Oliver Optic

Dikes and Ditches. or, Young America in Holland and Belgium



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*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK DIKES AND DITCHES; OR, YOUNG AMERICA IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM ***

Young America Abroad

By

Oliver Optic

Dikes and Ditches

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

A Story of Travel and Adventure.

BY

OLIVER OPTIC.

BOSTON
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A Squall in the German Ocean

TO

My Fellow-Voyager in the Steamship Persia

DURING A PLEASANT TRIP ACROSS THE ATLANTIC,

IN 1865,

STEPHEN S. HOE,

WHOSE NAME EVER REMINDS ME OF MY PERSONAL INDEBTEDNESS

FOR MUCH OF THE PLEASURE OF THE VOYAGE;
NOT ONLY
TO MY YOUNG FRIEND WHOSE NAME I MENTION
HERE,
BUT ALSO TO HIM WHO SAT OPPOSITE TO US AT
TABLE, WHOSE NAME, ASSOCIATED WITH
ONE OF THE PROUDEST ACHIEVEMENTS
OF AMERICAN INVENTIVE GENIUS,
I NEED NOT MENTION, FOR
NO WORD OF MINE
COULD HONOR
IT,

THIS VOLUME

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED.

YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD.

BY OLIVER OPTIC.

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PREFACE.

DIKES AND DITCHES, the fourth of the "YOUNG AMERICA ABROAD" series, is a continuation of the history of the Academy Ship and her consort in the waters of Holland and Belgium. As in its predecessors, those parts of the book which lie within the domain of history and fact are intended to be entirely reliable; and great care has been used to make them so. The author finds his notes so copious, and his recollections of the Low Countries so full of interest, that he has felt obliged to devote a considerable portion of the work to the geography and history of the country, and to the manners and customs of the people; but there is so much that is novel in the region itself, and so much that is stirring and even "sensational" in the history of the sturdy patriots of Holland, that he hopes his young friends will not complain of the proportion in which he has mingled his material. It would be a very great happiness to him to have excited a sufficient degree of interest in these countries to induce the boys and girls to read Mr. Motley's inimitable works, "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," and "The History of the

United Netherlands." The writer is confident that young people will find these volumes quite as attractive as the story books of the day.

DIKES AND DITCHES has its independent story of the adventures of the students. Though the Academy Squadron has thus far been remarkably fortunate in the character of its instructors, Professor Hamblin proves to be an exception, and the crews of the ship and her consort are unhappily plunged into sundry disciplinary tribulations by his overstrained dignity, and by his want of discretion. The young commander of the Josephine suffers from the evils of a divided authority, which brings him into conflict with the senior instructor before experience suggests the remedy. While the principal is compelled to punish the students for their misconduct in "hazing" the obnoxious professor, he also finds it necessary to abate the nuisance of a conceited, overbearing, and tyrannical pedagogue. Boys cannot be expected to be angels in school, until their instructors have soared to this sublime height.

The author of the series, more than ever encouraged by the hearty and generous favor of his readers, submits this volume to their consideration, trusting that they will at least appreciate his earnest efforts not only to please, but to instruct them.

HARRISON SQUARE, MASS.,
April 9, 1868.

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DIKES AND DITCHES.

OR,

YOUNG AMERICA IN HOLLAND AND BELGIUM.

CHAPTER I.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE CAPTAIN.

The Young America, with every rag of canvas set, including studding-sails alow and aloft, rolled and pitched gracefully on the long swells of the German Ocean. The wind was very light from the north-west, and there was hardly enough of it to give the ship steerage-way. A mile off, on her starboard bow, was the Josephine, beclouded in the quantity of sail she carried, but hardly leaving a wake in the blue waters behind her. The hummocks and the low land of the shores of Holland and Belgium were in sight; but, with the present breeze, there was but little hope of reaching the mouth of the Scheldt that night, though it was hardly twenty miles distant.

The regular course of instruction was in progress in both vessels, the starboard watch of each being in the steerage, attending to their studies, while the port watch were on deck, in charge of the sailing department. Mr. Lowington paced the deck of the ship, and, with the habit of an old sailor, frequently cast his eyes aloft to see what sails were drawing. Occasionally, from a custom begotten of his solicitude for his charge, he glanced at the Josephine.

The squadron did not make even a mile an hour; and when the watch was changed, at four o'clock, there was not a breath of air to ruffle the glassy waves. The ship rolled and pitched on the swells, and the sails slapped against the masts and rigging under the effect of her motion. The young seamen on deck, without being in a hurry, were annoyed and vexed, as all sailors are in a calm. They partook of the heaviness of the scene, and gaped and yawned, from mere inactivity, and the want of something to occupy

their minds.

The calm was only the prelude of a lively scene. To the westward, beyond the low coast line dimly seen in the distance, was a dense mass of black clouds, rising rapidly towards the zenith. Low, muttering, muffled thunder came over the sea. The sun went into the inky veil; and then the lightnings flashed, faintly at first, but glaring brighter and brighter as the darkness increased.

Mr. Lowington still paced the deck; but, instead of looking aloft now, he cast frequent glances at the officer of the deck, who was watching the dense black clouds. The principal said nothing; for, whatever views he had in regard to the working of the ship, it was his policy never to interfere until absolutely necessary. The officers were encouraged to do their own thinking, and were expected to take all necessary precautions for the safety of the ship at the right time. The second lieutenant was in charge of the deck, and as yet he had taken no step which indicated that he was conscious of any peril.

"Mr. Lavender," said he, at last, when the principal's movements had begun to be a little nervous.

The second midshipman, who was the third officer in rank on duty, stepped up to the lieutenant and touched his cap.

"Tell the captain there is a shower coming up, and that the clouds look squally," added Mr. Ellis, the officer of the deck.

Lavender touched his cap, and went down into the steerage, where the captain was reciting his French lesson to Professor Badois.

"Excuse me," said Captain Haven. "I must go on deck, for I suppose Mr. Lowington wouldn't give an order to take in sail if the masts were blown out of the ship."

The commander of the Young America went on deck in a hurry. He and all below had observed the sudden darkness which pervaded the steerage, and they were rather glad to have something stirring occur to break up the monotony of the calm. The captain looked at the black clouds, and promptly directed the officer of the deck to take in the studding-sails, which was done by the watch.

The clouds wore that peculiar appearance which indicates wind—an aspect which the old sailor readily recognizes. Captain Haven was familiar enough with the weather signs to understand what was coming; but the young sailor is almost as much afraid of taking in sail too soon as of being too tardy in doing so. There is as much vanity in carrying sail as in wearing fine clothes. The captain did not wish to be too cautious, for that would cause a smile upon the faces of the ship's crew.

He looked at Mr. Lowington, who seemed to be perfectly satisfied, or rather his attention was directed entirely to the Josephine, which had not yet taken in her huge fore square-sail. Then he studied the threatening pile of black clouds, which had now nearly reached the zenith; while the thunder rattled, and the lightnings flashed with blinding glare.

"Take in topgallant-sails and royals," said Captain Haven to the officer of the deck, now satisfied that his reputation for carrying sail could not suffer in the face of such admonitory indications.

Mr. Ellis called on the entire starboard watch to obey his orders; for only a quarter watch was required to handle the ship under ordinary circumstances, the other portion of the watch being idlers on deck. The light sails were taken in; and Mr. Lowington made no comment, as he sometimes did, after an evolution had been performed, in order to express his approval or otherwise of the action of the captain.

The Josephine was most strangely deficient in caution on the present occasion, and the principal was evidently much disturbed by the conduct of her captain, who was usually very prudent, without being timid. There she was, with all her extra sail set and flapping in the calm, while a tempest was brewing before her.

"Captain Kendall must be asleep," said Mr. Lowington, nervously, to Peaks, the adult boatswain of the ship.

"And the officers too," replied the old salt, hitching up his trousers. "We ought to fire a gun to wake them up."

"It is not like Captain Kendall to be caught napping when a squall is gathering," added the principal.

"I should think the thunder would wake them up. It's heavy for these parts. That squall will come all at once when it does come. It will take their sails right out of the bolt-ropes."

Mr. Lowington walked aft again, and on the quarter-deck met Flag-officer Gordon, who had also been observing the Josephine, and wondering at her continued neglect of the most ordinary precautions.

"Mr. Lavender," said the commander of the squadron.

The midshipman, ever ready to do the meagre duties assigned to him, touched his cap to Captain Gordon.

"Pass the word for the signal-officer," added the flag-officer.

"That's right, Captain Gordon!" exclaimed the principal. "If the officers of the Josephine don't do better than this, they must be broken. I am astonished."

"So am I, sir. Captain Kendall is usually very careful, and what he don't see isn't worth seeing."

"Be as expeditious as possible, for the squall will soon be upon us."

The signal-officer appeared with the midshipman and quartermaster in charge of the signals. Captain Gordon ordered the number, "Take in sail," to be set.

Paul Kendall was severely criticised on board of the ship; but, before he has suffered too much in the estimation of his sympathizing friends, let our readers be transferred to the steerage of the Josephine, in which, as the consort of the Academy Ship, the same rules and regulations prevailed. The port watch were at their studies, while the starboard watch had the deck, in charge of Mr. Terrill, the first lieutenant. This was the captain's study time, for he was a member of the several classes, and in school hours was subject to the discipline of the professors, the same as other students.

When the squall began to gather, Professor Hamblin was hearing the recitation in Greek. The learned gentleman did not think a scholar knew anything unless he possessed a considerable knowledge of Greek. It was his favorite branch, and the class in

this language was his pet. He was a strict disciplinarian, and never allowed anything to interrupt the recitation in Greek if he could possibly avoid it. No scholar, not even the captain, as the regulations then were, could leave the class without his permission. It is true, the rule had not been made, or even been considered, with special reference to the commander of the vessel; but Paul had always quietly submitted to it, even at some inconvenience and sacrifice to himself. No emergency had arisen, since the Josephine went into commission, which required the setting aside of the rule, and it was supposed the professors would have judgment enough to use it with proper discretion.

Professor Hamblin, so far as Greek roots were concerned, was not lacking in judgment; but he knew no more about a ship than Cleats, the boatswain, did about Greek. He was a very learned man, and lived in a Greek and Latin atmosphere. The dead languages were the chief end of man to him. He was cold, stern, and precise, except that, when hearing a class in Greek, he warmed up a little, and became more human, especially if the students manifested a becoming interest in his favorite branch.

Unfortunately for Paul Kendall, he was not an enthusiastic devotee of the Greek language and literature. He lived too much in the present to be enamoured of anything so old, and, as it seemed to him, so comparatively useless. But he was faithful in the discharge of all the academic requirements of the institution, not excepting even those branches which he disliked. Though he was always very respectful to Professor Hamblin, he was candid enough to say that he did not like Greek. He was, therefore, no favorite of the learned gentleman, who thought his abilities

and his scholarship were over-estimated—because he did not like the dead languages.

"Mr. Terrill directs me to inform you that a squall is coming up," said Ritchie, the third master, as he touched his cap to Captain Kendall.

"No interruption! No interruption!" interposed Professor Hamblin, very ill-naturedly.

The third master touched his cap, as the captain bowed to him in acknowledgment that he had heard the message, and then retired. The professor was vexed: perhaps he was a little more ill-natured than usual, on account of being slightly seasick—an effect produced by the uneasy roll of the vessel in the calm.

"Now, Mr. Kendall, go on with the dual of [Greek: admêv]," added he, as Ritchie retired.

"I must beg you will excuse me, Professor Hamblin," said Paul, with the utmost deference, as he rose from the bench on which he was seated.

"Go on with the dual!" replied the professor, sternly.

Paul looked at the snapping gray eye of the learned gentleman, and was assured that he had a will of his own. As the captain of the Josephine, he did not wish to set an example of insubordination, which others might adopt before they were certain that the emergency required it. He had not seen the gathering clouds, and he had full confidence in the judgment and skill of Terrill, who was in charge of the deck. The rule was that the professors should be obeyed in study hours. This had always been the regulation on board the ship; but, then, the principal, who was a sailor himself, was always present to prevent any abuse of power.

Paul decided to yield the point for a time, at least, and he recited his lesson as directed by the professor. Half an hour later, Ritchie appeared again, with another message from the first lieutenant, to the effect that the squall was almost upon them. This was about the time that Flag-officer Gordon had sent for the signal-officer, on board of the ship.

"You must excuse me now, Professor Hamblin, for I must go on deck," said Paul, as respectfully as he could speak.

"I can't spare you; I haven't finished the exercise yet," replied Mr. Hamblin, sourly. "This is a plan to break up the lesson in Greek, because some of the young gentlemen don't like to study it."

"I beg your pardon, sir; but the officer of the deck sends me word that the squall is upon us. You can hear the thunder and see the lightning," added Paul.

"I am not afraid of thunder and lightning," growled the professor. "My classes are not to be broken up on any frivolous pretences. Mr. Lowington assured me I had full powers over all during study hours; and I tell you to be seated, and go on with your recitation."

"But the vessel is in danger, sir," protested Paul.

"I'm not afraid, and you need not be. Take your seat, sir, or I will report you to the principal."

Paul's face flushed. No officer or professor had before ever threatened to report him to Mr. Lowington. Mr. Hamblin was as ignorant as a baby upon nautical matters, and while the Josephine rolled easily on the waves, and the sails flapped idly against the masts, he could imagine no peril.

"I am sorry to disobey your order, sir; but in this instance I must," said Paul, firmly, though his voice trembled with emotion.

"Very well, sir," replied the professor, angrily, "I shall report you to the principal, and if I have any influence with him, you will be removed from your present position."

Paul did not wait to hear any more, but hastened on deck. His quick eye discovered the peril of the moment. The squall was indeed upon them. At the peak of the Young America hung the signal which had been hoisted; but it was not necessary to look in the book for its meaning.

"Mr. Terrill, call all hands—quick!" said Captain Kendall, in sharp tones.

"All hands on deck, ahoy!" roared the boatswain's mate, as he piped his shrill whistle at the main hatch.

The students flew from their seats at the mess table, deserting the two professors without an apology. With only two exceptions, the officers and crew of the Josephine were all old sailors. Most of them had been on board the ship for two years, and a sudden squall was no new thing to them. They leaped into their stations, and when the orders were given they knew exactly what to do.

"Stand by sheets and halyards!" shouted the first lieutenant. "Man the jib, and flying jib halyards, and downhauls!"

"All ready forward, sir," reported the second lieutenant, whose place was on the forecastle.

"Man the topgallant clewlines and buntlines!" continued Terrill.

"All ready, sir!"

"Ease off the sheets! Settle away the halyards! Clew up! Lay aloft, and furl topgallant-sail!"

The topgallant men sprang up the rigging like so many cats, for all hands had been thoroughly waked up by the impending peril.

"Let go the flying jib halyard! Haul down! Lay out and stow the flying jib!"

"Man the topsail clewlines and buntlines!"

"All ready, sir," replied the second lieutenant.

"Let go the topsail sheets! Clew up! Settle away the halyards! Haul taut the braces!"

All this was done in half the time it takes to read it; and the light sails of the Josephine were furled. The main gaff-topsail was taken in, and then the schooner had only her jib, foresail, and mainsail. It was not necessary to take these in until the peril became more imminent; but Paul ordered the foresail to be lowered, and reefed, for the vessel was supposed to lie to best under this sail. The Young America had furled everything except her topsails, jib, and spanker.

Professor Hamblin had not yet recovered from his astonishment, and he was as indignant as a learned Greek scholar could be. Professor Stoute and himself were the only persons left in the steerage; but while the former laughed, the latter stormed.

"I have been insulted, Mr. Stoute," said the learned

gentleman. "That boy has disobeyed me, as though I were a person of no consequence."

"Why, he was perfectly respectful to you," laughed the good-natured professor. "You must remember that he is the captain of the ship, and that everything depends upon him."

"He left the class contrary to my orders; and not satisfied with that, he calls all the rest of the students on deck," added Mr. Hamblin, wrathfully. "I had not finished the Greek lesson."

"But there's a squall coming up," pleaded Mr. Stoute.

"What if there was a squall coming up. The principal assured me there were hands enough on deck to work the vessel under all ordinary circumstances."

"But you don't understand the matter, Mr. Hamblin," continued the jolly professor.

"Do you mean to insult me too, Mr. Stoute?" demanded the irate fountain-head of Greek literature.

"Certainly not; I beg your pardon, Mr. Hamblin," replied Mr. Stoute, laughing more heartily than before. "I do not profess to comprehend these nautical affairs; but I presume it was necessary to call all hands, or the captain would not have done so."

"It was not necessary. I am willing to take the responsibility of that assertion myself, and I shall report this disrespect and disobedience of the captain to Mr. Lowington. If he chooses to sustain the delinquent in such gross misconduct, I will leave the vessel at the first port we enter."

"Mr. Lowington will certainly do justice to both of you."

"Excuse me, Mr. Stoute; he must do justice to *me*. I have been a schoolmaster and a professor in college all my lifetime, and I do not wish to have any one speak of settling a case between me and one of my pupils. There is only one side to such a question," replied Mr. Hamblin, whose dignity was terribly damaged by the incident of the afternoon.

"Well, Mr. Hamblin, I wish to be respectful; but I also mean to be candid. I feel compelled to say that I believe you are all wrong."

"All wrong, sir!"

"Yes, sir; all wrong. Look at the question for one moment."

"I don't wish to look at it. Between teacher and pupil there can be no issues of any kind. It is my place to command, my scholar's to obey, in the school-room."

"Now, really, Mr. Hamblin," continued the laughing professor, rubbing his hands, as though he enjoyed the controversy, "while I agree with you on the general principle, I must differ from you in its application to this particular case. Your pupil is the commander of the vessel. Our very lives depend upon his prudence and skill. It was necessary to take in sail."

"Very well. Wasn't half the crew on deck for that purpose?" interposed Mr. Hamblin.

"But who shall determine whether it is necessary or not to take in sail?"

"The officer who has the care of the vessel for the

time being, of course. Then there are Mr. Cleats, and Mr. Gage, and the servants to help them reduce the sails, if needed. There is not the least necessity for disturbing the classes."

"But no one except the captain can give the order to take in a single sail in the daytime. This vessel is under naval discipline, you are aware; but I think you cannot have read the rules. Here they are," added Mr. Stoute, taking the printed regulations of the ship from his pocket. "Officer of the Deck. He is not to make or take in sail in the daytime, except in a squall, without directions from the captain; but in the night he may take in sail, acquainting the captain with his reasons, which he must enter on the log."

"Well, this is a squall—isn't it?" growled Mr. Hamblin.

"Perhaps it will be; but it seems to me quite proper that the captain should go on deck when there is any danger. For my part, I have some regard for my fat body, and I don't care about leaving it here at the bottom of the German Ocean," chuckled Mr. Stoute; and he always laughed with especial gusto when he had said anything which he thought was funny. "The captain can leave any of my classes when he is sent for to look out for the vessel."

"Mr. Stoute, this is a question of discipline; and higher considerations than those of merely personal comfort and security should be brought to bear upon it. It would be impossible for me to impart to my pupils a knowledge of that noblest language of the historic past, if they are to be permitted to leave the class when they choose to do so. I shall refer this matter to Mr. Lowington for his decision. He must suspend the captain, or he must suspend me. If I

cannot control my scholars, I will not attempt to instruct. It would be preposterous to do so. I shall take a boat, and go on board of the ship at once, for this difficulty admits of no delay."

Professor Hamblin, in high dudgeon, took his hat, and went up the ladder. Mr. Stoute shook his fat sides, laughing at the ire of his distinguished and learned associate. He was desirous of seeing his companion start for the ship in the approaching tempest, and he followed him on deck.

"Captain Kendall," said Mr. Hamblin, sternly, as he walked up to the young commander, heedless of the rattling thunder and the flashing lightning.

Paul bowed politely, and looked at the professor, intimating that he was ready to hear him. It was noticeable that Mr. Hamblin always called the commander "Mr. Kendall" when he was in the steerage attending to his studies, and "Captain Kendall" on deck, or in the cabin. The professor intended to indicate, by this choice of terms, that he was captain during school hours.

"Captain Kendall, I desire a boat immediately," added Mr. Hamblin.

"A boat!" exclaimed Paul, astonished at the request at such a time.

"I said a boat, Captain Kendall. I purpose to refer the matter of your disobedience to Mr. Lowington without any unnecessary delay."

"But, Mr. Hamblin, there is a squall coming up."

"I am aware of that; but I demand the boat."

"It would be dangerous, sir. The boat would certainly

be swamped."

"I will take the responsibility of that."

"I should be very happy to furnish the boat, sir; but I cannot expose a crew to such a storm as will soon break upon us," replied Paul.

"You refuse—do you?" demanded the professor, angrily.

"I feel compelled to do so, sir."

"In my hearing, Mr. Lowington instructed you to furnish the professors with a boat at any time when they desired it."

"I will furnish the boat, sir; but I will not expose the crew to such peril. I will hoist out the third cutter for you, sir, if you wish."

"I demand a sufficient number of sailors to row the boat."

"You will pardon me, sir; but I will not send any seamen into a boat until the squall is over. It is unreasonable to ask such a thing."

"Unreasonable, sir! How dare you tell me I am unreasonable?" stormed the professor, stamping his foot upon the deck.

Paul bowed, but made no reply. He was placed in a very disagreeable and painful position. He knew that it was madness to send a boat off while the squall was impending. Mr. Hamblin was wrathy. The long billows were black and smooth, and the sails hung idly on the gaffs. There was no danger then, and the learned gentleman had been so fortunate as never to see any of the perils of the ocean. His passage to

England in the steamer had been a remarkably pleasant one. Nothing like a gale, or even a high wind, had interrupted its serenity, and the professor had imbibed a certain contempt for the perils of the ocean. He had never seen them; and, if mere boys were able to work such a vessel as the Josephine, a learned man like himself need not tremble in their presence.

CHAPTER II.

A SQUALL IN THE GERMAN OCEAN.

"Mr. Cleats!" said Professor Hamblin, in the most sternly solemn and impressive manner, as he rushed up to the adult boatswain of the Josephine.

"Here, sir!" responded the old salt, touching his cap as politely as though the learned gentleman had been an admiral.

"I want a boat, sir," continued the professor, fiercely.

"Your honor must apply to the captain," answered Cleats, touching his cap again.

"I have applied to him, and he has refused me. I desire you to take a boat, and row me to the ship. The carpenter can assist you."

"Bless your honor's heart, I can't go without the captain's orders," added Cleats, opening his eyes as wide as though he had been invited to head a mutiny.

"I will protect you from any harm, Mr. Cleats. I will represent the matter to Mr. Lowington."

"I never do anything, your honor, without orders from the captain. It would be mutiny for me to do so, and I should be hung at the fore yard-arm."

"Nonsense, Mr. Cleats! Will you listen to reason?"

"Sartain, your honor. I always listen to reason; but there isn't any reason in leaving the ship without the captain's orders."

"But the captain says I may have the boat; and I only want a couple of men to row it."

"I will pull the boat with the greatest pleasure, sir, if the captain orders me to do so; or the first lieutenant, for that matter, sir. I always obey orders, sir, if it sinks the ship."

"I have a complaint to make against the captain for disobedience of my orders, and he will not permit me to go on board of the ship to prefer the charge."

"Whew!" whistled the boatswain, as long and loud as though the sound had been made with his own shrill pipe. "A complaint against the captain! I beg your honor's pardon, but that can't be. Nobody can have a complaint against the captain."

"I do not wish to argue the matter with you. Will you do what I ask, or not?"

"I beg your honor's pardon, but I will not," replied Cleats, who seemed to have no doubt in regard to his own course, whatever rupture there might be among the powers above him.

"That's enough," growled Mr. Hamblin, turning on his

heel.

"There's a big squall coming, your honor," added Cleats, loud enough for the professor to hear him. "The boat wouldn't live a minute in it."

"I am not afraid of the squall," replied the learned gentleman, pausing. "Will you row the boat?"

"No, sir; I would rather not," answered Cleats, shaking his head.

At this moment a heavy roaring, rushing sound came over the sea from the direction of the land. The water was covered with a dense white mist. The sound increased in volume till it vied with the booming thunder, and the surface of the sea was lashed into a snowy foam by the coming tempest.

"Down with the jib and mainsail!" shouted Captain Kendall, sharply.

"Stand by the mainsail halyards!" said Terrill, through his speaking trumpet. "Man the jib halyards and downhaul!"

"All ready, sir," replied the second lieutenant, forward; for all hands were still at their stations, in anticipation of the emergency.

"All ready, sir," added the fourth lieutenant, whose place was on the quarter-deck.

"Let go the mainsail halyards!" added the first lieutenant; and the order was repeated by the fourth lieutenant. "Down with it, lively!"

The heavy sail, assisted by twenty pairs of willing and eager hands, rattled down in an instant, and was speedily secured.

"Let go the jib halyards! Haul down!" said the second lieutenant, on the forecastle, when the order to take in the jib reached him.

The hands "walked away" with the downhaul, and the jib was on the bowsprit in an instant.

"Lay out and stow the jib!" added the officer. "Mind your eye there! The squall is upon us!"

The roar of the squall—heard at first miles away—swept along over the ocean, carrying a tempest of foam and spray before it, and came down upon the Josephine. Though she carried no sail, the force of the wind was enough to heel her down, while the spray leaped over her decks in the furious blast. The scene was grand and sublime. The thunders roared; the lightnings seemed to hiss in their fury, as they darted through the moist atmosphere; and the wind, hardly less than a hurricane, howled in unison with the booming thunderbolts.

At first, on the long swells of the ocean, which a moment before had been as smooth and glassy as a mirror, thousands of little white-capped waves gathered, throwing up volumes of fine spray, which was borne away by the tempest; so that the air was laden with moisture. Though the squall came heavy in the beginning, it did not attain its full power for several minutes. The effect even of the onslaught of the tempest was tremendous, and officers and crew clung to the rigging and the wood-work of the vessel, fearful that the savage blast would take them bodily from their feet, and bear them away into the angry ocean.

"Down with the helm!" roared Captain Kendall to the quartermaster, who, with four of the strongest

seamen, had been stationed at the wheel.

The action of the fierce wind upon the vessel's side was powerful enough to give her steerage-way without any sail, and her head came up to the gale, so that she took the blast on her port bow. Thus far, the effect upon the ocean did not correspond with the violence of the tempest; for even the severest blow does not immediately create a heavy sea. But, if the tempest continued even for a few minutes, this result was sure to follow. There is no especial peril in a squall, if the seaman has had time to take in sail, unless in a heavy sea; but it does not take long for a hurricane, in the open ocean, to stir up the water to its maddest fury.

Professor Hamblin was walking up and down in the waist,—a very pretty type of the squall itself,—when the initial stroke of the tempest came upon the Josephine. His "stove-pipe" hat, as non-nautical as anything could be, which he persisted in wearing, was tipped from his head, and borne over the rail into the sea. This accident did not improve his temper, and he was on the point of asking the captain to send a boat to pick up his lost tile, when the full force of the squall began to be expended upon the vessel. He found himself unable to stand up; and he reeled to the mainmast, where Professor Stoute was already moored to the fife-rail.

"Wouldn't you like the boat now, Mr. Hamblin?" chuckled the jolly professor, hardly able to speak without having his words blown down his throat.

"I've lost my hat," growled the learned gentleman, almost choked with ill-nature within, and the ill-wind without.

"Ask the captain to send a boat for it," laughed Mr. Stoute. "There he stands! Upon my word, he is a wonder to me! He handles the vessel like an old admiral who has been imbedded in salt for forty years!"

"Any boy could do it!" snarled the irate professor.

"It is fortunate that Captain Kendall went on deck when he did," added Mr. Stoute. "We should all have gone to the bottom if they hadn't taken in sail in season."

"You distress yourself with mighty bugbears," sneered Mr. Hamblin. "I am very sorry to see you encouraging insubordination among your pupils, and —"

And a blast more savage than any which had before struck the vessel ended the professor's speech; for, while it drenched him with salt water, it gave him all he wanted to do to hold on for his life. He worked himself round under the lee of the mainmast, and held on with both hands at the fife-rail, his breath blown down into his lungs by the wind.

The squall was not one of those which come and go in a few moments; and, in a short time, the sea had been lashed into a boiling, roaring, foam-capped maelstrom. The Josephine rolled and pitched most fearfully. Below there was a fierce crashing of everything movable, while the winds howled a savage storm-song through the swaying rigging. By the captain's order, the crew had, with great difficulty, extended several life-lines across the deck, for the safety of those who were compelled to move about in executing the various manœuvres which the emergency required.

The angry professor began to cool off under the severe regimen of the tempest. He was drenched to the skin by the spray, and it required the utmost activity on his part to enable him to keep his hold upon the fife-rail. Now the vessel rolled, and pitched him upon his moorings; and then rolled again, jerking him, at arm's length, away from them, his muscles cracking under the pressure. Professor Stoute, determined to be on the safe side, had passed the end of the lee topgallant brace around his body, and secured himself to one of the belaying pins. Nothing ever disturbed his equanimity, and though he was doubtless fully impressed by the sublimity of the storm, he was just as jolly and good-natured as ever.

The captain and the executive officer were holding on at one of the life-lines on the quarter-deck. Paul looked as noble and commanding as though he had been a foot taller, with a full beard grown upon his face. He appeared to be master of the situation, and Professor Stoute regarded him with an admiration strongly in contrast with the disgust of his fellow-teacher. The competent captain of the ship is always little less than a miracle of a man to his passengers, especially in a storm, when he is confident and self-reliant. They feel that everything—their very lives, and the lives of those they love—are dependent upon him, and they look up to him as to an oracle of skill and wisdom.

"It's coming heavier and heavier," said Terrill, as the Josephine gave a fearful lurch.

"Ay, ay! It's nothing less than a hurricane," replied Paul.

"It's the biggest squall I ever was in," added Terrill,

blowing the salt water out of his mouth, after a pint of spray had slapped him in the face.

"It is kicking up an awful sea."

"That's so."

"Keep your helm hard down, Blair!" shouted Paul to the quartermaster in charge of the wheel.

"She don't mind it now, sir!" yelled the quartermaster, at the top of his lungs.

"She's falling off, Mr. Terrill," added Paul.

"I see she is, sir."

"We must keep her head up to it, or our decks will be washed. Hard down, Blair!"

"She don't mind it, sir!"

"Set the close-reefed foresail, Mr. Terrill," said the captain. "But be careful of the hands."

Terrill, with the trumpet in his hand, sprang from the life-line to the fife-rail, so as to be nearer to the hands who were to execute the captain's order. The unpleasant plight of Mr. Hamblin attracted his attention, in spite of the pressure of the emergency. His gyrations, as he bobbed about under the uneasy motions of the vessel, gave him a ludicrous appearance, which even the positive expression of suffering on his face did not essentially mitigate. He had evidently come to a realizing sense of the perils of the sea, and was a pitiful sight to behold.

"Man the foresail outhaul!" shouted Terrill, through his trumpet. "Mr. Martyn!"

"Here, sir!" replied the second lieutenant; but his

voice sounded like a whisper in the roar of the hurricane.

"Double the hands on the outhaul!" added Terrill. "Stand by the brails!"

"All ready, forward, sir!" reported Martyn.

"Stand by the fore-sheets!—Mr. Cleats!" continued the executive officer.

"Here, sir!" said the old sailor, who, with the carpenter, was holding on at the weather-rail.

"Will you and Mr. Gage assist at the sheet?"

"Ay, ay, sir! This is heavy work. I hope she'll carry that foresail."

"She must carry it, or carry it away," added Terrill. "We are falling off badly."

"So we are; it ought to be done," answered the boatswain, as he began to overhaul the sheets.

It was with the greatest difficulty that any one could stand up on deck. The billows were momentarily increasing, and the Josephine had fallen off into the trough of the sea, and rolled helplessly in the surging waves, so that her fore yard appeared almost to dip in the brine. The outhaul was run out on the deck, and manned by all the hands that could get hold of it. The lee sheet was extended in like manner, and the whole after guard, besides the two adult forward officers, were called to walk away with it.

"O, dear!" groaned Mr. Hamblin, after the vessel had given an unusually heavy lee lurch, the jerk of which had nearly knocked the breath out of his body.

"What's the matter, your honor?" demanded Cleats, who always pitied a landlubber in a gale.

"Do you think there's any danger, Mr. Cleats?" gasped the professor.

"Danger! Bless your honor's heart! there's never any danger in a good ship, well manned," replied the veteran tar, as he knocked a kink out of the sheet. "Look at the captain! When he gets scared, you may."

"It is really terrible!" puffed the learned professor.

"Wouldn't your honor like the boat now?" growled the boatswain, with a hearty chuckle.

"All ready at the sheets, sir!" screamed Robinson, the fourth lieutenant, who had charge of the waist at quarters.

"Hold on, Mr. Terrill!" shouted the captain, as the Josephine rolled on her lee side till the water bubbled up in her scuppers. "Wait till I give you the word!"

Paul was waiting for a favorable moment, when the blast should lull a little, to set the reefed foresail.

"You must get out of the way, gentlemen!" said Terrill, roaring out the words through his trumpet. "The sheet blocks will knock you over!"

Mr. Stoute unmoored himself, and made a dive at the life-line, where the captain was holding on; but, being rather clumsy in his obesity, he missed his aim, and was thrown into the scuppers. Mr. Cleats went to his assistance, and picked him up while he lay upon his back, with his legs and arms thrown up like a turtle trying to turn over. Mr. Hamblin was not encouraged by this experiment of his associate.

"Why don't you go below, sir?" shouted Terrill, placing his trumpet close to the professor's head.

"I can't move," replied he.

"Mr. Gage will help you," added the lieutenant.

The carpenter assisted Mr. Hamblin to the companion-way, while the boatswain had succeeded in rolling Mr. Stoute up to the same point. The doors were opened, and the head steward helped them down the ladder.

"All ready!" shouted Captain Kendall, when the favorable moment came for setting the foresail.

"Let go the brails!" bellowed the executive officer. "Haul out!"

The ready seaman promptly obeyed the order, at the instant when the vessel, having rolled over as far as her centre of gravity would permit her to go in the trough of the sea, was poised as it were on a balance, waiting for the recoil of the wave that was to throw her down on the weather roll. The close-reefed foresail flew out from the brails, and began to thresh tremendously in the fierce blast.

"Slack the weather vang!" continued Terrill to the hands who had been stationed at this rope. "Walk away with the sheet!"

It required a tremendous pull to haul home the sheet of the foresail, banging furiously in the tempest; but there was force enough to accomplish it, though not till the vessel had made her weather roll, which lifted half the line of seamen from their feet. The close-reefed foresail was trimmed so as to lay the schooner to with her head up to the sea. The billows

were increasing in volume so fearfully that it was no longer prudent to permit the vessel to roll in the trough of the sea, where she was in danger of being overwhelmed by the combing waves.

"Mind your helm, Blair!" called the first lieutenant, springing aft to the wheel. "Port a little! Don't let the sail be taken aback!"

The head of the Josephine came up handsomely to the sea, and it was thus proved that the double-reefed foresail was just the sail for such an emergency. It was only to be demonstrated whether the sail would be blown out of the bolt-ropes or not. If it had been an old one, such would probably have been its fate; but being nearly new, and of the best material, it stood the strain to the end.

"Mind your eye, Blair!" roared Terrill. "Starboard!"

"Starboard, sir!" replied the quartermaster.

"Touch her up when it comes so heavy," added the lieutenant.

The vessel had fallen off, and took the wind so far on the beam that she buried her scuppers deep in the waves. The order to "touch her up," or luff her up into the wind, so as partially to spill the sail, was given to ease off the tremendous pressure. The Josephine minded her helm, and luffed so that she righted herself.

"Steady, Blair!" called the lieutenant. "Port! Not too much, or you'll broach her to!"

"Sail ho!" suddenly shouted several of the seamen in the forward part of the vessel.

"Where away?"

"Right over the lee bow! She has capsized!"

Paul and Terrill ran to the rail, and discovered a small vessel, lying over on her beam ends.

"That's a Dutch galiot!" exclaimed Cleats, who promptly recognized the craft. "That's a trick they have of turning bottom upwards."

"Port!" shouted Terrill, who did not take his eye off the foresail of the Josephine for more than an instant at a time.

The attention of the quartermaster and the helmsman had been attracted by the announcement of the wreck, and they had permitted the Josephine to luff up until the foresail began to shake. The atmosphere was so thick that the galiot was seen but for an instant, and it then disappeared in the dense mists. Captain Kendall trembled with emotion when he saw the disabled vessel; but it was impossible to do anything for her until the hurricane subsided.

Fortunately the worst of it had already passed, and a few moments later it ceased almost as suddenly as it commenced. The rain began to fall in torrents, while a fresh breeze and a tremendous sea were all that remained of the hurricane—for such it was, rather than an ordinary squall.

"Set the jib and mainsail, Mr. Terrill," said Captain Kendall. "We must endeavor to find that wreck."

These sails were accordingly hoisted, the Josephine came about, and stood off in the direction towards which the galiot was supposed to have drifted. The Young America had not been seen since the squall came up; but Paul conjectured that she had run away before it. He was deeply interested in the fate of

those on board of the wreck, and trusted he should be able to render them some assistance, if all on board of her had not already perished.

The rain poured down furiously; but it did not dampen the enthusiasm of the young officers and crew, though they were already drenched to the skin. The reefed foresail was taken in, for it was found that the jib and mainsail were all the schooner needed. She stood on for an hour or more, without obtaining a sight of the wreck, though every eye on board was strained to catch the first glimpse of it.

"We must have passed her," said the captain.

"It is so thick we can't see her, even if we should go within half a mile of her."

"Come about, and stand a little more to the southward!" added Captain Kendall. "Let the fog-horns be blown. We may get a signal of some kind from them."

"I am afraid they were lost overboard; and that there is no one left to make a signal," answered Terrill, sadly.

