

SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.B. THE GREAT PRO-CONSUL.

TO-DAY, in all parts of the world, men of heart and brain are dreaming a glorious dream.

On the Canadian Prairie, in the Australian Bush, in smiling New Zealand homesteads, in troubled South Africa, men, women, and children have caught a glimpse of a grander picture than ever painter limmed.

They see on the canvas of the twentieth century the outline of a great world-empire, the possession of the Anglo-Saxon race. They see, in Tennyson's brilliant words, Motherland and colonies welded

"Into one Imperial whole,
One with Britain, heart and soul—
One life, one flag, one fleet, one throne!"

Many brave souls, hardly understood in their own days, have worked towards this end, and one of the greatest of these "dreamers of dreams" is the subject of the present sketch.

George Grey was born in Lisbon, 1812. His father, Colonel Grey, had just given his life for England leading his regiment at the storming of Badajoz. The orphan child was taken home, sent to a school at Guildford in Surrey, from which he afterwards passed into Sandhurst, and in due time entered the army as ensign in the 83rd.

On the day our revered Sovereign succeeded to the throne, Lieutenant Grey was at Plymouth waiting to set sail for North West Australia on an exploring expedition.

This was the beginning of a busy and strenuous life, the unfolding of the pinions of one of our old-time Empire-builders. To know how that life was spent one must study the history of South Australia, of New Zealand, and of Cape Colony: for Grey left his impress on them all.

Almost at the outset his career nearly came to an end. With two men of his little party he was pushing ahead to find a route, when he was attacked by the blacks. One of his companions ran away, the other was too frightened to be of much use, but the young officer faced his foes calmly.

He hated bloodshed, and, even in the face of death, he tried hard not to kill his assailants. Three spears were quivering in his flesh, but, getting behind a rock, he finally drove the blacks off. To his lasting sorrow one of them was shot dead in the fight.

His second expedition almost holds a record for hardship and danger. He had gone with

an exploring party up to Bernier Island in Shark's Bay, by water. There he buried his stores and went on shore. Three days later a terrible hurricane uprooted the stores, and the party returned to find all their provisions lost.

They endeavoured to return in their whale-boats, but the raging sea flung them ashore three hundred miles from Perth. The situation was awful. They were in a barren desert with scarcely a mouthful of food or water. Wearily they dragged on, growing weaker at every step. To march more lightly they dropped their loads, the lieutenant keeping only his gun and a well-thumbed New Testament.

At last, leaving the main body behind, he made a desperate effort to reach Perth for succour. On he staggered, parched with thirst, blind and dizzy, a sun-burnt bag of bones. It was a race with death, and he just won. So altered was his appearance that no one in the settlement knew him; they took him for a half-witted Malay beggar who wandered over the district.

In 1839 he was appointed Resident at King George's Sound, where he first showed his wonderful tact in dealing with native races.

His next post was that of Governor of South Australia. Here the young Pro-Consul needed all his tact and wisdom. Affairs were in a shocking state. The colony was well-nigh bankrupt; the land lay untilled; the famine stricken people were on the verge of mutiny against the authorities. In two years the Governor's common sense, industry, and whole-hearted generosity had made South Australia prosperous and contented.

In 1845 a ship dropped anchor in Port Adelaide bringing a despatch from home. A great outbreak had occurred in New Zealand and the young Pro-Consul was the man selected to restore order. The Maoris were in revolt and from behind the stout walls of their forest strongholds defied the British troops.

The new governor came to the rescue like a magician with a fairy wand. He quelled the revolt, but he also did more—he gained the love of the chivalrous natives. Truth and justice and love were his main weapons, and they worked wonders. He met the Maori chiefs face to face, and he did by them what he thought was right.

Later, the English Parliament made a set of rules which undid all his work. Knowing the act was unfair to the Maoris, Grey set it on one side and in his letters home showed so clearly that Parliament had made a mistake that he was allowed to have his own way.

Sir George Grey, as he now was, left New Zealand a prosperous country, and, returning home, was met by a grievous blow. Almost as his ship came to her moorings, the mother, from whom he had been absent so many years, died. These men who did so much for the Mother-land often had bitter griefs tugging at their heart-strings.

Personal sorrow, however, had quickly to be set aside, for once again his country had need of him. South Africa was in a state of uproar. Zulus and Basutos, Kaffirs and Hottentots, were all restless and dissatisfied. Boers and Britons were at odds in Cape Colony; the Orange Free State and the Transvaal could scarcely be said to possess a government.

South Africa was a sort of No Man's Land and there was real danger that the civilisation already planted might be uprooted.

Sir George grappled energetically with the difficulties, and his efforts were crowned with success. His transparent justice gained him the love of the natives. They knew they could depend on him; that he would get them justice though all the world waged war against him. When the home government went back on its bargain and cut down the salaries of the native chiefs, the Pro-Consul made up the full amount from his private purse.

