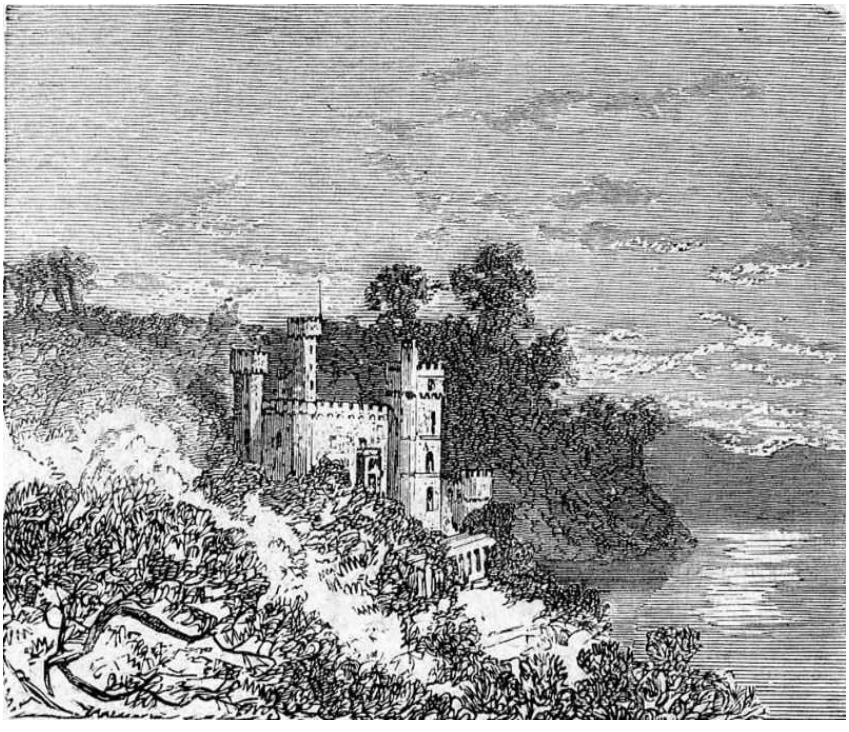
"For any information concerning the brig Britannia of Glasgow, Captain Grant, address Lord Glenarvan, Malcolm Castle, Luss, County of Dumbarton, Scotland."

CHAPTER III.

THE CAPTAIN'S CHILDREN.

THE GLENARVAN ANCESTRY.

The castle of Malcolm, one of the most romantic in Scotland, is situated near the village of Luss, whose pretty valley it crowns. The limpid waters of Loch Lomond bathe the granite of its walls. From time immemorial it has belonged to the Glenarvan family, who have preserved in the country of Rob Roy and Fergus MacGregor the hospitable customs of the ancient heroes of Walter Scott. At the epoch of the social revolution in Scotland, a great number of vassals were expelled, because they could not pay the great rents to the ancient chiefs of the clans. Some died of hunger, others became fishermen, others emigrated. There was general despair.



Among all these the Glenarvans alone believed that fidelity bound the high as well as the low, and they remained faithful to their tenants. Not one left the roof under which he was born; not one abandoned the soil where his ancestors reposed; all continued in the clan of their ancient lords. Thus at this epoch, in this age of disaffection

and disunion, the Glenarvan family considered the Scots at Malcolm Castle as their own people. All were descended from the vassals of their kinsmen; were children of the counties of Stirling and Dumbarton, and honestly devoted, body and estate, to their master.

Lord Glenarvan possessed an immense fortune, which he employed in doing much good. His kindness exceeded even his generosity, for one was boundless, while the other was necessarily limited. The lord of Luss, the "laird" of Malcolm, represented his fellows in the House of Lords; but with true Scottish ideas, little pleasing to the southrons, he was disliked by many of them especially because he adhered to the traditions of his ancestors, and energetically opposed some dicta of modern political economy.

He was not, however, a backward man, either in wit or shrewdness; but while ready to enter every door of progress, he remained Scotch at heart, and it was for the glory of his native land that he contended with his racing yachts in the matches of the Royal Thames Yacht Club.

Lord Edward Glenarvan was thirty-two years old. His form was erect and his features sharp, but his look was mild, and his character thoroughly imbued with the poetry of the Highlands. He was known to be brave to excess, enterprising, chivalrous, a Fergus of the nineteenth century; but good above all, better than Saint Martin himself, for he would have given his very cloak to the poor people of the Highlands.

He had been married scarcely three months, having espoused Miss Helena Tuffnel, daughter of the great traveler, William Tuffnel, one of the numerous victims to the great passion for geographical discoveries.

Miss Helena did not belong to a noble family, but she was Scotch, which equaled all nobilities in the eyes of Lord Glenarvan. This charming young creature, high-minded and devoted, the lord of Luss had made the companion of his life. He found her one day living alone, an orphan, almost without fortune, in the house of her father at Kilpatrick. He saw that the poor girl would make a noble wife, and he married her.

Miss Tuffnel was twenty-two, a youthful blonde, with eyes as blue as the waters of the Scotch lakes on a beautiful morning in spring. Her love for her husband exceeded even her gratitude. She loved him as if she had been the rich heiress, and he the friendless orphan. As to their tenants and servants, they were ready to lay down their lives for her whom they called "our good lady of Luss."

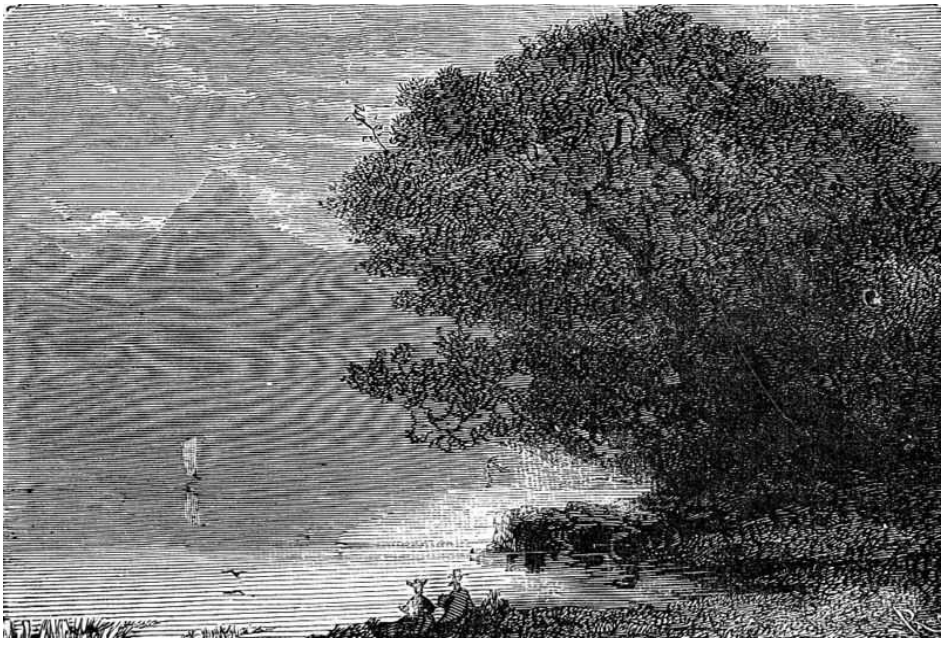
LIFE IN THE SCOTTISH HOME.