The vessel was put about, and headed as indicated by the captain. The fog-horns were blown at intervals, and every one on board listened eagerly for a reply. These efforts were not unavailing, for a response was obtained after the Josephine had run half an hour on her present course. A hoarse shout was heard on the weather beam, which was unmistakably a cry of distress.

"Steady as she is!" said Paul to the executive officer, as soon as the sounds were reported to him, and the direction from which they came.

"Are you not going about, Captain Kendall?" asked Terrill, with a look of anxiety on his dripping face.

"Certainly; but if we go about here, we should fall to leeward of the wreck," replied Paul.

The Josephine stood on for a few moments longer, and then tacked.

"Blow the horns, and keep a sharp lookout forward," added the captain, who was quite as anxious as any other person on board; but he kept apparently cool, in deference to the dignity of his high office.

"I see her!" shouted Wheeler, the boatswain, who had gone out on the flying jib-boom.

"Where away is she?" demanded Martyn, from the forecastle.

"Well on the lee bow, sir."

"Are we headed for her?"

"Ay, ay, sir! We shall go clear of her to windward."

"Wreck on the lee bow, sir," reported the second lieutenant to Terrill, who in turn reported to the captain.

"Clear away the first cutter, Mr. Terrill," said Paul.

"All the first cutters, ahoy!" shouted the boatswain's mate.

"Mr. Pelham will have charge of the boat," added Captain Kendall, who had great confidence in the zeal and ability of this officer.

"The wreck! The wreck!" shouted all hands, as the disabled galiot came into view.

On the rail of the vessel, whose starboard half was completely submerged in the water, were two men, making violent gestures, and shouting to the crew of the Josephine. Not a word they said could be understood, but it was easy enough for Yankees to guess the meaning of their words. The schooner was thrown up into the wind, the jib lowered, and she lay to under the mainsail. Pelham and the crew of the first cutter took their places in the boat, and were lowered into the stormy sea. The falls were cast off the instant she struck the water; the coxswain gave his orders rapidly, and the cutter went off, rising and falling on the huge waves like a feather.

The distance was short; but even this was a hard pull in such a violent sea. Pelham was cool and steady, and his self-possession encouraged the crew to their best efforts. The boat ran up under the lee of the wreck, and made fast to one of the masts. As soon as it was secured, both of the men on the rail began to jabber in an unintelligible language.

"*Parlez-vous français?*" shouted Pelham, who had some knowledge of the polite language.

But the men made no response; and it was evident that no long speeches need be made on the present occasion. Pelham made signs to them to come down into the boat, which they did. They were not satisfied, but continued to talk in their own language, and to point earnestly to the after part of the wreck. One of them repeated a word so many times, that the officer of the boat was enabled at last to separate it from the confused jumble of sentences.

"*Vrow?*" said he.

The man nodded earnestly, and pointed with

redoubled vigor to the after part of the galiot.

Vrow means wife; and Pelham concluded that the skipper's lady was in the cabin, but whether dead or alive he did not know.

CHAPTER III.

SOMETHING ABOUT DIKES.

It was evident to those on board of the Josephine that there was some reason for the delay of the boat in not bringing off the survivors of the wreck. The energetic motions of the men on the disabled vessel could be dimly seen through the mist and rain.

"Hoist the jib, Terrill," said Captain Kendall. "We will run up to the wreck, and ascertain what the trouble is."

"Man the jib halyards! Stand by the jib sheet!" added Terrill.

"All ready, sir!"

"Let go the downhaul! Hoist away!" continued the first lieutenant. "Port the helm!"

The mainsail was trimmed, the jib sheet hauled down, and the schooner filled away again. She ran close under the lee of the galiot, just far enough off to clear her masts.

"What's the matter, Mr. Pelham?" called Terrill through his trumpet.

"There's a woman in the cabin," replied Pelham.

"Clear away the gig!" said Captain Kendall, as the Josephine passed out of hailing distance of the wreck. "Mr. Martyn will take charge of the boat."

The gig's crew were piped away, and the falls were manned. The second lieutenant stood ready at the gangway to take his place in the boat. The operation of hoisting out a boat was not so difficult and dangerous as it had been when the first cutter went off, for the sea was every moment abating its fury.

"Mr. Cleats and Mr. Gage will go in the boat with a couple of axes," added the captain, who had been studying the position of the wreck.

The first lieutenant gave the order to the adult forward officers, who presented themselves at the gangway provided with their implements, ready to do the work assigned to them. By this time the weather had begun to clear off, and a streak of blue sky appeared in the west. The low land and the white cliffs and sand hills were seen again; but the coast was different from that which they had observed before the tempest burst upon them.

"Mr. Martyn, you will cut away the masts of the wreck; but first endeavor to save the woman in the cabin," added the captain, when the crew of the boat had taken their places, and everything was in readiness to lower the boat.

"I will do the best I can," replied Martyn, as he stepped into the gig.

"If the galiot does not right when the masts are cut away, report to me."

The boat went off on her mission of mercy, and those left on board of the schooner watched her progress with the most intense interest. All felt that they were not "playing sailor" then, but that the issues of life and death depended upon the exertions of the two boats' crews.

"Have you any idea where we are, Captain Kendall?" asked Terrill, gazing earnestly at the distant shore, which was now revealing itself with greater clearness.

Paul took a spy-glass and carefully surveyed the shore. Terrill took another glass, and both of them went up into the main rigging, so as to obtain a better view of the shore.

"There are some church steeples near the coast, and farther back there is a great number of them," said Terrill.

"All right," replied Paul, as he returned to the deck, followed by the first lieutenant.

"Do you make out the coast?" asked the latter.

"Yes; we are on Thornton's Ridge. Throw the lead!" replied Paul, with some anxiety, as he took the glass and pointed it in the direction opposite the shore.

"By the mark five!" reported the quartermaster, who was heaving the lead in the fore chains.

"That proves it," exclaimed Paul. "We are on Thornton's. The steeples on the shore are Blankenburg, and those farther off are the Bruges steeples. We are about twelve miles to the eastward of the North Hinder, where there is a light-vessel. We have been drifting to the southward. We will tack

now, and stand over to windward of the wreck."

The Josephine went about again, and stood up to the point indicated by the captain. The wind had now subsided to a gentle breeze, and the sea was abating its violence in a corresponding degree. The lead was thrown continually, but not less than three fathoms was indicated at any time. Cleats and Gage, with their sharp axes, were dealing heavy blows at the masts of the galiot, while the crew of the gig and first cutter were clearing away the standing rigging. By the time the schooner reached the position to windward of the wreck, the work had been accomplished. The two boats had backed away from the wreck, and suddenly the hull righted. A few more strokes of the axes severed the shrouds, which could not be reached while the vessel lay upon her side.

Pelham, who was on the deck of the vessel when she righted, rushed to the companion-way, which had been submerged before. He was closely followed by the two men. The cabin was half full of water; but he found there a woman and a young girl of sixteen, who had been clinging for life to an upper berth. The gallant lieutenant plunged up to his middle in the water, and bore the girl to the ladder. At the same time, the older of the men performed a similar service for the woman. He was evidently the husband of the woman and the father of the girl. When he returned to the deck, he embraced the woman and the girl, and lavished upon them the most tender caresses.

"Mr. Pelham, you will convey these people to the Josephine, and report what has been done to the captain," said Martyn, who was the superior officer.

The first cutter was hauled up to the gangway of the

galiot, and Pelham by signs invited the family to embark. They comprehended his meaning, and the females were assisted into the boat. The older man, who was apparently the skipper of the vessel, exhibited some reluctance at leaving his craft. His heart seemed to be broken by the calamity which had befallen him, and he wept bitterly, uttering piteous exclamations, which could not be understood by the Josephines, as Pelham hurried him into the cutter.

The party continued their sad wailings till the boat reached the schooner. The women were assisted to the deck, where they stood staring with blank amazement at the vessel and her crew. The skipper was bewildered by the misfortune that overshadowed him.

"I am glad to see you, sir," said Paul, as the disconsolate captain came up the accommodation ladder.

"No use, Captain Kendall," said Pelham, smiling. "They can't speak a word of English."

"Do you know anything about the vessel?" asked Paul.

"I read her name on the stern, as we came back, and wrote it down; for a Yankee would choke to death in uttering it," replied Pelham, as he produced a piece of wet paper. "It is the 'Wel tevreeden, Dordrecht.'"

"That's Dutch. She hails from Dort," added Paul.

"Where are the professors?" asked Terrill. "Can they speak Dutch?"

The professors, who had seen enough of rough

weather for one day, had been making themselves as comfortable as possible in the cabin. The Dutchman and his family were conducted below by the first lieutenant.

"What have you here?" demanded Mr. Stoute, who had just come from his berth, in which he had bolstered himself up, in order, as he expressed it, to know exactly where he was.

"We have just saved them from the wreck of a Dutch galiot. They can't speak a word of English, and we wish you to talk to them."

"In Dutch?" laughed Mr. Stoute. "I cannot do it."

"What is the matter, Mr. Terrill?" inquired Professor Hamblin, who had also taken to his berth to save his limbs from being broken.

"A vessel has been wrecked, and we have saved two men and two women. Can you talk Dutch?" asked the first lieutenant, going to the door of the professor's state-room.

Mr. Hamblin proved to be no wiser than his associate, so far as the Dutch language was concerned; and it was found to be impossible to hold any communication with the wrecked persons except by signs. They were committed to the care of the steward, by whom everything was done to render them comfortable. The captain's state-room was given to the women, and they were supplied with hot coffee and other refreshments.

"What is the condition of the wreck, Mr. Pelham?" asked Captain Kendall, as soon as the unfortunate persons had been provided for.

"She is half full of water," replied the second master. "The crew of the gig were pumping her out when we left."

"Do you know anything about her cargo?"

"No, sir. Her hatches were battened down, and we could not see what was in the hold."

The first lieutenant was directed to detail a working party for the wreck, to assist in pumping her out, and the first cutter returned to the galiot with sixteen hands. Orders were sent to Martyn to use every exertion to save the vessel and her cargo. It was now nearly dark; but the weather was favorable, and Paul hoped to get the dismasted galiot into port on the following day.

The cutter reached the wreck, and the crew of the gig, who had been pumping and baling diligently, were relieved by fresh hands. The work went on with renewed energy. The hatches had been taken off, and the cargo was found to consist of butter, cheese, and manufactured goods. The boatswain had explored the hold, and declared that the merchandise was not badly damaged. The galiot had taken in less water than was supposed, from her position on the waves. After four hours of severe toil by the young seamen, the pumps sucked. The hull was tight, and the working party were greatly encouraged by the success of their efforts.

The boatswain and carpenter, assisted by the boys, rigged a jury-mast out of the foremast of the galiot, which had been saved for the purpose. A jib and foresail were bent upon it, and the "Wel tevreeden" was in condition to make a harbor. It was midnight when the work was completed, and the report sent to

Captain Kendall. Martyn, Pelham, and a crew of ten, to be assisted by Cleats and Gage, were detailed to take the galiot into the Scheldt.

During the first part of the night it had been a dead calm, which had greatly assisted the labors of the working party. About four o'clock, on the morning of Sunday, a light breeze from the westward sprang up, and the order was given by signal for the galiot to make sail, and to follow the Josephine. There was hardly a four-knot breeze, with the tide setting out; and the progress of the galiot, under her short sail, was very slow.

Nothing had been seen of the Young America since the storm shut down upon her and concealed her from the view of those on board of the Josephine. Paul knew that Mr. Lowington would be exceedingly anxious about him and his vessel; but he was proud and happy in the reflection that he had carried the Josephine safely through the perils which had surrounded her. He had not closed his eyes during the night, as indeed no one connected with the sailing department of the schooner had done. The professors and the wrecked party had all turned in as usual, while Paul kept vigil on deck with the first lieutenant.

"Sail ho!" cried the lookout forward, about seven o'clock in the morning.

A small vessel was discovered approaching the Josephine from the direction of the shore, or rather of the mouth of the Scheldt, whose western estuary forms a broad bay about twelve miles in width. As the small craft came near, it was evident that she was a pilot boat. She carried a red flag at her mast-head, on which was a number in white figures. On

her principal sail there was a large letter "P," and under it "ANTWERPEN." When she hove in sight, the jack was hoisted at the foremast-head of the Josephine, which is the signal for a pilot. As the little cutter rounded to, the words "*Bateau Pilote*" with her number, were seen on the stern.

She was a Belgian pilot-boat. The mouth of the Scheldt, and its course for forty miles, are in Holland, and off the mouth of the river both Dutch and Belgian pilots offer their services to inward-bound vessels; but the sea pilots take vessels only to Flushing, the river pilotage being a separate charge. Mr. Lowington had instructed Paul, as the squadron was bound to Antwerp, to prefer a Belgian pilot, who would take the vessel up to that city, and charge the pilotage in one bill.

A canoe put off from the "Bateau Pilote," and a weather-beaten Belgian sailor leaped upon the deck. He opened his eyes very wide when he had taken a single glance at the vessel and her crew. He seemed to be as much confounded as the Liverpool pilot had been on a similar occasion. The professors were at breakfast in the cabin, and not a single man appeared on deck.

"*L'Amerique?*" said the pilot, glancing at the flag which floated at the peak.

"*Oui,*" replied Paul, laughing.

"*Où est le capitaine, monsieur?*" added the pilot, looking around him again.

"*Je suis capitaine,*" replied Paul.

"*Est-il possible!*"

"*C'est possible.* You speak English?—*parlez-vous anglais?*" added Paul.

"I speak *un pere*," replied the pilot. "What vessel that is?" he continued, pointing to the galiot, which was following in the wake of the Josephine.

"She is a Dutch vessel, that was upset yesterday. We saved her. The captain and his family are on board, but none of us have been able to speak a word to him."

"Where bound are you?"

"To Antwerp. We have a crew on board of the galiot. We will not attempt to take her to Antwerp."

"She have taken a pilot," said the Belgian, as another man from the "Bateau Pilote" boarded her. "She shall be taken to Flushing."

"You will put into Flushing, then, so that I can obtain the men on board of her."

"I will—yes."

"Did a ship—the Young America—go up the river last night?" asked Paul.

"No; no ship. We see a ship off the Rabs when the storm came. She come about, and go to sea before the wind."

This was what Paul supposed the Young America had done. He had no fears in regard to the safety of the ship as long as she had plenty of sea room. She would soon return, and the pilot-boat would be able to report the Josephine to the anxious people on board of her. The Belgian pilot took charge of the vessel; and after he had headed her towards the

channel by which he intended to enter the river, he began to ask questions in regard to the juvenile officers and crew. He did not speak English any more fluently than Paul did French, and they did not get along very well. Mr. Stoute, having finished his breakfast, came on deck. He taught the French in the Josephine, and was very happy to find an opportunity to air his vocabulary.

The skipper of the galiot came up from the cabin soon after with his family. As the pilot spoke Dutch, the story of the unfortunate captain was obtained at last. The vessel had been caught in the squall, and knocked down. Two men on deck had been washed away and drowned. The companion-way being open, the water had rushed in and prevented the vessel from righting. The women, who lived on board all the time, as is frequently the case with the families of Dutch skippers, had climbed up and obtained a hold upon the berths on the port side of the cabin. By these means they were saved from drowning; but the cabin doors, being on the starboard side, were under water, so that they could not escape while the vessel lay on her beam-ends.

The Josephine, followed by the "Wel tevreeden," entered the river. It was a beautiful day, warm and pleasant; and the officers and crew, in spite of the hardships of the preceding night, were eager to obtain their first view of the new country whose waters they were now entering. It was still over sixty miles, by the course of the Scheldt, to Antwerp; but the sights on the river and on the shore were novel and interesting. The vessels which sailed up and down the river were essentially different from any they had ever seen, with the exception, perhaps, of the wrecked galiot. They looked more like huge

canal-boats than sea-going vessels. Some of them had wings, or boards, at their sides, which were let down when the craft was going on the wind, thus serving the same purpose as a centreboard. Others were rigged so that their masts could be lowered to the deck in passing bridges.

Maps, guide-books, and other volumes of reference were in great demand among the students, and Professor Stoute was continually questioned by all hands. Mr. Hamblin was too grouty to permit any such familiarity, and doubtless he was saved from exposing his ignorance of the interesting country which the voyagers had now entered.

The West Scheldt, upon whose waters the Josephine was now sailing, is sometimes called the Hond. On the left, and in plain sight from the deck, was Walcheren, the most extensive of the nine islands which constitute the province of Zealand, the most southern and western division of the kingdom of Holland. Zeeland, or Zealand, means *sea-land*; and its territory seems to belong to the ocean, since it is only by the most persevering care that the sea is prevented from making a conquest of it. These islands are for the most part surrounded and divided by the several mouths of the Scheldt, all of which are navigable.

Our readers who have been on the sea-shore where the coast is washed by the broad ocean, or any considerable bay, have observed a ridge of sand, gravel, or stones thrown up from ten to twenty feet higher than the land behind. This was caused by the action of the sea. The exterior shore of Holland, that is, the land bordering upon the open ocean, has generally a ridge of sand of this description. The

sand-hills or hummocks which are observed on the shores of Holland and Belgium are produced by the ceaseless beating of the stormy waves.

In Holland, these ridges, or chains of sand-hills, are called "dunes." They extend, with little interruption, from the Straits of Dover to the Zuyder Zee. The ridge is from one to three miles wide, and rising from twenty to fifty feet in height. The sand of which the "dunes" are composed is generally so fine that it is readily blown by a sharp wind; and they were as troublesome as the sands of Sahara in a simoom. In a dry and windy day, the atmosphere would become dim from the sand smoke of the dunes, and the material was conveyed in this manner far into the interior of the country, covering up the rich soil, so that it became necessary to dig up the sand. To overcome this evil, a kind of coarse reed grass is annually sown on the dunes, which forms a tough sod, and prevents the sand from being blown away.

The dunes form a natural barrier to the progress of the sea; but these, of themselves, are insufficient to accomplish the purpose; for in the highest tides the waters sweep through the openings or valleys between the sand-hills. Immense dikes and sea-walls are erected to complete the security of the country from the invasions of the ocean. The embankments which protect the islands of Zealand are over three hundred miles in length in the aggregate, and involve an annual expense of two millions of guilders —more than eight hundred thousand dollars—in repairs.

"The great dike of West Kappel is there," said the pilot to Captain Kendall, as he pointed to the land on the northern shore of the estuary.

"I don't see anything," replied Paul.

"There is nothing particular to see on this side of the dike," interposed Professor Stoute, laughing at the astonishment of the captain. "What did you expect to see?"

"I hardly know. I have heard so much about the dikes of Holland, that I expected to see a big thing when I came across one of them," added Paul.

"They are a big thing; but really there is very little to see."

"But what is a dike, sir?" asked Paul, curiously. "I never supposed it was anything more than a mud wall."

"It is nothing more than that, only it is on a very large scale, and it must be constructed with the nicest care; for the lives and property of the people depend upon its security. When they are going to build a dike, the first consideration, as in putting up a heavy building, is the foundation. I suppose you have seen a railroad built through a marsh, or other soft place."

"Yes, sir; the railroad at Brockway went over the head of the bay, where the bottom was very soft. As fast as they put in gravel for the road, the mud squashed up on each side, making a ridge almost as high as the road itself. They built a heavy stone wharf at Brockway, the year before we sailed, and the weight of it lifted up the bottom of the shallow bay a hundred feet from it, so that boats get aground there now at half tide."

"That is the idea exactly: The foundation is not solid; and that is often the chief difficulty in building a

dike. The immense weight of the material of which it is constructed crowds the earth out from under it, and it sinks down faster than they can build it. In such places as this they find it necessary to drive piles, to build the embankment on."

"They must cost a heap of money, then."

"The annual expense even for repairs of dikes in Holland is about three millions of dollars of our money. Speaking of that very dike of West Kappel," added the professor, pointing to its long, inclined escarpment, "it is said if it had been originally built of solid copper, the prime cost would have been less than the amount which has since been expended upon it in building, rebuilding, restoring, and repairing it. But the money spent on dikes is the salvation of Holland. The entire country would be washed away in a few years, if they were suffered to decay."

"I see there are trees growing on the shore, farther up the river," added Paul.

"Those trees are willows; and wherever it is possible for them to thrive, they encourage their growth for two reasons: first, because the roots of the trees strengthen the dike; and, secondly, because the willow twigs are wanted in repairing and securing the embankment. The foundations of sea-dikes vary from a hundred and twenty to one hundred and fifty feet in width. The rampart is made of clay, which, as being impervious to water, forms the entire structure when the material is available in sufficient quantities. The maximum height of the dikes is forty feet; but of course they vary in this respect with the elevation of the land to be protected by them."

"But I should think the mud and clay would be washed away by the beating of the sea."

"So they are sometimes; and to guard against such an event, which is a calamity in this country, the dike is covered with a kind of thatch-work of willow twigs, which has to be renewed every three or four years. Occasionally the outer surface of the embankment is faced with masonry, the stone for which has to be brought from Norway."

"A ship there is coming in," interrupted the pilot, pointing to seaward.

She was several miles distant, standing in under all sail. She was examined with the spy-glasses, and every one was rejoiced to learn that it was the Young America.

CHAPTER IV.

UP THE SCHELDT TO FLUSHING.

"I am very glad to see the ship again," said Paul to Professor Stoute.

"I supposed she would get in before us, we were detained so long by the wreck," replied Mr. Stoute.

"Probably she stood off and on during the night, seeking for us," added Paul, as he again looked through the spy-glass at the ship. "She seems to be sound in all her upper works, so far as I can see."

"I dare say the ship would be safe enough as long as Mr. Lowington and Mr. Fluxion are on board of her."

"Yes, sir; I didn't suppose any harm had come to her; but Mr. Lowington will naturally be very anxious about us. He has made us out by this time, and is satisfied that we are still on the top of the water. There are the steeples of a town," said Paul, pointing to the Walcheren shore. "That must be Middleburg."

"This island was inundated in 1808," continued Mr. Stoute, after the pilot had assured him that the steeples seen in the interior of the island were those of Middleburg. "Though the sea is as diligently watched as the advance-guard of an invading army, the great dike of West Kappel broke through, and a large part of the island was under water. Middleburg has its own dikes and ditches, the former constituting the wall of the town, upon the top of which there is a public promenade. This dike or mound kept the water out of the city after the sea-dike had given way. The inundation rose as high as the roofs of the houses in the town, but was fortunately kept at bay by the strength of the walls."

"Were you ever in Holland, Mr. Stoute?" asked Paul, with a significant smile.

"Never," laughed the professor; "but the schoolmaster must not be abroad when boys ask as many questions as the students on board of this vessel. As soon as I learned that we were coming to Holland, I read up everything I could find relating to the country, and I assure you my interest in the country has been doubled by my studies. We have in our library quite a collection of works relating more or less directly to Holland. The New American Encyclopædia contains very full and reliable articles on the subject. We have

a full list of Murray's Hand-Books, which form a library in themselves, and which impart the most minute information. Indeed, half the books of travel which are written are based upon Murray's invaluable works. Then we have Motley's History of the Dutch Republic, and the two volumes of his United Netherlands which have been published. My knowledge of Holland and Belgium comes mainly from these works."

"I haven't had time to look up these matters yet. I have given considerable extra time to my French. As soon as we are moored, I suppose Mr. Mapps will give us his lecture on the country; and I intend to make that the basis of my reading."

"Then I will not say anything more about the dikes," laughed Mr. Stoute. "You can do the matter up more systematically by your intended course."

"I am very glad to get all I can without the trouble of hunting it up," replied Paul, as he glanced again at the Young America. "I may have more time than I want to study up these subjects."

"Why so?"

"I suppose I am to be court-martialed for disobedience as soon as Mr. Lowington arrives," replied Paul, fixing his eyes upon the deck. "Mr. Hamblin has not spoken to me since I left the class yesterday afternoon."

"It is not proper for me to say anything about that to you, Captain Kendall," added Mr. Stoute.

"I feel that I have tried to do my duty; and, whatever happens to me, I shall endeavor to be satisfied."

Professor Stoute walked away, apparently to avoid any further conversation on the disagreeable subject. Paul did not feel quite easy about the difficulty which had occurred between him and the dignified professor. He had hoped and expected that the storm would justify his action in the opinion of the learned gentleman; but Mr. Hamblin carefully avoided him, and he was confident he intended to prefer charges against him as soon as the principal arrived.

The Josephine was now entering the port of Flushing. The pilot was talking with the Dutch skipper very earnestly, and occasionally glancing at the "Wel tevreeden." The latter seemed to be very uneasy, and to manifest a great deal of solicitude in regard to his vessel, notwithstanding she was safe, though the cargo had been damaged, and she had lost her masts and part of her standing rigging.

"Captain Schimmelpennink to you wish to talk," said the pilot, stepping up to Paul.

"Who?" exclaimed Paul, almost stunned by the sound of the Dutchman's name.

The pilot repeated it, but not much more to the edification of the young commander than before.

"I can't talk Dutch," laughed Paul.

"I for you will speak the English," added the Belgian.

This was hardly more encouraging than the Dutch of the disconsolate skipper; but Paul consented to the conference.

"The galiot to you belongs for the labor you have to save him," continued the pilot.

With some difficulty, with the assistance of Mr.

Stoute, who, however, was not familiar with French nautical terms, Paul learned that Captain Schimmelpennink was much disturbed about the ultimate disposal of the "Wel tevreeden." According to maritime law, recognized by all countries, the captain, officers, and crew of the Josephine were entitled to salvage for saving the vessel. As, without assistance, it was probable that the galiot would have been totally lost, the salvors would be entitled to the greater part of the value of the wreck when it should be sold. One half, two thirds, or even three fourths, is sometimes awarded to those who save a vessel, the proportion depending upon the condition of the wreck.

It appeared that the captain of the galiot was much distressed on this account. He declared that he was a poor man; that his vessel was all the property he had in the world; that one of the men lost overboard in the squall was his own brother, and the other his wife's brother; and misery had suddenly come upon him in an avalanche. By the exertions of Martyn and others from the Josephine, a portion of the sails and standing rigging of the galiot had been saved, so that only about one fourth of the value of the vessel had been sacrificed by the tempest. But now the skipper was in great trouble because two thirds or three fourths of the remaining value of his property was to be decreed to the salvors by a maritime court.

Paul did not feel that it would be right for him to settle, or even discuss, this question, and he referred the skipper to Mr. Lowington, assuring him that he was a fair man, and would deal kindly with him. But this did not satisfy the unfortunate man. It was bad enough to lose one fourth of his property,—for the vessel was not insured,—without having the greater

part of the remainder wrested from him by a court.

"All hands, moor ship, ahoy!" shouted the boatswain, when the schooner was approaching one of the great canals of Flushing, or Vlissingen, as the Dutch call it.

The anchor was let go, the sails lowered and stowed, and the Josephine was once more at rest. The galiot came in, and anchored a cable's length from her. Communication between the two vessels was immediately opened, and Lieutenant Martyn made his report of the voyage since he sailed from Thornton's Ridge. No events of any importance had occurred, and his story could not be said to be at all sensational.

In less than an hour the Young America ran into the port, and moored near the Josephine. The moment her anchor had buried itself in the mud of the harbor, her officers and crew were in the rigging, gazing earnestly at the consort. It was possible they had noticed the galiot under a jury-mast, and in some manner connected her with the Josephine; but they could have had no other clew to the exciting incidents which had transpired since the two vessels parted company the day before.

"I desire to renew my request for a boat, Captain Kendall," said Professor Hamblin, stiffly, the moment the rattling cable of the ship was heard.

"Certainly, sir. I shall be very happy to furnish a boat for you," replied Paul, politely. "Mr. Terrill, you will pipe away the first cutters for Mr. Hamblin."

"Yes, sir," replied the first lieutenant, touching his cap. "Boatswain, pipe away the first cutters for Mr. Hamblin."

"Mr. Terrill, you will pipe away the crew of the gig for me. I will go on board of the ship," added the captain.

"Yes, sir," answered Terrill. "Boatswain's mate, pipe away the gigsmen for the captain."

"All the first cutters, on deck, ahoy!" shouted the boatswain.

"All the gigsmen, on deck, ahoy!" piped the boatswain's mate.

Professor Hamblin stamped his foot on deck when he heard these orders, given almost in the same breath. He did not seem to consider that there was anything to be done except to attend to his affair.

"Captain Kendall," said he, walking up to the young commander, with a brisk, nervous step, "I wish to see Mr. Lowington alone."

"Certainly, sir; I will not object to your seeing him alone. If I can do anything to favor your views, I shall be happy to assist."

"You have ordered your gig, and you said you were going on board the ship," added the learned gentleman, his wrath not at all appeased by the conciliatory reply of Paul.

"I am, sir."

"Am I to understand that you are going to see the principal in reference to my communication with him?" demanded Mr. Hamblin.

"No, sir. It is my duty to report any unusual event which occurs in the navigation of this vessel," answered Paul, respectfully.

"It is quite proper for you to regard your own disobedience as an unusual event," retorted the professor.

"I was not thinking of that, sir. I am quite willing to leave that matter with Mr. Lowington, and to abide by his decision. I refer to the storm, and the wreck of the Dutch galiot. Those were unusual events."

"It would be more proper, and more respectful to me, for you to defer your affairs till after I have seen the principal. This is the Sabbath day," added Mr. Hamblin, solemnly. "I do not desire to have this controversy opened to-day."

"Then, sir, I suggest that you defer it until to-morrow," added Paul.

"This is a question of discipline, and admits of no delay. If the professors of this vessel are to be disobeyed and insulted, it is not proper for me to remain in her another hour."

"Insulted, sir?" exclaimed the young commander, blushing under this charge.

"Yes, sir; insulted, sir!" replied Mr. Hamblin, angrily. "Did you not leave the class? That was disobedience, which, under the circumstances, perhaps I might have forgiven, if you had not added insult to injury. Not contented with your own misconduct, you immediately ordered all hands to be called, and every member of my class was taken away."

"As to-day is Sunday, sir, I will not attempt to explain my conduct. I am very sorry that any difficulty has occurred; but I think Mr. Lowington will understand the matter. Your boat is ready, Mr. Hamblin," added Paul, pointing to the gangway, where the third

lieutenant was waiting for his passenger.

"Do I understand that you insist upon going on board of the ship immediately?" demanded the professor.

"Yes, sir. It is my duty to report to the principal without delay. There is a signal at the peak of the ship now," replied Paul.

"Signal for the captain to report on board of the ship, sir," said the signal-officer, touching his cap to his commander.

Mr. Hamblin went over the side into the first cutter, which pulled away towards the ship. The gig immediately took her place, and the captain stepped into her. The cutter reached the Young America first, and the angry professor ran up the ladder with unwonted briskness. The principal was standing on the quarter, waiting to see the captain of the Josephine, for he was anxious to learn whether she had sustained any damage or lost any one overboard in the fierce storm. He knew that nothing but the most skilful seamanship could have prevented the decks of the schooner from being washed in the tremendous sea that prevailed during the hurricane.

To Mr. Lowington every moment of time since the two vessels of the squadron parted company the day before had been burdened with the most intense solicitude for the fate of the consort and her crew. The fact that she had been dilatory in taking in sail, when no one could know at what instant the squall would break upon her, had indicated a degree of recklessness which increased his anxiety. Mr. Fluxion had been sent to the fore cross-trees with a powerful glass early in the morning, and the Josephine had been discovered by the ship long before the Young

America was seen by the pilot.

During the night the ship had cruised off and on in search of her consort, but the Josephine had drifted to the southward, and had sailed in that direction, after the fury of the tempest had wasted itself, in looking for the wreck of the galiot. The report of Mr. Fluxion on the cross-trees that she was entering the Hond, relieved the principal's anxiety in part; but he was still fearful that some of her crew had been washed overboard. As soon as the anchor was let go, he had ordered the signal for Captain Kendall to be hoisted.

Mr. Hamblin was the first person from the Josephine who presented himself to the principal. There was something in the professor's countenance which looked ominous, and Mr. Lowington's fears seemed to be confirmed by the unusual solemnity of the learned gentleman's expression. Mr. Lowington's heart rose up into his throat; for independently of the sorrow which the loss of one or more of the Josephine's crew would cause him, he realized that such a calamity would be the death-blow to his favorite experiment. The entire charge of her had been committed to a boy of sixteen, and he blamed himself severely because he had not placed an experienced officer on board of her, who might at least act in great emergencies. Though Mr. Cleats was an old sailor, he was not a navigator.

The principal was in this state of suffering, bordering upon anguish, when the irate professor of Greek and Latin came on board. Mr. Lowington tried to think that nothing had happened, but it was impossible. If any one had been lost, the Josephine's flag would be at half mast, or some other signal would have been

made. Mr. Hamblin's face looked like death itself, only his brow was contracted, and his lips were compressed as though anger and sorrow were combined in his expression.

"What has happened, Mr. Hamblin?" demanded the principal, manifesting more emotion than any one on board had ever before observed in his manner.

"I am sorry to say, Mr. Lowington, that an unpleasant event has occurred on board of the Josephine," the professor began, very solemnly.

"I feared it," gasped Mr. Lowington. "Who was it?"

"The captain—"

"Captain Kendall!" groaned Mr. Lowington, striking his bewildered head with both hands. "Good Heaven! I am responsible for this!"

"What is the matter, Mr. Lowington?" demanded the astonished professor.

"What did you say about Captain Kendall?" asked the principal, catching at the straw which the learned gentleman's question seemed to hold out to him.

"I prefer to speak to you alone about it, Mr. Lowington," added the professor, glancing at the group of officers and instructors that were gathering around him. "I will endeavor to control my emotions in stating this unpleasant business."

Mr. Lowington, apparently happy to have even a moment's respite from the grief and gloom which must follow the sad intelligence of the loss of Captain Kendall, led the way to the professors' cabin.

"Now, sir, what is it? Let me know the worst!"

exclaimed the principal, dropping upon the sofa like a man whose strength had all been taken from him. "I have been dreading it for many long and weary hours."

"Dreading it?" repeated the confused professor. "Dreading what, sir?"

"That the Josephine had suffered severely in the storm," replied the principal, impatiently. "You have come to tell me that Captain Kendall was lost overboard?" And Mr. Lowington heaved a long sigh.

"No, sir," protested Mr. Hamblin.

"Didn't you say that a very unpleasant affair had happened on board?" demanded the principal, eagerly.

"I did; but it was not the loss of the captain."

"Who was it?" asked Mr. Lowington, catching his breath, in the heaviness of his anxiety.

"I really don't understand you, sir," said the learned gentleman, astonished and confounded by what he regarded as the singular conduct of the principal.

"Has any one been lost overboard from the Josephine?" demanded Mr. Lowington, in a loud tone, for he was impatient under the shuffling manner of the professor.

"No, sir; no one, that I am aware of."

"That you are aware of!" exclaimed Mr. Lowington, sternly.

"Of course, if any one had been lost, I should have heard of it," answered Mr. Hamblin, who did not

quite like the tone of the principal.

"Then the officers and crew are all safe—are they?"

"They are, sir—all safe."

"Thank God!" ejaculated Mr. Lowington, heartily, an awfully heavy load removed from his mind.

"I have come on board, sir, to make a complaint against the captain of the Josephine. This is the unpleasant business which brings me here," added the learned gentleman, decidedly.

"Indeed!"

But even this, disagreeable as it was, came as a relief to the overcharged heart of Paul's best friend, who had received a terrible shock from the confused state-ment of the professor. Yet it was very strange that any one should have a complaint to make against Paul Kendall, who had always been noble and manly, gentle and conciliating.

"Yesterday, just before the storm came on, Mr. Kendall was reciting with the Greek class," continued Mr. Hamblin. "Word came to him that his presence was required on deck. He asked my permission to go on deck. As I could not see the necessity of his leaving the class before the lesson was finished, I refused to give him permission."

"Did he leave then?"

"Not then; but half an hour later another message came to him, and he left, contrary to my orders, and contrary to my protest," added the professor, waxing indignant as he recounted his wrongs.

"What was the message that came the second time?"

asked Mr. Lowington, mildly.

"I do not remember precisely what it was—I am not versed in sea terms; but I do remember that Mr. Kendall left the class contrary to my express order. Not contented with this, he called all hands, and broke up the school, when there was no need of it. Such conduct is utterly subversive of school discipline, and—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Hamblin, but as to-day is Sunday, I must defer hearing any more of your complaint until to-morrow," continued Mr. Lowington, rising from his chair.

"I desire to have this question settled before I resume my position in the Josephine," said the professor, cut by the apparent coolness of the principal.

"I will hear what Captain Kendall has to say about it."

"Sir," exclaimed the learned gentleman, "am I to understand that you are not satisfied with the truth of my statement?"

"By no means. I wish to hear from Captain Kendall his excuse for leaving the class. I am not able to determine whether it was satisfactory."

"I have already determined that question myself. I think I observed to you that there was not a sufficient excuse for his leaving the class."

"I will defer the discussion of the matter till to-morrow," replied Mr. Lowington.

"I do not object to the delay, sir; but I do object to having any of the statements of the pupil counterbalance those I have made."

"Do you wish me to condemn him without a hearing?"

"I do not wish you to condemn him at all. I simply ask to be sustained in the discharge of my duty as a teacher."

"I will hear what more you have to say to-morrow, Mr. Hamblin."

"Very well, sir; but you must allow me to remain on board of the ship until to-morrow, for I cannot return to the Josephine till this unpleasant matter has been adjusted."

"As you please," replied the principal, as he hastened on deck, where a cheer, half suppressed in deference to the day, had a few moments before been heard.

As Paul came down from the rail of the ship, he was greeted with applause; for, without knowing what had occurred after they lost sight of the consort, the students in the ship realized that Paul had taken his vessel safely through the storm. He bowed and blushed at this demonstration, and hastened to meet Mr. Lowington, who was just coming up from his interview with the professor. He had purposely delayed his passage to the ship, in order to afford Mr. Hamblin time to make his charges. It was plain that he had done so now, and Paul was not a little anxious for the result.