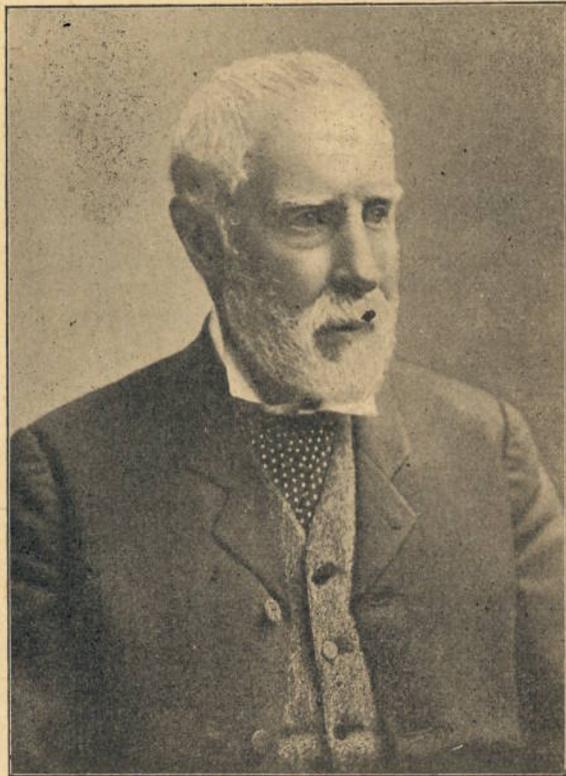
After the Crimean War, the German Legion in British pay was planted in South Africa. It was agreed that German women should also be sent to help found a colony. At the last moment the scheme fell through for want of £20,000. Again Sir George came to the rescue and raised the money on his own bond. It was afterwards honourably paid back.

In 1857 news came to him of the terrible Indian Mutiny. He stripped his Colony of soldiers, he raised Volunteers, he took the horses from his stable and he sent them all post haste to help to save our Indian Empire.

It was taking a great risk thus to leave South Africa undefended, but it was for the sake of the Empire!

In addition, he did a very daring thing. Great Britain was at war with China, and reinforcements were on the way there. They put in at Table Bay for water, and Sir George, on his own authority, ordered them to Calcutta. What the people at home would say to this masterful act he did not know, but his private interest was a speck in the balance against the fate of the Empire he loved so well.

Seeing the danger he acted promptly,



SIR GEORGE GREY, K.C.E.

proving himself to be a truly great man. That splendid act "which probably saved India" would alone have stamped him as one of Britain's truest sons.

A far-seeing man, he longed to bring about a federation of the South African States, including the Orange Free State, but the time was not yet. The British Government liked not the idea, and Sir George was ordered home.

In a short time he was back at his old post, winning the love of Briton, Kaffir, and Boer

alike, though he was not allowed to pursue his federation plans.

But again a warning blast blew out; this time from New Zealand. Things had gone wrong there, and a tried man was needed to set them right. Who so well able to do the work as the man, who, in previous years, had brought sunshine to our "England of the Pacific?"

Sir George Grey had been in harness many years; he had given the best of his life to his country, receiving scanty reward; but duty beckoned and he gladly obeyed.

He could not stave off the war with the Maoris but he carried it through successfully, showing himself as brave on the battle-field as wise in the Council-chamber.

Then he tried hard to make the crooked paths straight once more, and in his attempts came to loggerheads with the government at home.

One cannot enter into the dispute in a short sketch, but it ended in his recall, and the great Pro-Consul was never to be Pro-Consul more.

On his return to England he strove by voice and pen to teach the people the value of our colonies; for, strange as it may seem now, there was a large party in the country ready and willing to give up the colonies, to "cut the painter" as the phrase went, and to let the British Isles stand alone. Against such unnatural ideas Sir George Grey wrote and spoke with all the might of his vigorous intellect.

Then he went back to his beautiful island home at Kawau, near Auckland, and, entering the New Zealand Parliament, ended his public career as Prime Minister of the colony he had twice governed.

It was now getting night with the stout-hearted warrior, and he came home to get one more glimpse of his dearly-loved land before the darkness enveloped him. He never returned, but lingered on in London, waiting for the next and final call.

Before it came he was permitted to see the first fruits of the noble tree he himself had done so much to plant and make flourish.

Sixty years had gone by since he, a youthful soldier, had taken his first farewell of his native shores, intent on doing what he could to fashion the destinies of a new-born realm.

Sixty years since a maiden Queen had come to the ruling of this "precious stone set in the silver sea," and now London showed a spectacle that the world has never seen equalled. Princes and nobles, warriors and statesmen, had gathered from the four quarters of the globe to do homage to the gentle Lady who had watched over and cared for the Britain and Greater Britain that owned her beneficent sway.

And, had his physical powers been equal to the strain, who would have had a better right in that marvellous procession than the great Pro-Consul, who, through good repute and evil, through sunshine and storm, had battled so earnestly for the idea whose grandeur we now realise?