Lord and Lady Glenarvan lived happily at Malcolm Castle, in the midst of the grand and wild scenery of the Highlands, rambling in the shady alleys of horse-chestnuts and sycamores, along the shores of the lake, where still resounded the war cries of ancient times, or in the depths of those uncultivated gorges in which the history of Scotland lies written in ruins from age to age. One day they would wander in the forests of beeches and larches, and in the midst of the masses of heather; another, they would scale the precipitous summits of Ben Lomond, or traverse on horseback the solitary glens, studying, comprehending, and admiring this poetic country, still called "the land of Rob Roy," and all those celebrated sites so grandly sung by Walter Scott.

In the sweet, still evening, when the "lantern of Mac Farlane" illumined the horizon, they would stroll along the "bartizans," an old circular balcony that formed a chain of battlements to Malcolm Castle, and there, pensive, oblivious, and as if alone in the world, seated on some detached rock, under the pale rays of the moon, while night gradually enveloped the rugged summits of the mountains, they would continue wrapt in that pure ecstasy and inward delight known only to loving hearts.

Thus passed the first months of their married life. But Lord Glenarvan did not forget that his wife was the daughter of a great traveler. He thought that Lady Helena must have in her heart all the aspirations of her father, and he was not mistaken. The Duncan was constructed, and was designed to convey Lord and Lady Glenarvan to the most beautiful countries of the world, along the waves of the Mediterranean, and to the isles of the Archipelago. Imagine the joy of Lady Helena when her husband placed the Duncan at her disposal! Indeed, can there be a greater happiness than to lead your love towards those charming "isles where Sappho sung," and behold the enchanting scenes of the Orient, with all their spirit-stirring memories?





Meantime Lord Glenarvan had started for London. The safety of the unfortunate shipwrecked men was at stake. Thus, in his temporary absence, Lady Helena showed herself more anxious than sad. The next day a dispatch from her husband made her hope for a speedy return; in the evening a letter hinted at its postponement. His proposal had to encounter some difficulties, and the following day a second letter came, in which Lord Glenarvan did not conceal his indignation against the authorities.

"Please, madam, speak! I am strong against grief, and can hear all."

On that day Lady Helena began to be uneasy. At evening she was alone in her chamber, when the steward of the castle, Mr. Halbert, came to ask if she would see a young girl and boy who desired to speak with Lord Glenarvan.

"People of the country?" asked Lady Helena.

"No, madam," replied the steward, "for I do not know them. They have just arrived by the Balloch railway, and from Balloch to Luss they tell me they have made the journey on foot."

"Bid them come up, steward," said Lady Glenarvan.

The steward withdrew. Some moments afterward the young girl and boy were ushered into Lady Helena's chamber. They were brother and sister; you could not doubt it by their resemblance.

The sister was sixteen. Her pretty face showed weariness, her eyes must have shed many tears; her resigned, but courageous, countenance, and her humble, but neat, attire, all prepossessed one in her favor. She held by the hand a boy of twelve years, of determined look, who seemed to take his sister under his protection. Indeed, whoever had insulted the young girl would have had to settle with this little gentleman.



The sister stopped, a little surprised at seeing herself before Lady Helena; but the latter hastened to open the conversation.

"You wish to speak with me?" said she, with an encouraging look at the young girl.

"ONE TOUCH OF NATURE."

"No," answered the boy, in a decided tone; "not with you, but with Lord Glenarvan himself."

"Excuse him, madam," said the sister, looking at her brother.

"Lord Glenarvan is not at the castle," replied Lady Helena; "but I am his wife, and if I can supply his place with you——"

"You are Lady Glenarvan?" said the young girl.

"Yes, miss."

"The wife of Lord Glenarvan, of Malcolm Castle, who published an advertisement in the *Times* in regard to the shipwreck of the Britannia?"

"Yes, yes!" answered Lady Helena, with alacrity. "And you?"

"I am Miss Grant, and this is my brother."

"Miss Grant! Miss Grant!" cried Lady Helena, drawing the young girl towards her, and taking her hands, while she also drew the boy towards her.

"Madam," replied the young girl, "what do you know of the shipwreck of my father? Is he living? Shall we ever see him again? Speak! oh, please tell me!"

"My dear child," said Lady Helena, "God forbid that I should answer you lightly on such a subject; I would not give you a vain hope——"

"Please, madam, speak! I am strong against grief, and can hear all."

"My dear child," answered Lady Helena, "the hope is very slight, but with the help of God who can do everything, it is possible that you will one day see your father again."

"Alas, alas!" exclaimed Miss Grant, who could not restrain her tears, while Robert covered the hands of Lady Glenarvan with kisses.

When the first paroxysm of this mournful joy was past, the young girl began to ask innumerable questions. Lady Helena related the story of the document, how that the Britannia had been lost on the shores of Patagonia; in what way, after the shipwreck, the captain and two sailors, the only survivors, must have reached the continent; and,

at last, how they implored the assistance of the whole world in this document, written in three languages, and abandoned to the caprices of the ocean.

During this recital Robert Grant devoured Lady Helena with his eyes; his life seemed to hang on her lips. In his childish imagination he reviewed the terrible scenes of which his father must have been the victim. He saw him on the deck of the Britannia; he followed him to the bosom of the waves; he clung with him to the rocks of the shore; he dragged himself panting along the beach, out of reach of the waves.

Often during the course of this narration words escaped his lips.

"Oh, papa! my poor papa!" he cried, pressing close to his sister.

As for Miss Grant, she listened with clasped hands, and did not utter a word until the story was ended, when she said,—

"Oh, madam, the document! the document!"

"I no longer have it, my dear child," replied Lady Helena.

"You no longer have it?"

"No; for the very sake of your father, Lord Glenarvan had to take it to London; but I have told you all it contained, word for word, and how we succeeded in discovering the exact meaning. Among these remains of the almost effaced words the water had spared some characters. Unfortunately the record of the longitude had altogether been destroyed, but that was the only missing point. Thus you see, Miss Grant, the minutest details of this document are known to you as well as me."