"Captain Kendall, I am very glad to see you," said Mr. Lowington, warmly, as he extended his hand to the young commander.

"Thank you, sir; I am just as glad to see you," replied Paul, taking the proffered hand, and concluding that the professor had not materially prejudiced the

principal against him.

"I have been very anxious about you, Captain Kendall," added Mr. Lowington. "I have imagined that all sorts of terrible things had happened to you and the Josephine. Is all well on board?"

"Yes, sir; but we are all very tired. We were up all night, and the crew had to work very hard."

"All night?"

"We went to the assistance of that galiot, sir. We saved four persons, and brought the vessel in, as you see her now. She was knocked down in the squall, and lost two men. We found her on her beam-ends."

"Indeed, Captain Kendall, you have had your hands full," replied Mr. Lowington, pleased with the gallant conduct of his young friend.

"The captain of the galiot,—he has a name as long as the main royal-mast backstay, and I can't remember it,—the captain is on board of the Josephine, and wishes to see you very much. I referred the whole matter to you, sir."

"I will see him at once."

"He don't speak a word of English—only Dutch."

"Mr. Fluxion speaks Dutch, and he shall go with me. I will return with you in your boat," added the principal.

The professor of mathematics was called, and they embarked in the Josephine's gig. On the way Paul briefly detailed the events which had occurred since the squall came on, explaining the means by which the shipwrecked party had been saved, and the

vessel righted. He generously bestowed great praise upon his officers and crew for their zealous efforts both in working the Josephine, and in saving the galiot and her crew.

"I have been worried about you, Captain Kendall. You did not seem to be as prudent as usual when the storm was threatening. Ten minutes before the squall came up you had every rag of canvas set, including your fore square-sail. You ought to have reduced sail half an hour sooner, especially as there was no wind, and not a sail was drawing. You should have taken your precautions sooner, for you can't tell the precise moment when a hurricane will burst upon you. All light sails and all extra ones should be taken in when there is a possibility of a squall."

"I was attending the Greek class," replied Paul; but he resolved to make no allusion to the difficulty between Mr. Hamblin and himself.

Paul's reply gave the principal an idea of the occasion of the unpleasantness, but he refrained from any further remark on the subject.

"The Dutch captain is much troubled about the salvage on his vessel, for the Belgian pilot told him the Josephine would be entitled to two thirds or three fourths of the property saved," continued Paul.

"Salvage!" said the principal, with a smile. "Well, I suppose you are entitled to it."

"I hope you will give the Dutchman the vessel and cargo. He feels very badly. He has lost a brother and a brother-in-law, and now he is afraid of losing nearly all that was saved. I hope you will not take any salvage. I am sure the Josephines would all vote

to have you make no claim for it."

"Excellent! I hope they will," replied the principal, as he ascended to the schooner's deck, followed by Mr. Fluxion and Paul.

CHAPTER V.

CAPTAIN SCHIMMELPENNINK.

At the request of the principal, Mr. Fluxion acted as interpreter in the conversation with the Dutch skipper. The unfortunate man stated his case, and bewailed the heavy loss to which he had been subjected by the tempest.

"Call all hands, if you please, Captain Kendall," said Mr. Lowington, when he had heard the statement as translated by Mr. Fluxion.

Paul gave the required order, and in a few moments the crew were at quarters. The principal took his place on the main hatch, and all the Josephines waited with interest to hear what he had to say.

"Young gentlemen, since we parted company in the squall yesterday, I have suffered a great deal of anxiety on your account. The ship ran off before the gale, while the Josephine lay to. If you had not sailed to the southward after the tempest, we should not have lost sight of you for more than a few hours. I acknowledge that I reproached myself severely for intrusting the vessel to the sole care of students. But I

find that she has been as well handled as though she had been under command of an old and experienced man. I wish to say to you that Captain Kendall has acquitted himself remarkably well in the emergency. Though he did not take in his light sails quite as soon as he should, everything else was done with the skill and prudence of a veteran."

At this point the students on board, who knew very well why Paul had not taken in the light sails sooner, looked at one another and smiled significantly. The difficulty between the professor and the captain had been fully discussed among them, and it hardly need be said that Paul was fully justified by his shipmates.

"I want to add," continued the principal, "that the conduct of Captain Kendall—with the exception I have mentioned—is fully and cordially approved. I must say that his behavior, his skill and energy, seem fully to justify the experiment undertaken in the Josephine. Your commander has made a full report of the vessel, and it gives me great pleasure to say that he awards the highest praise to his officers and crew for their zeal and fidelity. He informs me that officers and seamen labored with untiring energy to rescue the unfortunate persons on board of the galiot, and also to save the vessel itself. These efforts have been entirely successful.

"It is at all times the duty of the seaman to save life and property on the high seas. No one knows how soon we may need the kind offices of brother sailors of any nation; and what we expect to receive from others we should at all times be prepared to render to them. You have done nobly. I congratulate you upon your success; and I thank you for the zeal with which you have discharged your several duties.

Nothing so much as the dependence of one seaman upon another, in the hour of shipwreck and disaster, unites the seamen of all nations in one fraternity. Young gentlemen, you have done something for your ship, and something for your country; for every true American feels proud and happy when he learns that an American vessel has saved even a single shipwrecked mariner. I am sure your friends will be proud of you when they read your record for the last twenty-four hours.

"According to maritime law, young gentlemen, you are entitled to salvage upon the vessel you have saved. Under ordinary circumstances, you would be justified in claiming from one half to three fourths of the value of this vessel. The galiot, I am informed, was not insured. The value of the vessel and cargo is perhaps four or five thousand dollars. I have no doubt the court would give you what would amount to two or three thousand dollars, at least; for without assistance the vessel would probably have been a total loss.

"Captain Schimmelpennink, I am told, is the sole owner of the 'Wel tevreeden.' He and his family lived on board of her. It was their only home, and she was their only worldly possession. At an expense of a few hundred dollars, he can restore her to her original condition. If sold in her present state, she would not bring half her actual value. Deducting the salvage from this amount, the unfortunate captain would lose at least three fourths of his property, the accumulation of his lifetime."

"We'll no rob the poor mon," interposed McLeish, the Scotch boy, who was now on his good behavior.

"It will be no robbery, McLeish. You would take but

your just dues," replied the principal, with a smile.

"We'll no tak it," added McLeish.

"No, sir!" "No, sir!" "No, sir!" responded the students in every direction.

"Not a dollar of it, sir!" said Paul, warmly.

"Thank you, young gentlemen," continued Mr. Lowington, whose face indicated the pleasure he felt. "You have voluntarily suggested what I was about to propose to you. To-day is Sunday, and your conduct is worthy of the day. I should not have mentioned the matter until to-morrow, if I had not desired to relieve the unfortunate captain from his anxiety and suspense. Your conduct will gladden his heart. We will take a vote on this question, that there may be no mistake in regard to your intentions. Those in favor of abandoning the claim for salvage will signify it by raising the right hand."

Every hand was raised, and most of the boys added an emphatic "Ay!" to the hand vote.

"All up!" shouted the students, looking around them to find any one who was behind the others in this benevolent deed.

"Every one," replied Mr. Lowington, smiling. "Mr. Fluxion, I will thank you to communicate to the master of the galiot the action of the ship's company."

The Dutchman stood watching the proceedings of the party with a look of sad bewilderment. His wife and daughter were near him, as sad and confused as himself. The boys looked at him with interest as the professor of mathematics explained to him what had

taken place. The expression which lighted up his face, as he comprehended the action of the students, was an ample reward for their generous conduct.

"Tell him he may take possession of his vessel as soon as he pleases," added the principal.

Mr. Fluxion communicated this permission to the skipper; and when he heard it he cast a longing glance at the "Wel tevreeden," which he seemed to regard in the same light as his wife and daughter.

"How much will it cost to repair the galiot?" asked one of the students, stepping forward from a group which had been whispering together for a moment very earnestly.

"I do not know the price of materials in Holland," replied Mr. Lowington. "Perhaps the captain and the pilot may be able to give you some information on this subject."

Mr. Fluxion, the pilot, and the master of the galiot consulted together for some time. The jib and foresail, and a portion of the standing and running rigging, had been saved, and the Belgian and the Dutchman made a computation of the cost of labor and material.

"About twelve hundred guilders," said Mr. Lowington, after Mr. Fluxion had reported the result of the conference.

"How much is that, sir?" asked one of the boys, blankly.

"One hundred pounds, English," said Paul, who had already studied up Dutch currency. "About five hundred dollars."

"I move you, sir, that a subscription paper be opened to raise the money to repair the galiot," said Lynch.

"Second the motion," added Groesbeck.

"Young gentlemen, I think you have done all that could be expected of you," said Mr. Lowington. "I do not mean to represent to you that Captain Schimmelpennink is an object of charity, though I am informed that he has not the means of paying for these repairs. But, since you desire it, I will put the matter to vote."

The motion was carried unanimously, as the one remitting the claim for salvage had been. The principal suggested that it was proper to appoint a committee to attend to the subscriptions; and Terrill, Pelham, and Lynch were appointed to perform this duty. Nothing was said to the skipper of the galiot about this proposition; and Mr. Lowington having warmly commended the students for their generous sympathy with the unfortunate man, the crew were dismissed.

A boat was sent to the "Wel tevreeden" with the captain and his party. The subscription paper was immediately opened. Terrill took the paper to Mr. Lowington first, who headed it with sixty guilders. The principal and the students seemed to make their financial calculations in English money, on the basis of twelve guilders to the pound. Mr. Fluxion put down twenty-four guilders, and the students twelve guilders each; for no one was willing to be behind the others.

Mr. Lowington returned to the ship; and when dinner was over, most of the Josephines turned in, for there was a fearful gaping on board as soon as the

excitement had subsided. Hardly any of the crew had closed their eyes during the preceding night, and all of them were very tired.

At five o'clock, the white flag containing a blue cross, which is the signal for divine service, appeared on the Young America. The service had been postponed, to enable the Josephines to obtain a little needed rest: it was never dispensed with except at sea, in very heavy weather. Though the religious exercises were made unusually impressive by Mr. Agneau, after the storm and the wreck, it must be confessed that some of the consort's company went to sleep during the hour; but they were forgiven, even by the chaplain, when their zealous labors to save life and property were considered.

For some reason of his own, Mr. Lowington invited the Dutch skipper and his family to attend the service, and a boat was sent for the party. They came on board, and were regarded with deep interest by the crew, though doubtless they were not much edified by the exercises, as they knew not a word of English.

"Captain Kendall," said the first lieutenant of the schooner, when they returned to their cabin, "I think I have money enough to build a new galiot for Captain Schumblefungus, or whatever his name is. I don't wonder that a man with such a name as that should be cast away, especially if the mate had to speak it before he let go the halyards."

"How much have you?" asked Paul.

"I don't know," replied Terrill, producing a whole bundle of money orders, with which the students had paid their subscriptions. "Mr. Lowington made a

speech to the Young Americans after he returned on board. He told them what we had done, and what we intended to do. The fellows in the ship wanted to have a finger in the pie; and I believe every one of them has put down his twelve guilders."

"I am very glad to hear that; for I pitied the Dutch captain from the bottom of my heart," added Paul.

"All the professors gave twelve guilders, except old Hamblin—"

"Professor Hamblin," interposed Paul, gently rebuking his friend for using that disrespectful appellative.

"Professor Hamblin; but I have no respect for him, and I can't always help speaking what I think. He is a solemn old lunatic, as grouty as a crab that has got aground."

"We will not speak of him," said Paul, mildly.

"Well, they all subscribed except him; and I'm sure I've got more than twelve hundred guilders. Why, even the cooks and stewards gave something."

"I'm glad you have been so fortunate."

"Captain Spunkenfungle's eyes will stick out a foot or two when he hears what we have done for him."

"And I'm sure we shall be as happy as he; for such gifts, you know, are twice blessed."

The sums on the subscription papers were added up by Terrill and Pelham.

"Sixteen hundred and fifty-four guilders!" exclaimed the former, when the result had been reached.

"Four hundred and fifty-four guilders more than the sum required," added Paul, delighted by the intelligence.

"Shall we give it all to the skipper?" asked Pelham.

"I don't know. We will leave that to Mr. Lowington," replied Paul.

"I don't think we ought to give him any more than enough to make up his loss. That would tempt him to wreck his galiot again, if there was an American flag in sight," said Terrill.

"I see no reason why he should be left any better off than before the disaster," continued the captain. "We can keep the money as a charity fund; and I have no doubt we shall soon find a chance to make good use of it."

The embarrassment of having a surplus was better than that of a deficiency would have been, and the sleepy officers of the Josephine were not likely to be kept awake by it. All hands turned in at an earlier hour than usual. The anchor watch were as sleepy as the others; but the discipline of the vessel was rigidly adhered to, for the principal did not believe in neglecting any necessary precaution simply because the crew were tired. As seamen, the students were taught to realize that fatigue and want of sleep on shipboard would not justify any disregard of their regular routine duty.

In the morning everything went on as usual. It had not been the intention of Mr. Lowington to put into Flushing, and no one was allowed to go on shore. The wind was fortunately fresh from the westward; the pilots were still on board; and the signal for

sailing was hoisted on board of the Young America. Just before the squadron weighed anchor, Mr. Fluxion went on board of the galiot, and informed the skipper that all the expenses of the repairs of his vessel would be paid by the students of the institution. The professor reported that the poor man was beside himself with joy when he received this intelligence. He expressed his gratitude in extravagant terms, which had no English equivalents. Mr. Fluxion gave him eighty pounds in gold, and promised to see him again before the repairs were completed.

Orders to weigh anchor were given, and the two vessels stood out of the port of Flushing into the broad river. At Paul's invitation, Dr. Winstock came on board for the passage up the river. Mr. Hamblin still remained a guest of the ship, and the surgeon volunteered to take his place, though he acknowledged that his Greek roots were little better than decayed stumps in his memory.

There is nothing picturesque on the Scheldt; and it was no great hardship for the students to be compelled to attend to their lessons in the steerage half the time during the trip. The country is very low —some of it below the level of the sea; and there was little to be seen on shore, though the students on deck found enough to interest them.

Mr. Hamblin was the only unhappy person in the squadron, even the Knights of the Red Cross finding enough in this new and strange land to occupy their time without plotting mischief. The learned gentleman did not like the way in which the principal appeared to be "sustaining" him. Mr. Lowington had called the crew together, and told

them what the Josephines had done, praising them in what seemed to the professor to be the most extravagant language. He did not like it: it was hardly less than an insult to commend the student against whom he had preferred charges of disobedience and insubordination.

He was vexed that no notice was taken of his complaints—that the matter had been deferred a single hour. In his opinion, Captain Kendall should have been promptly suspended. The moral effect of such a course would have been grand. Mr. Hamblin had spoken; and he felt that he had spoken. If he was not sustained, he could not return to the Josephine. He had spoken; and it was the principal's place to speak next.

Mr. Lowington did not speak. He was busy all the morning; and when the vessels sailed, not a word had been said in allusion to the topic which, in Mr. Hamblin's estimation, overshadowed all others. If the principal did not think of it all the time, he ought to do so; for the academic branch of the institution would be a failure if discipline was not enforced. The ship stood on her way before the fresh westerly breeze, and still Mr. Lowington did not mention the matter. The professor waited till he felt he was utterly ignored, and was sacrificing his dignity every moment that he permitted the question to remain unsettled.

"Mr. Lowington," said he at last, with a mighty effort, —for it was the principal's duty to speak first,—"I made a complaint to you yesterday. Thus far no notice whatever seems to have been taken of it."

"Perhaps the longer we wait the easier it will be to settle the question," replied Mr. Lowington,

pleasantly, though he dreaded the discussion that must ensue.

"If I am not to be sustained in the discharge of my duties, it is useless for me to attempt to perform them to your satisfaction or my own."

"You shall be sustained in the discharge of your duties, Mr. Hamblin. But we will discuss this matter in the cabin, if you please," added the principal, as he led the way below.

"Unless an instructor is sustained, of course he can do nothing," said the professor, as he seated himself in the cabin.

"Certainly not. I will hear your complaint now, Mr. Hamblin," replied the principal.

The learned gentleman stated his grievance in about the same terms as on the day before.

"You say that a message was sent down to the captain. Do you know what that message was?" asked the principal.

"I do not remember it precisely. It was something about a squall."

"Very likely it was," answered Mr. Lowington, dryly. "There was a squall coming up at the time—was there not?"

"I knew there was a shower coming up."

"You declined to let him go on deck?"

"I did, sir. The recitation in Greek was not half finished," replied the professor, who deemed this a sufficient reason for declining.

"Captain Kendall did not go on deck when the first message was sent down?"

"No, sir; we continued the recitation for half an hour longer without interruption. Then the messenger came again. I told Mr. Kendall not to leave the class; but, in direct opposition to my order, he went on deck. Not satisfied with this, though he knew that half the students were engaged in the recitations, he ordered all hands to be called. Of course the students were glad enough to get away from their lessons; and all of them stampeded from the steerage, in spite of my protest, and without even a word of apology."

"Did they?" added Mr. Lowington, with difficulty avoiding the disrespect of laughing in the face of the learned gentleman.

"They did; and it must be as clear to you as it is to me, that such conduct is utterly subversive of anything like good discipline."

"May I ask what punishment you propose as suitable for such an offence as that of Captain Kendall?"

"I am perfectly willing to leave that matter to you, sir; but I should think that simple suspension from his office would be sufficient, considering the position of Mr. Kendall."

"Mr. Hamblin, it is your misfortune, not your fault, that you were brought up on shore instead of at sea," added the principal. "You have made a very great mistake, sir."

"I, sir!" exclaimed the learned gentleman, springing up from his seat as though such an event as that indicated by Mr. Lowington had never occurred in his life.

"Captain Kendall also made a mistake," continued the principal.

"He did indeed, sir. It is always a very great mistake to disobey one's teacher."

"I do not mean that."

"May I ask what you do mean, sir?"

"His mistake was in not going on deck when the messenger sent to him by the officer of the deck reported that a squall was coming up."

"But I refused the permission," said the professor, warmly.

"Then he should have gone without your permission," added Mr. Lowington, decidedly.

"Am I to understand, sir, that you counsel disobedience among the boys on the Josephine?"

"No, sir; I counsel obedience to the laws of God and man, and to the orders of one's superior. Mr. Hamblin, is it possible that you could not understand the circumstances of that occasion?" continued the principal. "A squall was coming up, and you desired to detain the captain of your vessel in the steerage!"

"But half the crew were on deck. I am told that Mr. Terrill is a competent seaman. He knew enough to take down the sails, if necessary."

"Such a course would have been without a precedent, and in violation of one of the rules of the ship."

"Did you not tell me that all the students, including the captain,—you mentioned him especially,—were subject to the orders of the professors in school

hours?"

"I certainly did; but if I had supposed that there was an instructor in either vessel so utterly wanting in discretion, I should have qualified the statement. Captain Kendall is in command of the Josephine. He is responsible for the safety of the vessel and for the lives of those on board."

"He might have sent up word to take down the sails," growled Mr. Hamblin, disgusted beyond measure at the decision of the principal.

"Did any one ever hear of a captain working his vessel while in the steerage?" retorted Mr. Lowington, impatiently, as he took a pen and wrote a few lines on a sheet of paper. "Was Captain Kendall respectful to you?"

"No, sir."

"What did he say that was disrespectful?"

"Disobedience is always disrespectful. He used no disrespectful words."

"I did not suppose he did. In a word, if Captain Kendall had gone on deck when the first messenger went to him, I should have justified and sustained him. I will go a step farther: he ought to have done so."

"Then I am to understand that I am a mere cipher on board of the Josephine," demanded Mr. Hamblin.

"You are to understand, sir, that the first duty of the captain of a ship is to his vessel and to those on board of her. Why, sir, I thought the young gentleman was insane, and I was intensely anxious, when I saw his vessel with all her light sails on while

a squall, so clearly indicated as that of Saturday, was impending. I blamed him very much. The squall was as likely to come half an hour sooner as when it did come. If it had struck her with all sail set, it would have taken the masts out of her—perhaps foundered her. If several of the students had been lost, what satisfaction would it be to me or their friends to know that the disaster occurred because the professor of Greek refused to let the captain go on deck!"

"Perhaps I was wrong, sir."

"*Perhaps* you were! If you do not know that you were, you are not fit for the position to which I assigned you."

"I see that you fully sustain Mr. Kendall," groaned the professor.

"I only blame him because he did not disobey you the first time instead of the second."

"Was it necessary for him to call all hands?" demanded Mr. Hamblin, triumphantly.

"It was emphatically necessary! If he had gone on deck when the first message reached him, it might not have been necessary, though I should have sustained him in doing so; for the safest side is always the best side. May I ask you to read this order?" added the principal, as he handed the sheet upon which he had written to the learned professor.

Mr. Hamblin read the order aloud.

> Captain Kendall is hereby authorized and directed to leave any class in which he may be engaged, whenever, in his own judgment, the management of his vessel requires him to do so. The instructors in the consort are requested to respect this order.
>
> R. LOWINGTON.

Professor Hamblin dropped the paper, took off his spectacles, looked on the floor a moment, and seemed to feel that the nautical academy was not the paradise of schoolmasters.

"Mr. Lowington, I feel obliged to tender my resignation of the position I occupy," said the learned gentleman, haughtily.

"Very well, sir. Though the want of an instructor in your department will be a serious inconvenience to me, I shall accept your resignation if you are not willing to respect this order," replied the principal.

That ended the conference, and Paul was sustained.

CHAPTER VI.

PROFESSOR HAMBLIN CHANGES HIS MIND.

Professor Hamblin went on deck, walked up and down, and made himself as miserable as possible. He was the senior instructor of the Josephine, and was the superintendent of her academic department. He had been a schoolmaster or a professor for forty years, and was fully steeped in the dogmatism of the pedagogue. He was disposed to be overbearing and tyrannical, though perhaps his profession, rather than his nature, had implanted this tendency in his character. Certainly the almost absolute sway of the schoolmaster encourages such an unfortunate development of the lower faculties of human nature.

It is necessary that the parent or the teacher should have this absolute sway. Practically, his will is law, and the child has no alternative but to rebel or obey. The limit to his authority is only placed on the line where tyranny ends and actual abuse begins. It is true that public opinion has its influence upon the teacher or parent; but there is room for much petty oppression before the limit of endurance is reached. A man may be an efficient teacher, and produce splendid intellectual results, while he is a tyrant and an oppressor; indeed, his tyranny and oppression may be the very means by which his success is accomplished.

The rights of the pupil are not recognized by such men. The scholar is regarded as a machine, rather than an immortal soul. Though Mr. Hamblin was a very pious man, in his own way, and was very careful in his observance of all the forms of law and tradition, he was a tyrant at heart. He ruled with an iron will, and willingly suffered no one in the school-room to hold an opinion different from his own. He was not popular in the Josephine; he had never been a popular teacher anywhere, though he had been a

successful one, so far as intellectual results were concerned. His success seemed to justify him, and certainly it added to the strength of his tyrannical will.

The good schoolmaster recognizes and respects the rights of the scholar. While he is an unflinching disciplinarian, expecting an unquestioning obedience, he does not believe in his own infallibility. He is kind and considerate, and regards his pupil as an embryo man, "endowed with certain inalienable rights," which none may trample upon with impunity. He is both just and merciful, his heart being filled with love to God and love to man.

Such was not Mr. Hamblin. The greatest sin of a student was to have a will of his own. He had not the power or the inclination to harmonize that will with the requirements of duty, and he broke it down, not by coarse abuse, but by making the pupil so uncomfortable that a total submission was better than a reasonable independence. In mild-tempered boys, like Paul Kendall, the task was an easy one, when no principle was at stake.

The professor walked up and down the deck, brooding over his grievances. He could not afford to abandon his situation on the one hand, and it seemed impossible to acknowledge that he was wholly wrong on the other hand. When he had thoroughly cooled off, he was willing to own that it was necessary for the captain to go on deck, and that if he had comprehended the situation he should have given him permission to do so. But he knew nothing about the management of a vessel. How should a professor of Greek and Latin be expected to understand a matter which even the most ignorant could

comprehend, and of which even a boy of sixteen had made himself master? Boys could play base-ball, but he did not know how; and it seemed just as much beneath his dignity to be familiar with practical navigation.

He was sorry now that he had not given Captain Kendall permission to go on deck; for it was impossible to refute the arguments of the principal; but at the same time he had not overstepped the duties of his office. He had been informed that all the students, even to the captain, were subject to his will and pleasure during school hours, and therefore he had a perfect right to detain the captain. It was not his fault that a blunder had been made; he had not made it.

The order which Mr. Lowington had shown him would remedy the difficulty in future, and prevent its repetition; but if that order was promulgated, it would assure the pupils that Captain Kendall had been fully sustained, and that the professor had not been sustained. Mr. Hamblin shuddered at the thought; for justifying a student at the expense of the instructor was an enormity which he could not countenance. The captain's will would remain unbroken, and the professor would occupy a secondary position on board of the Josephine.

The learned gentleman walked the deck hour after hour, endeavoring to devise a plan by which he could return to his position without the sacrifice of any portion of his dignity. Mr. Lowington, in saying that the professor's resignation would be a serious inconvenience to him, had left the door open for him to revise his final action. The squadron was eventually to visit Greece and other classic lands,

and he was very anxious to continue his travels, not only without expense to himself, but while in the receipt of a handsome salary. Such an opportunity to see Europe could never again be presented to him, and he was not willing to sacrifice it.

Professor Hamblin was becoming more reasonable; but there was the untamed will of Captain Kendall, an unconquered fortress, in his path. Perhaps Mr. Lowington, now that the excitement of the first interview had subsided, might help him out of the embarrassing dilemma, though his decided manner was not very encouraging. The professor determined to have another interview, and as soon as he saw the principal alone he opened the subject again.

"What you said about my resignation, Mr. Lowington, gives me some uneasiness. It is not my wish to subject you to any inconvenience by leaving you, in a foreign land, where much delay must necessarily ensue before you can obtain a suitable person to fill my place," said he, in a tone of embarrassment.

"It would disturb my plans very much; but I cannot endanger the vessel and the lives of those on board of her. The position of Captain Kendall is anomalous, you will perceive."

"I am quite willing now to say that if I had understood the situation, I should have permitted Mr. Kendall to leave the class."

"And I am quite willing to say that your services as an instructor are entirely satisfactory to me," added the principal, with a smile.

They were more satisfactory to him than they were

to the students of the Josephine.

"Then we seem to be in full accord with each other on these points," replied the professor, hopefully. "I trust some arrangement may be made to reconcile the differences of opinion on the question of discipline. You do not sustain me, Mr. Lowington."

"I cannot, sir. If I did, I should expect the Josephine to go to the bottom with all on board, in the first gale of wind she encounters, should Captain Kendall happen to be reciting his Greek at the time."

"I think I understand the matter better now, and in a similar emergency I should permit him to leave the class."

"In matters of seamanship and navigation, I have more confidence in the judgment of Captain Kendall than in yours. He must be absolute in his position as captain of the vessel."

"Of course, sir; and in the composition of a soup doubtless you would have more confidence in the judgment of your cook than in mine," added the professor, cynically; for, intellectually, the cook and the captain appeared to be on the same level to him; and as a professor of Greek, he did not regard it as any more derogatory to his dignity not to know anything of the principles of seamanship than to be ignorant of the art of making a soup.

"The order which I have written, and which I shall transmit to Captain Kendall as soon as the squadron comes to anchor, will set the matter right," said Mr. Lowington.

"Do you insist on issuing that order?" asked Mr. Hamblin.

"I do."

"Let me say that Mr. Stoute did not indorse my course, and that in future I will give Mr. Kendall permission to leave the class whenever he desires to do so."

"That is very well, sir; but, under the circumstances, I cannot permit the captain to be embarrassed even by the necessity of asking permission. If, by any diffidence on his part, he should delay asking leave to go on deck, serious mishaps might occur."

"Then I am to be subject to the will of that boy?" said the professor, disgusted at the thought.

"Not unless you are connected with the sailing department of the vessel. You are simply prevented from exercising your will over him, to the detriment of his duties as a navigator."

"In this light the case looks different to me," added the professor, who was laboring to recede from his position as gracefully as possible. "I am willing to permit the captain to have his own will in all matters pertaining to the management of the vessel, as I am to allow the cook entire freedom in making his soup."

"Then nothing more need be said, and you can resume your position on board of the Josephine at once."

"I am not entirely satisfied about that order, Mr. Lowington," added Mr. Hamblin.

"Why not?"

"Because that sustains Mr. Kendall and condemns me in a public and formal manner."

"That is precisely what I intend to do."

"It amounts to sacrificing me, by placing me in a derogatory position. I have not transcended the power given me, and it is not right that I should be formally condemned."

"The order passes no judgment upon the past; it relates to the future only. Captain Kendall must understand that he has full liberty to go when and where he pleases, in the discharge of his duty. I am confident he will not abuse this liberty."

"But I am to stand before him in this business as a whipped puppy. Couldn't you give him the order verbally, and explain my position to him?"

"What is your position?" demanded the principal, with a smile.

"I mean simply that in detaining him I erred through a want of knowledge of seamanship."

"I can explain that; but I think it would be better for you to do so."

"For me!" gasped the professor. "Why, sir, that would be an apology!"

"It would be merely an explanation, which would come more gracefully from you than from any other person."

"I don't think so, sir. It would be lowering myself before him."

"As you please, Mr. Hamblin. I will explain the matter myself, when I give him the order."

"If you could give him the order verbally, it would be

better."

"No; he must have the written order to show to any professor who disputes his authority. But Captain Kendall will never give you any trouble. He is manly and gentle, and he will not take advantage of his position."

"I think he will have abundant ground to manifest his triumph."

"He will not do anything of the kind. If any officer of the Josephine treats you with disrespect, he shall be suspended at once from office."

"That is very proper, sir," added Mr. Hamblin, heartily.

The learned gentleman let himself down as easily as possible. He had consented to remain rather than subject the principal to the great inconvenience and delay of procuring a new instructor. Captain Kendall was to be independent only in the sailing department, in which he had no disposition to interfere, any more than with the cook. He regarded it as a bitter necessity which compelled him to return to the Josephine; for he could not forego the pecuniary advantage and the opportunity of visiting the classic lands which the voyage presented; but, though he yielded with what grace he could command, he was dissatisfied with Mr. Lowington, and more dissatisfied with Paul.

To go back to the consort unsustained was almost like going to a dungeon for a capital crime, to which nothing but personal interest induced him to submit. If the captain did not enjoy his triumph, it would be a degree of forbearance which he could not

comprehend. But he was quite certain that the captain would "put on airs," abuse his absolute liberty, and perhaps snub his teacher before the class. Mr. Hamblin expected this, and made up his mind to be on the lookout for it.

After dinner Mr. Lowington suggested that his services must be much needed on board of the Josephine, and proposed to send him to her at once. Mr. Hamblin consented, and as the consort kept astern of the ship, the latter was hove to, and the professor's barge lowered. Mr. Lowington went with the learned gentleman, and agreeably to his promise, made a full explanation to Paul, while the instructor, without a word to any one, hastened to the steerage, and called his class, just as though nothing had occurred. It was observed that he was unusually sour, crabbed, and precise, and all the students were anxious to know how the question of discipline had been settled.

"Read this order, if you please, Captain Kendall," said the principal, when he had conducted him to the cabin, where they were alone.

"I have no desire to leave my class, unless my duty to the vessel requires it," added Paul, after he had read the order.

"I did not suppose you had; but you will keep that order in your pocket, and remember that your first duty is to your ship and crew."

"I suppose you have learned by this time, sir, the reason why we did not take in sail sooner on Saturday," continued Paul, blushing deeply.

"I have. Professor Hamblin feels very badly about

this matter. At the time of it, he believed he was right, for he knows less about a vessel than even the chaplain of the ship. He acknowledges now that he was in error. Our rules did not before apply with sufficient distinctness to your particular case, as captain of the vessel, responsible for her proper navigation. Mr. Hamblin did not overstep the letter of his duty in refusing you permission to go on deck, and I only blame him for his want of judgment. By this order, which corrects the ship's rules, you are made independent in all matters relating to the management of the vessel."

"I think there can be no trouble now, sir," replied Paul, delighted to find that his conduct was approved.

"I hope not; and I do not expect any."

Mr. Lowington returned to the ship, satisfied that he had healed the wounds of both the sufferers. Paul was happy, and he determined to treat the professor with the utmost deference and kindness, and thus remove the remembrance of the difficulty. At four o'clock, after the squadron had passed Beveland, and entered the Belgian territory, Paul went down to recite his Greek, as usual. He could not help seeing that Mr. Hamblin's lip quivered, and that he was laboring under strong emotions, when he took his place at the mess table. The captain was hardly less embarrassed, but he hoped an opportunity would soon occur for him to perform some kind act for the irritated gentleman.

When the recitation was nearly finished, and both parties had recovered their self-possession, the vessel gave a sudden "bump," which nearly tipped the professor off his stool; but he righted himself, and

was too much absorbed in his favorite study to think of the incident for a moment.

"Mr. Terrill directs me to report to you that the vessel is aground!" said one of the midshipmen, in breathless haste, touching his cap to the captain.

Paul blushed deeply, and was intensely annoyed at this repetition of the circumstances of Saturday; but there was no alternative but for him to go on deck.

"Will you excuse me, Mr. Hamblin?" asked Paul, rising.

The professor bowed, but made no reply in words. He wondered if the vessel had not been run aground on purpose to mortify and annoy him. He was inclined to think that such was the case, and that it had been done to enable the captain to display his absolute authority.

Paul went on deck; but the pilot assured him that the accident would not subject the vessel to half an hour's delay, for the tide was rising very rapidly. He had run her a little too near a shoal, while the Young America, by keeping in mid channel, had gone clear. There was nothing for the captain to do on deck, and he returned to his class. The Josephine came off the ground within the half hour, and by putting on more sail overhauled the ship before she reached Antwerp.

"Here is the city, Paul," said Dr. Winstock, as the Josephine rounded a bend in the river. "You can see the spire of Antwerp Cathedral."

"I see it, sir. I have heard a great deal about it. This is farther than we have been from the sea since we sailed."

"Yes, it is a long pull from the sea for a sailing vessel; but Antwerp is the only convenient port for visiting the greater part of Belgium. We are only a short distance from Brussels, Ghent, Malines, and Liége. I suppose we shall visit no other port in Belgium; indeed, there is no other convenient one, except Ostend."

"There is a whole fleet of British steamers at anchor opposite the town," said Paul, when the Josephine had gone a little farther.

"A great many merchant steamers come up the river. There are regular lines to London and Harwich. By the latter route you may leave Antwerp at four in the afternoon and be in London at nine the next morning, though the Ostend or Calais line is quicker and better."

"Those are large steamers," added Paul, as the squadron approached the fleet at anchor.

"Why, that's the Victoria and Albert!" exclaimed the doctor, pointing to the largest of the ships. "That is the yacht of the Queen of England."

"It is a pretty large yacht," replied Paul. "What are the other steamers?"

"They are the consorts of the yacht. The one that lies nearest to her is the Osborne, which was formerly the queen's state vessel. The others are merely a kind of guard of honor."

"Does it take five steamships to bring the queen over to Antwerp?" asked Paul, laughing.

"She must go in state when she goes," added the doctor. "The Victoria and Albert is a ship of twenty-

four hundred tons. I hope we shall have an opportunity to go on board of her."

"I hope we shall; but that is hardly to be expected."

"They do not exhibit her when she is in English waters, but I think they do when she is abroad."

"All ready to moor ship, Mr. Terrill," said Paul, as the Young America gave the signal.

The Josephine ran up to a point near the ship, and within a couple of cables' length of the royal squadron let go her anchor. Port officers came on board, and explained the harbor regulations; among them, one whose duty it was to determine the amount due the pilot. This official "hooked" the vessel, or measured her draught. As the Josephine drew about ten feet of water, the charge was one hundred and ninety-eight francs.

Everything was made snug on board; the ropes were carefully coiled, and all the running rigging hauled taut; for, lying near the queen's yacht, Paul desired to have the vessel present her best appearance. The work of the day was ended, and the students were at liberty to observe the strange scenes around them. There was the city of Antwerp, but it was not much different from any other city. The Scheldt formed a crescent in front of the town, and there was a multitude of vessels lying at the quays, as the space on the shore is called. The river is about fifteen hundred feet wide, and deep enough to float a ship of the line. The city is very strongly fortified, on both sides of the river.

"Here we are, for a week or two," said Pelham to the first lieutenant, after all the ship's duty had been

performed.

"I suppose so," replied Terrill. "It seems to me just as though we had been sailing down hill ever since we came into the river. Hark!"

It was just six o'clock, and the chime of bells on the great Cathedral played a silver-toned melody which was almost enchanting.

"I should not object to hearing that every hour," said Pelham, when the tune was finished. "Do they play the same tune over again?"

"I'm sure I don't know," replied Terrill.

"They have a different tune for each hour of the day, and play the entire music of an opera," interposed Dr. Winstock. "They give a short strain at the quarter hour, and a longer one at the half hour."

"That will be music all day long."

"Yes, and all night long," added the surgeon, as he walked away with the captain.

"I wish he were going to stay on board instead of that solemn old lunatic, the Greek and Latin humbug" said Terrill, who had a habit of speaking his mind very plainly.

"Do you know how the row was settled between him and the captain?" asked Pelham.

"I do not; but I am confident Mr. Lowington sustained the captain," answered Terrill. "I was in hopes that we had got rid of him when he went on board of the ship yesterday, and I was mad when I saw him coming back to-day noon."

"There is not a fellow in the Josephine that didn't have the same thought," added Pelham. "I don't see why a man need try to make himself as disagreeable as he does. All the students were willing to treat him with respect, and get their lessons well; but he is as crank as an alderman."

"I wish we could get rid of him," suggested Terrill.

"Of course we can't do that," replied Pelham, who was not disposed to get into any more scrapes.