A masterful man he was, and not free from error, for it is not given to man to be perfect, but, through all, he loved his country. For her he had lived and worked, had fought and pleaded. He had given her his best without thought of reward.

Four times she had turned to him in need, and he had never failed her. He had placed South Australia on the high-road to prosperity, had grappled the Maori race to his heart with bonds of love, had striven manfully in South Africa for the union of races.

He loved not the blare of trumpets nor the thunder of guns, though, as a soldier, he would have gained high rank; but he carried the flag from shore to shore and taught men to look on it as a symbol of justice, order, and equal rights for all.

Could man have a more splendid testimony than the address which his loved Maoris sent him from across the far waters?

"Our word to you, O Grey, is this. We wish you happiness and health, and to know that our love goes forth with this letter. We wish to tell you that your name will never be forgotten by the Maori people of these islands. Many of us knew you in New Zealand, but all have heard of the great things done by you for European and for Maori in this country. May God's blessing rest upon you, and give peace and happiness to you, who have done so much to give peace and happiness to others, in your long and honoured life."

That letter I take it, in the estimation of the recipient, would weigh down many stars and ribbons and flashing insignia, and be more welcome than the bestowal of high rank.

He now lies at rest in St. Paul's Cathedral with many another gallant Englishman. His share in the work is finished; it is ours to help bring it to a fitting conclusion.

And if in the lifetime of those who read this sketch the splendid dream should come true, if, as we hope and trust, Britain and her colonies should be "welded into one imperial whole," let us not forget to keep a niche in the building for the great Pro-Consul, who stands well in the front among the later builders of our Empire.

Let us, like him, have faith in the destiny of the Anglo-Saxon race, and let us, like him too, endeavour to establish our building upon the solid foundations of truth and justice.

J.O.E.

THE "PRINCE OF WALES'S OWN."

By HERBERT S. JEANS.

IF you wish to become an officer in the 10th (Prince of Wales's Own Royal) Hussars, you, or rather your parents, must set about the business almost as soon as you are born; and you must fulfil the three following conditions.

In the first place, you must be nominated by H.R.H. The Prince of Wales, the Colonel in Chief of the Regiment; secondly, you must be high-born; and, lastly, you must be rich.

By this you will see that in order to hold a commission in this crackest of crack Cavalry Regiments, it is necessary to be born with a golden spoon in your mouth, or your chances are—nil.

But it is no small honour to be on the strength of the 10th Hussars in any capacity; and the method of enlistment and promotion is much the same as in all other Cavalry Regiments. It may be said that you begin by doing nothing but *obeying* orders, and if you rise to Warrant rank you end by doing nothing but *giving* orders.

A lad will be recruited at about the age of 18. If he is successful in passing the very severe tests of the Army doctor, he is taken into the Regiment, given a number, and sent off to the Regimental tailor to get his clothes. When he is fitted with his uniform, he is initiated into the mysteries of the "goose-step," and thoroughly grounded in marching-drill much after the style of the infantry man. Next, they put him on a horse; and, if the poor recruit is not already a rider, it is then that his real troubles begin. He mounts with nothing more than a saddle cloth on his horse's back, and he has to stick on somehow and listen to the Riding Master's pointedly expressed opinion of his horsemanship until he becomes efficient,

How manly he felt when he mounted,
How funky he felt when he fell,
How he longed for a saddle and stirrups,
None but the "rookie" can tell.

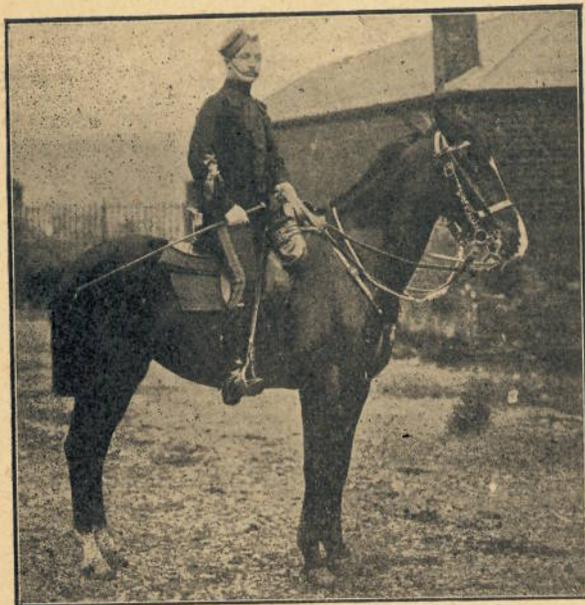
The Riding School is varied with more agreeable exercises in the Gymnasium, and with fencing and sword drill. A smart, soldier-like lad will get through these courses within six months from the date of his enlistment, but a less apt recruit will, of course, take longer. When, at length, he gives satisfaction to his commanding officer, he is dismissed from these drills and joins a musketry class. He is taught firing with the carbine, and the Lee-Enfield with which the Cavalry are now equipped is, I believe, the most effective weapon in the British Army. Finally when the recruit has made himself efficient in musketry he joins the Regiment as a "trained man."