"Yes, madam," replied the young girl; "but I would like to have seen my father's writing."

WAITING FOR THE VERDICT.

"Well, to-morrow, perhaps, Lord Glenarvan will return. My husband desired to submit this indisputable document to the authorities in London, to induce them to send a vessel immediately in search of Captain Grant."

"Is it possible, madam!" cried the young girl. "Did you do this for us?"

"Yes, my dear miss, and I expect Lord Glenarvan every moment."

"Madam," said the young girl, in a deep tone of gratitude, and with fervency, "may Heaven bless Lord Glenarvan and you!"

"Dear child," answered Lady Helena, "we deserve no thanks. Any other person in our place would have done the same. May the hopes that are kindled be realized! Till Lord Glenarvan's return you will remain at the castle."

"Madam," said the young girl, "I would not presume on the sympathy you show to us strangers——"

"Strangers! Dear child, neither your brother nor you are strangers in this house; and I desire that Lord Glenarvan on his arrival should inform the children of Captain Grant of what is to be attempted to save their father."

It was not possible to refuse an invitation made with so much cordiality. It was, therefore, decided that Miss Grant and her brother should await at Malcolm Castle the return of Lord Glenarvan.

CHAPTER IV.

LADY GLENARVAN'S PROPOSAL.

During this conversation, Lady Helena had not spoken of the fears expressed in her husband's letters concerning the reception of his petition by the London officials; nor was a word said in regard to the probable captivity of Captain Grant among the Indians of South America. Why afflict these poor children with their father's situation, and check the hopes they had just conceived? It would not change matters. Lady Helena was, therefore, silent on this point, and, after satisfying all Miss Grant's inquiries, she questioned her concerning her life, and situation in the world in which she seemed to be the sole protectress of her brother. It was a simple and touching story, which still more increased Lady Glenarvan's sympathy for the young girl.

Mary and Robert Grant were the only children of Captain Harry Grant, whose wife had died at the birth of Robert, and during his long voyages his children were left to the care of his good old cousin. Captain Grant was a hardy sailor, a man well acquainted with his profession, and a good negotiator, combining thus a twofold aptitude for his calling commercially. His home was at Dundee, in the county of Forfar, and he was moreover, by birth, a child of that "bonnie" place. His father, a minister of Saint Catherine's Church, had given him a thorough education, knowing that it would be sure to help all, even a sea-captain.

IDEAS AND REALITIES.

During his early voyages, first as mate, and afterwards in the capacity of skipper, Harry Grant prospered, and some years after the birth of his son Robert, he found himself the possessor of a considerable fortune.

Then a great idea entered his mind which made his name popular throughout Scotland. Like the Glenarvans and several other great families of the Highlands, he was opposed in heart, if not in deed, to the advance and prevalence of English thought and feeling. The interests of his country could not be in his eyes the same as those of the Anglo-Saxons, and, in order to give the former a peculiar and national development, he resolved to found a Scottish colony in some part of the Southern World. Did he dream of that independence in the future of which the United States had set the example, and which the Indies and Australia cannot fail one day to acquire? Very likely; but

he allowed his secret hopes to be divined. It was, therefore, known that the Government refused to lend their aid in his project of colonization; nay, they even raised obstacles which in any other country would have overcome the project.

But Harry Grant would not be discouraged. He appealed to the patriotism of his countrymen, gave his fortune to serve the cause, built a vessel and furnished it with a fine crew, confided his children to the care of his old cousin, and set sail to explore the great islands of the Pacific.

It was the year 1861. Until May, 1862, they had received news of him, but since his departure from Callao, in the month of June, no one had heard anything of the Britannia, and the marine intelligencers became silent concerning the fate of the captain.

At this juncture of affairs the old cousin of Harry Grant died, and the two children were left alone in the world. Mary Grant was then fourteen. Her courageous soul did not flinch at the situation that was presented, but she devoted herself entirely to her brother, who was still a child. She must bring him up and instruct him. By dint of economy, prudence, and sagacity, laboring night and day, sacrificing all for him, denying herself everything, the sister succeeded in educating her brother and bravely fulfilled her sisterly duties.

The two children lived thus at Dundee, and valiantly overcame their sorrowful and lonely circumstances. Mary thought only of her brother, and dreamed of a happy future for him. As for herself, alas! the Britannia was lost forever, and her father dead! We must not, therefore, attempt to depict her emotion when the advertisement in the *Times* accidentally met her eye, and suddenly raised her from her despair.

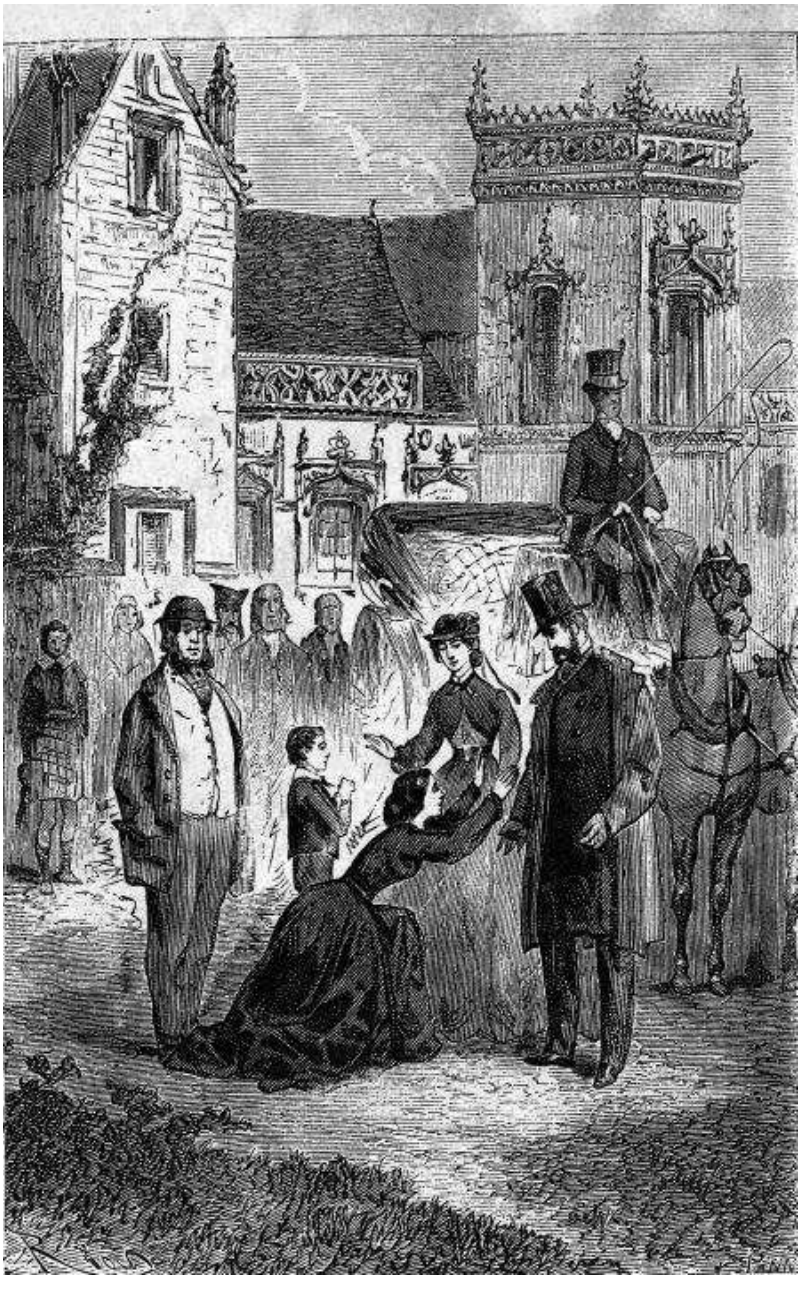
It was no time to hesitate. Her resolution was immediately taken. Even if she should learn that her father's dead body had been found on a desert coast, or in the hull of a shipwrecked vessel, it was better than this continual doubt, this eternal torment of uncertainty. She told her brother all; and the same day the two children took the Perth Railroad, and at evening arrived at Malcolm Castle, where Mary, after so many harassing thoughts, began to hope.