"We might make the Josephine uncomfortable for him," suggested Terrill.

"We might; but I think we had better not," added the prudent Pelham, made wise by experience, as the bell for the cabin supper rang.

Professor Hamblin looked unusually gloomy and morose, but he labored perseveringly to keep up his dignity. Paul sat at the head of the table, ordinarily with his officers on each side of him in the order of their rank; but on the present occasion, Dr. Winstock occupied the place at his right. At the opposite end of the board was Mr. Hamblin, with the fat professor on his right. Behind the captain's chair stood the head steward, while the second steward was stationed near the instructors.

Mr. Hamblin occasionally cast a furtive glance at the young commander; but Paul seemed to be as composed as though nothing had happened to disturb the friendly relations between them. Though he did not observe it, Terrill persisted that the learned gentleman looked "ugly," and would make another row as soon as he could get a chance.

"I can see through the mainsail when there is a hole

in it," said the executive officer to Pelham, when they went on deck again. "If there wasn't mischief in Mr. Hamblin's eye, there never was mischief in any man's eye."

"What do you mean?" asked Pelham.

"You know the old lunatic threatened to have the captain suspended for leaving the class. He failed in that, and if he don't try it again, I'm mistaken in the man."

"Of course he won't make any more complaints till he has something to complain of, and Paul won't give him a chance."

"I don't suppose he will voluntarily; but his conduct will be distorted. I tell you the professor is ugly, and he hates the captain as badly as a Christian can."

"He hasn't improved his popularity on board by what he has done."

"Every fellow on the Josephine is down upon him. There'll be a row on board soon, in my opinion," added Terrill, as Dr. Winstock and Paul came on deck.

A boat was lowered to send the surgeon on board the ship. Paul accompanied him; and on the way they went up to the gangway of the Victoria and Albert, and ascertained that visitors would be admitted to the ship on the following day, from ten till four.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LECTURE ON BELGIUM.

"All hands, attend lecture on board ship, ahoy!" shouted the boatswain of the Josephine, as the signal to this effect appeared on the Young America.

Ordinarily this call was not an agreeable one; for the students had voted that it was "dull music" to listen to a stupid lecture on geography and history; but in the present instance it was not so. The information communicated in regard to England and Scotland was so familiar to them that it was robbed of its interest; but the school-books contained only very meagre allusions to Holland and Belgium. Many of them had read Mr. Motley's eloquent descriptions of the bravery and devotion to principle of the Dutch people in their civil wars and in their terrible conflict with the Spaniards, and they were desirous of knowing more about the country and its inhabitants.

Holland is in itself an exceedingly interesting country. The students had seen something of its dikes and ditches, and were anxious to see more. The region seemed to be very much like a ship; for it was necessary to keep the water out as much as possible, and to pump out that which leaked in or rained in. The boys were to go on shore, and they desired to understand something of the history of the country, in order to appreciate the various objects which commemorated mighty events in the past. The citadel of Antwerp was in sight at a bend up the river, and they were curious to know its antecedents.

On both vessels the libraries had been ransacked for information by the more enthusiastic of the pupils, and many interesting facts had been gleaned from the volumes; but those who knew the most about the

country were the most anxious to know more. With only a few exceptions, therefore, the "call to lecture," on the present occasion, was a welcome one. The boats were lowered, and all hands in the Josephine, including the professors, went on board of the ship, leaving the vessel in charge of the adult forward officers.

Mr. Mapps had already made his preparations in the steerage, and on the foremast hung a large Dutch map of the Netherlands. The students filed in and took their seats. The professor looked unusually pleasant and enthusiastic, probably because he felt that his wares were in demand.

"Young gentlemen, before you is the map of the Netherlands," he began. "For our present purpose, the term must include both Holland and Belgium; for until 1830 the two were one country, the latter having had, for no long period, a separate political existence till that time.

"The Dutch name of the country is *Nederlanden*; the French name, *Pays-Bas*; both of which have the same meaning—'low countries.' By this time you have realized the literal significance of the term; for nearly all the region consists of an immense low plain, intersected by rivers or arms of the sea. A reference to the physical geography of Europe shows you that the great northern plain, containing nine times the area of France, or about one half the area of Europe, extends from the Ural Mountains to the German Ocean.

"Doubtless the whole region now included in the Netherlands was once a mere swamp, a wild and useless morass, unfit for the habitation of man. Three great rivers, you perceive on the map, have their

course, in whole or in part, through Holland and Belgium—the Rhine, the Maas, or Meuse, and the Scheldt.

"By a reference to your navigation charts, young gentlemen, you will often find banks and bars thrown up at the mouths of rivers. At the mouth of the Scheldt, several miles from the shore, there are Thornton's Ridge, The Rabs, Schouwen Bank, Steen Banks, and others of similar formation. At the mouth of the Mississippi, in our own country, you are aware that large vessels find great difficulty in getting over the bar. If we take a tumbler full of Mississippi water, after heavy rains in the north-west, and let it stand a few moments, a thick sediment settles at the bottom. This sediment forms the bar at the mouth of the river. The sand and mud are carried down by the current, and when the water has a chance to rest, it deposits its burden upon the bottom."

"But why in that particular place?" asked an interested student.

"Because the current of the river comes to a halt where it meets the inflowing tide of the gulf, or when it has spent its force. These bars are sometimes formed by currents resulting from the combined action of the sea and the flow of the river, or by winds. A heavy gale has been known to change the aspect of a coast, to shut up a harbor, or to open one where there had before been no inlet. Cape Cod presents some remarkable instances of these physical revolutions.

"The great rivers of the Netherlands, in like manner, have brought down their sands and mud, and deposited them on what now forms the shore of the country. The forces of the ocean, against which the

Dutchman of to-day has to contend for the preservation of his life and property, assisted in making this country a habitable region. Certain westerly and south-westerly winds drive the waters of the Atlantic into the German Ocean. The coast of the country, you see by the map, is exposed to the longest sweep of the wind from the north-west, and the most violent tempests to which Holland is exposed come from that direction. Now, what is the effect of these storms?"

"They pile up the sand-bars," replied Captain Kendall.

"Precisely so; the dunes and ridges of sand which border the country from the straits of Dover to the Texel are caused by these violent winds from the north-west. The effect of this piling up of the sands was eventually to limit, in a measure, the boundary of the sea. The dunes and ridges formed the foundation for the dikes which the industrious and persevering Dutchman has erected upon them, and by which he has made his country. For the want of time, I shall defer the physical features of Holland, and a more particular description of its dikes and ditches, to a future occasion. In what country are we now?"

"In Belgium, sir," replied McLeish, who always answered when he could, though in general knowledge he was far behind his American classmates.

"What is the French name?"

"*La Belgique.*"

"The German?"

"*Belgien.*"

"What is the French adjective?"

"*Belge.*"

"There is a liberal newspaper published at Brussels, the capital of Belgium, which is often quoted as political authority in the United States, called the *Indépendance Belge*. What does the term mean?"

"'The Belgian Independent,' or 'The Independent Belgian,'" laughed Pelham.

"But the first word is a noun."

"'The Belgian Freeman,' or something of that sort."

"Doubtless it will bear that rendering, though it means literally 'Belgian Independence.' Belgium is bounded on the north, and partly on the east, by Holland; mostly on the east by the Rhenish provinces of Prussia, forming a part of Germany; on the south-west by France; and on the north-west by the German Ocean. It has an area of eleven thousand three hundred and thirteen miles; that is, it is about the size of Maryland, or of Massachusetts and Connecticut united.

"Its population in 1863 was about five millions, equal to the aggregate of New York and Massachusetts. In New England, in 1860, there were fifty persons to the square mile; in Massachusetts, which is the most densely peopled of the United States, one hundred and seventy; but Belgium has four hundred and forty souls to the square mile, and is the most thickly-settled country in the world.

"Belgium contains nine provinces, the largest of which, in area, is Luxembourg, though it is one of the smallest in population. The largest in population

is East Flanders."

"Flanders!" exclaimed Terrill; "I was hoping you would say something about Flanders, for I had an idea it was Belgium."

"It is a part of it. Flanders has belonged to France, Spain, Austria, and Holland, at times; but it was divided into two provinces by the King of Holland, and became a part of the United Kingdom of Belgium when it was established in 1830. It figures largely in history, and 'our army in Flanders' is a proverb.

"The soil of Belgium is generally sandy and poor; but, by skill and industry, the people obtain large crops from it. In a country so densely peopled there could not be many large farms, and the majority of the farmers cultivate what would not be more than a garden in America; but the system of agriculture is not surpassed by that of any country in the world. Flax-raising is the principal occupation of the farmers; but grasses and roots receive particular attention. Horses, cattle, and sheep are raised in great numbers.

"The manufactures of Belgium are very celebrated. The laces of Brussels and Mechlin (Malines) have the highest reputation. Linen goods, carpets, woollens, cottons, hosiery, are largely produced. The foreign and domestic commerce of Belgium, largely carried on through the port of Antwerp, is extensive.

"Belgium is a flat country, as we have said. There are no mountains, though in the provinces of Liége and Brabant the American traveller will find a variety of scenery similar to that in the eastern part of Massachusetts and Connecticut. This portion of Belgium is a beautiful garden.

"The government, according to the charter of 1831, is a constitutional, representative, and hereditary monarchy; that is, it has a constitution, a parliament, and the oldest son of the king is his successor. The king's person is declared to be sacred, and his ministers, instead of himself, are held responsible for the government acts. The legislative branch consists of a senate and a chamber of representatives; but the king must sign their acts before they can become laws.

"The members of both houses of the legislature are chosen by the people, and are called deputies. Only citizens who pay a certain amount of direct taxes can vote. The deputies who live out of the town in which the session is held are paid sixty-two dollars a month. They are elected for four years, half every two years. The political privileges of the people are only less than those of our own country.

"The present king is Leopold I.[A] He is seventy-four years old, and for the last fifty years has been a man of mark in Europe. He was for some time in the service of the Emperor of Russia, and went to England with the allied sovereigns, in 1814, where he became acquainted with, and afterwards married, the Princess Charlotte, daughter of George IV.; but she died within two years. In 1830 Leopold was elected King of Greece; but he finally refused the crown, because the conditions he made were not complied with. In 1831 he was elected King of the Belgians, and was crowned the same year. The next year he married Louise, the daughter of Louis Philippe, King of France. Leopold, Duke of Brabant, will succeed him. He has several other sons and daughters, among them Marie Charlotte, wife of Maximilian, Archduke of Austria, who has been

elected Emperor of Mexico. Leopold is one of the richest men in Europe.

> [A] Leopold I. died Dec. 10, 1865, and was succeeded by his son, Leopold II.

"Nearly all the people of Belgium are Roman Catholics, there being but about thirteen thousand Protestants and two thousand Jews; but the largest religious liberty is allowed to all sects. A portion of the salary of ministers of all denominations is paid from the national treasury. While the Catholics receive seven hundred thousand dollars from the state, the Protestants obtain eleven thousand, and the Jews two thousand dollars. The salary paid by the state to the archbishop is four thousand two hundred dollars, and to a bishop about three thousand.

"The history of Flanders is substantially the early history of Belgium. Many changes were made in the territorial limit of the country from time to time, in the hands of its different owners. The first mention of this country in history is in the time of Julius Cæsar, who conquered the Low Countries, and the Romans held them till the year 400, when they were joined to the empire of the Franks. They formed part of the vast realm of Charlemagne.

"After the Romans had abandoned the territory, several independent nobles established themselves in the southern part of the Netherlands. Among them were the Counts of Flanders, who became very powerful and influential men. They are to be regarded as the founders of the Flemish provinces. Having no male heirs, their possessions went to the house of Burgundy. Philip, Duke of Burgundy, married Margaret, Countess of Flanders, and, upon the death of her father, she brought to him the

country of Flanders and other valuable possessions.

"During the succeeding hundred years, Namur, Brabant, Limbourg, Hainault, Holland, Zealand, Friesland, and Luxembourg, all of which now belong to Holland and Belgium, were added to the territories of the Dukes of Burgundy. At this period appears the powerful but rash and cruel Charles the Bold. His life was spent in open or secret strife with Louis XI., king of France, whose suzerain, or nominal vassal, he was. The king was instrumental in stirring up rebellion in several cities of the Low Countries, which the duke put down with his accustomed severity.

"Charles, in revenge, having leagued with some discontented French princes, Louis secretly fomented an insurrection in Liége. When the blow was first struck, the crafty king was paying a visit to his cousin of Burgundy, as he called the duke, who, on hearing the news, retained his sovereign as a prisoner, threatening to kill him for his perfidy. The cunning prince tried to pacify his enraged host. He was but partially successful, and could only obtain his liberty by submitting to the most humiliating terms. The duke compelled his royal guest to march in person with him to the revolted city, and assist his vassal in putting down the rebellion he had himself instigated.

"Charles the Bold was slain in battle, and his death ending his line of dukes, Louis seized upon several of the provinces. Mary, the daughter of Charles, was married to the Archduke of Austria, who claimed the Burgundian provinces in right of his wife. He obtained possession, however, of only Franche-comté and the Low Countries. The conflicting claims for

these territories kept Austria and France at war for a long time.

"The Archduke Maximilian, who married Mary of Burgundy, became Emperor of Germany on the death of his father. He had two children by her, Philip and Margaret, the former of whom married Joanna, daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. They were the parents of Charles V., Emperor of Germany and King of all Spain. During this period the Low Countries were governed by Maximilian, Philip, and Charles, deriving their right from Charles the Bold.

"Charles V. was succeeded as King of Spain by Philip II., his son, who also inherited the Flemish provinces. Mr. Motley's incomparable History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic, commences at this point, with the abdication of Charles V., and the accession of Philip II. I hope all who have not read this work will do so, as many of you can, here in the midst of the scenes described in its glowing pages.

"Philip was a bigot and a tyrant, and his despotism, which included the establishment of the Inquisition, drove the people to madness, and provoked them to rebellion. During the reign of Charles V. the Reformation had made considerable progress in Germany, and its principles were firmly planted in the Low Countries. Philip imposed upon himself the duty of rooting out the obnoxious doctrines, and of restoring the supremacy of the Catholic church.

"After his accession to the Netherlands, the king remained four years in the country, and then departed for Spain, from which he did not again return. He made his sister regent, and she was to be assisted by Granvelle, Bishop of Arras. William, Prince of Orange, and the Counts Egmont and Horn,

were associated with the bishop as councillors, but they had no real power or influence.

"The despotic conduct of Granvelle, and the attempt on his part to introduce the Inquisition, by order of his royal master, excited the most desperate opposition. The people organized under the lead of the Prince of Orange, and Egmont and Horn, and an insurrection broke out in Flanders, in 1566. These Protestant rebels have been styled iconoclasts, or image-breakers, for they broke into the churches, overturned the images, defaced the valuable paintings, and otherwise injured the church property.

"The famous Cathedral of Notre Dame, which you can see from the deck of the ship, was ravaged by the mob. The statues of Christ, the Virgin, and the Saints were hurled from their pedestals; the rich paintings, the choicest works of Flemish art, were cut to pieces; the organs were torn down, the altars overturned, and the gold and silver vessels used in the mass were carried off. For three days these tumultuous proceedings continued, and were suppressed only when the fury of the mob had ceased, by the Knights of the Golden Fleece, of which the Prince of Orange was a member. The career of this remarkable man is closely identified with the history of the Netherlands during this period. He was opposed to the violence of the mob, not only from prudential motives, but because his own religious views were not yet in sympathy with the Protestant reformers, though he afterwards fully embraced their doctrines.

"The patriots of the Low Countries were, in the beginning of these troubles, both Catholic and Protestant; but the sacrilegious conduct of the mob

detached the former from the cause, and as the Catholics were more numerous in the southern than in the northern provinces, they finally turned the scale in favor of Philip II. in their own section, while the people of Holland established their independence.

"Philip then sent the savage and relentless Duke of Alva to suppress the new religion in the Netherlands. Egmont and Horn were beheaded at Brussels, and the Prince of Orange retired into Germany, appealing to the Protestant princes for assistance. With an army he had raised in Germany, and with money obtained there and of Queen Elizabeth of England, he marched into the Netherlands, and called his people to arms. A long and terrible war ensued, in which the Dutch suffered up to the limit of human endurance, and displayed a heroism which is without parallel in the history of the nations.

"The Prince of Orange was created Stadtholder; almost unlimited powers were conferred upon him, and for years he struggled against the most stupendous obstacles. The Dutch, being a maritime people, established a navy, which inflicted many heavy blows upon the Spanish power. The severity of Alva so goaded the Netherlanders that the whole country was in arms against him. He failed to reduce them to subjection, and was recalled. His next two eminent successors died of fever, and the Duke of Parma was then sent as regent of Philip. In 1579 the northern provinces declared their independence, and established the Dutch Republic, or the Seven United Provinces, of which the Prince of Orange was stadtholder.

"Philip was so incensed at the success of the Prince of

Orange that he offered a large reward to any one who would take his life, and a fanatical Burgundian shot him at Delft, in 1584. With this event Mr. Motley closes his History of the Rise of the Dutch Republic.

"Belgium adhered to Spain, or, rather, the Duke of Parma succeeded in reducing it to subjection after the murder of the stadtholder. In 1598 Philip gave the Flemish provinces to his daughter Isabella. But on her death without children, the country again reverted to Spain. After more than a century of strife, including the Thirty Years' War, the repeated quarrels between England and Spain, and France and Spain, and the War of the Spanish Succession, during which period the Low Countries were often the battle-ground, Belgium passed into the hands of the Austrians.

"In settling up the disastrous strife of the century, the treaty-making powers had given several of the Belgian fortresses to Holland, in order to check the ambition of France, and the Dutch closed the Scheldt. After an interval of peace under Maria Theresa of Austria, her son, Joseph II., attempted to break through portions of the treaties, and obliged the troops of Holland to evacuate his territory, but he could not open the river. He was rash in his proceedings, and a rebellion was organized against him.

"About this time commenced the French Revolution, whose influence extended to the Low Countries, and in 1789 the Austrian garrison at Brussels was forced to surrender. But the people were not united, and their dissensions enabled the Austrians to regain their power. The French Directory sent an army to

assist the Belgians, the Austrians were driven from the country, and Belgium was incorporated with France.

"Napoleon, while he controlled the destinies of France, devoted much attention to the Flemish provinces, and especially to the city of Antwerp. When you go on shore you will see immense docks and fortifications built by him. He intended to make it a great naval station, and it would have been of vast importance to him in carrying out his plans for the invasion of England. The works on the opposite side of the river, called 'Tête de Flandre,' were the beginning of an immense military town. During this period England was almost continually at war with France, and several expeditions were sent against Holland and Belgium.

"When Napoleon abdicated, the Flemish Provinces were restored to Austria; but when the allies who had overthrown Napoleon finally disposed of their conquests, Holland and Belgium were united, and given to the Stadtholder, who had adhered to the allies. He was styled William I., King of the Netherlands.

"The two sections could not agree; the Dutch regarded Belgium as a conquered province, and were not at all conciliatory in their treatment of the new acquisition. The Belgians were essentially French in their habits, and disliked the Dutch. In 1830 they revolted against their masters, the insurrection extended to the principal cities, and the king called upon the great powers who had given him the country. A congress assembled in London at his request, which, however, decreed the independence of Belgium.

"The people first elected a son of Louis Philippe king; but he declined, and Leopold was then chosen. King William, of Holland, protested, and in spite of the treaty, held the city of Antwerp. A French army was sent to the assistance of Leopold; Antwerp capitulated, but it was not till 1839 that Holland made a treaty with Belgium, acknowledging her independence. Leopold strengthened his position by marrying a daughter of the King of France; and his son and heir, the Duke of Brabant, was married to Marie, Archduchess of Austria.

"In 1848, when Louis Philippe was overthrown in France, some disturbance occurred, and Leopold offered to abdicate; but his proposition was not accepted, and he wisely and skilfully led his government through all the troubles of that excitable period. He is a wise and prudent statesman, and as such has had a great deal of influence in Europe.

"Now, young gentlemen, I trust you will not be satisfied with this meagre sketch of the interesting country we are now visiting, but will read up the subject so that you will understand it better."

Mr. Mapps left his position, and the studies of the morning were commenced. After dinner the usual shore liberty was given, the allowances paid in French francs, a supply of which had been procured in London, and the students were landed. Instead of going on shore immediately, Dr. Winstock and Paul paid a visit to the Victoria and Albert.

At the gangway they found the steward of the ship, who volunteered to conduct them through the vessel. There was nothing strikingly peculiar in the exterior of the yacht, except that she had large, square windows, composed of a single pane of glass, in her

upper saloons and cabins; but the steward informed the visitors that these were replaced in heavy weather by wooden shutters, having only the small, round ports in them.

Between the paddle-boxes was a large open space, covered over by the hurricane deck. On each side, abaft the wheels, was a small apartment, or pavilion, with large glass windows, elegantly cushioned and furnished, where the royal passengers could sit in rough weather, and look out upon the sea. On the hurricane deck was a spacious dining-saloon.

From the open space between the wheels, the steward conducted Dr. Winstock and Paul to a passage-way, at the after end of which was a saloon called the breakfast-room. Its length corresponded with the width of the vessel, and one side was round, being formed at the stern of the vessel, in which were several of the large square windows, so that the apartment was very light and pleasant.

On each side of the passage-way were several apartments, arranged in suits. Returning to the open space amidships, the party entered the forward room on the starboard side.

"This is the room of the first lady in waiting," said the steward, as they went in.

"I should say the first lady in waiting was well accommodated," said Paul, laughing, as he glanced at the spacious apartment.

"But she may be a countess," replied the steward, leading the way to the next room. "This is the queen's bed-chamber."

There was a large bed in this room, which looked

just like anybody's bed; but it was by no means so elegant as the young republican had anticipated. The apartment was rich and costly in its furnishings, but there was none of the magnificence which one would have expected to find in the room of a queen.

"This is the dressing-room of Prince Albert," added the steward, entering the next room. "Her majesty allows no one to occupy it since the death of his highness."

Beyond this, on the same side, were shown several rooms appropriated to the use of the princesses. They corresponded in style with those of the queen; but in nothing connected with the yacht was there any gaudy display. The party went to the opposite side, and were shown several rooms like those they had just seen, which were occupied by the princes. The forward room on the port side was the drawing-room. It was larger than any other except the breakfast-room, but did not appear to be extravagantly furnished; everything seemed to be provided for comfort rather than show.

The conductor then led them forward, where, on each side of a passage, were four rooms, each provided with a handsome, narrow bedstead, which the steward said were for the use of the lords and ladies in waiting. Forward of these, in the bow of the vessel, was the kitchen, a three-cornered room like that on the Young America, with a large galley or cooking-range in the middle.

Below the royal apartments, in the after part of the ship, were the cabins for the servants. As the steward led his guests towards the gangway, Dr. Winstock took out his purse.

"Never mind that just now," interposed their conductor, "especially as there is the captain."

Paul wondered if the doctor intended to insult a person of so much consequence as the steward of the queen's yacht must be, by offering him money. He glanced at the captain, who was a fine-looking man, in naval uniform, as the steward led the way to the accommodation steps. The doctor slyly slipped a couple of English shillings into the man's hand, and they went down into their boat.

"What did you give him, sir?" asked Paul.

"Two shillings."

"Well, it seems to me the steward of any American passenger steamer would be angry if you gave him two shillings for his services."

"If I had not met these men before, I should not have dared to do it; but it is expected," replied the doctor.

The boat pulled up to the Quai Vandyck, and Paul for the first time put his foot upon the continent of Europe.

CHAPTER VIII.

ANTWERP AND RUBENS.

"Where shall we go first, Paul?" asked Dr. Winstock, when they landed upon the quay.

"I don't know, sir; I think I shall be interested

wherever we go. This is a big city—isn't it?"

"Its population is hardly more than half of what it was in the days of its greatest prosperity. In the days of Charles V. it is said that twenty-five hundred vessels were frequently seen at one time in the river. It had two hundred thousand inhabitants, and was then the richest and most thriving commercial city in Europe. You perceive that this long line of quays affords plenty of wharf room. Indeed the name of the city is said to be derived from a Flemish phrase, '*aen't werf*,' which means on the wharf, or on the quay."

"Mr. Motley tells another story about its name. He says the people claim that the city is very old, and that a giant by the name of Antigonus, established himself on the river at this place, and set up a kind of custom-house. He required half the merchandise of those who went up the river. He used to cut off the right hands of those who attempted to smuggle, and throw them into the river. In this way *Hand werpen*, or hand throwing, came to be the name of the place," said the young commander.

"I suppose that story is as true now as it ever was. But where shall we go?" asked the doctor.

"I want to get a little nearer to that Cathedral," replied Paul.

"That is really the most noted thing in Antwerp, and we will walk up there; and I think we shall be able to see the pictures on the church, which are required to produce an income. The Cathedral used to be open till one o'clock, free to the public, but the curtains were carefully drawn over these great works of art; after this hour visitors were admitted upon the payment of one franc, and the pictures were

exhibited. Doubtless the same regulation is in force now."

A walk of a few moments brought them to the Place Verte, a little park enclosed, with a colossal statue of Rubens in the centre.

"Everything in Antwerp is Rubens," said the doctor. "The people believe in him still, and almost worship his memory."

"Why should they? He was only a great painter—was he?" added Paul.

"He was more than that: he was quite distinguished as a statesman and a diplomatist. He was ambassador to England, Holland, and other countries. His celebrity as an artist, and his influence with the crowned heads of several nations, caused him to be regarded with deep interest by the people. He lived in a splendid mansion, for the immense income which he derived from his pencil enabled him to support an elegant establishment. He had a great number of pupils, and at one period in his career they painted no inconsiderable part of his pictures. He had orders from all the crowned heads of Europe, and in many of his works he could only make the designs and give the finishing touches to them. He was very industrious, and painted rapidly, as he must have done to produce so many pictures."

"He humbugged his customers then—didn't he?"

"His assistants did only the heavy work, while Rubens furnished the design, and gave the work its finishing touches. The celebrated sculptors do not perform all the drudgery of chiselling out a statue. Wherever you go in Antwerp, you will hear of

Rubens. You will find his works in all the galleries, you will visit his house in the Rue Rubens, his pictures will be shown to you in every church, and you will see his tomb in St. Jacques."

"They have Rubens on the brain, as we should say at home," laughed Paul.

"Yes, and they have it badly. From this point you have a good view of the Cathedral," added the doctor, as they paused near the statue of Rubens, where they could see the building over the tops of the trees.

"The steeple is very handsome. It is of the most beautiful and delicate workmanship you will see."

"I should think it would blow down."

"It is banded together with a framework of iron, and the stones are held together with copper bolts."

"How high is it?" asked Paul, as he gazed up at the lofty spire.

"There you have me, Paul! I don't know. In Murray's Guide-Book it is set down at four hundred and three feet. The man up in the tower there says it is four hundred and sixty-six. Other authorities put it at less than four hundred. My guide assured me it was one hundred and forty-seven French metres in height; but this, reduced to English measure, would give four hundred and eighty-three feet. My own idea is, that Murray is right," replied Dr. Winstock, as they walked over to the church.

"What's this?" asked Paul, pointing to a beautiful iron canopy in Gothic style, near the foot of the church tower.

"That's a draw-well. It is the handiwork of Quentin Matsys."

"I don't know him."

"He was a blacksmith until he was twenty years old, when he fell in love with the fair daughter of a painter. The story goes that the father would not permit his daughter to marry any man that was not an artist, and the blacksmith abandoned his anvil for the easel. He had a genius for art, and soon painted better than his masters. He won his bride, and achieved a great reputation in his new art. The picture of The Misers, which you saw at Windsor Castle, was executed by him."

They bought a couple of tickets and were admitted to the church. The interior was grand and imposing; but the chief attraction was the pictures, which were now unveiled, and a small audience was present examining them. Several artists were making copies of them. In the south transept hangs Reubens's masterpiece, The Descent from the Cross.

Paul did not pretend to be a connoisseur in paintings, and could neither understand nor appreciate the fine writing he read about them in books, or the "hifalutin" which affected men bestowed upon them; but in the presence of the grand old painting, he was awed and silenced. It produced a deep impression upon his mind and heart, and for the first time in his life he realized the sublime in art. The figure of The Dead Christ seemed to be real, so painfully natural were the hanging head of the Savior, and the relaxed muscles of the body. The young student gazed long and earnestly at the picture, studying it as a whole and in detail.

It is said that Rubens paid this picture as the price of the land on which he erected his house in Antwerp. In the north transept of the Cathedral hangs its companion piece, The Elevation of the Cross; but its reputation is far inferior to his masterpiece, grand as it is.

Paul walked about the church, and examined other pictures and works of art; and then, after paying the keeper of the tower a franc, they commenced the long ascent to the spire and chimes.

"These churches and these pictures are certainly very fine," said Paul, as they stopped at a window to rest. "We don't have them in our country. There isn't a church there that will compare with any of these cathedrals, to say nothing of the celebrated pictures, such as we have just seen."

"That's very true; and I am thankful that our people make a better use of their money. Here in Belgium, as in most countries of Europe, poverty is the curse of the people. They do not receive the reward of their labor. The government and the church take the lion's share of their earnings, and thus keep them down. This Cathedral was commenced in 1352, and finished in 1411, though another spire was to have been built. Nearly sixty years were employed in its erection, and probably it cost millions of dollars. Of course the people had to pay for it. The greater portion of the expense of it lies dormant here, it being merely an ornamental structure. It gratifies people's tastes, it is true; but God could be acceptably worshipped in a less costly edifice. If the capital locked up in this church had been invested in schools, colleges, and other educational institutions, it would be a blessing to the country. What is paid in

Europe to build these grand structures for worship, and to support the trappings of royalty, is in our own country appropriated to public schools; and the nation reaps the benefit of them every year of its existence."

"That's so," replied Paul, emphatically; "and when any foreigner says anything to me again about our want of costly cathedrals, I shall call his attention to our schools."

"That's right; you are an American to the core," laughed the doctor.

"But I don't see any reason why we should not have as great painters in the United States as in Europe," added Paul.

"I do see the reason. Probably we have just as much talent for art in our nation, but the people find that it doesn't pay so well as developing the resources of a new country. When it is possible in America for a man to win the wealth and distinction which Rubens won, we shall be as successful in art as Europe has been; for Washington Allston, Benjamin West, and others have demonstrated the capacity of our people in this direction. The encouragement which artists receive makes the men. There are not many persons in our country who are willing to pay ten, fifty, or a hundred thousand dollars for a picture. So much money in a painting is dead capital among an energetic people who need all they can get to carry on agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing enterprises."

"Of course people will follow that calling which pays best, either in money or in reputation."

"Certainly, and the number of Dutch and Flemish artists assures us that painting has been a cherished art in the Low Countries. Vandyck was another celebrated painter of this country. He was born in Antwerp, and was a pupil of Rubens. There is a story that The Descent from the Cross was thrown down by the carelessness of a student, and badly injured by the fall. Vandyck, who was then a pupil of the great Flemish master, undertook to repair the mischief with his brush, and did it so well that Rubens declared the work was superior to his own. This story is current in the guide-books, and in the mouths of the *commissionaires*, who point out the places on the face of the Virgin and on the arm of one of the Marys where the pupil touched it up. But there is no truth in it, since the picture was hung up in the Cathedral before Vandyck entered the studio of Rubens."

"I suppose these people like to tell good stories, whether true or not."

"Yes; and you will find a man up in this steeple who believes that his spire is the tallest in the world," added Dr. Winstock.

They continued on their long ascent till they reached the region of the bells, where they found the attendant who glories in magnifying the wonders of the chimes and the spire. He had a small furnished apartment, which the visitors were invited to enter, and where he dispensed refreshments, of which no total abstinence man could partake. The doctor, knowing what the man had to say, skilfully turned his attention away from his favorite topic, until they were sufficiently refreshed—not by the *eau de vie* and *noyau*, but by the rest—to explore the bell towers.

The bells composing the chime were fixed in the lofts, which were filled with wires, cranks, and other machinery, used in operating them. In one place there was a bank of keys like those of an organ, where a person could play any tune he pleased upon the bells. The keeper had a history to relate of each bell, many of which were contributed by kings, princes, and lords, and bore their names. In another tower there was an immense bell, at the baptism of which—for church bells are duly consecrated in Catholic countries—the Emperor Charles V. stood as godfather. It requires sixteen men to ring it; but its peals rouse the Antwerpers only on great occasions, such as a visit of the king.

Dr. Winstock and Paul waited among the chimes till they had played the hourly tune, and then continued their progress to the heights above. The custodian of the steeple said there were six hundred and sixteen steps from the bottom to the top, and a person does not care to make the journey more than once in his lifetime. The winding stairs passed close to the Gothic openings of the tower, and they had an opportunity closely to observe the delicate workmanship of the structure, which Charles V. said should be kept in a glass case, and Napoleon compared to Mechlin lace.

At last, out of breath, they reached the highest point of the spire, and looked far down upon the lofty roof of the church. The buildings of the city looked like card houses, and a company of Belgian soldiers, marching in the streets, appeared like the pygmies who inhabited them. In the distance could be seen the towers of Ghent, Brussels, Mechlin, and Flushing, the wandering Scheldt, and the low country for a vast distance. The magnificent view, and the

information it afforded, amply repaid them for the toil of ascending, and Paul made the Cathedral the subject of an entire letter to Miss Grace Arbuckle.

It was easier to go down than to come up, and when they had passed out into the Place Verte, the doctor declared that he must lunch before he walked any farther. The Hotel de l'Europe faced the Park, and Paul was desirous of seeing the interior of it. They entered through an archway, there being no doors on the street. There was a spacious area, or court-yard, through which alone the house could be reached. In other respects the establishment was similar to those in the United States.

On the continent, as in England, none but working people take breakfast much before nine o'clock, and the hour varies from this time till noon. Of late years the practice in American hotels corresponds with that of European ones. In the dining-room of the Hotel de l'Europe there are many small tables, and one or two long ones, the latter being used at table d'hôte, which is served at five o'clock. A hotel bill is added, to give the reader an idea of the prices:—

"HOTEL DE L'EUROPE.

Place Verte.

Anvers.

Note à M.
Smith,
Chambre No.
40, A.

Fr. Cen.

Août 4.	½ Poulet et Salade,	3.00
	1 Thé Complet,	1.50
	Appartement,	2.50
	Bougie,	.50
	Service,	1.00
5.	1 Déjeûné et Bifstek,	3.00
	1 Bifstek, Pomme de Terre,	1.50
		13.00
	Pour Acquit,	
		J. W. BARBER."

"One Thé Complet" consists of simply tea and bread and butter, and as a franc is about twenty cents, its price is thirty cents. A centime is the hundredth of a franc, and fifty centimes is ten cents. If the guest adds a beefsteak and potatoes, or any other dish, to his meal, it just doubles the cost. The "bougie" is a candle, which is charged all over Europe, at from a quarter of a franc up to a franc. The traveller also pays for his soap, or provides it himself. When an "old stager" pays a franc for a candle, or a piece of soap, he rolls the part unused up in a paper and puts it into his trunk; and, if at his next stopping-place, he finds a candle in his room, he orders the waiter to remove it, and will not submit to be charged for it.

Table d'hôte is a more formal meal, and in some large hotels much parade is made over it. The bill of

fare is usually very meagre compared with that of the Fifth Avenue Hotel in New York, and every dish in the programme is presented to the guest. The charge for this meal, at first-class houses outside of Paris, is usually four francs, or eighty cents.

Dr. Winstock and Paul took a seat in the *Salle à manger*. The student was principally anxious to know what they had to eat, and in what manner they served it, for he was of an inquiring mind, and fond of making comparisons. The most common lunch consists of cold chicken and salad, the latter being simply lettuce prepared with oil and vinegar. Paul was disappointed, for the lunch differed hardly a shade from the same thing at home. Even the gentlemanly Belgian waiter, dressed in seemly black, spoke good English, and the "demi-poulet" was wasted upon him.

"Where shall we go now, Paul?" asked the doctor, as they left the dining-room.

"I leave that to you, sir. You seem to be quite at home here," replied Paul.

"We will take a carriage, and we can do up the city in a few hours."

A one-horse barouche was called, and a *commissionaire*—a kind of guide or interpreter, who assists strangers in doing their business, or in seeing the sights of the city—presented himself to be employed; but Dr. Winstock, who was familiar with the place, declined his services.

"What was that man?" asked Paul, as the carriage drove off to the Rue des Sœurs Noires, where the Dominican Church of St. Paul is located.

"He is a *commissionaire*, interpreter, or *valet de place*. Many travellers regard such men as swindlers; but for my own part I have found them very useful. When I first visited Antwerp I employed one. I found him intelligent and gentlemanly, and, so far as I could judge, not disposed to swindle me himself or to let others do so. I paid him five francs a day, and I am sure he saved me more money than I paid him, besides taking me in the easiest and most convenient way to the various points in the city."

"I should think such men would be very necessary, especially to those who cannot speak the language."

"In Amsterdam and Rotterdam I should have been on my beam-ends without them. I never could imagine where they obtained their bad name, unless it was from Englishmen, who are generally afraid of being cheated, and take the alarm before there is any real danger."

The driver stopped before the Church of St. Paul, and the passengers alighted. There was nothing worthy of note in the church; but outside of it, in a kind of garden, one of the most singular and remarkable exhibitions is open to the visitor. It is called "Calvary," and is a representation of the "several stages," as they are termed, in the life of Christ. An artificial mound is raised on the side next to the church edifice, which is covered with a kind of rock-work, in imitation of Mount Calvary. In various parts of the area are placed the statues of saints, angels, patriarchs, and prophets.

On the summit of the mound is represented the crucifixion, with a figure of the Savior on the cross. At the foot of it is the sepulchre, which is claimed to be a perfect copy of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem,

though travellers who have seen it say it bears no resemblance whatever to the original. In the tomb, on a kind of shelf, rests the crucified Christ, represented by a figure clothed in silk and muslin!