Promotion depends entirely upon the trooper himself. If he wishes to rise, he must be well up in drill, and must hold a second-class certificate of education. An earnest soldier will attend the Regimental School regularly until he has obtained that certificate. The first step upwards is to the rank of Lance-Corporal. Some old soldiers will tell you that "Lance" is the most invidious position a man can hold, as he still has to do the duties of a trooper, with something of the responsibility of a non-com.

thrown in. But, at any rate, it is a step forward, and a Lance-Corporal has only to do his work to the satisfaction of his Troop Sergeant-Major and Company Officer (a captain) to be recommended for further advancement. From Lance-Corporal he passes to the rank of a full Corporal, thence to Lance-Sergeant, and becomes in time a Sergeant. A step above the Sergeant is the



H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, IN UNIFORM OF COLONEL, 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS.



TRUMPET-MAJOR, 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS, IN EXERCISE ORDER.

Sergeant-Major; and the man who reaches this rank is no end of a swell. He does no rough work, but has a trooper to attend to his horse and accoutrements, to whom he makes a small allowance out of his pay. But although his work is lighter, his responsibility is greater. He is responsible to the Company-Officer for the drill and discipline of his troop; and he is expected to set the rank and file an example in all good soldierly qualities.

The rank of Warrant Officer is a sort of intermediate step between Non-Com.'s rank and a commission. This title is held by the Regimental Sergeant-Major who is really the senior non-commissioned officer of the Regiment; in due time he may become a Quarter-Master, when he is given the honorary rank of Lieutenant. The Riding Master, also, is usually a Lieutenant who has been given a commission on promotion.

But this mode of promotion only applies to men who joined the Army under the old order of affairs. Now-a-days, in order to be eligible for promotion from the ranks, a man must be not more than 25 years of age, and he must hold a first-class certificate of education.

For distinguished conduct in the field, however, a man may be promoted from any rank and at any age, quite irrespective of the usual qualifications.

The Sergeants' Mess is the dining and recreation room of all non-coms holding Sergeant's rank and upwards. The Mess of the 10th Hussars' Sergeants is at present

broken up and the furniture in Store, as the Regiment is out on active service, and the few men who are left at home to form a Depot for recruiting and other executive purposes are putting up with a make-shift in the Artillery Barracks at Woolwich. But in peace time they have very snug quarters—indeed, one may say luxurious quarters. The Mess Room is richly furnished; and autograph portraits of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the late Duke of Clarence (who at the time of his death was a Major in the Regiment), the German Emperor, and other royal personages, hang on the walls.

When the Sergeants entertain, they do the thing in style. They can put a valuable and handsome service of plate on the table, and give

you a dinner in keeping with the surroundings. And fine, hearty, hospitable, and gentlemanly fellows these members of the 10th Hussars' Sergeants' Mess are, as anyone who has had the privilege of being their guest can testify.

All Regiments have their nicknames. The 10th Hussars were at one time known as the "Chainy Tenth," probably because of the officers' ponch belt being the only one in the Army of chain pattern. This name has degenerated into "The Shiners," no doubt on account of the shiny appearance of the belts.

A quaint and impressive custom in the Regiment is the playing of hymns by the Band at night-time. Every evening, shortly before 10, a detachment of the Band marches on to the Barrack Square, and plays a few verses of "As pants the hart" and "Thy will be done." At 10 o'clock precisely the hour is struck on the Regimental gong, and the bugles blow the Regimental call and the Last Post. The Band then finishes up by playing "God bless the Prince of Wales" and "God save the Queen."

This custom was observed in only one other Regiment, the 12th Lancers, where it was introduced by the late Earl of Airlie, who exchanged to the command of that Regiment from the 10th Hussars.

The Earl was unfortunately killed, in June last, at Diamond Hill, just outside Pretoria.

The Prince of Wales's Own saw their first fighting under Wellington in the Peninsular War; and they are the only Cavalry Regi-

ment which has been out on active service three times in the last twenty years. They were in the Afghan and Egyptian Campaigns, and are now out at South Africa. Their losses during the present war have been pretty severe; but they have had a good many successes to compensate them. Foremost among their successes were the gaining of the Victoria Cross by Captain Sir John Milbanke and Sergeant Engleheart. There are only seven cavalymen in all the British Army holding this most coveted distinction, and the 10th Hussars are not a little proud that two of their own officers should be among the number. Sir John Milbanke was at the time acting as aide-de-camp to General French; and the manner of his earning the Victoria Cross was set forth in the *London Gazette* of the 6th July, 1900, as follows:—

“On the 5th January, 1900, during a reconnaissance near Colesberg, Sir John Milbanke, when retiring under fire with a small patrol of the 10th Hussars, notwithstanding the fact that he had just been severely wounded in the thigh, rode back to the assistance of one of the men whose pony was exhausted, and who was under fire from some Boers who had dismounted. Sir John Milbanke took the man up on his own horse under a most galling fire and brought him safely back to camp.”