Such was the sorrowful story that the young girl related to Lady Glenarvan, in an artless manner, without thinking that through all those long years of trial she had behaved herself like an heroic daughter. But Lady Helena thought of this, and several times, without hiding her tears, she clasped in her arms the two children of Captain Grant.

As for Robert, it seemed as if he heard this story for the first time: for he opened his eyes in astonishment, as he listened to his sister; comprehended what she had done,

what she had suffered; and at last, encircling her with his arms, he exclaimed, unable longer to restrain the cry that came from the very depths of his heart,—

"Oh, mamma! my dear mamma!"



"My father, my poor father!" cried Mary Grant, throwing herself at the feet of Lord Glenarvan.

Night had now fully set in; and Lady Helena, remembering the fatigue of the two children, would not longer continue the conversation. Mary and Robert were conducted to their chambers, and fell asleep dreaming of a brighter future.

After they had retired, Lady Helena saw the major, and told him all the events of the day.

"That Mary Grant is a brave girl," said MacNabb, when he had heard his cousin's story.

"May Heaven grant my husband success in his enterprise!" replied Lady Helena; "for the situation of the two children would be terrible!"

"He will succeed," answered MacNabb, "or the hearts of the authorities must be harder than the stone of Portland."

In spite of the major's assurance, Lady Helena passed the night in the greatest anxiety, and could scarce gain an hour's repose.

"BROKEN CISTERNS."

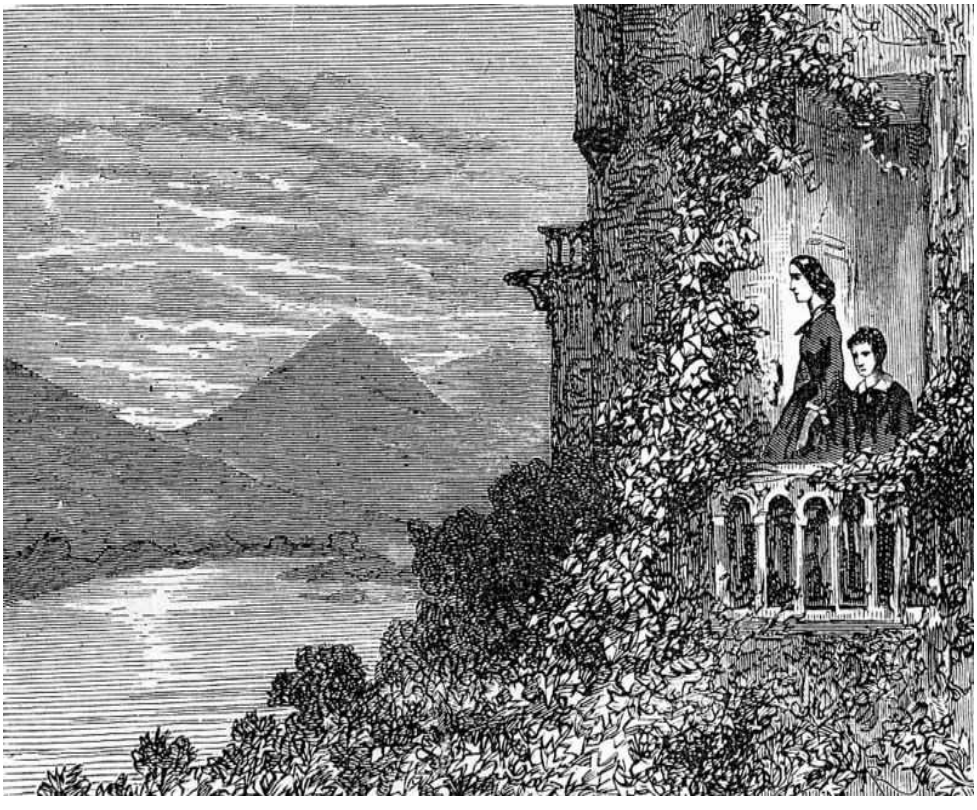
The next morning Mary and her brother rose at daybreak, and were walking in the galleries and water terraces of the castle, when the sound of a coach was heard in the great court-yard. It was Lord Glenarvan returning to Malcolm Castle at the full speed of his horses. Almost immediately Lady Helena, accompanied by the major, appeared in the court-yard, and flew to meet her husband. But he seemed sad, disappointed, and angry. He clasped his wife in his arms, and was silent.

"Well, Edward!" she exclaimed.

"Well, my dear Helena," he replied, "those people have no hearts!"

"They refused?"

"Yes, they refused me a vessel: they spoke of the millions vainly spent in searching for Franklin; they declared the document was vague and unintelligible; they said that the shipwreck of these unfortunates had happened two years ago, and that there was little chance of finding them. They maintained too, that, if prisoners of the Indians, they must have been carried into the interior of the country; that they could not ransack all Patagonia to find three men,—three Scotchmen; the search would be vain and perilous, and would cost the lives of more men than it would save. In short, they gave all the absurd reasons of people who mean to refuse. They remembered the captain's projects, and I fear that the unfortunate man is forever lost!"