Near the tomb an ideal of Purgatory is exhibited, consisting of wood carvings. The making-up of the scene appears to be a kind of cage, like those one sees in a menagerie, with bars in front of it to prevent the escape of the unhappy mortals temporarily confined there. Within the den are carved and painted several figures of men, in the midst of darting, leaping flames, upon whose faces there is an expression of intense anguish. Doubtless the intention of those who conceived this astounding exhibition was to impress upon the mind of the spectator the sufferings of the unrepentant wicked. It is hardly possible that this effect could ever have been produced upon the minds of sensible men. The spectacle is not only in exceedingly bad taste, but it is positively repulsive, not to say sacrilegious.

Such was the opinion of Paul Kendall, who could hardly conceal his disgust; and ten minutes in the place exhausted his patience. He was silent, so deep was his feeling of dissatisfaction, until he was again seated in the *voiture*. The next objects of interest were the docks and basins, which were reached after a short drive from St. Paul's. They merely passed along the quay, making no stop, as the works could be seen from the carriage.

"That is the house of the Hanseatic League," said the doctor, pointing to a large ancient building.

"What is the Hanseatic League?" asked Paul, who had never even heard of it.

"It was a commercial alliance between some of the cities of Germany for the protection and development of their trade. It had its origin in the thirteenth century, for the purpose of preventing piracy and shipwreck, and to encourage commerce, and, indeed, all branches of industry. It established great warehouses or factories in different parts of Europe, and became an exceedingly powerful association, so much so that it dictated the policy of sovereigns on their thrones, and even declared and carried on war with several of the powers of Europe. In the fourteenth century, the League defeated the King of Norway and Sweden. It unseated the King of Sweden, and gave his crown to another, and having declared war against Denmark, sent a fleet of two hundred and fifty ships, and thousands of troops to carry it on. In fact, the association prepared for war with England, and Edward IV. made important concessions to avoid it. Of course the crowned heads were jealous of its power and influence, and it was eventually broken up; but it laid the foundation of the commercial policy of the nations. The League died out in 1630; but Hamburg, Lubec, and Bremen formed a new one, under the name of the Hanse Towns; and Frankfort-on-the-Main afterwards joined them."

"I have heard of the Hanse Towns," added Paul; "but I never knew what the term meant before."

"The docks and basins here are mainly the work of Napoleon. The great conqueror intended to make Antwerp the first seaport of the north. The mouth of the Thames is less than a hundred miles from the mouth of the Scheldt, and he knew that, with a naval station equal to any in the possession of England, he could, in time of war, cripple or destroy the

commerce of his great rival. He expended ten millions of dollars on these docks, basins, and fortifications. The English were alarmed, and in 1809 sent the Walcheren expedition, which obtained a foothold on that island, but were defeated by disease and death, for seven thousand British soldiers perished by marsh fever. By the peace of Paris in 1814, after the battle of Waterloo, it was stipulated that the dock-yards should be destroyed, for they were a standing threat to the maritime powers; but these basins were preserved for commercial purposes. The largest one will accommodate thirty-four ships of the line."

The travellers continued on their way through some of the principal streets till they arrived at the Church of St. Jacques, which is richer in its ornaments than the Cathedral, containing exquisitely wrought marbles, carved wood, painted glass. This magnificent church contains the burial vaults of the noble families of the city, and among them that of Rubens, which is marked by a white marble tablet with a long inscription upon it, embedded in the pavement of his private chapel. The Holy Family, which forms the altar-piece of the church, was painted by the great master. In 1793, when the mob, incited by the furious spirit of the French Revolution, broke into the church, pillaging altars and tombs alike, that of Rubens was spared from desecration by the universal respect for his memory, though not another tomb in St. Jacques escaped their impious touch.

The house of Rubens, situated in a street of the same name, was visited; an outside view of the Bourse, or Exchange, the Hotel de Ville, or Town Hall, and of other public buildings, was obtained. The Citadel,

built under the direction of the cruel Duke of Alva, to overawe the rebellious Antwerpers, was an object of interest. After the expulsion of the Spaniards in 1577, the people, including those of high and low degree, men, women, and children, assisted in its demolition; but it was speedily rebuilt, and has played an important part in subsequent sieges and insurrections. The city is surrounded by a continuous line of fortifications and ditches, extending from a point on the river below the city to a point above it; and outside of this line there are a number of detached forts to keep a hostile force from approaching near enough to the city to shell it.

When the carriage reached the Quai Vandyck, most of the students had returned, and the boats were in waiting. They chattered like magpies about the wonders they had seen. When Captain Kendall went on board, the mail-bag was handed to him, and the boys were eager to obtain their letters from home and elsewhere.

"A letter for you, Mr. Hamblin," said the captain, as he handed the professor a formidable envelope, postmarked "Anvers."

The learned gentleman seemed to be astonished, and bore the missive to his state-room.

CHAPTER IX.

TROUBLE ON BOARD THE JOSEPHINE.

Almost every one on board of the Josephine had a letter, and some had two or three. Paul had one from Grace, dated at Paris, in which she expressed a hope that, as she was to travel a few months with her father, she might see him in some of her wanderings. The young captain hoped so too, and he read the letter a second time. Probably he read it a third time after he went to his state-room, and a fourth before he retired; for boys of his age are apt to be enthusiastic in this direction.

Professor Stoute sat in the cabin. He had been all over Antwerp, and had walked a larger part of the distance than a man of his obesity could well endure in a warm day. Though he was very tired, he was very good-natured; indeed, thus far, nothing had ever occurred to disturb his equanimity. He was exceedingly popular with the boys, and if he had fallen overboard, every one of them would have jumped in after him. No one ever thought of disobeying him, and consequently he never had any trouble.

While he sat there fanning himself with a newspaper, Mr. Hamblin came out of his state-room with the huge envelope he had received in his hand. The learned gentleman looked perplexed; in fact, he always wore an anxious expression, as though he were in constant fear that somebody would infringe upon his dignity, or that some of the boys did not believe he was the wisest man since the days of Solomon. He always walked just so; he always sat just so; he always moved just so. He never was guilty of using a doubtful expression. He was stern, rigid, and precise, and from the beginning all the boys had disliked him; but since he had behaved so unreasonably in the squall, they could hardly endure

him.

The lean professor walked up to the fat professor, and took a stand before him. He had removed the letter from the formidable envelope, and held it unfolded in his hand. He looked at the letter, and then at Mr. Stoute. The fat professor laughed, but the lean professor frowned. The jolly one knew just what the precise one wanted, but he waited patiently for the exordium.

"Mr. Stoute, may I trouble you?" he began, after he had put himself in proper position.

"Certainly, sir," replied the fat gentleman.

"If this letter had been written in Greek or Latin, I could have read it," continued Mr. Hamblin, glancing at the sheet.

"Precisely so; if it had been written in Greek or Latin I could not read it," laughed Mr. Stoute.

"My French, as I have had occasion to acknowledge to you with deep humiliation, has been neglected for more important studies. This letter appears to have been written by some distinguished person, but unfortunately he has chosen to indite it in French."

"In a word, you wish me to read it to you."

"That is what I was about to request of you. May I ask you to retire with me to our state-room?" continued Professor Hamblin, glancing at the officers who were reading their letters in the cabin.

"Excuse me, Mr. Hamblin; you forget that I carry round with me two hundred and odd pounds of flesh, besides bone and muscle, and that I have been on my feet three hours. I think, sir, if I knew this vessel was

going to the bottom of the Scheldt this instant, I should go down with her rather than move. Have me excused, I pray you, and have compassion on mine infirmities," laughed Mr. Stoute.

Mr. Hamblin was vexed, but he gave the letter to his associate, who turned the sheet and glanced at the signature.

"Ah!" exclaimed he, looking at Mr. Hamblin.

"What is it? Do me the favor to read it," replied the learned gentleman, impatiently.

"It is from Monsieur Charles Rogier, the president of the council, and minister of foreign affairs," added Professor Stoute. "He is the man who organized the revolution of 1830, and the greatest man in Belgium, King Leopold excepted."

"Is it possible!" ejaculated Mr. Hamblin, struggling to keep down the smile in which his vanity sought to manifest itself. "What does he say?"

"He says that just as he was leaving Antwerp for Brussels, he heard that the very learned and distinguished Professor Hamblin was on board of a vessel at anchor in the river."

"Does he say that?" asked the learned gentleman, who, knowing that Mr. Stoute had a horrid vein of humor running through his fat frame, had, perhaps, a suspicion that he was making fun at his expense.

"That is precisely what it says."

"How should Mr. Rogier know me?" queried Mr. Hamblin.

"I was about to read his explanation on that point: he

says he heard of you through a friend who was in London a few weeks since. He wished to see you and extend to you a welcome to the kingdom of Belgium; but the command of his royal master required him to leave Antwerp by the next train; and he was deprived of the pleasure of extending to you in person the expression of his distinguished consideration. He hopes when you visit Brussels you will do him the honor to call upon him at the Palais de la Nation, Rue de la Soie."

"Humph!" ejaculated the learned professor, prolonging the interjection, and trying to suppress the smile which had a sad tendency to overwhelm his dignity.

"You are fortunate, Mr. Hamblin," added Mr. Stoute; "of course he will present you to King Leopold."

"Possibly," replied the Greek *savant*, stroking his chin, and frowning, to counteract the sinister influence of the smile he could not wholly overcome.

Mr. Hamblin took the letter and read the signature. It was certainly "Charles Rogier," with a flourish extensive enough for any great man. From the letter he glanced at the fat professor, who, being always good-natured, was so now. He could not get rid of a lingering suspicion that his undignified associate was imposing upon him. It was a great misfortune that his own knowledge of French was so limited, and if it had not been so late, he would have gone on board of the ship to ask Professor Badois to translate the epistle to him.

Instead of doing this, he went to the record book of the Josephine, and ascertained that Duncan was marked among the highest in French. Now Duncan

was a very polite and respectful student, and Mr. Hamblin had a greater regard for him than for most of his companions. Finding this promising young man on deck, he invited him to the sacred precincts of the professor's state-room. Duncan was even more polite and obliging than usual. At the request of his present host, who did not offer any explanations, he wrote out a translation of the important letter. Mr. Hamblin thanked him, and he retired.

There was no material difference between the translations of Mr. Stoute and Duncan, and the learned professor congratulated himself upon the distinction he had attained. His fame as a *savant* had preceded him across the ocean. The king's chief minister courted his acquaintance. This was the homage which greatness paid to learning, and Mr. Hamblin was willing to believe that it was a deserved tribute. He soon worked himself into a flutter of excitement, in anticipation of being taken by the hand by the king's chief minister, and he slept but little during the night, so absorbed was he in the contemplation of the distinguished honor which awaited him.

"Professor Hamblin is going to court," said Duncan to his old friend the captain, when they met on deck after supper.

"To court whom?" laughed Paul.

"He has had an invitation to go to court to see the big bugs. I translated a letter for him from the minister of foreign affairs; and I suppose he's about the biggest toad in the Belgian puddle," added Duncan. "You won't be able to touch him with a ten-foot pole after that."

"We shall get along very well with him, if we only do our duty," said Paul.

"The fellows are not very fond of him; and if he puts on any more airs, they won't be able to stand it."

"Why, what's the matter, Duncan? asked Paul, anxiously, for generally everything had gone on so well on board of the Josephine, that he dreaded any trouble.

"O, nothing, nothing!" laughed Duncan; "only the fellows don't like him."

"Ben, there's something up," said Paul, earnestly. "If the fellows think anything at all of me, they won't make any trouble. If I don't complain of Mr. Hamblin, they needn't."

"I don't find any fault with him myself," protested Ben. "I don't like him, but I have always got along very well with him."

"What did you mean by mentioning this matter to me, Ben?" asked Paul.

"Nothing; only I shouldn't be surprised if the fellows were to haze the venerable patriarch a little in a quiet way. They are all down upon him."

"I am sorry for that. I hope all the fellows will do their duty, and not get into any scrapes, replied Paul, very seriously.

"I am sorry, but I can't say that I blame them much."

"I shall blame them if they commit any act of disrespect," said the captain, decidedly. "I hope you will say what you can forward to keep the fellows from doing anything that would hurt Mr. Hamblin's

feelings."

"What can I do? The old fossil doesn't treat the students like gentlemen; and if he behaves so, what can you expect of the fellows? He is cross, crabbed, and tyrannical."

"Have they just found it out?"

"No, but they were willing to bear it rather than make any trouble on board. After what he did last Saturday, they are not disposed to be so patient; and I can't blame them much."

"What happened last Saturday was between Mr. Hamblin and me, and the students needn't trouble themselves about that."

"But the fellows all like you first rate, even the worst ones we have on board; and there are some pretty hard boys here," laughed Duncan.

"If they like me, they will not get up a row."

"I will take care that all of them know just how you feel," said Duncan, concluding to end the conversation at this point, for the subject of these remarks had just come on deck.

The learned gentleman appeared to carry his head even higher, and to be more dignified, stiff, and reserved, than usual. With an invitation in his pocket to visit the greatest statesman in Belgium, he felt like a very exalted personage; for not even Mr. Lowington had been so highly favored. Mr. Hamblin was puffed up and swelled out by the honor the great man had done him, and as he walked up and down the deck, the students might have known by his air, if they had not been told of the fact, that greatness

had suddenly been thrust upon him.

It presently occurred to him that the principal had not been informed of the distinguished consideration in which the government of Belgium regarded the Josephine's senior instructor. It was important that he should know it, for the fact would certainly elevate him in the estimation of the principal, and cause him to regret that in the recent difficulty he had not more fully sustained his notable professor. Besides, he wished to make some arrangements which would permit him to visit the Palais de la Nation, and to dine with the minister, if he should be invited, as he had no doubt he should be.

With as much sternness on his wrinkled face as he could assume, he walked forward to demand a boat of Captain Kendall. As he was passing in the waist, a coil of signal line dropped down from the gaff above, square upon the top of his hat, forcing it far down upon his head. Mr. Hamblin immediately threw himself into an undignified passion. When he had with some difficulty extricated his head from the linings of his hat, he looked up to see who had been guilty of this act of flagrant disrespect.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hamblin," shouted Grimme, a seaman, whose legs were twined around the end of the gaff, while he was in the act of passing a signal halyard through an eye.

The captain had received orders from the principal to have the Josephine ready for the visit of a distinguished person on the following day, and Mr. Cleats was preparing to dress the rigging.

"You scoundrel!" roared Mr. Hamblin, gazing up at the unfortunate youth who had been the cause of his

misfortune.

"Did it hurt you, sir?" asked Paul, stepping up to the professor.

"Was that done by your order, Mr. Kendall?" demanded the irate *savant.*

"No, sir; it was not," replied Paul, blushing with indignation at such an insinuation.

"It is very singular that the rope should fall just at the moment I was passing," added Mr. Hamblin, sourly, as he straightened out his crumpled tile.

"I am sorry it occurred, sir," said Paul, who uttered no more than the literal truth.

Mr. Hamblin glanced around the deck at the students who were collected there. They did not seem to be sorry; on the contrary, there was a look of diabolical satisfaction in the expression of most of them, and not a few were actually laughing.

"I demand the immediate punishment of the offender," said Mr. Hamblin, irritated by this manifestation on the part of the students.

By this time Grimme had descended from his perilous perch, having completed the reeving of the halyard. Without a moment's delay, he hastened to the spot where the angry man stood, and touched his cap with the utmost deference.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Hamblin. I hope you will excuse me," said Grimme, who really wore a very troubled look.

"You did it on purpose, you scoundrel!" growled the professor, savagely; for he could not fail to see the

ill-suppressed chuckling of the students in the waist.

"No, sir! I did not, sir!" protested Grimme. "I had the end in my mouth, and was just going to drop the coil when I saw you."

"And you did drop it when you saw me."

"I did not mean to drop it then. I was going to wait till you had passed; but my foot slipped, and, in catching hold of the gaff with my hand, I let go the coil. If I hadn't dropped it, I should have fallen myself," replied Grimme, who seemed determined to make the explanation strong enough to meet the emergency.

"I don't believe a word of it! You meant to insult me!" exclaimed Mr. Hamblin, still goaded on to intemperate speech by the ill-concealed jeers of the students. "Mr. Kendall, it is your duty to punish that insolent fellow."

"I will inquire into the matter, sir. If it appears that he did the act on purpose, he shall certainly be punished," replied Paul, who, after his conversation with Duncan, could not help suspecting that this was the first step in the hazing process to which his friend had alluded.

"Inquire into it!" sneered Mr. Hamblin, with deep disgust. "I complain of the boy: that is enough."

Paul did not think so; but he made no reply to the angry man, though he ordered the alleged culprit to the mainmast, which is the locality of the high court on shipboard.

"Mr. Kendall, I desire to have the gig, for the purpose of visiting the ship."

"The gig, sir!" exclaimed Paul, to whom the professors were not in the habit of designating which boat they would have.

"I said the gig, sir," repeated Mr. Hamblin, loftily.

"I beg your pardon, sir; but the gig is the captain's boat," replied Paul, with deference.

"The captain's boat!" puffed the professor.

"Mr. Lowington directed me to use the first cutter for the professors," added Paul.

"Am I to understand that you again refuse me a boat?"

"No, sir; by no means," said the captain, ready to weep with vexation at these disagreeable incidents.

He turned from Mr. Hamblin, and directed the first lieutenant to pipe away the first cutters; and in a few moments the boat was ready. The fourth lieutenant was sent in charge of the cutter. The professor went over the side into the boat; and as he made no objections, the officers concluded that he did not know the difference between the gig and the first cutter. At certain stages of the tide, there is a three-mile current in the Scheldt, with strong eddies, formed by the sweep of the river. By a miscalculation of the coxswain, the cutter fell astern of the ship, and had to pull up to her, which prolonged the passage somewhat, thereby increasing the ill nature and impatience of Mr. Hamblin.

"In bows!" said the coxswain, as the boat approached the ship; and the two bowmen tossed their oars and boated them, taking position in the bow-grating, with the boat-hooks in their hands.

"Way enough!" added the coxswain; and the rest of the crew tossed their oars.

At the gangway of the ship stairs had been rigged, at the foot of which there was a platform, for the convenience of those boarding or leaving the ship by the boats. The bowmen fastened their boat-hooks upon the platform, in readiness to haul the boat alongside, so that the passenger could step out without inconvenience. But the current was strong, and some delay ensued.

"There! let me get out!" exclaimed Mr. Hamblin, rising in the boat, and walking between the oarsmen to the bow.

"Steady, sir!" said Humphreys, the officer, as he took the arm of the professor, to prevent him from falling.

"Pull the boat up, so I can step out!" said Mr. Hamblin, impatiently, to the bowmen.

They were hauling her up closer to the platform, against the strong current, which, being in a direction contrary to the wind, made considerable sea, causing the boat to roll and jerk uneasily. When she was within a couple of feet of the platform, the professor attempted to step out.

"Steady, sir!" said Morgan, one of the bowmen, as Mr. Hamblin was about to take the step; but at that instant the boat receded from the platform, and the learned gentleman, with one foot on the plank and the other on the bow of the boat, made a very long straddle, toppled over into the water, and disappeared in the eddies.

"My boat-hook broke!" protested Morgan, holding up the implement, from which the iron had drawn out;

and after what had occurred on board of the consort, he probably deemed it necessary to make an immediate defence.

"Man overboard!" shouted several students in the ship; and immediately there was an immense commotion on board of her.

Mr. Hamblin rose to the surface an instant later, and shouted for help. The accident was observed from the Josephine, and the gig piped away in double quick time.

"Up oars! Let fall! Give way!" shouted Robinson, in the first cutter, as she drifted away from the gangway of the ship, without waiting for the orders to be repeated by the coxswain.

A few vigorous strokes of the oars brought the cutter to the spot where the professor was struggling with the dirty current. The bowmen seized him by the collar, and the crew, after no little labor, owing to the excitement of the unfortunate gentleman, succeeded in getting him into the boat. He was placed in the stern sheets, and Robinson afforded him such assistance as the circumstances would permit.

The gig, with Paul and Pelham on board, was darting through the current towards the first cutter. It was too late to be of any service; but it continued on its way, and the captain manifested his interest and sympathy as well as he could. Mr. Hamblin pressed the water from his hair, wiped his face with his wet handkerchief, and otherwise endeavored to remove the effects of his involuntary bath. He seemed to be, thus far, no worse for the disaster; but he directed Robinson to return directly to the Josephine, for

obvious reasons.

The two boats came alongside together; and this time the professor, notwithstanding the discomfort of his condition, made no undue haste to leave the cutter before she was properly secured.

"I am very sorry indeed for your misfortune, sir," said Paul, politely, when he met Mr. Hamblin on deck.

"Perhaps you are!" replied he, rushing down the cabin stairs, bestowing hardly a glance upon the sympathizing commander.

He went to his state-room, and made an entire change of his clothing. The weather was warm, and he suffered no serious consequences.

"You are a very unfortunate person, Mr. Hamblin," said his associate instructor, when the *savant*, clean and dry, emerged from the state-room.

"It was done on purpose, Mr. Stoute," replied he, solemnly, with compressed lips.

"O, no! It couldn't be!" protested the fat professor. "You are simply unfortunate. First, a coil of rope falls on your head, and then you fall overboard. You should be careful."

"Has that student been punished for throwing the rope upon me?"

"No, sir. I stood by during the investigation at the mainmast. It could not be proved that the act was done on purpose; and, for my part, I did not believe it was."

"I am very confident it was. I can read the expression on the faces of the boys; and I am certain there is a

conspiracy among them to knock out my brains or drown me in the river."

"Boys will be boys, and they are very prone to look at the ludicrous aspect of an accident," added the stout professor. "I should not give a serious interpretation to any little signs of mirth I happened to see."

"Mr. Stoute, you allow yourself to be hoodwinked, deceived, overwhelmed, by these artful boys. You should maintain more dignity in your intercourse with them."

"There is a true and a false dignity, Mr. Hamblin. I shall endeavor to avoid the one, and cling to the other," replied Mr. Stoute, warmly, but good-naturedly.

"You are aware that I asked for the gig before I started for the ship?" continued Mr. Hamblin, impressively.

"I am; and I was also aware that the first cutter had been appropriated to the use of the instructors."

"I demanded the gig. It was refused. What did that mean?"

"It meant just what the captain said—that the principal required him to furnish the first cutter for our use."

"That is not what it meant," persisted Mr. Hamblin. "The crew of the first cutter had been instructed to tip me into the river. When I called for the gig, it deranged the plan. I am only sorry that I did not refuse to take the cutter, and insist upon having the gig; but I do not wish to make trouble."

"But why did you ask for the gig?"

"Because I saw Morgan, who, I knew, belonged in the cutter, laughing when the rope fell on my head. He would as lief drown me as not."

"I think you misjudge the boys."

"I am surprised that one who has been a teacher as long as you have does not understand boys any better," replied Mr. Hamblin, coldly. "I am satisfied that Kendall is at the bottom of all this mischief."

"I am very sure he is not," said Mr. Stoute, decidedly.

"The crew of the cutter had been prepared for their work."

It was surprising that two men who had been among boys so long took such opposite views of them; but the difference of opinion was more in the men than in the boys.

These events were the staple of conversation on deck and in the steerage among the crew; and some of the better boys heard certain indefinite remarks about "the first step" and "the second step," used by "our fellows;" but no real friend of law and order discovered anything which threw any new light upon the two misfortunes that had overtaken the senior professor, though there was a suspicion that these were the first and second steps hinted at by the doubtful ones.

CHAPTER X.

WHO WAS CAPTAIN OF THE JOSEPHINE?

Mr. Hamblin, as before intimated, did not sleep well on the night in question. The burden of being called to the state department, and even to the royal palaces of Belgium, was very trying to his nerves. When he slept, it was only to dream of the great statesman and revolutionary leader of the Low Countries, in the act of taking him by the hand or of presenting him to his majesty Leopold, "Roi de Belge."

He prepared himself with great care, in his reflections, for the stupendous occasion. He studied up courtly bows, and imagined just how he would look when in the act of making one of them. He pictured to himself various graceful gestures which he intended to use, in order to impress upon the great man the dignity of his character. He arranged the little tableau of his presentation to the king, with all the speeches, interludes, and movements. If the king said certain things, he should say certain other things in reply; and when the interview ended, he was with becoming grace to back out of the royal presence.

Leopold, "Roi de Belge," would probably inform him that he had, either directly or through his faithful minister, heard of the distinguished Greek *savant*; that he had seen or heard of the Greek Grammar he had published, the Greek Reader he had compiled, and the Anabasis he had edited and annotated. It was more than probable that there were copies of these learned and valuable works in the Royal Library; for no library could be complete without them. If they were there, the king would graciously inform him of the fact, as the highest compliment that could be

paid to his fame as a Greek scholar. To all this, with his left hand upon his heart, with his right extended, palm prone, at an angle of forty-five degrees with his perpendicular, his body bent in a courteous but dignified bow, he was to reply that his majesty did him too much honor. It would be necessary to deprecate, in some degree, the distinguished consideration awarded to him, and to declare his own unworthiness of the king's notice and favor.

Then, perhaps, the royal Leopold would present him a snuff-box, studded with pearls, diamonds, and rubies,—monarchs have a habit of presenting snuffboxes to men who do not take snuff,—in token of his princely appreciation of the learning of the distinguished American professor. Or, perhaps, "Le Roi de Belge" would inform him that he desired to promote the study of the Greek language and literature in his kingdom, and that he was graciously pleased to appoint him Inspector of Greek, or Librarian of the Greek portion of the Royal Library, with no active duty but that of collecting his salary of twenty thousand francs—liberal princes, as rich as Leopold was reputed to be, often spent their money more foolishly than this, in rewarding distinguished men of learning.

The learned gentleman did not feel a very strong confidence that the king would thus reward his forty years' patient study of the Greek; but *if* he should conclude to behave in this rather erratic but highly honorable manner, it would give him a pleasant opportunity of waiting upon Mr. Lowington in his cabin, and politely informing him that he could no longer endure the insults of the Josephines, or countenance their want of appreciation of the privilege of having such a professor of Greek as he

was; and that he felt compelled to resign his present position, in order that "Le Roi de Belge" might avail himself of his valuable services.

It would be delightful to make such a call upon the principal of the academy squadron. It would be a grand occasion for a display of dignity. He did not feel that such a pleasant event was likely to occur; but it was not impossible. The fame of his Grammar and other works might have come over the Atlantic while he was transplanting Greek roots in the hard heads of stupid boys. He felt that he deserved some higher token of public appreciation than had yet been bestowed upon him. Why should the Secretary of Foreign Affairs send an autograph letter to him, unless some especial notice was to be taken of him?

An audible voice seemed to say, "Go up higher, friend;" but, alas! that was only the snoring of Professor Stoute, in the berth above him, which his fancy had incorporated into words. There was no voice—only the guttural sounds of his obese room-mate, who was so tired that he breathed with unwonted labor in his sleep. There was no poetry in the snoring of his companion, and the vision was rudely dissolved by the reality. But the invitation to go to court was in his pocket: he could not be cheated out of that, or of his brilliant expectations. Leopold might do the handsome thing, at least as to the snuff-box. It was rather awkward, in view of the approaching interview, that he could not speak French; but the king had lived in London for a time, and doubtless spoke English fluently. Of course the Minister of Foreign Affairs could speak English; but even if he did not, they could meet on the same level in Latin or Greek.

Professor Hamblin did not sleep very well; and he did not sleep any better because Mr. Stoute slept so well, and made the state-room sonorous with the richest base snoring that ever tormented a nervous man. Indeed, the heavy sleeper made it so lively for the light sleeper that the latter was two or three times goaded to the alternative of waking the former, or abandoning the room.

In the course of the night the learned professor had polished up all his little speeches to be recited before the minister, and probably before the king; had nicely adjusted all his bows and gestures, and laid up a magazine of expedients for possible emergencies, such as the presence of the Duke of Brabant, Prince Leopold, and even of "La Reine de Belge;" but the dreamer was glad when the morning came; for the night had been very long, though he had probably slept three quarters of the time; gladder still when he heard the water splashing on the deck above him, as the watch washed down the quarter-deck, for now he could get up. He did get up, and went out to taste the freshness of the early air.

The young seamen had finished their labor on the quarters, and were at work in the waist. A kind of force-pump, or fire-engine, was attached to the Josephine, to save labor in washing down the decks, and to be used in case of fire below. It was provided with a sufficient length of hose to reach all parts of the vessel, and was worked by a single brake, manned by four hands. With this apparatus the boys were deluging the decks with water, one of them holding the pipe, and half a dozen scrubbing the planks with long-handled brushes.

A fire-engine, or indeed anything that will squirt, is a

great luxury to the boys, with whom "running with the machine" is a constitutional tendency. The novelty of the Josephine's force-pump had not yet worn away, and it contributed in no small degree to alleviate the hard and ungentlemanly labor of washing down decks.

Mr. Hamblin was not a boy, and he had a constitutional dislike of fire-engines and all hydraulic apparatus, partly, perhaps, because the boys liked it. The quarter-deck was still wet with the drenching it had received, and the professor did not like to dampen his feet on the one hand, or retreat to the close cabin on the other. He did what Americans are very apt to do when situated between the two horns of a dilemma—he compromised between the difficulties by seating himself on the fife-rail between a couple of belaying-pins. He was careful to place himself abaft the mainmast, so that the wicked engine would not spatter him.

He sat on the fife-rail and began to think of the king and the minister again; but his reflections this time were very brief, and if his fancy burned again with glowing anticipation, the flame was suddenly quenched by a stream of water directed at the foot of the mast, which spattered his lower extremities very badly.

"What are you about, you rascal?" roared the learned gentleman, springing from his perch to the deck.

But it would have been better for him to remain where he was, for the instant his feet struck the deck, the full force of the stream from the hose-pipe saluted him squarely in the face, filling his mouth with water, and well nigh overthrowing him with its violence. This was a sad accident. McDougal, one of

the quartermasters, held the pipe. At the moment the professor sprang from the fife-rail, the hoseman was looking behind him, his attention having been called away from his work by a remark of one of the hands at the brake.

"What do you mean, you rascal?" sputtered Mr. Hamblin, attempting to free his mouth of the dirty Scheldt water which had been forced into it.

"That's number three," whispered one of the brakemen to another.

"Hush up!" replied the one addressed, from the corner of his mouth.

McDougal dropped the hose, and rushed aft to the place where the unhappy *savant* stood.

"You impertinent puppy!" cried Mr. Hamblin, soiling his white handkerchief with the foul water upon his face.

"O, dear! What have I done!" groaned McDougal, clasping his hands in an agony of dismay. "I beg your pardon! I didn't see you, sir. O, what have I done!" And the wretched hoseman actually threw himself on his knees upon the wet deck, and implored the forgiveness of the injured magnate of the schoolroom.

"You meant to do it!" exclaimed the implacable pedagogue.

"No, sir! Indeed, I did not! Won't you forgive me?" pleaded McDougal, still upon his knees.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Pelham, who was officer of the deck, as he rushed to the spot from the topgallant forecastle, where he had gone to keep

out of the way of the splashing waters.

"O, Mr. Pelham," groaned the hoseman, "I am so sorry!"

"Get up!" said Pelham to the culprit, sternly, for anything like servility was very disgusting to him, and probably he had his own views in regard to Mr. Hamblin.

McDougal obeyed this imperative command, and though, ordinarily, a young man of nerve and of much self-possession, he appeared to be trembling with apprehension. His lips quivered, his knees smote against each other, and he stood wringing his hands, apparently in the most abject terror.

"I didn't mean to do it, Mr. Pelham," chattered the miserable hoseman.

"Mr. Pelham, in my opinion this act was deliberately contrived and carried out," said Mr. Hamblin, severely, though he was evidently somewhat moved by the misery of the culprit.

"I am very sorry for it, sir, whether it was done on purpose or by accident," replied Pelham. "Where were you, sir, when it happened?"

"I was sitting on that frame," answered Mr. Hamblin, pointing to the place.

"On the fife-rail?"

"Yes; if that is the name of the frame."

"Yes, sir; and he was behind the mast, and I didn't see him," pleaded McDougal. "I saw some dirt on deck at the foot of the mast, and I threw the stream there. I couldn't see Mr. Hamblin—indeed I couldn't,

sir."

"I would not complain of the act if that had been all, for I was simply spattered; but when I stepped down, the stream was directed full into my face."

"I didn't mean to do it, sir. One of the brake-men hollered to me, and I turned to see what he wanted, and when I did so, I raised up the hose; and I suppose that's what made the stream hit Mr. Hamblin in the face," groaned McDougal.

"Yes, sir," interposed the brakeman, who had designated the act as "number three." "I saw Mr. Hamblin, and I sung out to McDougal to turn the hose. He turned round and asked me what I said, and before I could answer Mr. Hamblin cried out to him."

"So far as I can see, it appears to be an accident, sir," added Pelham; "but I will report it to the captain."

"O, Mr. Pelham, don't report me to the captain!" begged McDougal. "He will send me back to the ship. I didn't mean to do it; it was an accident."

"It is useless to report it to the captain," said the professor, with a palpable sneer.

"Thank you, sir; you will forgive me, sir?" moaned the culprit.

"I am willing to forgive you if it was an accident," replied the *savant*, more graciously.

"It was an accident, sir."

"It is very singular that so many accidents happen to me," said the professor, knitting his brow, and looking very savage, when he recalled the events of the preceding evening. "This is the third time within

half a day that an accident has occurred to me."

Mr. Hamblin walked off, and descended to the cabin to change his clothes again. The suit in which he had fallen overboard had been dried at the cook's galley, and was in condition for use. While changing his garments, he recited to Mr. Stoute the new misfortune that had overtaken him.

Pelham sharply questioned the hands who had been concerned in the outrage; but McDougal, who appeared to be the only one implicated in the deed, protested that the circumstances were just as he had stated them; nothing could be proved, for the boys all agreed in their statements. The case was therefore dismissed, to be called up again by the captain, if he thought proper to do so. McDougal walked forward to pick up the hose-pipe again, and as he met the brakeman who had exhibited some intelligence before, he gave him a very sly wink.

The officer of the watch was more than suspicious. He was an old hand at mischief himself, and not easily hoodwinked by "our fellows." He could not help thinking that McDougal had overdone his part, for a bold young man, like him, would not behave so much like a coward under any circumstances. Just before breakfast time the captain and first lieutenant came on deck together, and Pelham reported "number three" to them.

"It was not an accident," exclaimed Paul, indignantly.

"I don't think it was myself," replied Pelham. "But at the same time, what can you do? You can't prove that it was done on purpose."

"I had a hint from Duncan that the fellows intended

to haze Mr. Hamblin, and if this thing isn't stopped in the beginning, there is no knowing where it will end," continued Paul, decidedly. "You will pipe to muster the first thing after breakfast, Mr. Terrill."

The young commander was entirely satisfied in his own mind that the unpleasant incident of the morning was a part of the hazing programme, if the two on the preceding evening were not. He had already decided to take prompt action, and put a stop to the disgraceful proceedings.

After breakfast, agreeably to the order, all hands were piped to muster. The two professors had come on deck to ascertain the cause of this movement. They had had a long talk together about the second drenching of the senior, and Mr. Stoute was obliged to conclude that the deed had been wilfully done. He acknowledged as much as this, and felt, as the captain did, that prompt action was necessary; but to his surprise, Mr. Hamblin took opposite ground towards the latter part of the interview, and declared that McDougal, on his knees, had begged his pardon. The learned gentleman appeared to be determined to keep his opinion at variance with that of his associate.

Mr. Hamblin was one of those old fogies who could not appreciate manliness in a boy. He demanded abject servility and pusillanimous crouching on the part of an offender. When he frowned, the boy ought to wither with fear rather than with the consciousness of guilt. McDougal had thrown himself into a becoming attitude, in his estimation; had groaned, trembled, and cringed. He was willing to forgive McDougal, and had intimated as much as this to him before he left the deck.

The young commander took his place on the hatch, and made quite a telling speech in regard to what he termed the disgraceful proceeding which had occurred on board. He solemnly warned the boys that he would not tolerate anything irregular and disorderly.

"Mr. Terrill, you will pipe away the second cutters," he continued, turning to the first lieutenant.

The crew of the boat were piped away, the cutter lowered, and they took their places in her. The second lieutenant was detailed to take charge of her, and waited near the captain for his orders.

"Pass the word for McDougal," added the captain, when the second cutter was ready, as he stepped down from the hatch, and stood at the foot of the mainmast.

The culprit came forward, and touched his cap to the captain.

"For your conduct this morning to Mr. Hamblin I shall send you on board of the ship," said Paul, in firm and decided tones.

"I couldn't help it, Captain Kendall," pleaded McDougal; but he exhibited none of the servility which had characterized his demeanor to the professor; he knew the captain too well to resort to such an expedient.

"*Perhaps* you could not," replied Paul, pointedly. "*Perhaps* you could not; but you were very careless."

"I didn't mean to do it," added McDougal.

"I do not say that you did. If the professor cannot walk the deck without being drenched with water, it

is time those who are so careless should be sent out of the Josephine."

"Mr. Hamblin was behind the mast, and I thought he had gone below, sir."

"I have no time nor inclination to argue the matter. If you think any injustice has been done to you, the principal will hear your complaint, and I shall be as willing as you are to abide by his decision. Mr. Martyn, you will report the case as it is to Mr. Lowington. McDougal, consider yourself under arrest, and take your place in the boat."

The culprit wanted to say something more, but Paul ordered him into the boat with an emphasis which he did not deem it prudent to disregard.

"Captain Kendall," said Professor Hamblin, stepping up to the young commander, "I request that you will detain that boat for a moment or two."

"Certainly, sir, if you desire it," replied Paul, giving the necessary order.

"May I ask for a few moments' private conversation with you?" added the professor, as he led the way aft.