Sergeant Engleheart was wounded at Rensburg on 1st January last, the bullet passing clean through his thigh, happily without injuring the bone; and 18 days afterwards was on duty again, this time with the Field Troop of the Royal Engineers. The manner of his gaining the V.C. was set forth in the *London Gazette* of the 5th October, 1900, as follows:—

“At dawn on the 13th March, 1900, the party that had destroyed the railway north of Bloemfontein had to charge through a Boer piquet and get over four deep spruits, in order to make their way back through the Boer lines. At the fourth spruit Sapper Webb's horse failed to get up the bank, and he was left in a very dangerous position. In face of very heavy rifle and shell fire, and notwithstanding the great chance of being cut off, Sergeant Engleheart returned to Sapper Webb's assistance. It took some time to get the man and his horse out of the sluit, and the position became momentarily more critical owing to the advance of the Boers. He was, however, at last successful, and, retiring slowly, to cover Webb's retreat, was able to get him safely back to the party.

Shortly before this, Sergeant Engleheart had shown great gallantry in dashing into the first spruit, which could only be reached in single file, and was still full of Boers hesitating whether to fly or fire. Had they been given



MUSICAL_RIDE, 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS.



Reserve Squadron.

Active Service Squadron.

Recruits.

CHURCH PARADE, 10TH ROYAL HUSSARS, DAY PRIOR TO EMBARKATION FOR SOUTH AFRICA.

time to rally they must have destroyed the small party of British, as they outnumbered them by 4 to 1."

Some idea of the exclusiveness of the 10th Hussars may be gained by a reference to the Army List, where it will be found that out of a total of 37 officers, no less than 19 are either titled or heirs to a title. This, of course, does not of itself make a man a good officer; but it is a fact that the officers of the Prince of Wales's Own are counted among the smartest cavalymen in the Army. Many of them have been nominated for the Regiment at birth; all, certainly, in early boyhood. An illustration of this system of early nomination was given by Colonel Fisher, the officer commanding, in an amusing speech at the annual Regimental dinner held at the Hotel Metropole in 1899. None but officers and ex-officers of the Regiment are

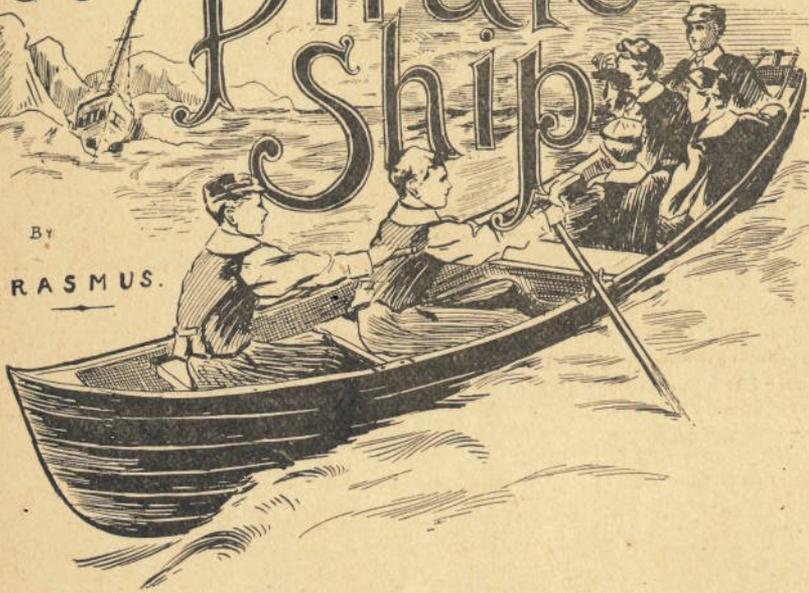
supposed to sit down to this dinner, but the Duke of York, who, as all the world knows, is a sailor, happened to be present as a guest. Colonel Fisher in his speech humorously referred to the Duke as a stranger among them. Then he hastened to correct himself, saying that after all His Royal Highness could scarcely be regarded as a stranger, since his father was Colonel in Chief of the Regiment, his brother (the late Duke of Clarence) had served among them, and his son had already been nominated for a place among them.

Prince Edward, the Duke of York's son, was at that time 5 years old; so if any of you who read this article are thinking of seeking a nomination for a commission in the Prince of Wales's Own Royal Hussars, you had better hurry up.



The Pirate Ship

By
ERASMUS.



IT all happened years and years ago when I was in the Fourth Form at Hendlebury.