"My father, my poor father!" cried Mary Grant, throwing herself at the feet of Lord Glenarvan.

"Your father! What, Miss——?" said he, surprised at seeing a young girl at his feet.

"Yes, Edward, Miss Grant and her brother," replied Lady Helena; "the two children of Captain Grant, who have thus been condemned to remain orphans."

"Ah, miss!" answered Lord Glenarvan, "if I had known of your presence——"

He said no more. A painful silence, interrupted only by sobs, reigned in the court-yard. No one raised his voice, neither Lord Glenarvan, Lady Helena, the major, nor the servants of the castle, who were standing about even at this early hour. But by their attitude they all protested against the conduct of the officials.

After several moments the major resumed the conversation, and, addressing Lord Glenarvan, said,—

"Then you have no more hope?"

"None."

"Well," cried young Robert, "I will go to these people, and—we shall see——"

He did not finish his threat, for his sister stopped him; but his clinched hands indicated his intentions.

"No, Robert," said she, "no; let us thank these kind people for what they have done for us. Let us always keep them in remembrance; but now we must take our departure."

"Mary!" cried Lady Helena.

"Miss, where would you go?" said Lord Glenarvan.

"I am going to throw myself at the feet of the Queen," replied the young girl, "and we shall see if she will be deaf to the prayers of two children imploring help for their father."

Lord Glenarvan shook his head; not that he doubted the clemency of Her Gracious Majesty, but he doubted whether Mary Grant would gain access to her; for but few suppliants reach the steps of a throne.

Lady Helena understood her husband's thoughts. She knew that the young girl might make a fruitless journey, and she pictured to herself these two children leading henceforth a cheerless existence. Then it was that she conceived a grand and noble idea.

"Mary Grant," she exclaimed, "wait, my child; listen to what I am about to say."

The young girl held her brother by the hand, and was preparing to go. She stopped.

Then Lady Helena, with tearful eye, but firm voice and animated features, advanced towards her husband.

"NOBLY PLANNED."

"Edward," said she, "when Captain Grant wrote that letter, and cast it into the sea, he confided it to the care of God himself, who has brought it to us. Without doubt He designed to charge us with the safety of these unfortunates."

"What do you mean, Helena?" inquired Lord Glenarvan, whilst all waited in silence.

"I mean," replied Lady Helena, "that we ought to consider ourselves happy in beginning our married life with a good action. You, my dear Edward, to please me, have planned a pleasure voyage. But what pleasure can be more genuine or more beneficent than to save these unfortunates whom hope has almost abandoned?"

"Helena!" cried Lord Glenarvan.

"Yes, you understand me, Edward. The Duncan is a good, staunch vessel. It can brave the Southern seas; it can make the tour of the world,—and it will, if necessary! Let us start, Edward,—let us go in search of Captain Grant!"

At these courageous words Lord Glenarvan had extended his arms to his wife. He smiled. He pressed her to his heart, while Mary and Robert kissed her hands.

And during this touching scene the servants of the castle, affected and enthusiastic, uttered from their hearts this cry of gratitude,—

"Hurrah for the lady of Luss! Hurrah! three times hurrah, for Lord and Lady Glenarvan!"

CHAPTER V.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE DUNCAN.

It has been already said that Lady Helena had a brave and generous soul. What she had just done was an undeniable proof of it, and Lord Glenarvan had good reason to trust in this noble woman, who was capable of comprehending and following him. The idea of sailing to the rescue of Captain Grant had already taken possession of him when he saw his petition rejected at London; but he could not have thought of separating from her. Yet, since she desired to go herself, all hesitation was at an end. The servants of the castle had received her proposal with cries of joy; the safety of their brother Scots was at stake, and Lord Glenarvan joined heartily in the hurrahs that greeted the lady of Luss.

The scheme once resolved upon, there was not an hour to lose. That very day Lord Glenarvan sent to Captain Mangles orders to bring the Duncan to Glasgow, and make every preparation for a voyage to the South Seas, which might become one of circumnavigation. Moreover, in her plans Lady Helena had not overestimated the qualities of the Duncan: of first-class construction with regard to strength and swiftness, she could without injury sustain a long voyage.

FITTING FOR SEA.

The Duncan was a steam yacht of one hundred and ten tons burden. She had two masts,—a foremast with fore-sail, main-sail, foretop and foretop-gallant sails; and a mainmast, carrying a main-sail and fore-staff. Her rigging was, therefore, sufficient, and she could profit by the wind like a simple clipper; but she relied especially upon her mechanical power. Her engine was of an effective force of one hundred and sixty horse power, and was constructed on a new plan. It possessed apparatus for overheating, which gave its steam a very great tension. It was a high-pressure engine, and produced motion by a double screw. The Duncan under full steam could acquire a speed equal to any vessel of that day. Indeed, during her trial trip in the Frith of Clyde, she had made, according to the log, seventeen knots an hour. She was, therefore, fully capable of circumnavigating the world; and her captain had only to occupy himself with the internal arrangement.

His first care was to increase his store-room, and take in the greatest possible quantity of coal, for it would be difficult to renew their supplies on the voyage. The same precaution was taken with the steward's room, and provisions for two years were stowed away. Money, of course, was not wanting, and a pivot-gun was furnished, which was fixed at the forecastle. You do not know what may happen, and it is always best to have the means of defense in your reach.

Captain Mangles, we must say, understood his business. Although he commanded only a pleasure yacht, he was ranked among the ablest of the Glasgow captains. He was thirty years of age, with rather rough features, indicating courage and kindness. When a child, the Glenarvan family had taken him under their care, and made him an excellent seaman. He had often given proofs of skill, energy, and coolness during his long voyages, and when Lord Glenarvan offered him the command of the Duncan, he accepted it with pride and pleasure, for he loved the lord of Malcolm Castle as a brother, and until then had vainly sought an opportunity to devote himself to his service.

The mate, Tom Austin, was an old sailor worthy of all confidence; and the crew of the Duncan was composed of twenty-five men, including the captain and mate. They all belonged to the county of Dumbarton, were all tried seamen, sons of the tenants of the family, and formed on shipboard a genuine clan of honest people, who of course were not without the national bagpipe. Lord Glenarvan had, in them, a band of faithful subjects, happy in their avocation, devoted, courageous, and skillful in the use of arms, as well as in the management of a ship, while they were ready to follow him on the most perilous expeditions. When they learned where they were going, they could not restrain their joyous emotion, and the echoes of the rocks of Dumbarton awoke to their cries of enthusiasm.