The learned gentleman seemed to be considerably excited, and conducted the captain to the taffrail.

"I protest against your action in this matter," said he, warmly, when they were out of hearing of others.

"Indeed, sir! I supposed you would protest if I did not take decided action."

"I am sorry to feel obliged to say, that you do not use good judgment in this case," continued Mr. Hamblin,

solemnly. "When that rope was thrown upon me, you took no notice of it. I do not hear that the crew of the first cutter have been called to account for their carelessness in throwing me into the water last night; but, in this instance, where the guilty party has begged my pardon on his bended knees, and shown a degree of sorrow which it would be inhuman to disregard, you resort to the severest punishment known on board."

"You will excuse me, Mr. Hamblin, but I think my action is fully justified by the circumstances."

"I think not. You are extremely severe in this case, while the more flagrant act of throwing me into the river, whether it was a wilful or a careless one, was passed over in silence."

"It was not passed over in silence. I examined the officer of the boat, and I found that the accident was caused by the breaking of a boat-hook in the hands of one of the bowmen. If you will pardon me for being entirely candid with you, Mr. Hamblin, the mishap was caused by your own carelessness, rather than by that of the boat's crew."

"Do you mean to insult me?" demand the professor, angrily.

"Most assuredly not, sir. If you had kept your seat in the stern-sheets of the boat, as a passenger should, until the cutter was properly secured, you could not possibly have fallen overboard when the boat-hook broke," answered Paul, gently and firmly.

"I do not ask your judgment upon my actions, Mr. Kendall," growled the professor.

"Excuse me, sir; but I alluded to your movement only

in defence of the boat's crew. If the bowmen had actually intended to throw you into the water, they could not have done it if you had kept your seat."

"It is not proper for you to criticise my action."

Paul bowed, and made no reply.

"I protest against your action in punishing McDougal. He apologized to my satisfaction; and, as this is an affair personal with me, I am surprised at your taking any step without consulting me."

"It is a case which affects the discipline of the vessel; and, as such, it was proper that I should dispose of it."

"It was a personal matter, I say," repeated the professor, growing more wrathy when he found his mighty will opposed.

"I have such information, sir, as leads me to believe that the act of this morning was intentional."

"That's a want of judgment on your part, and I protest against your action. I object to your sending McDougal to the ship, and I demand that your order be rescinded."

"I shall send him to the ship, sir!" replied Paul, decidedly, his cheek coloring.

"Shall you! Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, sir; I repeat that I do not mean to insult you."

"I say that boy ought not to be sent to the ship. Why, such a lack of judgment—"

"Mr. Hamblin, I command this vessel!" exclaimed Paul, with native dignity.

"Do you, indeed?"

"I am responsible for all I do to Mr. Lowington. You will oblige me by not interfering with the discipline of the crew."

"How dare you use such language to me?" snapped the professor, dancing about the deck with rage.

"Mr. Terrill, direct Mr. Martyn to pull to the ship, and execute my order as I gave it."

"This is infamous!" stormed Mr. Hamblin. "Am I to be snubbed by a boy, by one of my own pupils?"

"I have nothing more to say, Mr. Hamblin," continued Paul, bowing and moving away.

"Stop, you puppy!" roared Mr. Hamblin, following him, and speaking loud enough for all the officers to hear his offensive remark.

"Come, come, Mr. Hamblin, you are disgracing yourself," interposed Mr. Stoute.

"The puppy!" gasped Mr. Hamblin. "He insulted me!"

"Don't lower yourself in the eyes of your pupils by such undignified conduct."

"Am I to be insulted by a boy?" replied Mr. Hamblin, breaking away from his associate.

"Mr. Terrill, send Mr. Cleats and Mr. Gage aft," said Captain Kendall, hardly able to speak, so violent were his emotions.

"Mr. Kendall—"

"Captain Kendall, if you please," interposed Paul, as the professor, boiling over with rage, rushed up to

him.

"*Mister* Kendall, I will—"

"One word, Mr. Hamblin, before you proceed any farther," continued Paul, struggling to be calm.

"Here, sir," reported the adult carpenter and boatswain.

"Stand by; I may want you," replied Captain Kendall. "Mr. Hamblin," he proceeded, turning to the furious professor, "if you venture to call me a puppy again, or to use any other offensive epithet, I will order the carpenter and boatswain to arrest you. I will send you in irons on board the ship. I beg to remind you again that I am the captain of this vessel."

Mr. Hamblin glanced at him, and then at the stalwart forward officers, who, he knew, would obey the captain if the Josephine went down with them in the act. If he did not feel that he had done wrong, he felt that he could do nothing more. Professor Stoute again interposed his good offices, and Mr. Hamblin defeated—by himself rather than the captain—bolted from the group, and rushed down into the cabin.

The entire ship's company had crowded aft to witness this exciting scene.

"Three cheers for Captain Kendall!" shouted a daring fellow. "One!"

They were given, in spite of Paul's cry for "silence," and then the crew scattered. The young commander looked very pale, and went below attended by Terrill, who had noticed his ghastly expression. He retired to his state-room, and but for his friend's efforts would have fainted away, so terribly had he

suffered during the painful scene.

CHAPTER XI.

ON THE WAY TO GHENT.

"You have made a very great mistake, Mr. Hamblin," said Professor Stoute, when they reached their state-room.

"Do you take part with the students, Mr. Stoute?" snapped the angry *savant*.

The good-natured instructor concluded that it would be useless for him to say anything while his associate continued in such an unhappy frame of mind; and he condemned himself to silence for the present. It was plain enough to him that the crew of the Josephine were in a state of mutiny, so far as Mr. Hamblin was concerned, and, that the academic discipline of the vessel was at an end. If he understood the humor of the boys, they would refuse to obey the professor of Greek. There must be a settlement of this serious difficulty before anything more could be done.

Mr. Hamblin was silent also for a time. It would have been curious to know what he thought of himself at that particular moment, though doubtless he fully justified his conduct and regarded himself as an injured man. A gentleman so profoundly skilled in Greek as he was, with an invitation in his pocket to visit the king's chief minister, ought not to be expected to submit to the snubbing of a mere boy.

The two professors sat in the state-room till the silence became painful, and till the anger of Mr. Hamblin had in a measure subsided.

"I did not expect to see you take part with the boys, Mr. Stoute," said the learned gentleman, in a grieved tone.

"If I take any part at all, I hope it will be on the right side," replied Mr. Stoute.

"Which means, I suppose, that I am on the wrong side," replied Mr. Hamblin, with a heavy sigh.

"It means exactly that," added the other, candidly.

"You think, then, that the boys have done precisely right—do you?"

"Without saying that, I am compelled to believe you were in the wrong."

"That boy threatened to arrest me," continued Mr. Hamblin, with something like a shudder; "and all the crew gave three cheers for Captain Kendall!"

"I could hardly resist the temptation to join with them in giving the cheers," replied Mr. Stoute, consolingly. "The conduct of Captain Kendall filled me with admiration."

"Mr. Stoute, do you consider that a proper remark to make to me?"

"You will not understand anything but the plainest speech, and I intend to be perfectly candid with you. You interfered with the discipline of the vessel, and because the captain respectfully declined to recall the boat, you threw yourself into a passion, and behaved in a most ungentlemanly and undignified

manner. Positively, sir, I am ashamed of you! You called the captain a puppy, sir!"

"He's only a boy," answered Mr. Hamblin, in whom this plain talk seemed to create a doubt in regard to his conduct.

"Any boy has the right to be treated like a gentleman when he behaves like one, even if his opinion does not agree with our own; and especially is this true of the captain."

"He was utterly lacking in judgment. The conduct of McDougal was a personal matter, and Mr. Kendall should have consulted me."

"Allowing that the captain was wrong,—though I do not think that he was wrong,—it does not improve the aspect of your conduct."

"You think Mr. Lowington will not sustain me—do you?"

"Certainly not."

"I could hardly expect it, since he has a much higher regard for that boy than for me," sighed Mr. Hamblin.

"It is eight o'clock, and time for the recitations to commence," said Mr. Stoute, consulting his watch. "You must decide at once what you intend to do."

"What shall I do?" asked Mr. Hamblin, who had become fully conscious that he had involved himself in another "unpleasantness," and that the powers that be, unmindful of his claims, would probably decide against him.

"Shall we hear the recitations? Are you willing to go

into the steerage, and proceed with your classes?"

"I am."

Mr. Stoute had his doubts whether it would be prudent for him to do so; but he was satisfied that Captain Kendall could control the crew, even if they attempted a demonstration against the unpopular instructor.

"If I had made so great a blunder as you have, Mr. Hamblin," added Professor Stoute, "I should go to the captain, and apologize to him."

"Apologize to him!" exclaimed the *savant*.

"Yes, sir."

"To that boy, who insulted me, who threatened to arrest me, and send me in irons to the ship, who had the impudence to tell me that *he* was the captain of this vessel! No, sir!"

"Very well, sir; suit yourself; I am going to the steerage to attend to my classes."

Without waiting for his associate's final decision as to what he intended to do, Mr. Stoute left the state-room. By this time Paul had recovered from the faintness which had oppressed him, and had ordered the first lieutenant to "pipe to recitations."

"Are we to go on with the studies as usual, Captain Kendall?" asked Mr. Stoute, who could not help taking the hand of the young commander and warmly pressing it, though without any allusion in words to Professor Hamblin.

"Certainly, sir; the students will not be allowed to neglect any regular duty," replied Paul.

"After the cheers which were given on deck, there is danger of a disturbance."

"No, sir; I think not. If any officer or seaman makes a disturbance, he shall be put under arrest instantly."

"But suppose they all do it in concert."

"They will not, sir;" but Paul spoke in hope rather than in faith, and dreaded the demonstration suggested by the professor.

Mr. Stoute went into the steerage. The students were all there, including the crew of the cutter which had conveyed McDougal to the ship. They were more quiet and orderly than usual; but the calm often precedes the storm. Captain Kendall passed into the steerage, and his appearance was the signal for a general clapping of the hands, in which all the officers joined. That he had won the day in his dispute with the obnoxious professor; that he had threatened to arrest Mr. Hamblin, and send him in irons to the ship; that he had actually called the willing carpenter and boatswain to execute the anticipated order,—were more than enough to make the captain a hero with the ship's company. Boys worship pluck, and are not always particular that it should be displayed in a good cause.

"Silence, if you please," said Paul, moved by the applause of the students.

Silence came instantly, for the captain was a "little god" just then, and had more influence over the ship's company at that moment than ever before. It is true they regretted the fate of poor McDougal, but there was not one of them who did not believe that the captain was right in his estimate of the culprit's

guilt.

"I wish to ask a favor of you," continued Paul, in a rather embarrassed tone.

A clapping of hands assured him that he could ask no favor that would not be unanimously granted.

"Whatever happens, I wish you to make no disturbance, and no demonstrations of approval or dissent. Will you heed my request?"

"We will!" shouted the students with one voice.

"Thank you," replied Paul, who did not believe in a display of force before it was necessary.

The boys commenced work upon their lessons, and the captain, passing through the steerage, went on deck to avoid the necessity of meeting Mr. Hamblin, whose step he heard in the passage-way leading from the cabin. As Paul disappeared, the obnoxious *savant* entered the steerage. One of the students forward hissed, but his companions silenced him instantly; and it is probable, if the captain had not spoken to them, Mr. Hamblin would have been greeted with a general demonstration of disapprobation.

The learned gentleman was evidently much embarrassed; but he was very quiet and subdued in his manner. He was less impatient and snappish than usual; said nothing about "stupidity" and "blundering," as was his habit. He seemed to be abstracted, as well he might; but while he displayed less enthusiasm in his teaching, he was infinitely more gentlemanly and kind. As he gave no occasion for any trouble, none came. Though the captain did not appear at any recitation conducted by him, the professor made no comment upon the circumstance.

Paul was troubled, but he had made up his mind what to do. Either Mr. Hamblin must leave the Josephine, or he would respectfully ask to be relieved from the command of her. It was simply impossible to live with such a porcupine on board. It was a mystery to him that Mr. Lowington had procured the services of such an unsuitable instructor; but the fact was, that he had been engaged by the principal's agent on the strength of his classical attainments, rather than his fitness for the place. He had been so unpopular as a tutor and professor that no institution could long enjoy his services, valuable as they were in an intellectual point of view.

At twelve o'clock orders came from Mr. Lowington to dismiss school, and to dress the Josephine for visitors. All hands were called, and in a short time the vessel wore her gayest attire. A line of flags was extended from the end of the jib-boom over the topmast-heads to the end of the main boom. The flag of Belgium, which consists of black, yellow, and red in equal parts, perpendicularly divided, floated at the foremast head. The Young America was similarly decorated, and the Victoria and Albert hoisted the royal standard of the United Kingdom, which is a magnificent affair, consisting of four squares, two, in opposite corners, being red, one blue and one yellow, with a harp and the lions and unicorns worked upon the squares.

At half past twelve, the professors' barge, with the American flag in the stern, and the Belgian in the bow, put off from the ship and pulled to the Quai Vandyck. The eminent individual who was to be received by the squadron was no less a personage than the governor of the Province of Antwerp, an

office once filled by the distinguished Charles Rogier, the present minister of foreign affairs.

As the boat containing his excellency put off from the Quay, the yards of both vessels were manned. All the students were dressed in their best uniform, and the display was really quite imposing. The governor went on board of the ship, was duly cheered by the students, and he visited every part of the vessel. After he had partaken of a collation in the main cabin, he left the ship, accompanied by Mr. Lowington, and visited the Josephine. Everything appeared to the best advantage, and his excellency expressed himself as highly delighted with the naval institution.

All the officers and professors were presented to the distinguished guest, who took a great deal of notice of Paul, and hardly any of Mr. Hamblin—a muddling of distinctions which sore puzzled and annoyed the *savant*. Not even Mr. Lowington could have suspected that the Josephines were in a state of feverish excitement, and had been almost in a state of mutiny, so fair and pleasant was the outside aspect of the ship's company. The governor, having completed his inspection of the vessel, invited all the officers to dine with him, and was then landed with as much ceremony as he had been received.

Mr. Lowington accompanied the governor to the quay, and on his return he went on board of the Josephine to announce his programme for a visit to several of the cities of Belgium. All hands were called, and were informed that the next three days would be devoted to sight-seeing, and that the students would take the train for Ghent at half past two. The ship's company heard the intelligence with

a coolness which did not escape the notice of the principal; but he soon received an explanation of this apparent indifference.

"I am very sorry, Mr. Lowington," said Professor Hamblin, stepping up to him, as he descended from the hatch, "to be again compelled to complain to you of the misconduct of Mr. Kendall. This morning he threatened to arrest me and send me in irons on board of the ship—*me*, sir! He actually sent for the boatswain and carpenter for this purpose."

"Captain Kendall!" exclaimed the principal, annoyed beyond measure at this recital of grievance. "There must have been some strong provocation."

"Could anything justify such a threat, or such a course?"

"We will not speak of this subject here," added the principal, when he saw that the eyes of every student on board were fixed upon them.

"Something should be done immediately," replied Mr. Hamblin, decidedly.

"I have not time to hear the case now. We take the train for Ghent in less than an hour. I will see you in the railway carriage."

Mr. Lowington moved towards the gangway, where the barge was waiting for him; but Paul, his cheeks all aglow, stepped up to him, and touched his cap.

"Mr. Lowington," said he, "I wish to make a complaint against Mr. Hamblin. He interferes with the discipline of the vessel, is very insulting to me; and I must ask that he be removed from the Josephine, or that I may be permitted to resign."

"I am very sorry you are having any trouble here; but I cannot stay now to hear about it. I will see you on the train."

"Excuse me, one moment, Mr. Lowington," added the *savant* of the Josephine, as the principal was going over the side. "I wish to inquire if we make any stay in Brussels?"

"We shall probably remain there one day."

"I have an invitation to visit Monsieur Rogier, the chief minister of the King of Belgium, and should like to accept it," added Mr. Hamblin, who thought it would be well for the principal to know this fact before he thought much of the difficulty between himself and the captain.

"You will have ample time," answered Mr. Lowington, as he stepped over the side into the boat.

At two o'clock all hands embarked in a ferry-boat, which conveyed them to the Tête de Flandre, opposite Antwerp, where the Ghent railway station is located. By the good offices of the governor of Antwerp, a special train had been procured for their accommodation, and the carriages were to be at the disposal of the principal for the entire round of the Belgian cities. By this arrangement, the tourists were enabled to make the tour in the brief space allotted to it. They were to spend a day in the capital, but only one or two hours in each of the other places.

In Belgium about two thirds of all the railways are owned or leased by the government, which runs the roads, and even those which are in the hands of corporations will eventually revert to the state. They are exceedingly well managed, and very few

accidents occur upon them; but they run at a low rate of speed, compared with the English railways. The fares are about three cents a mile, which is below the average in Europe.

Mr. Lowington selected a compartment in one of the carriages, and arranged his party so as to transact the disagreeable business on hand during the trip. Dr. Winstock and Paul sat at one end of the section, and Mr. Stoute and Terrill at the other, while Mr. Lowington and Professor Hamblin occupied the middle seats. The two students were allowed to occupy the places at the windows, so that they could see the country which they passed through; for the principal deemed this as important for them as their lessons; in fact, it was a study of geography. The train moved off, bearing the company through a low country, not very attractive in itself, though the little farms, gardens, villages and towns were full of interest to young men like Paul.

"Now, Mr. Hamblin, I am ready to hear your complaints," said Mr. Lowington, after the train had passed out of the station. "Captain Kendall, you may give your attention to it, though you can look out of the window at the same time."

"Am I to be confronted with that boy?" demanded the professor, indignantly.

"That boy!" replied Mr. Lowington. "I am to hear what you and Captain Kendall have to say. Go on, if you please, sir."

"You will remember that one of the students, McDougal, was sent on board of the ship, this morning," Mr. Hamblin began, though he was utterly disgusted because he was obliged to make his

complaint in the presence of Paul.

"I remember it."

"The offence which that boy committed was against me personally. As he explained the case to me, and made a very humble apology, I was willing to forgive him. I intimated to the officer of the deck that he need not report the matter to the captain; but it was reported to the captain, and when I went on deck, after breakfast, I found the students had been assembled. Mr. Kendall addressed them, with which I had no fault to find. But you can judge of my astonishment when he called up McDougal, and ordered a boat to convey him on board of the ship, thus subjecting him to the severest punishment known to the students of the Josephine.

"I deemed it my duty to interfere, which I did in the most civil manner. I respectfully protested against the action of the captain. I say I deemed it my duty to interfere."

Mr. Hamblin paused, and looked at the principal. He wished him to say that he also deemed it his duty to interfere; but Mr. Lowington did not say that, or anything else, and waited till the professor was ready to proceed.

"I remonstrated with Mr, Kendall, and he saw fit to disregard my protest. I demanded that his order should be rescinded; but he was haughty and impudent in his manner. He told me that the boy should be sent to the ship. He appeared to be utterly wanting in judgment, though, up to this time, I had remonstrated only in the mildest terms. He informed me, in the most offensive manner, that he was the captain of the vessel."

At this point Mr. Lowington bit his lips, to repress a smile which was involuntarily manifesting itself on his face.

"Finally, sir, he sent for the boatswain and carpenter, and threatened to have me conveyed to the ship in irons. It was not enough to say he would send me to the ship, but he would send me in irons! Did ever a boy speak to a man like that before? In college, academy, and school, I have always been master; but here I find myself subject to the will of a stripling of sixteen or seventeen!"

Mr. Hamblin finished his narrative, set his teeth tight together, and threw himself back in his seat to await the decision of the principal.

"Captain Kendall, I will hear your version of this affair," said Mr. Lowington, mildly.

The professor made a movement as if to spring to his feet. The proceedings seemed to be very irregular. He wanted the decision made upon his statement; and it appeared like an insult to him to ask a student for his version of the affair after the instructor had spoken.

"When I was informed that McDougal had directed the hose-pipe at Mr. Hamblin," said Paul, "I decided to make an example of him; for I had a hint that the students intended to annoy the senior professor, and this was the third time something had happened to him. I was satisfied that the act was done on purpose, though I could not prove it."

"It was not done on purpose," interposed Mr. Hamblin, wrathfully. "McDougal, on his knees—"

"You will be kind enough not to interrupt Captain Kendall," said Mr. Lowington, mildly, but firmly.

"I decided to send him on board of the ship, and directed the second lieutenant to report the circumstances to you. Before the boat had shoved off, Mr. Hamblin called me aside, and objected to my action. He said the affair was personal with him, and he was surprised that I had interfered with it. I replied that the matter affected the discipline of the crew, and that I should send McDougal on board of the ship. He was angry then, spoke of my lack of judgment, and said the boy should not be sent to the ship. I told him then, as decidedly as I knew how, that I commanded the vessel."

"Yes, sir; that *he* commanded the vessel!" said Mr. Hamblin, with much excitement.

"Go on, Captain Kendall," added Mr. Lowington.

"He used some strong language then, and I told him I had nothing more to say. As I was walking away, he told me to stop, and called me a puppy. He repeated the expression, and then I sent for Mr. Cleats and Mr. Gage. They came, and I informed Mr. Hamblin that if he applied another offensive epithet to me, I would send him on board the ship in irons."

"Yes, sir! send *me* to the ship in irons! Could you have conceived of such an indignity?" exclaimed the professor. "Am I a common sailor? Am I a servant? Am I a student? or am I the senior professor of the consort?"

"Did you speak to Captain Kendall of his lack of judgment, Mr. Hamblin?" asked the principal.

"I did, most assuredly; and I am free to say that a child would have exhibited more judgment than he did," replied the professor, warmly.

"Did you say that McDougal should not be sent on board of the ship?"

"I did; it was an outrage upon the boy after he had begged my pardon with his knees on the wet deck; and it was an outrage upon me, who had forgiven his offence."

"Did you call Captain Kendall a puppy on the quarter-deck of the Josephine?"

"I don't know whether it was on the quarter-deck or the half-deck."

"Oblige me by answering my question."

"Perhaps I did," replied Mr. Hamblin, looking upon the floor of the carriage; for this, he was conscious, was his weak point.

"I must ask you either to affirm or deny that portion of Captain Kendall's complaint."

"If I did, it was because I had been snubbed and insulted by a pupil."

"You do not answer me, sir."

"I did; and I am willing to acknowledge it was highly improper; but I was—"

"It is not necessary to explain it," interposed Mr, Lowington. "I desire now only to obtain the facts. You applied this epithet twice to Captain Kendall—did you?"

"Possibly I did. I was much excited."

"Affirm or deny it, if you please."

"I will grant that I did, though I do not now distinctly

remember. It was wrong for me to use such language under any circumstances, but I have not been in the habit of being snubbed by my pupils."

"Is there any other material fact you wish to add, Mr. Hamblin?" asked the principal.

"Nothing more is needed, I think," replied the professor, who really believed that he had overwhelmed Paul, in spite of the conscious disadvantage he labored under in having used intemperate language himself. "It is plain enough that Mr. Kendall and I cannot get along together in the same vessel."

"That is plain enough," added Mr. Lowington. "I had requested Professor Stoute and Mr. Terrill to take seats in this carriage in order to afford any information we might need; but I find the facts in the case are not disputed. On the material points, there is no difference of statement between Mr. Hamblin and Captain Kendall. I shall reserve my decision till we return to the vessels."

"It will be impossible for me to do my duty to the students on board of the Josephine while Mr. Kendall is in command of her," said the professor, who wanted the decision at once, so confident was he that the principal could not sustain the young commander this time.

"I shall arrange it so that you and Captain Kendall will no longer sail in the same vessels."

That was very indefinite, but something was to be done; and this was all the comfort the professor received. Paul was much agitated, and Dr. Winstock talked to him for half an hour before he could fix his

attention upon the novelties of the country hurried in panorama before him.

CHAPTER XII.

"IN BELGIUM'S CAPITAL."

"Gand!" shouted the guard, as he walked along the step before the doors of the compartments, just as the train entered the station.

"I suppose that means Ghent," said Paul.

"Yes; Gand is the French name of the place," replied Dr. Winstock. "There are many cities in Europe which you would not recognize by their foreign appellations."

As the train stopped the whistle of the Young America's boatswain called the students together, and Mr. Lowington told them they could stay only two hours in the place.

"Ghent is situated at the junction of the River Lys with the Scheldt," said Professor Mapps, who, to the astonishment of the boys, seemed to be plumed for a lecture. "The numerous branches of these rivers, either natural or artificial, form canals which extend in all directions through the city. The town may be said to be composed of twenty-six islands, which are connected together by no less than eighty bridges. The grand canal extends from the lower Scheldt to the town, by means of which ships drawing eighteen

feet can come up to the basin. All these canals are navigable for boats or vessels. It is surrounded by a wall seven or eight miles in extent, for its defence. On the grand canal, half way between the city and the West Scheldt, there are sluices, by which the whole country could be laid under water in case of invasion by an enemy.

"Ghent has been called the Manchester of Belgium, on account of its being so largely engaged in cotton manufactures. Its factories are operated by steam power. The population in 1863 was one hundred and twenty-two thousand. The cultivation of flowers is largely carried on here, there being about four hundred hot-houses in the immediate vicinity of the city.

"Ghent is a very old city, and occupies a prominent place in history. In the days of Charles the Bold it was the capital of Flanders. Charles V., Emperor of Germany, was born here. It was formerly a city of vast importance, and at one time its wealth and power had increased to such an extent, that it was regarded as the rival of Paris. '*Je mettrais Paris dans mon Gand*,' Charles V. used to say, as he proudly contemplated this great city. What does it mean?"

"I could put Paris into my glove," replied one of the French scholars near the professor. "But *gant* is the French word for *glove*."

"Near enough for a pun, and much nearer than modern punsters often get it," continued Mr. Mapps. "Ghent, in former days, had the reputation of being a turbulent city, and its people were bold and warlike. They have always been forward in asserting and defending their liberties; and you will find that the burghers of Ghent figure largely in Mr. Motley's

Histories. I will not detain you longer now, but, as we pass through the city, I shall have something more to say about its historic character."

A sufficient number of vehicles had been gathered during the professor's lecture to enable the students to make the most of their limited time in Ghent. They went first to the *Beffroi*, or Belfry-tower. It is a kind of watch-tower, two hundred and eighty feet high, built in the twelfth century. The structure is square, and is surmounted by a gilt dragon. It contains a chime of bells, and a huge bell weighing five tons. The records of the city were formerly kept in the lower part of the building, which is now degraded into a prison. The entrance to the tower is through a shop, and the view from the top is very fine.

The Cathedral of St. Bavon, the Church of St. Michael, and the Hôtel de Ville, or Town Hall, were pointed out, and the carriages stopped in the Marché au Vendredi, a large square, or market-place, which takes its name from the day on which the sale is held. The phrase means Friday Market. Mr. Mapps explained the use of the square, and pointed out the ancient buildings with Flemish gables, which look like a flight of stairs on each slope, which surrounds it.

"This was the grand meeting-place of the citizens of Ghent," he continued; "the counts of Flanders were inaugurated here with great ceremony and splendor. Here the trades-unions, or societies of weavers, used to meet. Here the standard of rebellion was planted, and the people rallied around it to overthrow their oppressors. Here Jacques van Artevelde, the Brewer of Ghent, encountered a hostile association, and

fought one of the most furious combats known in history. He was called the Brewer of Ghent, because, though of noble family, he joined the society of brewers to flatter the vanity of the lower classes. His partisans were chiefly weavers, and his opponents the fullers. In the midst of the strife the host—the consecrated bread and wine of the Catholic mass—was brought into the square, in order to separate the furious artisans; but it was disregarded, and the bodies of fifteen hundred citizens were left on this spot.

"Van Artevelde, whose statue you see before you," added the professor, pointing to the object, "was a person of great influence. He was the ally of Edward III. of England, and had raised himself to the position of *Ruwaert*, or Protector of Flanders, by banishing its hereditary counts. By his advice, the King of England had added the *fleur de lis*, or lilies of France, to the British arms, claiming to be King of France. He courted the aid of the Flemish people, who were very powerful,—for it was said that Ghent alone could furnish eighty thousand fighting men,—in order to establish his claim to rule France.

"Edward obtained the assistance of the Flemings; but he did not conquer France, though he gained some splendid victories, in which the famous Black Prince figured. Van Artevelde began to dread the vengeance of the hereditary counts of Flanders, whose power he had usurped, and in 1344 he invited Edward to meet him at Sluis. Here the Brewer proposed to make Edward's son—the Black Prince—sovereign of Flanders, in order to secure the protection of England. He relied upon his influence with the citizens to induce them to submit to this arrangement; but the stout burghers rejected the

proposal with contempt and indignation.

"During Van Arteveldt's absence, a popular insurrection was fomented against him; and, on his return, as he rode through the streets, he was made conscious of the storm that was brewing against the Brewer. He went to his house, and barricaded the doors; but the street was soon filled by the mob. He addressed them from a window; but they would not hear him, and he attempted to escape by a back door into an adjoining church. Failing to accomplish this purpose, the infuriated people broke in upon him, and he was killed.

"In this square, also, were kindled the fires of the Inquisition by the Duke of Alva, at the command of Philip II., and thousands perished in the barbarous persecution.

"The rebellious spirit of the people of Ghent was very trying to Charles V. He demanded of them an enormous sum of money, to enable him to carry on a war against France. The burghers put the town in a state of defence, and privately offered their allegiance to Francis I. of France. He declined the offer, and maliciously informed Charles of it, who marched an army through France to punish the treason of his subjects in Ghent. Commanding this army in person, he reached the gates of the city, and surrounded its walls, before the people were aware of his presence.

"The utmost consternation prevailed in the town, and messengers were sent to the emperor to sue for forgiveness. Without granting any terms to the rebels, he imperiously demanded that the gates should be opened. His command was obeyed, and the Spanish army marched into the town. The Duke

of Alva suggested that the entire city should be destroyed; but Charles satisfied himself with beheading fourteen of the ringleaders of the rebellion, and confiscating their property. The principal officers of the city were ordered to appear before the emperor barefoot and bare-headed, clothed in black gowns, and with halters around their necks. They were compelled to sue for pardon on their knees. As an additional penalty, the magistrates were forbidden to appear in public without a halter on their necks, as a badge of their ignominy. The rope was worn; but, in the lapse of time, it became a silken cord, tied in a true-lover's knot, and was regarded as an ornament which the magistrate could not dispense with.

"In 1570, when the people attempted to shake off the Spanish rule, the citadel or fortress at the Porte d'Anvers (which has been demolished) was besieged by the Prince of Orange. It was gallantly defended by the Spaniards for a long time; but, at last, three thousand of the burghers of Ghent, clothed in white shirts as a distinguishing mark, assaulted the citadel. Their scaling-ladders were not long enough, and the attack failed. On the following day, while preparations were in progress to renew the attack, the Spaniards capitulated. When suitable terms had been agreed upon, the garrison, only one hundred and fifty in number, marched out under the command of a woman. It appeared then that the governor of the fortress was absent, and that the Spaniards had been commanded, during the protracted siege, by his wife."

This was rather a long speech to be made in the public square; but the boys, interested in the professor's remarks, gathered closely around him;

and it is not probable that many of the Ghenters who had been attracted to the square by the unwonted scene understood a word that was said. The carriages next proceeded to the Béguinage, a kind of convent or nunnery. The establishment is a little town by itself, with streets, squares, and gates, and is surrounded by a wall and moat. In the centre there is a church. The houses are occupied by the Béguines, a sisterhood of nuns in Belgium which has six thousand members. They are bound by no vows, as ordinary nuns are, and may therefore return to the world at pleasure, marry, and come back in their widowhood. They act as Sisters of Charity in the city, and some of them are wealthy; but all wear the garb of the order. There are about six hundred of them in this colony. On the door of each house is the name of the patron saint of the occupant.

The drive was continued through some of the principal streets of Ghent; and, within a few moments of the appointed time, the students were again seated in the railway carriages. The road to Bruges extends along the side of the canal from Ostend to Ghent, which has high banks, lined nearly all the way with tall trees. The view from the windows of the train was interesting rather than picturesque. In an hour the train stopped at its destination; but it was after six o'clock, and there was no time for Professor Mapps to make any long speeches, though Bruges had a history hardly less exciting than that of Ghent. It takes its name from the great number of *bridges* which it contains; for the place, like Ghent, is cut up by canals.

Bruges was once a rich and powerful city, reputed to contain two hundred thousand inhabitants; but, like nearly all the Flemish cities, it has declined from its

former grandeur, and now contains only fifty-one thousand, nearly a third of whom are paupers. In the fifteenth century, the Dukes of Burgundy held their court here; it had an immense foreign commerce, and its warehouses were filled with the silks and woollens manufactured in the vicinity. All this has passed away, the town has the aspect of a ruined place, and its lofty and elegant public buildings—the remains of former prosperity—seem to mock its present desolation.

Fine houses may be hired in Bruges at a rent of from sixty to a hundred dollars a year. It is said that a house has not been built in the city for a century, for the reason that its diminishing inhabitants were more than supplied by those which had once accommodated four times its present population. The place is dead and dull. The streets are nearly empty. A man-servant finds himself upon a hundred dollars a year, and a French teacher charges twenty cents an hour for his services.

The Church of Notre Dame contains the tombs of Charles the Bold and of his daughter Mary. La Chapelle du Saint Sang takes its name from several drops of the blood of the Savior, which are said to have been brought from the Holy Land. They were presented to the town, and are kept in a richly jewelled shrine, which is exhibited to visitors at half a franc a head. The famous order of the Knights of the Golden Fleece, so often mentioned by Motley, whose emblems are seen in many of the churches of Belgium, was established at Bruges, by Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy. The weavers of Flanders had carried the manufacture of wool to a degree of perfection which added greatly to the prosperity of the country, and the Golden Fleece was a fitting

symbol of the industry of the people, as well as a compliment to their skill.

The great point of interest in Bruges to the students of the squadron was "The Belfry of Bruges," which Longfellow has celebrated in his poem of that name, and in the "Carillon." It is a beautiful Gothic tower, on an antique building known as *Les Halles*, or The Market, a part of which was intended for a meat market, and a part for a cloth hall. The spire, or belfry, is two hundred and ninety feet high. It contains the finest set of chimes in Europe. They play four times an hour, and their music is almost incessant. The machinery by which they are operated consists of an immense metallic cylinder, or drum, covered all over with cogs and pins, like that in a music-box. As this drum turns by the action of a huge weight, the pins strike against the levers that communicate with the bells. For half an hour on Sunday they are played by hand, as at Antwerp.

The praise bestowed upon the chimes seemed to the students to be well merited. There is nothing more touching and beautiful than the music of these bells. The boys could not help taking in the inspiration they imparted; and when it transpired that Mr. Modelle, the professor of elocution, had a copy of Longfellow in his pocket, they almost unanimously insisted that the poems relating to the scene should be read. They gathered around him, the circle closely flanked by the men, women, and children of the dull old town, who had apparently been roused from their lethargy by the advent of the young Americans. In his deep bass tones he read the Carillon first.

"In the ancient town of Bruges,
In the quaint old Flemish city,

As the evening shades descended,
Low and loud, and sweetly blended,
Low at times and loud at times,
And changing like a poet's rhymes,
Rang the beautiful wild chimes
From the belfry in the market
Of the ancient town of Bruges."

The students listened with almost breathless interest till the last line of the "Belfry" was read; there was something so grand and beautiful in the poem itself, as the images of the past are brought up,—

"I beheld the pageants, splendid,
That adorned those days of old:
Stately dames like queens attended,
Knights who bore the Fleece of Gold,"—

and something in the association of the living lines with the real belfry of Bruges before them, that the impression was one to be remembered for years.

After a hasty walk through a couple of the ancient streets of the city, the students returned to the railroad station, and the train started for Brussels, a ride of about two hours from Bruges. It was half past nine when they arrived at the capital of Belgium. The party were greeted by Mr. Fluxion, who had been sent direct from Antwerp to make arrangements for their stay over night. Captain Kendall, his officers and crew, were sent to the Hôtel Royal in the Rue Fossé aux Loups. It was a small hotel, but very nice and comfortable. Mr. Molenschot, the proprietor, spoke English, but he appeared to be the only person in the house who could do so. He was very polite and attentive to the students, and spoke familiarly and pleasantly to them about "my hotel."

Mr. Fluxion himself had a faculty for keeping a hotel, and understood precisely what tired travellers wanted when they came in late in the evening; and he had ordered, in addition to the *thé complet*, the *bif-stek* and *pomme de terre*. The boys were as hungry as wolves, and the solid part of the entertainment was very inviting. Each dish of beefsteak was covered over with nicely browned fried potatoes. In a few moments there was hardly a vestige of the feast remaining on the table.

The Young America's ship's company were quartered at the Hôtel de l'Univers, and the Hôtel de Suède, so that the party was separated; and Paul was rather glad of it, because there were some belonging to the ship who were not influenced by the motives which prevailed in the Josephine. He could control his crew, even without the aid of Mr. Fluxion, who, with several of the professors also lodged at the Royal.

They were a jolly party at the supper table; and as none of the waiters spoke a word of English, there was a great deal of fun made in giving their orders; but everybody was remarkably good-natured, including the waiters themselves.

"Waiter," called Lynch, who, as a general rule, was not guilty of knowing much about any of his studies, "bring me the *bur*."

The servant took no notice of him.

"Call him a *garçon*" said Grossbeck.

"*Garçon!*" shouted Lynch.

"*Monsieur*," replied the man.

"Bring me the *bur*."

"You might as well call for a Canada thistle," laughed Duncan, who was one of the best French scholars in the Josephine.

"I want some butter; I have eaten up all the *bif-stek*, and all the *pomme de terres*, and now I want some bread and butter. These fellows don't understand their own language."

"*M'apportez du beurre*," added Duncan.

"*Oui, oui, oui!*" exclaimed the waiter, producing the required article.

"That's the idea," replied Lynch; "that man's improving. But this *beurre* is so fresh I can't eat it; I want some salt."