Although such a long time has elapsed since the date of the adventure, it is as fresh in my memory as if it occurred yesterday.

And how did I, Weston major, as I was called at school, happen to bear a share in the exploit about to be related? Simply enough, and in this way.

One Saturday afternoon towards the close of the summer term, the Fourth were kept in for Latin Grammar. Some six or seven of us were doing our best to learn the stuff old Gibson had ordered to be repeated to him before supper that evening, when the door was suddenly pushed open, and a head appeared. It belonged to Kirkham junior, the wag and scapegrace of Hendlebury.

"Poor beggars!" he cried derisively, "has old 'Gib' kept you grinding here this grand afternoon? What do you say to stealing a march on the old boy?" he added advancing into the room. "I peeped in at his study window just now, and saw him fast asleep. So I hopped inside the door, took the key out, and now he is safely locked in. Bill Jones, the boatman, has gone home and left his boat drawn up on the beach, so I propose that we steal down and explore the wreck."

That his proposal was received with loud shouts of approval, is scarcely to

be wondered at, when you consider that anything is better than being confined in a hot and dusty class room on a broiling summer's afternoon, with the joyous, tantalizing shouts of the other fellows in the adjacent cricket field reaching you through the open windows.

"Won't old 'Gib' be in a towering rage when he finds his door locked!" exclaimed Dick Purvis, captain of the second eleven.

"But couldn't he get out by the window?" suggested Williams secundus, hurriedly shovelling his books pell mell into his desk.

"Something happened to the fastener a week or two ago, and it can't be opened now," retorted Kirkham, retreating to the door to gaze up and down the corridor.

"The servants are, as you know, in the west wing," chimed in another fellow, "and as there are only old lumber rooms near 'Gib's' study, it will be some time before anyone can come to his assistance."

"Come on, let's get out of this and down to the shore," cried Kirkham.

We were all game for an adventure of any kind, and prepared to follow Kirkham's lead wherever he might take us.

Quitting the house by a side door, we skirted a high shrubbery that separated the Doctor's house from the school. We were well aware that the old gentleman happened to be at that moment in the cricket pavilion

with his wife and daughter, for an important first eleven match was in progress.

Once clear of the gardens, we scampered across two meadows, and eventually reached the summit of a long line of beetling cliffs, a fifty or sixty feet descent of rugged sandstone. The fresh, salt sea air blew in our faces as we gazed down on the beach, where Bill Jones's wherry could be seen drawn up on the sands, and not a soul anywhere in sight.

"This is better than stewing away in that stuffy room!" cried a fellow named Perkins, rolling about in the heather which clothed the cliff's summit.

"I vote we get down to the shore without delay and push off in the boat," said Kirkham, our leader.

"Where is the wreck?" shouted several voices.

I pointed to a small cluster of rocks at the north-eastern extremity of the bay, where a queer little lump of a ship lay firmly jammed between two huge boulders.

"She seems lower in the water than when I saw her last," exclaimed Perkins.

"Come on!" shouted Kirkham, who was already half way down the narrow path, "the tide just serves, but as it's a long pull, we shan't be back by tea-time unless we hurry."

We required no second urging; but, cautiously descending the devious path, soon

found ourselves on the beach. As Hendlebury Cove is in quite a remote part of the Devonshire coast, and almost unknown to the outside world, there were only a few heavy, rough fishermen's boats to be seen on the beach, together with Bill Jones's light wherry, patronised by an occasional *rara avis* in the form of a wandering artist or some other visitor bent on a little light sea-fishing. We fellows of the Fourth owed Bill a bitter grudge, for he had more than once been the cause of getting us into rows with the "Head" by sneaking, if we happened to get out of bounds. So we determined to take French leave and borrow his boat by way of a mild revenge.

The little craft was launched without much difficulty. Two rowed, and the other four of us sat in the stern laughing and singing, for the weather was all that could be desired, and the blue sea calm as a mill-pond. The full significance of what we had done had not as yet dawned on us. The afternoon was young, our adventure in its infancy; though the reaction without doubt would come later, and give us food for gloomy meditation!