Captain Mangles, while occupied in lading and provisioning his craft, did not forget to prepare Lord and Lady Glenarvan's apartments for a long voyage. He likewise provided cabins for Captain Grant's children, for Lady Helena could not refuse Mary permission to accompany her on the expedition.

As for young Robert, he would have hidden in the hold sooner than not go; even if he had been compelled to serve as cabin-boy, like Lord Nelson and Sir John Franklin, he would have embarked on board the Duncan. To think of opposing such a little gentleman! It was not attempted. They were even obliged to take him other than as passenger, for as cabin-boy or sailor he *would serve*. The captain was accordingly commissioned to teach him the duties of a seaman.

"Good!" said Robert; "and let him not spare a few blows of the rope's end if I do not walk straight."

"Be easy, my boy," replied Glenarvan, without adding that the use of the "cat-o'-nine-tails" was prohibited, and moreover quite needless, on board the Duncan.

GLASGOW GOSSIP.

To complete the roll of the passengers, it will be sufficient to describe Major MacNabb. The major was a man of fifty, of calm, regular features, who did as he was bid; of an excellent and superior character, modest, taciturn, peaceable, and mild; always agreeing with anything or any one, disputing nothing, and neither contradicting himself nor exaggerating. He would mount with measured step the staircase to his bedchamber, even were a cannon-ball behind him; and probably to his dying day would never find an opportunity to fly into a passion.

This man possessed, in a high degree, not only the common courage of the battlefield (that physical bravery due only to nervous strength), but, better still, moral courage, that is to say, firmness of soul. If he had a fault, it was that of being absolutely Scotch from head to foot, a pure-blooded Caledonian, an infatuated observer of the ancient customs of his country. Through his relationship to the Glenarvans he lived at Malcolm Castle; and as major and military man it was very natural that he should be found on board the Duncan.

Such, then, were the passengers of this yacht, summoned by unforeseen circumstances to accomplish one of the most surprising voyages of modern times. Since her arrival at the wharf at Glasgow, she had monopolized the public attention. A considerable number came every day to visit her. They were interested in her alone, and spoke only of her, to the great umbrage of the other captains of the port, among others Captain Burton, commanding the Scotia, a magnificent steamer, moored beside the Duncan, and bound for Calcutta. The Scotia, from her size, had a right to consider the Duncan as a mere fly-boat. Nevertheless, all the attraction centred in Lord Glenarvan's yacht, and increased from day to day.

The time of departure approached. Captain Mangles had shown himself skillful and expeditious. A month after her trial trip in the Frith of Clyde, the Duncan, laden, provisioned, and equipped, was ready to put to sea. The 25th of August was appointed for the time of departure, which would enable the yacht to reach the southern latitudes by the beginning of spring. Lord Glenarvan, when his plan was matured, did not neglect

to make investigations into the hardships and perils of the voyage; yet he did not hesitate on this account, but prepared to leave Malcolm Castle.

On the 24th of August, Lord and Lady Glenarvan, Major MacNabb, Mary and Robert Grant, Mr. Olbinett, the steward of the yacht, and his wife, who was in the service of Lady Glenarvan, left the castle, after taking an affectionate farewell of their family servants. Several hours afterward they found themselves on board. Many of the population of Glasgow welcomed with sympathetic admiration the young and courageous lady who renounced the pleasures of a life of luxury, and sailed to the rescue of the shipwrecked sailors.

The apartments of Lord Glenarvan and his wife occupied the entire stern of the vessel. They consisted of two bed-chambers, a parlor, and two dressing-rooms, adjoining which was an open square inclosed by six cabins, five of which were occupied by Mary and Robert Grant, Mr. and Mrs. Olbinett, and Major MacNabb. As for the cabins of the captain and the mate, they were situated in the forecastle, and opened on the deck. The crew were lodged between-decks very comfortably, for the yacht of course carried nothing but her coal, provisions, and armament.

The Duncan was to start on the night of the 24th, as the tide fell at three o'clock in the morning. But first those who were present were witness to a touching scene. At eight in the evening Lord Glenarvan and his companions, the entire crew, from the firemen to the captain, all who were to take part in this voyage of sacrifice, left the yacht, and betook themselves to Saint Mungo, the ancient cathedral of Glasgow. This antique church, an uninjured relic in the midst of the ruins caused by the Reformation, and so marvelously described by Walter Scott, received beneath its massive arches the owners and sailors of the Duncan.

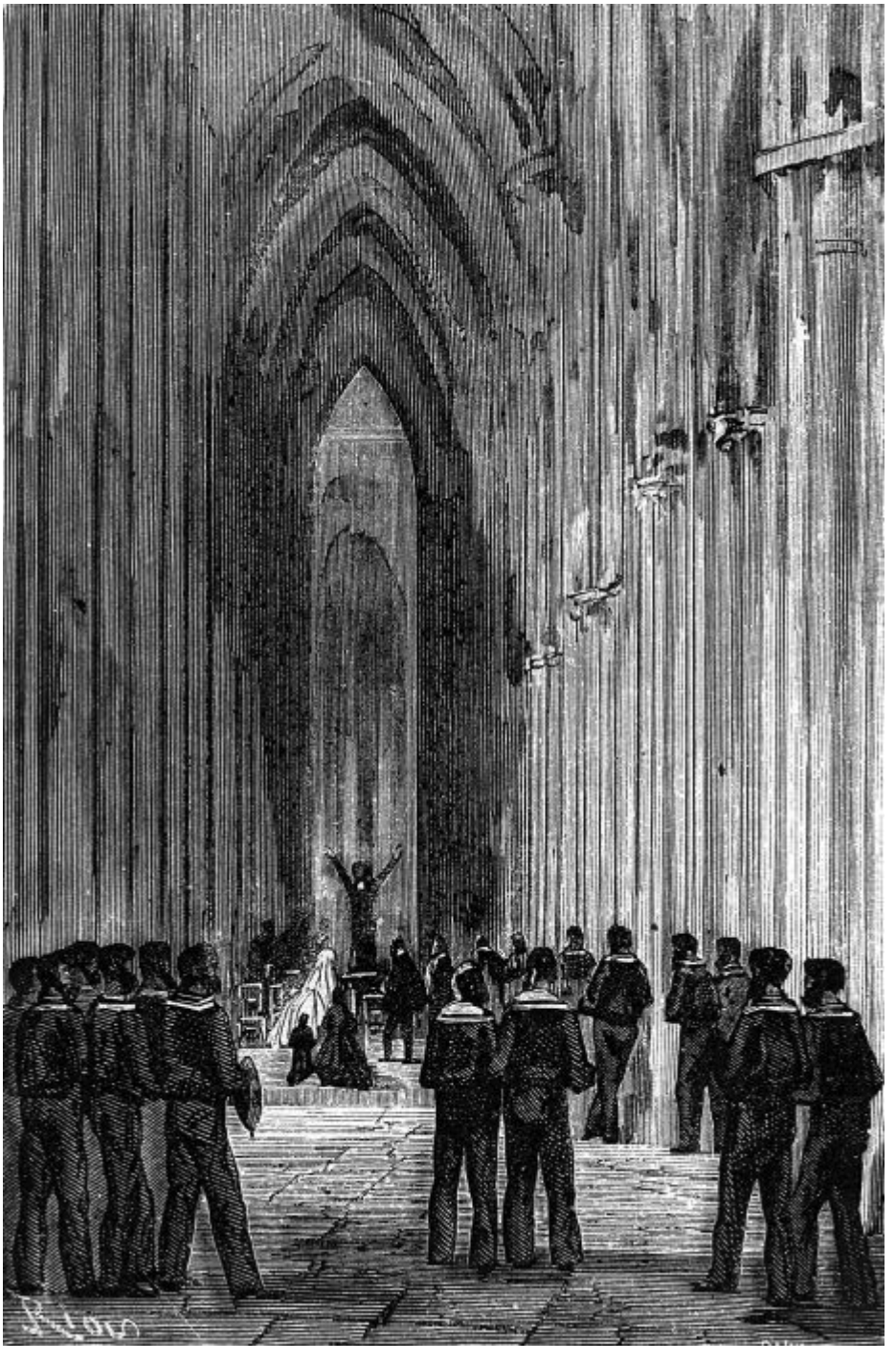
PRAYER, AND PROGRESS.