"Call for it, then," laughed Duncan.

"I will; here's a go. *Garçon*, mapperty sellier!"

"Good!" roared Duncan. "If we had a saddle of mutton for supper, I should suppose you would want what you called for."

"I want the salt."

"I thought you did; and that's the reason why you called for a saddler."

"I didn't call for any saddler. I said *sellier*."

"Precisely so; and that is a saddler."

"What shall I say?"

"*Sel.*"

"*Sel*; *sellier*. Well, I knew there was a sell about it somewhere."

"Precisely; but you were sold. I advise you not to make any long speeches in French."

"You may bet your life I shall not," replied Lynch.

"Just mention the thing you want in one word; then you won't confuse *garçon's* intellect by flooding it with ideas."

"*Garçon—sel*," added Lynch, acting upon this excellent advice.

The waiter brought the *sel*, and nobody was sold this time.

"I think I shall pick up the French language in time," added Lynch, encouraged by his success.

"Perhaps you will, but the Hôtel Royal will have crumbled to dust before that happy event occurs."

There was any quantity of blunders made at the table, and some of the students had nearly choked themselves to death with laughing at them, and at the blank looks of the waiters when spoken to in a tongue which Mr. Fluxion declared sounded more like Low Dutch than decent French. Mr. Molenschot laughed too, and intimated that "my hotel" had never been so lively before.

"What now, Captain Kendall?" said Mr. Fluxion, when the supper and the blunders had ended.

"My officers and crew wish to take a little walk," replied Paul.

"What! to-night?. It is after ten o'clock."

"They wish to see how 'Belgium's capital' looks in the evening."

"Of course you can do as you think best; but I advise you to be cautious with them. They may get into trouble in a strange city, or get lost. If some of them can't speak French any better than they did at supper, they will have to go to the watch-house, because they can't ask the way back."

"They can say *Hôtel Royal*. None of my crew have ever got into trouble since the ship's company was organized," added Paul, who wanted to go out himself, and could not deny to others what he took himself.

The permission was given to walk till eleven o'clock, but the boys were admonished to behave properly, and to return punctually. Lynch and Grossbeck, who still clung together as fast friends, left the hotel in company.

"This is jolly—isn't it?" said Lynch, as they passed out of the Rue Fossé aux Loups into the Place de la Monnaie, a small square in front of the Théâtre Royal.

"For less than an hour," added Grossbeck, gloomily.

"We don't understand French, and so we can't tell what time it is," laughed Lynch.

"That won't go down. We were told to be back at eleven."

"But if we don't know what time it is, we can't be tied to the bell-rope."

"No use; the captain knows the boom from the bobstay, and if he isn't a Knight of the Golden Fleece, you can't pull wool over his eyes. You know he put McDougal through this morning."

"Well, come along. We'll have a good time while it does last," replied Lynch, apparently appalled by recalling the summary treatment of his shipmate.

"Everybody seems to be having a good time here," said Grossbeck, as they passed a *café*, in front of which were a great number of small tables, at which gentlemen were drinking, smoking, and carrying on noisy conversation. "I don't see any reason why we should not. What are they drinking there?"

"Beer, or wine, I suppose," answered Lynch, as he led the way he knew not whither, turning to the left, because the street in that direction looked more lively than the others.

There was nothing to be seen, as most of the shops were closed; but they continued on their way till they came to a kind of arcade, a building which contained a broad passage-way, opening from the street, with a large number of little shops on either side.

The interior was brilliantly lighted, and most of the small stores were devoted to fancy goods and other showy articles. The young seamen entered the arcade, in which many people were promenading.

"They say this city is a second edition of Paris on a small scale," continued Lynch. "This is very well got up; but from what I have seen of the town, it looks like a one-horse city. The streets are not much wider than a cow-path."

"But they say it is like Paris," added Grossbeck.

"My eyes! there's a clock that speaks English! It is half past ten," exclaimed Lynch. "But I'm not going back to the Hôtel Royal till I've had a little fun.

There's a what-you-call-it, where they sell wine. Let's go in, and see what it's like."

The place indicated was a wine-shop, and the two boys entered, seating themselves at one of the little tables. The prompt waiter came to them, bowed and scraped, and flourished a napkin, and hinted that he would be happy to take their order.

"What will you have, Grossbeck?"

"I'll take a glass of wine."

"Let's see you take it!" laughed Lynch. "What shall we call for? I don't remember a word of French, now that I want to use it."

"Perhaps the *garçon* can speak English. Ask him."

"Ask him? What shall I say?"

"O, I know. *Parlez-vous Angleterre?*" added Grossbeck, turning to the waiter.

"*Non, monsieur*," replied the waiter, who did not speak "England."

"O, confound it! What's the Dutch for wine?" demanded Lynch, impatiently.

"I know—*eau de vie*. *Garçon, eau de vie*," replied Grossbeck, confidently.

The waiter disappeared, and presently returned with a small decanter and two minute wine-glasses.

"I knew *eau de vie* would bring it," added Grossbeck, as he filled the little glasses.

"That's pretty strong wine," said Lynch, when he had swallowed the contents of the glass with a very wry

face.

"That's so."

They looked about them till the clock indicated that it was time to start for the hotel; but they decided to repeat the dose from the decanter, and did so.

"That's the strongest wine I ever drank," said Grossbeck.

"How much is it?" asked Lynch.

"Let's see—*combien?*"

"*Un franc cinquante centimes*," replied the waiter, after he had glanced at a gauge on the decanter which indicated the quantity of the fiery fluid that had been consumed.

Neither of them could understand the answer, and Grossbeck handed the *garçon* a franc. The man shook his head, and held out his hand for more. Lynch gave him another franc, and he returned a half franc piece.

"*Pour boire?*" said the man with a winning smile.

"Poor bwar! Who's he?" demanded Lynch, in whose head the strong water was producing its effect. "He means 'poor boy.' I say, Grossbeck, does he think I'm —I'm sizzled? I feel so myself. Come, let's go."

They rose, and moved in a serpentine path to the door.

"*Pour boire?*" repeated the *garçon*, following them.

"That's what's the matter. I'm a poor boy! I was a fool to drink more'n one nip of your camphene," hickuped Lynch. "Here, old fellow, here's a half of one of those

francs. Don't say nothing more about it. I'm a poor boy, but I shall get over it."

The young tippler handed the half-franc piece to the waiter, who bowed, scraped, flourished his napkin, and fled.

CHAPTER XIII.

THREE CHEERS FOR THE KING OF BELGIUM.

"I say, Grossbeck, you and I are two bigger fools than Napoleon was when he went to Russia," said Lynch, as they reached the street again.

"That's so. 'There was a sound of revelry by night, and Belgium's capital'—got considerably mixed," replied Grossbeck, whose head was not quite so full as his companion's.

"What shall we do, my boy?" stammered Lynch. "That wine was nothing short of camphene. We shall be seen by the captain, and we shall both be sent to keep company with poor McDougal. We've lost our mess on the Josephine."

"Stiffen up, Lynch. Don't give way to it. What sort of a sailor are you, that can't bear two thimblefuls of wine?"

"That wine was camphene, I tell you. It feels just like a whole bunch of friction matches touched off at once in my stomach—that's so. I'm a poor boy and no mistake, Grossbeck."

Lynch suddenly stopped, and grasped his companion by the arm.

"What's the matter," demanded Grossbeck.

"It's no use for me to drink wine. The *eau de vie*

carries too many guns for me. I'll tell you what I'm going to do. I'm going to get out of this scrape."

"So am I; but come along, or we shall be late."

"I'm going to join the temperance society, and never drink any more wine—not another drop of *eau de vie* for me."

Lynch evidently felt that he had got into trouble for nothing; that the satisfaction of drinking the firewater was very unsatisfactory in the end. He had sense enough left to see that disgrace and degradation awaited him, and he dreaded the prompt action of Captain Kendall, as exhibited in the case of McDougal. While still suffering from the effects of the tipple, he resolved to drink no more; but pledges made in the heat of intoxication are not the most hopeful ones.

The boosy youngsters worried along the street; but instead of turning to the right, into the Rue de la Monnaie, they went straight ahead, and were soon lost in a maze of narrow streets. They were conscious that they had gone astray, and looked in vain for the square in front of the Théâtre Royal, which they had marked as an objective point. At last they came across a solitary policeman, who paused on his walk to observe their unsteady tramp.

"Hôtel Royal?" said Grossbeck, addressing the officer.

"*Oui*," replied the man, pointing in the direction from which they had come, and leading the way himself.

In a few moments they reached the square they had missed, and Grossbeck recognized the flaming signs of a large clothing store, on the corner of the street in which the hotel was located.

"Thank you. I am very much obliged to you," said he to the policeman, as he pointed to the street.

"*Oui*," replied the officer, solemnly, though the grateful acknowledgments of the juvenile tippler were lost upon him, except so far as he could interpret them by the motions of the speaker.

"I feel meaner than Napoleon did after the battle of Waterloo," groaned Lynch.

"Stiffen up, now. Here's the hotel," added Grossbeck.

"Well, what shall we do? I can't walk straight, and my head spins round like a top," pleaded Lynch.

"Dry up. Starch your back-bone. Here comes a lot of the fellows."

"Who are they?" asked Lynch, trying to stiffen his back, and get the bearings of his head.

The party approaching proved to be half a dozen of "our fellows," who stopped, and immediately discovered the condition of the two hopefuls.

"I say, McKeon, can't you help us out?" said Grossbeck.

"Ay, ay; certainly we can," replied "our fellows," in concert, as they gathered closely around the inebriates, and, thus encircling them, marched into the hotel.

"Keep still, Lynch; don't say a word," whispered Grossbeck, as they entered the hall, effectually concealed from the observation of the officers by their companions.

Mr. Fluxion stood at the door, and checked off the

names of the party as they entered, on the list he held, so as to be sure that all had come in. It was not an easy thing for Lynch to ascend three flights of stairs; but his companions supported him, and contrived to screen him from the officers, till they reached the room where they were to sleep. The door was closed and fastened, and Grossbeck gratefully acknowledged the kindness of his friends in getting them out of the scrape.

"What did you drink?" asked McKeon.

"Wine," answered the tippler.

"What kind of wine?"

"I don't know—*eau de vie*."

"*Eau de vie!*" exclaimed Blount, whose knowledge of French was above the average of that of "our fellows."

"That's what we called for," added Grossbeck.

"And it was as strong as camphene," said Lynch, as he tumbled into bed.

"It was brandy!" laughed Blount.

The boys all laughed at the blunder, and Lynch repeated his pledge not to drink any strong liquors, wine, or beer again. Grossbeck defended his conduct by saying that he had heard a great deal about the light wines of Europe, which people drank like water, and he did not suppose a couple of thimblefuls of it would hurt them.

"Call for *vin rouge* next time," laughed Blount; "that means red wine, or claret. It isn't much stronger than water."

"No, sir!" ejaculated Lynch, springing up in bed, though with much difficulty; "I shall not call for red wine, or anything of the sort. From this time, henceforth and forevermore, I'm a temperance man. I won't drink anything but water, and only a little of that. I feel cheaper than Napoleon when he landed on the Island of St. Helena."

The party turned in, and in a short time all of them, tired out by the fatigues of the day, were fast asleep. Mr. Fluxion, before half past eleven, had reported all the students in the house. At six o'clock in the morning all hands were turned out, and several squads of them were exploring the city on their own account. But it was not till after breakfast that a systematic excursion was organized. A number of omnibuses and one-horse barouches, or *voitures*, had been engaged by Mr. Fluxion, and, seated in these, the ship's company proceeded to the Grande Place, which is a large square, with the Hôtel de Ville on one side, and the old Palace, or Broodhuis, on the other side.

The Hôtel de Ville is one of the most splendid municipal palaces in the Low Countries, where these structures are always magnificent specimens of architecture. The spire, of open work, in Gothic style, is three hundred and sixty-four feet high. The vane, which is a gilded copper figure of St. Michael, is seventeen feet high. The building was erected in the fifteenth century.

By the attention of the governor of Antwerp, several officials were in readiness to escort the visitors through the city; and at their beck the doors of public buildings and churches, and the gates of palaces and gardens, were thrown open. The party

entered the Hôtel de Ville, and in one of its large rooms an opportunity was afforded for Mr. Mapps to expatiate a little on the city of Brussels.

"Young gentlemen, what is the French name of this city?" asked the professor, as he took the stand occupied by the chief magistrate of the city.

"Bruxelles," responded many of the boys; for they had seen it often enough upon signs and in newspapers to know it.

"Unlike many of the cities of Belgium which we have before visited, Brussels is a growing place. Its population has doubled in twenty years, and now numbers about three hundred thousand. It is situated on both sides of the little River Senne, one hundred and fifty miles from Paris,—which it imitates and resembles in some degree,—and twenty-seven miles from Antwerp. It is built partly on a hill; and the city consists of two portions, called the upper and the lower town, the latter being the older part, and containing all the objects of historic interest. In the upper town are the Park, the king's palace, and the public offices. The streets are irregular, narrow, and crooked; but the city is surrounded by a broad highway, having different names in different parts, as the *Boulevard de Waterloo*, the *Boulevard de Flandre*, and the *Boulevard d'Anvers*.

"The oldest part of the city is in the vicinity of this square—the *Grande Place*, in which the Counts Egmont and Horn were beheaded by the Duke of Alva. You saw their statues in the square. In this city, in an old palace burned in 1733, Charles V. abdicated in favor of his son Philip II. Here, also, was drawn up that celebrated document called the Request. It was a petition to Margaret of Parma, in

favor of the Protestants of the Low Countries, of which you read in Motley. It was presented to her in the Hôtel de Cuylembourg, where a prison now stands. She was somewhat alarmed at the appearance of the petitioners; and one of her courtiers told her, in a whisper, not to be annoyed by the '*gueux*,' or beggars. The leader of the confederates, hearing of this, regarded the epithet bestowed upon those who were defending the liberties of their country as an honorable appellation, and the petitioners adopted it as their war-cry. In the evening, some of them appeared in front of the palace with beggars' wallets on their backs, and porringers in their hands, and drank as a toast, 'Success to the *Gueux*!' This trivial incident proved to be one of the leading events of the revolution which deprived Spain of the Low Countries; for it kindled the enthusiasm of the people, and urged them on in the redemption of their country. In Motley you will find a full history of the 'Beggars.' Alva was so incensed at the turn of this affair, that he levelled to the ground the building in which the confederates met.

"Brussels has long been celebrated for its manufactures of lace and carpets; but while it still retains its prestige in the former, it has been outdone in the latter. The finest and most valuable lace is made here and in some of the neighboring cities, and is literally worth its weight in gold. The most expensive kind costs two hundred francs (or forty dollars) a yard."

Mr. Mapps finished his remarks for the present, and the ships' company returned to the carriages, and were driven to the Place des Martyrs, where there is a large monument erected to the memory of three hundred Belgians, who fell in the Revolution of

1830, which made Belgium an independent kingdom. From this point they passed into the broad Boulevards to the Botanical Gardens, which, however, they did not enter, but continued up the hill to the Park, a large enclosure, beautifully laid out, and ornamented with statues. In one corner of it is the Théâtre du Parc, while in the square which surrounds it are located the king's palace, the palace of the Prince of Orange, the Chamber of Representatives, and other public buildings. The students visited the king's palace;—but his majesty usually resides at Laeken, and the establishment represents royalty on a small scale—and the Chamber of Representatives, in which the two branches of the Belgian legislature convene. In the latter, a woman showed them the Chambers, pointing out some fine pictures, including portraits of the king and queen, and the Battle of Waterloo, explaining everything in French.

"Where shall I find the Minister of Foreign Affairs, Mr. Stoute?" asked Professor Hamblin, nervous and excited at the near prospect of standing face to face before the great man of Belgium, and of being complimented upon his great educational works.

"I don't know; but his office must be somewhere in this vicinity," replied the fat professor, laughing at the excitement of his associate.

One of the officials in charge of the party volunteered to conduct them to the apartment of the distinguished revolutionist.

"You must come with me, Mr. Stoute," said the professor of Greek. "If it turns out that Mr. Rogier don't speak English, I should be in an unfortunate dilemma."

"I will go with you with pleasure," laughed Mr. Stoute, who was rather desirous of witnessing the interview.

They were conducted to the apartments of the distinguished minister, and formally and ceremoniously ushered into his presence. He bowed, and regarded his visitors with cool indifference.

"Whom have I the honor to address?" asked the minister, in good English, when Mr. Hamblin had made his best bow.

"I am Professor Hamblin, from the United States, at your service," replied the learned gentleman, who seemed to believe that this announcement would bring the Belgian statesman to his feet, if not to his arms—the professor's.

"Ah, indeed!" replied the minister, blankly.

"I had the pleasure of receiving a note from you at Antwerp," added the American celebrity, annoyed at the coolness of the revolutionist.

"A note from me!" exclaimed the Belgian celebrity, curtly. "I never saw you or heard of you before in my life."

Mr. Hamblin produced the formidable envelope, and drew therefrom the epistle of sweet savor, which had been such a comfort to him in his troubles. He presented it to the minister, satisfied that this would recall the matter to his recollection.

"This note is not from me. I did not write it," said the Belgian, when he had glanced hastily at the page.

"Really, I beg your excellency's pardon; but it is signed with your name."

"It is a forgery—what you Americans call a practical joke, probably. I haven't been in Antwerp for months."

There was an apparent convulsion in the fat frame of Mr. Stoute, who was evidently struggling to suppress his mirth, or keep it within decent limits.

"I am very sorry, sir," stammered Mr. Hamblin.

"The letter is an imposition, sir. I never heard of you before in my life," added the great Belgian, tossing the note back to the professor, with an impatience which indicated that he never wished to see him again.

That vision had exploded—no invitation to dinner, none to visit the king, none to accept the position of Librarian of the Greek portion of the Royal Library, whose only duty was to consist in drawing his salary. Mr. Hamblin bowed, and so far conformed to his original programme as to back out of the office. Doubtless he came to the conclusion, in his disgust, that Belgium was a "one-horse" kingdom, and that royalty was a humbug.

The vision exploded; so did the mirth of Mr. Stoute, as soon as the door of the department of foreign affairs had closed behind him. He laughed till every ounce of his adipose frame quivered.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Stoute?" demanded the disappointed suitor for Belgian honors.

"You will excuse me, sir; but really I can't help it," choked the fat professor.

"I really don't see anything to laugh at," added Mr. Hamblin, indignantly.

"I was intensely amused at the shuffling indifference of Monsieur Rogier. He evidently regards himself as a very great man, not to be disturbed by insignificant Greek scholars."

"What do you mean by *insignificant*, Mr. Stoute?" asked the lean professor, solemnly.

"Why, the minister had never even heard of you, of your Greek Grammar, Greek Reader, and Anabasis. Such is fame!" chuckled the good-natured instructor.

"'What we Americans call a practical joke,' were the words of the minister. Do you regard this as a joke, Mr. Stoute?" said the learned gentleman, very seriously.

"I suppose it is a joke to all, except the victim."

"Do you know anything about the author of this senseless piece of imposition?"

"Certainly not. I had not the least idea that the ponderous document was not genuine till his excellency pronounced it a forgery."

"Who could have done this?"

"Some of the students, probably."

"Probably," replied the professor, taking the note from his pocket again, and carefully scanning the handwriting. "I have no doubt it was done by one of the students. It is another of their infamous tricks—the fourth that has been put upon me. Do the other instructors suffer in this manner?"

"I have not heard of any other victims, and I am inclined to think you are the only one."

"I do not see why I should be selected as the recipient of these silly and ridiculous, not to say wicked, tricks. A rope falls on *my* head, *I* am pitched into the river, drenched with dirty water, and now sent on a fool's errand to the king's chief minister! I don't understand why I am the only sufferer."

Professor Stoute did understand why Mr. Hamblin had been so frequently sacrificed, but he had a habit of minding his own business, and did not venture to give an opinion on the subject, which probably would not have been well received. What the fat professor knew all the boys in the Josephine, and most of those in the Young America, knew—that the cold, stiff, haughty, tyrannical, overbearing manner of the lean professor had made him exceedingly unpopular; that the students disliked him even to the degree of hating him; that if he had ever had any influence with them, he had lost it by his ridiculous sternness and stupid precision. Mr. Hamblin did not know this, but everybody else did.

"Don't you know this writing, Mr. Stoute?" demanded the irate man of Greek roots, after an attentive study of the note.

"I do not."

"I do!" added Mr. Hamblin, decidedly.

"You are fortunate then. If we can unearth the culprit, he will be severely punished."

"I am not so clear on that point. This note was written by Captain Kendall."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Mr. Stoute, seizing the note, and examining more attentively than he had done before the writing it contained.

It did look like Paul's writing. It was his style, and there were not more than two students in the Josephine who could have composed the French in the document. Those two were Paul and Duncan. But Mr. Stoute was unwilling to believe that the captain would resort to such a proceeding.

"I shall charge him with it," added Mr. Hamblin.

"I advise you not to do it without more evidence than you have yet obtained," said Mr. Stoute, seriously.

"After we return to the vessel I shall probably be able to obtain some proof," continued Mr. Hamblin, as he put the letter in his pocket.

When they went to look for the rest of the party, they found them forming a line in the square. Present with Mr. Lowington was his excellency, the governor of Antwerp, who had just invited the company to visit the palace gardens. In even lines, with the officers in their proper places, the procession marched across the park and through the gates, at which a file of Belgian soldiers presented arms to them. In the garden they formed a line on one of the walks. Near the palace, walking to and fro, was an old gentleman, but still erect and manly, with a glittering decoration on his breast. Several other persons, most of them dressed in uniform, or decked with orders, were standing near the old gentleman.

Presently the governor of Antwerp approached the ship's company, attended by an officer to whom Mr. Lowington was introduced. The three then walked towards the old gentleman, to whom the principal was presented. The venerable personage bowed gracefully, but did not offer to shake hands, or

indulge in any republican familiarities.

"That's the King of Belgium," said Dr. Winstock to Paul, as the principal and the venerable person approached the line, followed by the officials.

"The king!" exclaimed Paul, taken all aback by the announcement; and this was the first time he had ever looked upon a live monarch. "He seems just like any other man; what shall we do?"

"Give him three Yankee cheers," replied the doctor.

Captain Kendall spoke to the flag-officer and to Captain Haven.

"Three cheers for his majesty the King of Belgium!" called Flag-officer Gordon.

They were given with a will, but the "tiger" was omitted in deference to royalty. King Leopold gracefully and graciously acknowledged the salute by touching his hat, and then walked up and down the line, inspecting the ship's company. Mr. Lowington, hat in hand, walked just behind him. His majesty then took position in front of the line, and the students came to the conclusion that he was going to make a speech; but he did not: he spoke to Mr. Lowington again, who went to the line and called out the flag-officer and the two captains.

"You are to be presented to the king; don't speak unless you are asked a question, and don't turn your back to him," said Mr. Lowington in a low tone.

Paul was startled at the idea of being presented to King Leopold, but he followed his companions, and in due time was with them handed over to the gentleman who had presented the principal, and who

proved to be the grand chamberlain.

"Captain Kendall, commander of the Josephine," said the gentleman, when Paul's turn came.

Paul bowed, blushing up to the eyes, when he became conscious that the royal gaze was fixed upon him; but he had self-possession enough not to overdo the matter, and his salute was as dignified and graceful as that of majesty itself. The king smiled when he saw the fine form and handsome face of the junior captain.

"Do you command a ship?" asked his majesty, surveying the young officer from head to foot, with a pleasant smile on his face.

"I command the Josephine, your majesty; she is not a ship, but a topsail schooner of one hundred and sixty tons," replied Paul, satisfied that kings speak just like other men.

"You are very young to command a vessel of that size," added the king.

Paul bowed, but made no reply, as no question was asked.

"Can you manage her in a gale?" asked his majesty.

"I think I can, your majesty; at least I have done so within a week on the coast of your majesty's dominions."

The king actually laughed at this confident reply. As he bowed slightly, Paul, for the first time in his life, backed out, and continued to back till he reached his station at the head of the Josephines. The king then bowed to the whole line, and retired. As he did so, Flag-officer Gordon called for three more cheers. The

king turned and bowed again. This time the snapper, in the form of the tiger, was applied, which so astonished the royal personage that he turned once more, laughed, and bowed.

Professor Hamblin looked very nervous and discontented. "That boy" had been presented to the king, and he, who had compiled a Greek Grammar, a Greek Reader, and edited the Anabasis, had been "left out in the cold." If it was possible for a great mind like that of the *savant* to harbor such a vicious feeling as envy, he certainly envied Paul Kendall his brief interview with the King of the Belgians.

The party retired from the garden, and returned to the carriages. It appeared in explanation of this unexpected honor, that the governor of Antwerp had waited on the king that day, and informed him casually of the presence of the students of the academy squadron in the capital, and he had expressed a desire to see them in a very informal manner. Mr. Lowington was no "flunky," and never sought admission to the presence of royalty, for himself or his pupils.

As the procession of omnibuses and fiacres moved down to the lower town, they were thrown into great excitement by seeing many of the streets and houses dressed with flags and other devices. On inquiring at the hotel, Mr. Molenschot informed Paul that it was a saint's day, and that a religious procession would march through some of the principal streets.

"Go down into the Boulevard d'Anvers, and you will have a good chance to see the show," added the landlord.

"What is it?"

"O, it is really very fine and very grand; but go at once, or you will be too late."

The students were permitted to go to the street indicated, and they had hardly secured a good place before they heard martial music, playing a solemn dirge.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE VICE-PRINCIPAL.



A Religious Procession in Brusse

A crowd of people preceded the procession, as it came out of the Rue de Laeken into the Boulevard d'Anvers. At the head of it marched the military band, and the *cortége* was flanked by soldiers of the Belgian army, indicating that the government felt an interest in the display. The students were on the tiptoe of excitement at the novel spectacle; and Paul asked his friend, the doctor, a great many questions which he could not answer. The composition and order of the procession were very nearly as follows: —

A man bearing a cross on a pole.
Banner.
Little girls dressed in white, with flowers in their hands.
Little boys.
Banner.
Image of the Virgin borne by four men.
A lamb, very white and clean, led by a string, and decorated with red ribbons, with boys on each side, carrying various emblems.
Young ladies in white.
Another image of the Virgin.
About twenty priests, in white muslin robes, and in satin robes trimmed with gold.
Two boys with censers.
Silken canopy, borne by four men, under which walked two ecclesiastics, in full costume one bearing the Host.

The canopy was surrounded by men carrying lanterns with silver framework, and of peculiar construction. The censers, as they were swung backward and forward by the bearers, emitted a dense smoke, which rose far above the procession,

and marked its progress.

As the *cortége* approached the spot where the boys stood, the band ceased playing, and the priests began to chant the mass to the accompaniment of a single base horn. The procession moved very slowly, and the rich voices of the priests, mingling with the heavy notes of the horn, produced an effect solemn and impressive even on the minds of those whose religious education did not prepare them to appreciate such a display.

As the host approached, hundreds of the crowd in the street knelt reverently upon the pavement, and bowed their heads before the sacred emblems. Women and children strewed the path of the procession with flowers, green branches, or, in the absence of these, with handfuls of colored paper cut into minute pieces. Indeed, the street, in places, was literally covered with these votive offerings of the people, who had no other means of testifying their reverence for the ceremonial.

The line filed into the Rue Longue Neuve, which was extensively decorated with flags, streamers, and other national and religious emblems. In many windows burned a line of candles, in some cases before a crucifix. In this street the procession halted, and several of the priests moved up an arch forming the entrance to one of the better residences. In this recess an altar had been erected, and was covered with all the emblems of the Catholic faith. The priests knelt before it, and chanted a portion of the service, and then returned to the procession, which continued its march up the street; the flowers and bits of colored paper filling the air before it, and the people still reverently bowing down to the host. The

solemn and impressive chanting of the priests kindled the pious enthusiasm of the multitude, and as the line passed the *cafés* and *estaminets*, or smoking houses, the pipe, the drink, and the gay jest were abandoned, to pay homage to the faith of the nation.

The faces of the little children and the white-robed maidens in the procession presented an aspect of religious enthusiasm, solemn but not sad, which young people seldom wear. Everybody seemed to be carried away by the excitement of the scene; all hats were removed, and the utmost respect was paid to the representatives and to the emblems of the church in the line.

As Paul and his friend followed the spectacle up the street, they saw a Béguine nun kneeling at the altar in the arch, wringing her hands in an ecstasy of devotion, while several women were regarding her with an admiring reverence, which seemed to indicate that they envied her the enjoyment of the heavenly raptures which thrilled her.

"It is very solemn—isn't it?" said Paul, when they had passed out of hearing of the procession.

"It is really moving, even while you have no sympathy with the church which makes these displays."

"I think I was never more moved in my life than I was by the chanting of those priests. But what is the occasion of all this?"

"I don't know; except that this is some saint's day—St. James, I believe; but there is something of this kind in Brussels nearly every Sunday; and I have

seen several minor displays in the streets in the evening."

"I am surprised to see how much respect the people pay to their religion. If they have these displays often, I should think they would become stale."

"It appears they do not. I have a great deal more consideration and respect for these exhibitions in Belgium than in some other parts of Europe, for the reason that all religions enjoy the utmost toleration here. The people are almost exclusively Catholic, and yet they permit Protestants and Jews entire freedom in the exercise of their religion, and pay them their fair share of the government money."

At two o'clock dinner was ready at the Hôtel Royal; and it need not be added that the boys also were ready. Half an hour later the whole party had been loaded into stage-coaches, which, in an hour and a half, set them down on the battle-field of Waterloo. For two hours they wandered about the field, or rather up and down the two principal roads which pass through it. On the highest ground of the field, where there is a mound two hundred feet high, surmounted by the Belgic Lion, Mr. Mapps gave a brief account of the great battle, pointing out the spots of the greatest interest, including the road by which Blucher arrived. The subject is too vast for these pages; but it will be alluded to in the summary of French history in a subsequent volume.

There are several monuments, and columns, and obelisks on the battle-field, which mark the fall of distinguished men or their burial-places. Beneath the great mound are buried thousands of all the armies represented in this historical conflict, which settled, for a time, the fate of Europe. The field is the

harvest-ground of a multitude of beggars, relic-hunters, and guides, who bore visitors almost to death with old buttons, musty rags, flattened bullets, bones, and other articles, which they produce as keepsakes of the battle. The stock of these things probably failed long ago, and the traveller may well be suspicious of the genuineness of anything which may be offered to him by these leeches.

At six the stages conveyed the tourists to the Groenendael Station, on the railway to Namur, where they arrived after a ride of an hour, express time. This place is the "Belgian Sheffield," being largely engaged in the manufacturing of arms, cutlery, and hardware. Its vicinity contains rich mines of iron, coal, and marble. Many battles and sieges have occurred in this place; and Don John of Austria, sent by Philip II. to subdue the country, was buried here. The city contains a population of twenty-six thousand, and is beautifully located at the junction of the Meuse and Sambre Rivers. The train stopped here but an hour; and the students roamed through some of the principal streets, which, however, were too much like those of places they had visited before to excite any especial interest.

Two hours later, they arrived at Liége, which was to be the eastern limit of the excursion. As before, Mr. Fluxion had preceded them, and engaged accommodations at the hotels. The students were very tired, and not disposed to explore the city of the bishops that night. Before breakfast on the following morning, Mr. Mapps gave them the history and other interesting particulars relating to the city, when they had assembled in the old citadel of St. Walburg, which overlooks the town.

"Liége, whose Flemish name is *Luik*, contains one hundred and nine thousand inhabitants, who are principally concerned in the various manufactures of iron, and especially in the making of cannon and arms," said the professor. "I observed to you before, that this part of the country bears some resemblance to New England. As you have an opportunity to observe for yourselves, the scenery is very fine, but rather of the pleasant and quiet description.

"The province of Liége, of which this city is the capital, was formerly governed by a line of bishops; and those of you who have read Scott's Quentin Durward will remember William de la Marck, the Wild Boar of Ardennes, whose adventures are located in this vicinity. In the tenth century, the bishops of Liége were made sovereigns by the German emperor, and received the name of Prince-Bishops. But the burghers of Liége, like those of Ghent, had a will and a way of their own, and frequently rebelled against the bishops, in support of their rights; and Charles the Bold took the rulers under his protection. Still they persisted in revolting, and Charles destroyed the city, as a punishment, in 1468. Fifteen years later, William de la Marck murdered the prince-bishop, in order to obtain the mitre-crown for his son. This was the beginning of the insurrection, in which, as I have related to you before, Charles the Bold compelled the king of France to march against the rebels.

"The place was subsequently captured by the French; the bishops were expelled at the commencement of the French Revolution, but were restored by the Austrians two years later. In 1794 it was annexed to France; but after the battle of Waterloo it was incorporated into the new kingdom of the Netherlands. In 1830 the old spirit of the burghers of

Liége revived, and they were among the foremost promoters of the Belgian Revolution."

The students descended from the heights, whose fortresses command the city, took an outside view of the Hôtel de Ville, several churches, and other public buildings, and breakfasted at nine. Though they had by no means exhausted the city, the time would not permit a further examination. The train was ready for them; and their next stop was at Louvain, which, like Ghent and Bruges, had dwindled down from a population of two hundred thousand to thirty-three thousand. It contains a magnificent town hall, decorated in the most elaborate style.

From Louvain the party hurried on to Mechlin, or Malines, a picturesque old city, still famous for its fine lace. It is about the size of Louvain, and, like that, presents a deserted appearance, being only the shadow of its former greatness. Its principal object of interest to the tourist is the Cathedral of St. Romuald, a structure of the fifteenth century, and, like the great churches at Cologne and Antwerp, still unfinished. It was built with money obtained by the sale of the pope's indulgences, which, happily, "gave out" at last. Its spire, which was to have been six hundred and forty feet high, remains incomplete, at little more than half this height, which, however, is only eighteen feet less than the cross on St. Paul's, in London. The church is an immense structure, said to cover nearly two acres of ground. It is the cathedral of the Belgian archbishop, or primate.

"There, Paul, we have finished Belgium," said Dr. Winstock, as the train started for Antwerp.

"I am glad of it; for I am tired of sight-seeing. It seems to me now that I have no desire to see another

Cathedral, Hôtel de Ville, or Grande Place," replied Paul, languidly, as he settled himself back in his seat.

"A new country will wake you up," laughed the doctor. "I suppose we shall be in Rotterdam to-morrow."

"I hope so, though I don't know but I should like blue water better than being shut up in these rivers and canals."

"You will get blue water enough before the season is ended."

In half an hour from Malines, the train reached Antwerp. Mr. Fluxion had arrived before; and there were two tugs at the Quai Vandyck, which had been employed to tow the vessels down the river. They conveyed the students on board, and the orders for sailing were given immediately.

Mr. Hamblin, who had not yet recovered from his disappointment, hastened to the cabin. He commenced a diligent search for papers written by the captain, in order to compare their penmanship with that of the forged note. As Mr. Stoute had been compelled to acknowledge, there was a general resemblance between the handwriting of Paul and that of the unknown scribbler of the note. Though a minute comparison failed to establish any closer connection between them, the professor wanted to make out his point; and it was not difficult for him to find a particular similarity.

Paul was busy on deck, getting the Josephine under weigh, and Mr. Hamblin had the cabin to himself for his investigation. The stamp on the paper of the fictitious note had already excited his attention, and

he took the liberty to enter Paul's state-room, in search of some like it. He opened the upper drawer of the bureau, which formed a writing-table when the front was dropped. The first object that attracted his attention was a package of paper of the size, and apparently of the quality, he sought. He picked up a quire of it, and a smile of vindictive satisfaction played upon his wrinkled face, as he discovered upon it the identical stamp of the forged note.

His case was made out, and great was his joy. Paul would certainly be disgraced and removed for such an outrage as a practical joke upon one of the most dignified instructors in the squadron. We must do Mr. Hamblin the justice to say, that he did not wish to prove any more than he believed to be true; but it is very easy for a prejudiced person to believe a great deal against one who has offended him. A student who was not fond of Greek could not be a very noble, or even a very upright one; and he was confident that, when Paul's true character became known, when he was no longer stimulated to great deeds by his high office, he would prove to be a very different person from what he now appeared to be.

Mr. Hamblin confiscated a half quire of the paper, and secured several French exercises written by Captain Kendall, to be used as evidence against him. He then searched the vessel for similar paper in the possession of other students, but found none. He went on deck, to ascertain what was to be done; for Mr. Lowington had assured him he would not be any longer obliged to sail in the same vessel with the obnoxious student. A boat from the ship was alongside, and Mr. Fluxion had just stepped on board. The boatswain was hoisting his baggage out of the boat, which indicated that he was to remain.

Paul was reading an order just handed to him by Mr. Fluxion, which appeared to settle the difficulty between him and the learned professor. The order was in these words:—

> Mr. James E. Fluxion is hereby appointed vice-principal of the academy squadron, and will be obeyed and respected accordingly.
>
> Mr. Fluxion is also hereby instructed temporarily to discharge the duties of Professor of Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, on board of the Josephine.
>
> R. LOWINGTON, *Principal.*

The new vice-principal handed a note to Mr. Hamblin as he came upon deck, in which he was directed to repair, with his baggage, on board of the ship. The learned gentleman was not quite satisfied with this arrangement. It looked a little ominous.

"Have you no order for Captain Kendall, Mr. Fluxion?" he asked, as the vice-principal waited for him to read his letter.

"I have given him an order from the principal."

"Is he not directed to go on board of the ship?"

"He is not."

"I have preferred charges against him, and I was led to believe that he would be suspended," added Mr. Hamblin, who was not quite sure that he was not to

be suspended himself.

"No order to that effect was sent by me," replied Mr. Fluxion. "You will excuse me, but the vessel is about to get under weigh."

"I am not satisfied with these proceedings. I complained to Mr. Lowington that it was impossible for me to instruct my classes while they were under the influence of Captain Kendall. No notice appears to have been taken of my charges."