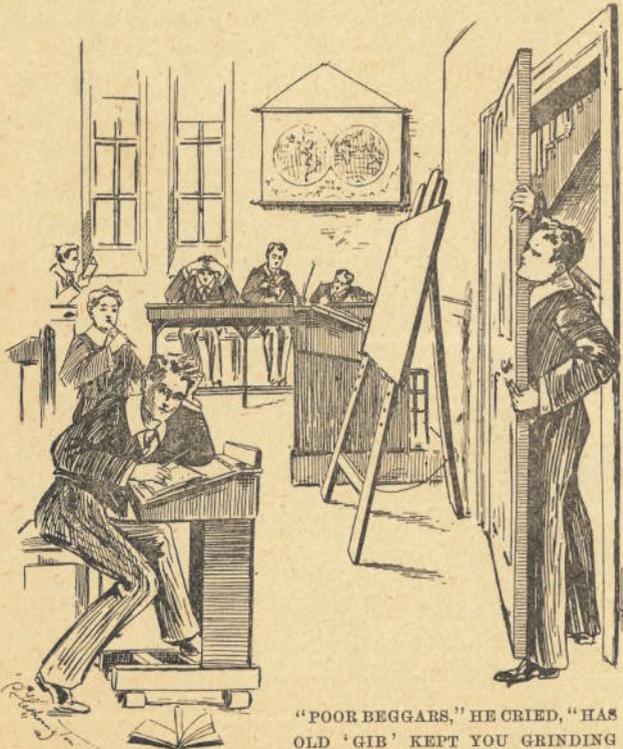
We continued our way towards the wreck. We had all along wished to explore the vessel, and had repeatedly and fruitlessly begged Bill Jones to row us out there. She had been

jammed between the rocks for nearly two months—blown there by a violent gale. A Spanish ship, she was said to be a relic of the old buccaneering days, and brought to England by an enterprising British show company, who expected—I well remember—to make a goodly penny by exhibiting her to visitors at London, Liverpool, and other ports. Many endeavours had been made to get the old ship off her rocky bed, but without success, and had it not been for the unprecedented prevalence of fine weather all these weeks, she must, ere this, have been broken to pieces.

"I wonder what we shall find on board?" exclaimed Perkins, who was now pulling bow oar.

"A few mouldy doubloons and pieces of eight, rusty swords, and quaint old-fashioned garments," I cried. "You—"

"Somebody will have taken out all that was of value on



"POOR BEGGARS," HE CRIED, "HAS OLD 'GIB' KEPT YOU GRINDING HERE THIS GRAND AFTERNOON?"

board," observed a fellow near me. "But, Great Scott! how dark it's getting over there. Look!"

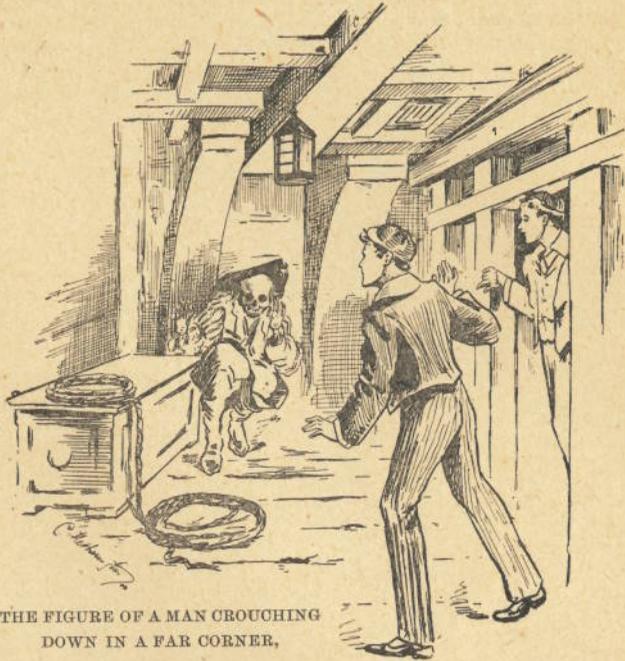
"Pooh! it's nothing!" cried several voices simultaneously. "There's to be no going back until we've explored the wreck, that's understood." The sky had suddenly become very dark to windward, and I remember it seemed to me that there was thunder about Still, the sun shone down on us with unabated vigour, and we steadily approached the wreck, amid cries of "Coward! funk! jump overboard and swim ashore if you want to return."

The fellow who had called forth these remarks by his allusion to the weather, took no notice, but lapsed into silence.

And now the wreck was close at hand. The water got shallower as we rowed over the low-lying sunken rocks, and on looking over, numerous mussels and other shell-fish could be seen clinging to the submerged rocks. It was one thing, we found, to approach the wreck, but quite another matter to scramble aboard. The lowest piece of cordage hanging over the side was far, far above our heads. On the seaward side and near the bow, the bulwarks had been carried away as far as the low-lying, old-fashioned main-channels.

"I've an idea!" I cried, looking at the disappointed faces around me. "If two of you chaps 'll give me a leg up, I think I can reach that piece of cordage, and if it's strong enough, can pull myself up. Then I will hunt for more rope to haul the rest of you on board." This was unanimously agreed to, and Kirkham and Perkins being the strongest present, each seized a leg, and, hoisting me up, I was enabled to reach the rope, and after dangling for a few seconds in mid-air, I contrived to haul myself up to the deck above.