A numerous throng accompanied them. There in the spacious aisle, filled with tombs of the great and good, the Rev. Mr. Morton implored the blessing of Heaven, and commended the expedition to the care of Providence. For a moment the voice of Mary Grant arose in the old church. The young girl was praying for her benefactors, and shedding before God the sweet tears of gratitude. The assembly retired under the influence of a deep emotion.

At eleven, every one was on board. The captain and the crew occupied themselves with the final preparations. At midnight the fires were kindled, and soon clouds of black smoke mingled with the vapors of the night; the sails of the Duncan had been

carefully reefed in a canvas sheathing, which served to protect them from injury. The wind blew from the southeast, and did not favor the progress of the vessel; but at two o'clock the ship began to heave under the action of her boilers. The manometer indicated a pressure of four atmospheres, and the overheated steam whistled through the escape-valves. The sea was tranquil, and soon daylight enabled them to distinguish the passes of the Clyde between the buoys and beacons, whose lights were gradually extinguished as the morning dawned.

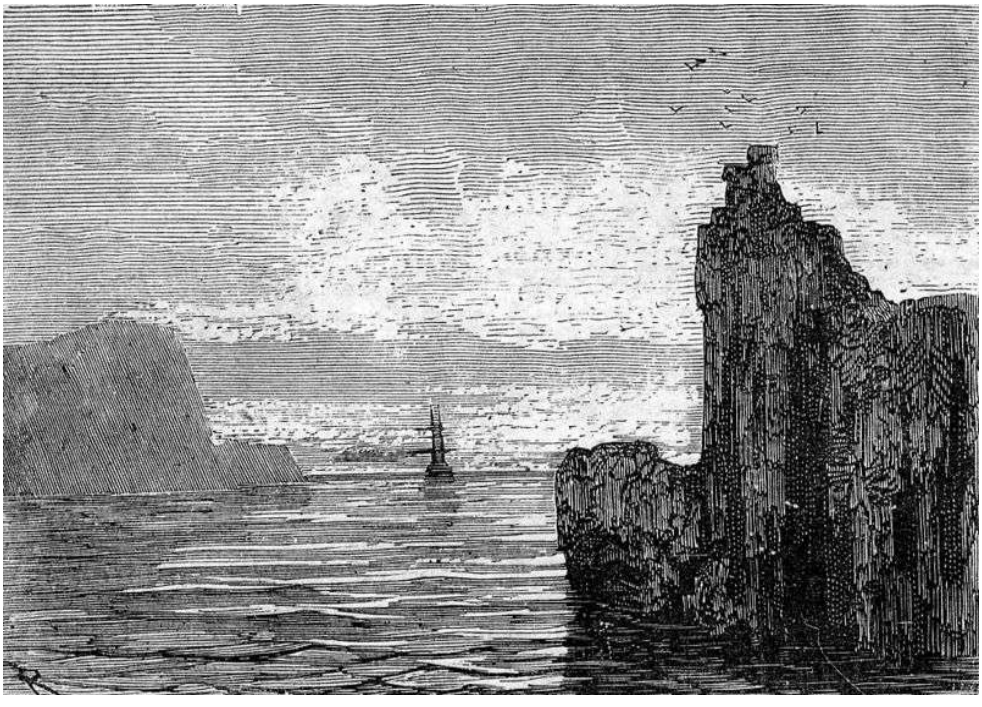
Captain Mangles informed Lord Glenarvan, who at once came on deck. Very soon the ebb-tide was felt. The Duncan gave a few shrill whistles, slackened her cables, and separated from the surrounding vessels. Her screw was set in motion, which propelled her into the channel of the river. The captain had taken no pilot. He was perfectly acquainted with the navigation of the Clyde, and no one could have commanded better. At a sign from him the yacht started. With his right hand he controlled the engine, and with his left the tiller, with silent but unerring skill.



The Rev. Mr. Morton implored the blessing of Heaven, and commended the expedition to the care of Providence.

A CHANGE OF SCENE.

Soon the last workshops on the shore gave place to villas, built here and there upon the hills, and the sounds of the city died away in the distance. An hour afterwards, the Duncan passed the rocks of Dumbarton; two hours later she was in the Frith of Clyde; and at six o'clock in the morning she doubled Cantyre Point, emerged from the North Channel, and gained the open sea.



CHAPTER VI.

AN UNEXPECTED PASSENGER.

During the first day's voyage the sea was quite rough, and the wind freshened towards evening. The Duncan rolled considerably, so that the ladies did not appear on deck, but very wisely remained in their cabins. The next day the wind changed a point, and the captain set the main-, fore-, and foretop-sails, thus causing less perception of the rolling and pitching motion.