What a dreary scene of desolation greeted my eyes on looking around. The masts of this ancient ship had been broken off short near the worm-eaten mildewy decks, which were covered with a tangled mass of rigging and blocks. There were two hatch-ways, one covered, the other open and exposed to the air. What might the interior of this old relic reveal to our astonished vision when we came to explore 'neath hatches? I hunted about and finding a piece of rope of the required length told it out over the side till those in



THE FIGURE OF A MAN CROUCHING
DOWN IN A FAR CORNER,

the boat could reach it. Tying the rope to the boat's painter they scrambled aboard where I had made fast the other end to the main-channels.

"Here's an adventure if you like," cried Perkins, advancing to the mouth of the gaping hatch-way that yawned in all its blackness before us.

"The Don's ghost will haunt the regions below," exclaimed the fellow who, in the boat, had called attention to the weather.

"Coward, milksop," resounded on all sides, while Kirkham declared that the last speaker should pay for it by showing us all the way below.

So, kicking and protesting, the unfortunate fellow was dragged by the scruff of his neck, and thrust down a narrow ladder which disappeared into the blackness below.

We all followed slowly, and, getting accustomed to the gloom, found ourselves in a narrow passage.

"There's a door here in front of us," cried Kirkham, who was at the other end of the passage.

Matches were produced by one of the fellows, who striking several, found the door would open. We all slowly advanced, each bearing a lighted match. We now found ourselves in a small bulk-headed cabin. From the faint flashes of light which the matches from time to time emitted, we could see that the place contained nothing but a square old-fashioned table that moved on stanchions, while above it hung an ancient, curiously

carved lantern with a piece of candle in it.

Disappointed cries escaped us all.

"Wait a bit, here's another door," cried Perkins, who had been rummaging about in the fore-part of the cabin.

The candle in the lantern was extracted and lit after some trouble, and headed by Kirkham we passed into what is termed by old sea-writers, the run of the vessel. Here disappointment again awaited us. Nothing was visible, save a few rags of wearing apparel scattered about the deck, and a few old muskets and pistols. Was this worth the trouble we had taken, and the risks run in forsaking our tasks to explore this vessel? Assuredly not, if we were to be rewarded by the sight of nothing better than we had already seen. Where were the old relics of dead and gone free-booters which our boyish imaginations had pictured the old ship to contain?

A cry from one of the party cut short my meditations, and I rushed forward with the others to ascertain what discovery he had made. It appeared that on pressing his hand over the wood-work, he had unconsciously touched a spring in one of the bulkheads, revealing a small cabin beyond.

"There's something in there," he cried excitedly, "'tis Old Nick himself."

Turning sharply, he fled for the ladder, followed by the others.

"Rot! What duffers you are," I cried contemptuously, and stepping up to the aperture in the bulk-head, peeped inside.

It was some time before my astonished vision could grasp the contents of that interior. A thin ray of light emanated from a tiny scuttle or port-hole in the deck above, and fell full upon the figure of a man crouching down in a springing attitude in a far corner.

But what words are adequate to describe the utter malevolence of his sardonic grin,

and the way he seemed to be ogling me from beneath his three-cornered hat. I shouted out to one or two of the fellows who were hanging back to come and look, and advanced into the place, intending to take a nearer survey of this extraordinary creature.

Then I saw what it was.

"'Tis a skeleton," I cried excitedly, "a skeleton, still clothed, of some dead and gone buccaneer."

Then, goodness knows how or by what unseen influence, the door suddenly slammed violently back, knocking me down headlong. A heavy, agonising weight seemed to be crushing my right arm, and I remember no more.

* * * * *

When I again opened my eyes, it was to see two figures standing by my bedside. One was the school physician; the other, our dreaded "head," Dr. Gunning.

"Well, young man," said the latter, bending over me, "I think you've had enough punishment for your folly the other day—"

"Left arm broken; but I have successfully set it, and with care the patient will pull through," interrupted the medical man.

"Your companions have had five hundred lines, and a week off their summer holidays," said the Doctor suavely. "You may consider yourself fortunate that such will not be your fate under the circumstances."

A nurse now came into the room, who put some soothing drink to my lips, and I quickly fell asleep.

It was weeks before I could get about again, but my arm had been well set, and caused me no after pain.

Old Gibson—our class master—always greeted me with a sarcastic smile whenever he met me after this. No doubt he thought I had been well punished for my share in the exploit that memorable afternoon.

What do you think?



AD MUSAM.

Sweet Musa, though I weary thee in wooing,
Be patient with a lover in distress;
What man hath done, need man refrain from
doing?

One smile I'd win: I crave but one caress.
Or would'st thou, to dispel the foolish notion,
Press home the lesson "Hope is but a myth,"
And, angered at a foolish boy's devotion,
Reject me with a stamp (enclosed herewith).

I dare—while ever conscious of my daring—
To urge my suit upon the Muse divine;
With beating heart, yet bold in outward
bearing,

I make a humble offering at thy shrine.
Yet, Musa, though propitious Fates attend me,
Though hopeful I await thy kindly beck,
Though courage and a high resolve defend me,
I could not—would not—grumble at a *check*.

W. B. POWER.