Lady Helena and Mary Grant were able before daybreak to join Lord Glenarvan, the major, and the captain, on deck. The sunrise was magnificent. The orb of day, like a gilded metal disk, rose from the ocean, as from an immense and silvery basin. The ship glided in the midst of a splendid iridescence, and you would truly have thought that her sails expanded under the influence of the sun's rays, whilst even the crew of the yacht silently admired this reappearance of the orb of day.

"What a magnificent spectacle!" said Lady Helena, at last. "This is the beginning of a beautiful day. May the wind not prove contrary, but favor the progress of the Duncan!"

"No better weather could be desired, my dear Helena," replied Lord Glenarvan; "we have no reason to complain of the commencement of the voyage."

"Will it be a long one, my dear Edward?"

"That is for the captain to answer," said he. "Are we progressing well? Are you satisfied with your vessel, captain?"

"Very well indeed," was the answer. "She is a marvelous craft, and a sailor likes to feel her under his feet. Never were hull and engine more in unison. See how smooth her wake is, and how easily she rides the waves. We are moving at the rate of seventeen knots an hour. If this continues, we shall cross the line in ten days, and in five weeks shall double Cape Horn."

"You hear, Mary," said Lady Helena: "in five weeks!"

"Yes," replied the young girl, "I hear; and my heart beat quickly at the words of the captain."

"And how do you bear this voyage, Miss Mary?" inquired Lord Glenarvan.

"Very well, my lord; I do not experience very many discomforts. Besides, I shall soon be accustomed to it."

"And young Robert?"

COMPLIMENTS AND CONGRATULATIONS.

"Oh, Robert!" replied Captain Mangles: "when he is not engaged with the engine he is perched at mast-head. I tell you he is a boy who mocks sea-sickness. Only look at him!"

At a gesture of the captain, all eyes were turned towards the mainmast, and every one could perceive Robert, suspended by the stays of the foretop-gallant sail, a hundred feet aloft. Mary could not restrain a motion of fear.

"Oh, be easy, miss!" said Captain Mangles. "I will answer for him, and promise you I will present, in a short time, a famous sailor to Captain Grant; for we shall find that worthy captain."

"May Heaven hear you, sir!" replied the young girl.

"My dear child," said Lord Glenarvan, "there is in all this something providential, which ought to give us hope. We are not merely going, we are led; we are not seeking blindly, we are guided. And then see all these brave people enrolled in the service of so good a cause. Not only shall we succeed in our enterprise, but it will be accomplished without difficulty. I have promised Lady Helena a pleasure voyage; and, if I am not mistaken, I shall keep my word."

"Edward," said Lady Glenarvan, "you are the best of men."

"Not so; but I have the best of crews, on the best of ships. Do you not wonder at our Duncan, Miss Mary?"

"On the contrary, my lord," answered the young girl, "I don't so much wonder as admire; for I am well acquainted with ships."

"Ah! indeed!"

"When a mere child, I played on my father's ships. He ought to have made a sailor of me. If it were necessary, perhaps I should not now be embarrassed in taking a reef or twisting a gasket."

"What is that you're saying, miss?" exclaimed the captain.

"If you talk so," continued Lord Glenarvan, "you will make a great friend of Captain John; for he thinks nothing in the world can equal the life of a sailor. He sees no other, even for a woman. Is it not so, John?"

"Undoubtedly, your lordship," replied the young captain; "and yet, I confess, Miss Grant is better in her place on deck, than taking a reef in the top-sail. But still I am very much flattered to hear her speak so."

"And especially when she admires the Duncan!" added Glenarvan.

"Right, my lord; for she deserves it."

"Upon my word," said Lady Helena, "since you are so proud of your yacht, you make me anxious to examine her to the very hold, and see how our brave sailors are quartered between-decks."

"Admirably," replied the captain; "they are quite at home there."

"Indeed they are, my dear Helena," said Lord Glenarvan. "This yacht is a part of our old Caledonia,—a detached portion of the county of Dumbarton, traveling by special favor, so that we have not left our country. The Duncan is Malcolm Castle, and the ocean is Loch Lomond."

"Well, then, my dear Edward, do the honors of the castle," said Lady Helena.

"I am at your disposal, madam," answered her husband; "but first let me inform Olbinett."

The steward of the yacht was an excellent manager, a Scotchman, who deserved to have been a Frenchman from his self-importance, and, moreover, fulfilled his duties with zeal and intelligence. He was at once ready for his master's commands.

"Olbinett, we are going to make a tour of the vessel before breakfast," said Glenarvan, as if a journey to Tarbet or Loch Katrine was in question. "I hope we shall find the table ready on our return."

Olbinett bowed gravely.



This man, tall, lank, and shriveled, might have been forty years old. He resembled a long, broad-headed nail, for his head was large and thick, his forehead high, his nose prominent, his mouth wide, and his chin blunt.

"Do you accompany us, major?" asked Lady Helena.

"If you order it," replied MacNabb.

"Oh!" said Lord Glenarvan, "the major is absorbed in the smoke of his cigar; we must not disturb him, for I assure you he is an inveterate smoker, Miss Mary; he smokes all the time, even in his sleep."

The major made a sign of assent, and the passengers descended between-decks.

MacNabb remained alone, talking to himself, according to his custom, but never contradicting himself. Enveloped in a dense cloud of smoke, he stood motionless, gazing back at the wake of the yacht. After a few moments of contemplation, he turned and found himself face to face with a new character. If *anything* could have surprised him, it must have been this meeting, for the passenger was absolutely unknown to him.

A TELESCOPIC APPARITION.

This man, tall, lank, and shriveled, might have been forty years old. He resembled a long, broad-headed nail, for his head was large and thick, his forehead high, his nose prominent, his mouth wide, and his chin blunt. As for his eyes, they were hidden behind enormous eye-glasses, and his look seemed to have that indecision peculiar to nyctalops. His countenance indicated an intelligent and lively person, while it had not the crabbed air of those stern people who from principle never laugh, and whose stupidity is hidden beneath a serious guise. The nonchalance and amiable freedom of this unknown nonentity clearly proved that he knew how to take men and things at their best advantage. Even without his speaking you felt that he was a talker; but he was abstracted, after the manner of those who do not see what they are looking at or hear what they are listening to. He wore a traveling cap, stout yellow buskins and leather gaiters, pantaloons of maroon velvet, and a jacket of the same material, whose innumerable pockets seemed stuffed with note-books, memoranda, scraps, portfolios, and a thousand articles as inconvenient as they were useless, not to speak of a telescope which he carried in a sling.

The curiosity of this unknown being was a singular contrast to the calmness of the major. He walked around MacNabb, and gazed at him questioningly, whilst the latter did not trouble himself whence the stranger came, whither he was going, or why he was on board the Duncan.