"I think some notice has been taken of them. You are directed to report to the principal, with your baggage, on board of the ship."

"Am I to be punished instead of that obstinate and impudent pupil?" demanded the professor.

"I have nothing to say about it, Mr. Hamblin," added Mr. Fluxion, sharply. "If you are not going to the ship, we will weigh anchor and proceed on our voyage."

The professor went down into his state-room, and hastily packed his trunk, which was brought up and put in the boat by one of the stewards. The students watched these movements with the deepest interest, and they could hardly conceal their satisfaction when it was clear that the obnoxious instructor was going to leave the Josephine, "bag and baggage." There was a great deal of punching each other in the ribs, a great deal of half-suppressed chuckling, and a very decided inclination to give three cheers. A few of the more prudent ones checked any noisy demonstration; but the moment that Mr. Hamblin went over the side was a very joyous one.

The Josephine tripped her anchor, and, hugged by

the steam-tug, stood down the river on her way to Rotterdam. Mr. Fluxion went below, and installed himself in the state-room vacated by Professor Hamblin. Mr. Stoute gave the vice-principal a hearty welcome; and it was soon evident that they were men who could cordially agree. Paul was delighted with the change; for if there was any one in the squadron, besides the principal and the doctor, for whom he had a high regard and a thorough respect, it was Mr. Fluxion. He was a sailor from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head. He had visited all the maritime ports of Europe, spoke half a dozen modern languages with facility, and was popular with the boys. He was a sharp disciplinarian, and the students found it difficult to outwit him. He knew all the tricks of sailors, and especially of man-of-war's men. He was the right hand man of Mr. Lowington, and the new arrangement, whereby the professor had been created vice-principal, and sent on board the consort, was to prevent the recurrence of such an incident as that which had imperilled her in the German Ocean during the squall.

Though Paul felt that his own powers were in some degree abridged by the presence of the new officer, whose authority, unlike that of the instructors before, extended to the vessel, and was equal to that of Mr. Lowington, he was now satisfied. A competent person was present, with whom he could share the responsibility of the navigation of the vessel in case of an emergency. He was on the best of terms with Mr. Fluxion, and he was happier than he had been before since the Josephine sailed from Hull. Leaving him to the enjoyment of the new order of things, we will follow Mr. Hamblin on board of the ship.

The barge ran up alongside, and the professor's trunk

was hoisted on board. As soon as the students saw the barge and the baggage, which indicated that the obnoxious old gentleman had been transferred to the Young America, a murmur of disapprobation went through the ship.

"I say, Wilton, we are to have that old humbug in the ship!" exclaimed Perth, the chief of the Red Cross Knights, who, however, had changed their name to the Knights of the Golden Fleece.

"That's so," replied Wilton, who had contrived to keep out of the brig nearly a week. "He has his plunder with him."

"We must do as the Josephines did," added Perth, in a whisper.

"What's that?"

"Get rid of him. This shall be the first job of the Knights of the Golden Fleece. McDougal, who is a capital fellow, told me all about how the fellows in the Josephine managed it."

"I heard they had been hazing him."

"That they did," laughed Perth. "There is fun in the thing. If the old fossil was a decent fellow, of course we wouldn't disturb him. Just as soon as he made a row on board, all the fellows took the captain's part. Morgan dropped him into the river, by drawing out the nail that held the boat-hook in the wood; Blount dropped a coil of signal halyards on his head; and McDougal ducked him with the hose-pipe; and the old fellow got a bogus letter from Antwerp, inviting him to visit some of those kings, or something of that sort."

"Who sent the letter?" asked Wilton, greatly interested, as he always was, in anything of this kind.

"Nobody knows; at least McDougal says so. When we were at Brussels, the old Greek went to see some big fellow there,—the king or some minister,—and the big bug wouldn't look at him. One of our fellows heard Stoute telling the doctor about it; and Fatty was so tickled that he shook just like a freshly-baked cup-custard. There goes the boatswain's whistle. We are off now," added Perth, as he sprang to his place at the capstan.

The anchor had before been hove short, and in a few moments the Young America, also in the warm embrace of a powerful steam-tug, moved down the river.

"All hands in the rigging!" shouted the first lieutenant, as the ship approached the Victoria and Albert.

The students ran up the shrouds like monkeys, and stationed themselves in the rigging.

"Three cheers for the Queen of England," called Goodwin; and they were given with becoming zeal.

A lady dressed in black, who was walking the promenade deck, near the dining saloon, bowed and waved her handkerchief. That lady was Queen Victoria. The Josephine at this moment came up on the other side, and delivered her round of cheers. Mr. Fluxion carried the intelligence on board that the queen had returned, and that the yacht would sail that evening; and all hands were on the lookout for her majesty. She bowed and waved her handkerchief to the Josephines, as she had to the students in the

ship.

She was not very distinctly seen by the curious students in either vessel, and appeared like a stout "dumpy" little woman, in no respect different from any other lady. In spite of this fact, it was voted to be a big thing to have seen the Queen of England; and the king of the little realm of Belgium sank into insignificance, compared with her.

"She don't look like a queen," said Captain Haven to Mr. Mapps, who stood next to him.

"Did you expect to see her with her crown and coronation robes on, and with the sceptre in her hand?" laughed the professor.

"Not exactly; but I was not prepared to see a lady so much like any well-dressed woman we meet in the street."

"Let me see," said Mr. Mapps, glancing at the shore, intent upon renewing his favorite topic, "Fort St. Laurent must have been here; and this is where Van Speyk went down, or rather went up."

"Who was Van Speyk?"

"He was the commander of a Dutch gunboat, in the revolution of 1830. His vessel wouldn't come about—what do you call it?"

"Missed stays, sir," replied Captain Haven.

"Missed stays, and got aground right under the guns of the fort. He was ordered to surrender, but refused to do so, though there was not the least chance for him to make a successful resistance. He was determined that the rebels should not have his vessel, and, rushing down into the powder-magazine,

he said his prayers, and coolly laid his lighted cigar on an open barrel of powder. An explosion followed which shook the whole city. Twenty-eight, out of thirty-one on board, including the heroic captain, were killed—blown up into the air. A monument to his memory was erected by the side of that of De Ruiter, and the government pledged itself that a vessel in the Dutch navy should always bear the name of Van Speyk."

"He was a good fellow," replied the captain, warmly.

CHAPTER XV.

THE PROFESSOR'S CHARGE.

"I say, Perth, I've been a good boy for more than a week, and I begin to be ashamed of myself for my want of activity," said Wilton, who had seated himself on the bowsprit-cap, while his companion was reclining on the flying jib. "I shall spoil if there is not something going on soon."

"We'll go on that cruise in the Josephine just as soon as we can bring things round right," added Perth.

"It's no use to think of that while we are moored fifty or a hundred miles from the sea," continued Wilton.

"Of course not. Rotterdam is away up the river, with a bar at its mouth having only seven feet of water on it at low tide. You must go over that, or by the canal, which runs through an island. Do you know where

we go next?"

"I heard some of the fellows say we were going to the southward soon."

"If that's so I should suppose we shall go into Dieppe or Havre," said Perth.

"I heard Havre mentioned. How will that suit?"

"First rate!" exclaimed the embryo captain of the proposed prize, for the Knights depended upon Perth for the navigation of the Josephine, when their long-cherished plan should be put in execution.

"I suppose we shall not stay in Holland more than a week."

"No, I hope not. Lowington is afraid we shall all get sick if we stay here long."

"Havre is just the place for us. It has an open harbor, and we can go to sea from there without any difficulty. Besides, there's another thing that will favor us."

"What's that?" asked Wilton.

"All the fellows will go to Paris when the ship is there, and we can have a first-rate chance to operate while they are gone."

"I don't know about that. Our fellows will all want to go to Paris with the rest. I want to go there myself," suggested Wilton.

"We may as well give it up, then," added Perth.

"We must see Paris, anyhow."

"I'll tell you what we can do. We can run round

through the Straits of Gibraltar, and up the Mediterranean to Marseilles. From there we can all go to Paris.".

"That will be a long cruise," said Wilton.

"No matter for that. The longer the better."

"How far is it?"

"Not less than two thousand miles. We could go in ten or fifteen days," added Perth, warming up as he anticipated the pleasure of the runaway cruise. "After we get into the Mediterranean, we can run along the coast of Spain, go into port as often as we like, and have a first-rate time generally."

"But don't you suppose Lowington will follow us?"

"No matter if he does. We can beat the Young America on a wind from Monday morning till Saturday night. If we find the ship is overhauling us, all we have to do is to hug the wind, and we can give her the slip."

"We haven't money enough to pay the expenses of such a trip," said Wilton.

"There's plenty of money in the Josephine. But we don't need much. The vessel has a year's provisions in her hold."

"Salt junk and hard tack," suggested Wilton, who was not partial to this diet.

"That will do very well while we are at sea; and when we get to Spain we can buy things cheap. Besides, our fellows are going to raise some money on their own account," said Perth, in a whisper.

"How's that?" asked the other, curiously.

"Every one of the Knights wrote home to have their folks send them some money at Paris,—or every one but you and Munroe; and the game was played out with you and him, for you had some sent to you in London."

"Yes; and Lowington got it," replied Wilton in disgust.

"We fixed it all right. We shall find loose change enough on board of the Josephine to keep us happy till we get to Paris, by the way of Marseilles, and then we shall be rotten with stamps."

"But don't you expect to be caught some time or other?" inquired Wilton, whose experience on a former occasion seemed to point in this direction.

"No matter if we are. We must be ready for that; but we will be jolly while we have things our own way."

"It's no use to talk about it yet," added Wilton, with a yawn, for the wild scheme seemed so far off to him that he could not enter into the spirit of it yet.

"It won't be more than a week or ten days before we shall be ready to make a strike. You know we must all cut up so as to be left on board."

"Yes, and some one will be left on board with us, just as it happened at Cowes."

"It won't be Fluxion, anyhow; for he has been transferred to the Josephine, and we can come it over any other of the professors. However, we must feel our way, and the first thing we have to do is to get left on board."

"Humph! That's easy enough," said Wilton, who had never found any difficulty in being left behind, or in being condemned to the brig.

"We must make a sure thing of it next time; but it won't do to run away with a boat again. Hush up! There comes that old stick-in-the-mud from the Josephine," added Perth, lowering his voice to a whisper.

The gentleman thus discourteously alluded to was Mr. Hamblin,who had climbed upon the topgallant forecastle for the purpose of obtaining a view of the region through which the vessel was passing. As the two boys were far out on the bowsprit, over the water, he did not venture to approach any nearer to them; yet the excessive prudence which the Knights practised required them to keep silence whenever there was a possibility that a word might be overheard by the uninitiated.

"I wish he would come up here," whispered Wilton, from the corner of his mouth.

"Why?"

"I would contrive some way to spill him into the drink," chuckled the ever-willing conspirator.

Mr. Hamblin was then cool and self-possessed, and he did not venture out upon the treacherous spar, and the entangling rigging, so that the wretch on the cap had no opportunity to give him a second bath in the dirty Scheldt. The learned gentleman was looking for the site of the Duke of Parma's Bridge, but he couldn't find it, and presently retired. He was not much interested in the Spanish operations in Flanders, though he felt it his duty to see a spot so

noted in history—it was so effective, before a class of students, to be able to say he had seen the place alluded to in the text-book. He was, in fact, more concerned to know what Mr. Lowington's decision was, and he was waiting impatiently for an interview with him.

"The old hunks is too mean for the Josephines, and he has been quartered upon us!" exclaimed Wilton, as the professor descended to the main deck. "The fellows in the consort say he is as grouty as a mud turtle, and as crabbed as an owl at noonday. He snubs every one that makes a blunder, and rips at the class half the time."

"They say Lowington don't like him much better than the fellows do," added Perth.

It would be difficult to explain how any of the students had reached this conclusion; but it is certain that boys understand their guardians and instructors much better than the latter generally suppose.

"Perth, I think we might as well have our liberty stopped for serving out Old Crabs, as for anything else," suggested Wilton.

"I'm willing; the Knights will do that job handsomely, you may bet your life."

"But we musn't get caught too soon."

"We work in the dark, and we can do the thing as well as the Josephines did."

"Let's study up something at once, and put him through a course of sprouts. I don't believe in tolerating a professor who was too mean for the Josephine," replied Wilton, shaking his head, as

though a personal indignity had been put upon him.

"All right; we will be ready as soon as he is. What's the row on deck?" continued Perth, rising from his seat, as a group of students gathered in the rigging, and on such elevations as would enable them to see over the bulwarks.

"Only one of Mapps's long yarns," answered Wilton.

"I'm going down to see what it is."

Perth went down, but Wilton had not the slightest interest in anything Mr. Mapps had to say; and he stretched himself on the jib, which had been cast loose ready to hoist, in case it should be required.

"This is the place where the Duke of Parma built his great bridge over the Scheldt," said the professor of history, as the students gathered around him.

"What did he build the bridge for?" asked one of them.

"In order to close the navigation of the river, and thus prevent the people of Antwerp from obtaining provisions, which came to them from Holland. When the Prince of Orange was assassinated, the Duke of Parma was making his preparations to subdue the country. By the death of the prince Holland was left without an effective leader, while in the duke Spain had one of the most accomplished and energetic generals of his age. Parma saw that Antwerp was the key to the situation, and he directed his whole attention to its capture.

"Before this time the Prince of Orange had realized that the loss of Antwerp would be the loss of the whole of the region which is now called Belgium;

and when it was clear in what direction his skilful antagonist proposed to operate, he had advised the cutting of the dike on your right, which would lay the country under water, and open a channel of communication with Holland and Zealand by water. Unfortunately, his advice was disregarded till the duke had secured the dikes—a neglect which caused the loss of Antwerp, and with it the whole of Flanders.

"Though Parma had erected forts all along the banks of the river, the hardy Dutchmen ran the gantlet of them, and Antwerp was well supplied with food, the price being four times as much as in Holland. The people of the city, and even their leaders, ridiculed the idea of constructing the bridge, and took no steps to prevent it. The death of Orange caused a panic throughout the Netherlands, of which the shrewd Parma took advantage, and urged on his preparations. Though crippled in a measure by the neglect of his sovereign to supply him with men and money, the bridge was completed in the face of tremendous obstacles. It was twenty-four hundred feet long, and composed of thirty-two boats, or vessels, bound together by hawsers, cables, and beams. On each side was a wall of timbers, and on the structure guns were planted for its defence. A fort was erected at each end, heavily armed and manned.

"When the bridge was finished, the Antwerpers, who had laughed to scorn the idea of such a structure, found that their supplies were cut off. They made two attempts to break through the bridge, but failed in both, though in one of them they made a breach by exploding a fire-ship, and destroyed nearly a thousand Spanish soldiers, and Parma himself was

knocked senseless. The attempt was not followed up with sufficient energy, and the Spaniard had time to repair the work. Antwerp, deprived of provisions by the skill and determination of the duke, was starved out and compelled to surrender. The country continued under the Spanish yoke, while the United Provinces maintained their independence."

The attentive audience which had gathered around the professor separated when he had finished the story. Some of them went aloft, to look over the dikes, and with their eyes followed the long lines of ditches and canals which extended into the interior.

In the mean time, Mr. Hamblin walked the deck very uneasily, waiting for an opportunity to discuss his position with the principal. The studies of the classes were to be resumed on the following day, and he was anxious to know what disposition was to be made of him. The ship was already provided with an excellent instructor in Greek and Latin; and only in the department of mathematics was there a vacancy, made by the transfer of Mr. Fluxion. It would be impossible for Mr. Hamblin to teach anything but Greek and Latin, though he had had some experience in the other branches.

Mr. Lowington seemed to be provokingly indifferent on the subject, and the professor was at last compelled to ask an interview, which, however, his dignity compelled him to defer till the ship was approaching Flushing, when the steamer was to leave her. The principal understood the character of the learned gentleman very well, and knew that any manifestation of anxiety on his own part would so inflate the vanity of the professor that he could do nothing with him; but he granted the interview when

it was demanded.

"Mr. Lowington, I am rather desirous of knowing what is to be done," said the *savant*, when they were alone in the main cabin. "I find that Mr. Fluxion has been transferred to the place I filled on the Josephine. As you are aware, I was employed to teach Latin and Greek."

"I am aware of it," replied the principal, still appearing to be singularly indifferent in such a momentous crisis, as it seemed to Mr. Hamblin.

"I presume Mr. Fluxion is competent to teach the classics."

"Entirely competent. He was assigned, in the beginning, to the department of navigation, on account of his knowledge of practical seamanship. I don't know that he has any superior as a teacher of the classics."

Mr. Hamblin did not like this answer. The principal had no business to think that any one was *his* equal in the department of Greek and Latin, especially the former. Mr. Fluxion had never written a Greek Grammar, compiled a Greek Reader, and edited the Anabasis. The remark of the principal was very injudicious.

"Having been displaced from my position in the consort, I am rather desirous of knowing what is to be done with me," added the professor, choking down his disgust.

"I hope we shall be able to make an arrangement that will be satisfactory to you, at least for the present," replied the principal. "I have had some consultation with the instructors; and Mr. Paradyme has

obligingly consented to take the department of mathematics in the ship for a time, and the Greek and Latin will be assigned to you."

"This arrangement is entirely satisfactory to me, Mr. Lowington," answered the professor, who was really delighted to obtain what was regarded as the senior professorship in the squadron; and it seemed quite fitting that the place should be given to him.

"This is only a temporary arrangement," added the principal, desirous to prevent any misunderstanding in the future.

This was not entirely satisfactory to Mr. Hamblin, who thought a thing so fitly done ought to be permanent.

"It is not pleasant for me to feel unsettled, and to be liable to a change at any time," said the professor. "I think I should prefer my place in the Josephine."

"Since you and the captain of the Josephine cannot agree, it does not appear to be practicable for you to remain there."

"Do you expect me to submit when insulted by a pupil, Mr. Lowington?" asked Mr. Hamblin, solemnly. "Will you allow a student to insult me?"

"I will neither allow a student to insult you, nor you to insult a student," replied the principal, with the most refreshing frankness.

"You will not allow *me* to insult a pupil!" exclaimed Mr. Hamblin.

"Certainly not."

"Do you think me capable of doing such a thing?"

"I am sorry to say you have proved that you are. You called one of them a puppy."

"But not until—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Hamblin. I do not purpose to discuss this matter again."

"May I ask if you sustain Mr. Kendall in his conduct towards me?"

"I do—fully."

"I am astonished, sir!"

"So am I—astonished that a gentleman of your learning and ability should so demean himself as to apply offensive epithets to his pupils. In the first place, you had no right to interfere with the discipline of the vessel; and when Captain Kendall told you that he commanded the Josephine, he said no more than the truth, and no more than the circumstances required him to say. In the second place, after you called him a puppy, and repeated the epithet, on the quarter-deck, I could not have blamed him if he had put you in irons. I approve his conduct fully. As you insulted him before his officers and crew, it was necessary that he should vindicate himself before them."

"I am afraid this vessel is no place for me," said the professor, with extreme disgust.

"I am afraid not, if you cannot observe the rules of the ship."

"I think I have observed the rules, sir. Mr. Kendall used every means in his power to annoy me; and still you sustain him in it. He knows that you are partial to him."

"I am not aware that Captain Kendall used any means to annoy you."

"I think you do not know that boy as well as I do. A rope was thrown down upon my head: the offence was suffered to pass unnoticed by Mr. Kendall. I was wilfully or carelessly thrown into the river; the captain did not consult me, but made his inquiries in private, and of course the culprits escaped."

"You were thrown into the river by your own carelessness, Mr. Hamblin. I saw the whole of it."

"So Mr. Kendall told me, in the most offensive tones. I do not complain of these things; I only mention them for the sequel. A boy drenched me with water; he begged my pardon on his knees, and I forgave him; but this offence the captain punishes in the most severe manner. Why? Apparently because I—the only sufferer—had forgiven the offender."

"It was necessary for the captain to put a stop to such pranks."

"But he did not use good judgment. McDougal explained the matter, and was exceedingly sorry."

"But he drenched you on purpose."

"Impossible, sir!"

The principal called one of the stewards, and sent for McDougal, who presently appeared. He had already confessed that the drenching was not an accident, and he repeated his statement, to the utter astonishment of the discomfited pedagogue. During the excursion on shore, some of the Josephines had told him that the trouble between Paul and the professor had been on his account; and he had made

the confession in order to justify the captain, at whatever cost to himself. The spirited conduct of the young commander had filled the boys with admiration, and they were determined that he should not suffer, whoever else did.

"You did it on purpose—did you?" repeated the *savant*. "May I ask why you did it?"

"The fellows didn't like you, and were bound to get you out of the Josephine," replied McDougal, candidly.

"The fellows!" exclaimed Mr. Hamblin. "Were there others concerned in this iniquitous transaction?"

"More than a dozen of them."

"Did you write the letter to me which purported to come from the Belgian Minister of Foreign Affairs?"

"No, sir."

"Who did?"

"I don't know, sir."

"You don't know! Don't lie to me," said the professor, sternly.

"I do not."

"I know," added the learned gentleman, turning to the principal.

"McDougal, you say that a dozen boys were concerned in your proceedings. Who were they?"

"I would rather not tell, sir. I am willing to own up to all I did myself."

"You hear that, Mr. Lowington?" exclaimed the professor, with horror.

"Of course I hear it, Mr. Hamblin," replied the principal, impatiently. "You may leave, McDougal."

"Leave, sir!" ejaculated Mr. Hamblin.

"Go, McDougal;" and he went. "You said you knew who wrote the fictitious letter, sir."

"I do."

"Who was it?"

"Mr. Lowington, if that boy you sent away had told the whole truth, he would have confessed that Mr. Kendall was at the bottom of all these infamous proceedings."

"Captain Kendall!"

"Yes, sir; especially the plan to throw me into the water. When I demanded a boat, I mentioned the gig. It was refused. Why? Because the crew of the first cutter had been instructed to tip me overboard! It is very strange that no one but myself has been able to understand the vicious intentions of the boys."

"The gig is the captain's boat. The regulations require the captain to give the professors the first cutter," explained Mr. Lowington.

"I was not aware of it at the time; but I am satisfied that the crew of the first cutter had been instructed to pitch me into the river."

"If they were, you were very obliging to assist them as you did," added the principal. "But go on. Do you suppose Captain Kendall instructed McDougal to

drench you with water?"

"Very likely."

"And then inflicted the severest punishment upon him for doing it? It is absurd! That was the third and last offence. The captain put an end to these tricks by his well-timed energy, and I am sure he had no part or lot in them. Do you think he got some one to write the letter to you?"

"No, sir; I think he did it himself," replied the professor, more calmly, as he came to what he considered his stronghold.

"I am not willing to believe it."

"I am prepared to prove it, sir."

"If Kendall has been guilty of such conduct,—if it can be shown that he wrote the letter, or that he knew of its being written,—I will not only suspend him, but I will reduce him to a common sailor, and confine him in the brig," said the principal, with no little agitation.

This strong speech looked like the dawn of reason to Mr. Hamblin, and he hastened to produce his evidence. The letter and several exercises written by Paul were first placed on the cabin table, to enable Mr. Lowington to compare the penmanship.

"There is a strong similarity in them, I grant; but they are all written in the common school-boy hand of the United States," added the principal.

"There is a stronger resemblance than that. The capital A's are the same; the small r's are identical."

"But the small a's are different."

"Doubtless he disguised his hand to some extent."

"Is this all the proof you have?" asked Mr. Lowington, somewhat relieved.

"No, sir," replied the professor, triumphantly, as he exhibited the paper he had taken from Paul's state-room, which was different from any he had been able to find in either vessel. "The paper is identical, you perceive."

"I see that it is."

"And no other student has such paper."

"The ship has provided paper for the students, but none like this," said Mr. Lowington, with a sigh.

"I think you will consider the case proved," added Mr. Hamblin, exultingly.

"By no means. Enough has been shown to warrant an inquiry. I will make an investigation immediately."

This was all Mr. Hamblin could ask; and, confident that Captain Kendall would be convicted, he left the cabin, as the captain of the Belgian steamer came in to settle for the towage.

CHAPTER XVI.

CAPTAIN KENDALL'S DEFENCE.

The squadron remained off Flushing long enough for Mr. Fluxion to visit the shore, and ascertain the

condition of the "Wel tevreeden." The repairs were going on, but were not completed, and the cost of them could not yet be determined. The vice-principal, however, obtained such information in regard to the probable expense, as to enable him to make a final settlement. Captain Schimmelpennink came off to the Josephine with him on his return. It was certain that eleven hundred guilders would cover the whole expense of putting the galiot in perfect repair, and the balance of this sum was handed to the skipper.

If there ever was a grateful man in the world, that man was the captain of the "Wel tevreeden." In addition to the energetic speeches he made through the interpreter, he indulged in some very pretty and significant gesticulations, which the officers and crew could comprehend. The students were happy in the good deed they had done—quite as happy as the the skipper himself. In addition to the sum expended, there was five hundred and fifty-four guilders in the hands of the treasurer, which was to be used for some similar object when presented to them.

While Mr. Fluxion was absent at Flushing, Mr. Lowington had gone on board of the Josephine, and, taking Paul into his state-room, had exhibited the fictitious note to him, stating the charge made against him by Mr. Hamblin.

"I need not say, Captain Kendall, that this is a very serious charge," added the principal, solemnly.

"I think it is, sir," replied Paul, blushing deeply. "If you think I wrote that letter, sir, I hope you will do your duty."

"I certainly shall, though it break my heart."

"Whatever you do, sir, it will not alter my regard for you."

"I am already accused of partiality towards you, Captain Kendall," added Mr. Lowington. "I confess that I never had a pupil for whom I cherished so high an esteem and so warm a regard."

"Thank you, sir. You are now, as you always have been, very kind to me," replied Paul, hardly able to restrain the tears in which his emotions demanded expression.

"I must say that I deem this charge groundless and absurd; but I cannot explain it away. The writing in the note resembles yours in some respects; and the fact that the kind of paper on which the note is written is found in your possession alone has not been explained. Do you know anything about this note?"

"Nothing, sir; only that it came in the mail with the rest of the Josephine's letters."

"When did you get the paper which Mr. Hamblin found in your writing desk?"

"I bought it in Antwerp on Tuesday afternoon, when we went on shore," replied Paul, promptly.

"I shall be obliged to inquire further into this matter. You will have all hands called."

They left the state-room together, and the first lieutenant ordered the ship's company to be piped to quarters. Without any definite explanation, the principal directed all the students to bring their stock of stationery on deck, and they passed in review before him, exhibiting the quality of their paper. At

the same time Mr. Stoute searched the steerage for any which might have been concealed. If any student had purchased paper in Antwerp, it was not of the kind on which the forged letter had been written.

"Young gentlemen," said Mr. Lowington, mounting his rostrum, "a practical joke is the stupidest thing in the world, when perpetrated at the expense of the feelings of others. Some one has put such a joke upon Mr. Hamblin, the very last person in the world to appreciate this species of humor. One of your number is charged with the act."

"The old lunatic has laid it to the captain," whispered Terrill, who thus interpreted the mysterious proceedings of the principal and Paul.

"The particular kind of paper on which the letter to Mr. Hamblin was written is found only in the possession of that one student," continued the principal, with an emotion he could not wholly conceal. "I desire, if any of you have any information in regard to the note, that you will communicate it at once."

Mr. Lowington paused, and the boys looked blankly at each other. Even to them, at that moment, a practical joke seemed to be the stupidest thing in the world. There was a tremendous sensation among them; but no one volunteered to give the desired information.

"Young gentlemen, although the evidence in my possession is not sufficient to condemn the student charged with the offence, it is enough to justify grave suspicions, and I shall be under the painful necessity of suspending him, and sending him on board of the ship for further examination."

Paul was not half so much disturbed by this announcement as he had been by the trying scene with Mr. Hamblin, a few days before. It is the guilt, and not the loss of honor, the disgrace, which is hard to bear when one is charged with misconduct or crime. He stood with folded arms, submissive to the authority of the principal, and satisfied that the truth would prevail in the end.

"Who is he?" asked one of the students in a suppressed tone, when the silence became painful.

"Captain Kendall," replied the principal; and this name produced a tremendous thrill in the hearts of the ship's company.

"No, sir! No, sir!" shouted some of the students.

"Silence, young gentlemen! I know how you feel," interposed Mr. Lowington. "Although it would seem to me impossible that Captain Kendall should have written this letter, Mr. Hamblin distinctly charges him with the act, and I am sorry to add that there is some evidence to prove the charge."

Mr. Lowington was more grieved than any other person on board, and it is more than probable that, in his great anxiety to avoid partiality, he ran into the opposite extreme, and exposed himself to the peril of doing injustice to his young friend.

"Captain Kendall, you will consider yourself under arrest, and report on board of the ship," added the principal, turning to Paul.

The young commander bowed submissively, and the boys wondered how he was able to take the matter so coolly.

"It's a shame!" exclaimed Terrill, in a low tone, to Pelham.

"Mr. Terrill," continued Mr. Lowington, "the command of the Josephine devolves upon you until further orders, and you will go to sea as soon as Mr. Fluxion returns."

The first lieutenant started when his name was called, and suspected that he was to be taken to task for the remark he had just made. It was fortunate for him, perhaps, that the principal did not hear his energetic words, or the command might have been given to the second lieutenant, for Terrill's impulsive nature would have led him into some intemperate speech, so deeply did he feel for the captain.

"I hope my command will be of very short duration, sir," said he, as the principal stepped down from the hatch.

"I hope so, Mr. Terrill," answered Mr. Lowington. "Captain Kendall, you will repair to the ship in the barge."

"I will be ready in a moment, sir," replied Paul, as he went below to obtain a few needed articles.

"Captain Kendall, I am downright sorry for this," said Terrill, following him into his state-room.

"Don't be at all disturbed about it," answered Paul, cheerfully. "I am glad Mr. Lowington has taken this course. I expect to be able to prove that I could not have written the letter, and I shall be restored as soon as we reach Rotterdam. It is a good deal better to be proved innocent than to be suspected of being guilty. Here is the key of the safe," he added, as he took it from his pocket and handed it to his

successor.

"It's lucky for old Hamblin he isn't on board of the Josephine," said Terrill, with an ominous shake of the head. "I think the fellows would throw him overboard before the vessel gets to Rotterdam if he were."

"That isn't the right spirit, Terrill; and as a particular favor to me, I ask that you will not say a word about Mr. Hamblin. I have my own opinion in regard to him; and I suppose every fellow has; but the least said is the soonest mended. I hope you will not let the officers and crew indulge in any demonstrations of disapproval."

"Not let them! I can't help it. I believe if old Hamblin was on board, I would join with the rest of the fellows in making a spread eagle of him on the fore shrouds," answered the commander *pro tem.*

"Don't think of such a thing. Two wrongs won't make a right," said Paul, anxiously. "You and I have been first-rate friends, Terrill, and for my sake do not encourage or tolerate any demonstrations."

"I will do the best I can, but I feel just like making the biggest row I was ever in since I was born."

"Keep cool; you are going to sea right off, and you will have enough to do to look out for the vessel."

"I shall do as you tell me, if I can; but only because you wish it. I think the fellows ought to give a few hearty groans, so as to be sure no one mistakes their sentiments."

"Don't do it, Terrill," said Paul, as he led the way to the deck, with his bundle in his hand.

When they went on deck, Mr. Fluxion had just returned in the first cutter; and great was his astonishment, and that of the boat's crew, when informed of the exciting event which had just transpired. The interview with the Dutch skipper changed the current of thought on board for the moment; but as soon as he departed, nothing was talked of but the arrest of the captain.

Paul stepped into the barge with the principal, who was very sad and silent. As soon as they were on board of the Young America, and the barge hoisted up, orders were given to fill away again.

"What does that mean?" asked Perth, when the barge was hoisted up, as he ran up to Wilton.

"What?"

"Why, there is Captain Kendall on the quarter-deck of the ship, and the Josephine is getting under way without him."

"There's been a row somewhere; Kendall is one of the flunkies, but he's a good fellow for all that," added Wilton, who could not help giving Paul this tribute.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Howe,—who was one of the barge's crew, and had heard all the proceedings on board of the Josephine,—as he joined them, "Kendall has been suspended, broken, turned out of office for writing that letter to old Hamblin."

"Is that so?" demanded Perth.

"That's so; but all the fellows in the Josephine say he didn't do it."

"It would be a new idea for Kendall to do anything wrong—even to sneeze in prayer time."

The order to man the braces interrupted the conversation; but the news went through the ship even before she had begun to gather headway. The matter was thoroughly discussed, and it was perfectly understood that Mr. Hamblin had preferred the charge upon which Paul had been broken or suspended. The commander of the Josephine was almost as popular in the ship as he was in the consort; and the indignation against the professor of Greek was hardly less violent in the one than in the other.

"Captain Kendall, you will occupy the spare state-room in the after cabin, next to Flag-officer Gordon's," said Mr. Lowington to Paul, as they met after the ship was underway.

"Thank you, sir," replied the young commander, who had seated himself near the companion-way.

"As soon as supper is disposed of, I propose to examine into the charge. You shall have a fair trial."

"I have no doubt of that."

Mr. Lowington walked away, and Paul, who was much embarrassed by the continued expressions of sympathy extended to him by the officers of the ship, retired to his state-room to consider his line of defence.

Mr. Hamblin, satisfied before, was delighted now. Justice seemed to be extending her tardy hand in his favor. The rebel against his mighty will had been suspended, and was actually under arrest. Of course the principal had acknowledged the validity of the evidence he had presented. The motive for such an annoying practical joke was patent to all in the

squadron, while the quality of the paper and the resemblance of the writing were enough to convict the offender.

The professor was enjoying his triumph, not vindictively, he persuaded himself, but in the sense that his own personal action and motives were on the eve of being justified. As the ship moved majestically down the river, he walked up and down, athwart ships, in a better mood to enjoy the scene which presented itself than ever before since he joined the squadron. He walked from rail to rail because Paul was seated on the quarter-deck, and he did not care to meet him. When the young commander went below, he walked fore and aft.

The deck was crowded with students waiting for the supper bell to ring; and many an ugly and dissatisfied look was bestowed upon him; but the learned gentleman, in his triumph, was too well pleased with himself to notice them. Mr. Hamblin involuntarily extended his walk, from time to time, until it was continued to the forecastle, where the crew were collected in large numbers. Hardly had he passed the foremast on his first round, than he was saluted by a universal groan, so deep and hearty that he stopped short and looked at the crowd. They were silent then.

"Young gentlemen," said the *savant*, sternly, "if that was intended as an expression of—"

The remark of censure was brought to an abrupt termination by a very annoying incident. Mr. Hamblin had halted directly under the weather fore yard-arm, braced up so as to take the wind on the beam. Before he had reached this point of his remark, a new fellow by the name of Little,

remarkable for his agility, dropped from the yard directly upon the top of the learned gentleman's hat, in fact, sitting down upon his "tile" as fairly and squarely as though the deed had been done on purpose, bringing with him the slack of the weather clew-garnet.

The professor was prostrated to the deck by the weight of the little seaman,—for Little's name precisely described his stature,—while the unfortunate boy was thrown forward flat upon his face.

"O, I'm killed, I'm killed!" cried Little, rising with much real or apparent difficulty, and pressing one hand upon his hip.

"You rascal, you!" roared Mr. Hamblin from the inside of his hat, as a dozen boys sprang forward to pick him up.

The professor was not a fashionable man, and did not wear a hat which would simply rest upon the top of his head, or which would pinch the depository of his ancient lore, and the weight of the student had pressed it far down over his eyes. With some labor he extricated his learned pate from its imprisonment, and glanced with dismay at the hat—a new one which he had bought in Antwerp to replace the one he had lost overboard in the hurricane.

"You scoundrel!" repeated the *savant,* when he had removed the mutilated tile.

"He didn't mean to do it, sir," said Perth, pointing to the bloody face of Little; "he's almost killed himself."

"Are you hurt, Little?" demanded Mr. Lowington, rushing forward when he discovered what had

happened.

"Yes, sir; almost killed," groaned the poor boy, making the wryest face a boy ever made, and twisting himself into a contortion of body which none but an India-rubber youth like himself could have accomplished.

"Pass the word for Dr. Winstock," added the principal, anxiously. "Are you much injured, Mr. Hamblin?"

"I believe there is a conspiracy to take my life," growled the professor, without replying to the direct question.

"Are you hurt, sir?"

"Not so much in body as in my feelings," answered Mr. Hamblin, holding out his damaged hat. "It was done on purpose, sir."

Dr. Winstock now appeared on the forecastle, and as Little seemed to be the greater sufferer, he attended to his case first. He examined the face of the boy, for by the most assiduous rubbing with his right hand while his left was devoted to the hip, he had contrived to besmear his face all over with the blood which flowed freely from his nose. The surgeon could find no wound on the face, and it was plain that there was nothing more terrible about the head than the nosebleed.

"Where are you hurt, Little?" asked the doctor.

"In the hip; it's broke!" replied the sufferer with an explosive groan.

Dr. Winstock laid the patient down upon the deck, and proceeded to examine him with the greatest

care. He declared that no bones were broken.

"He appears to be suffering great pain," said the principal, anxiously.

"He has probably wrenched a muscle in his fall, and that is almost as painful as a broken bone. He has received no serious injury," replied the doctor, as he lifted the patient from the deck.

"I am glad it is no worse. How did it happen, Little?"

"I was coming in from the weather yard-arm, sir. I should have gone down the leech of the foresail if you had not told me not to, sir. O!" gasped Little, distorting his face, and doubling up his lithe little body.

"Never mind it now," added the principal, kindly.

"I feel a little better, sir. Mr. Hamblin began to say something to the fellows on deck, and I stopped to listen. O!"—and Little doubled up again. "I caught hold of the clew-garnet, sir—O! I was leaning down to hear what Mr. Hamblin said, and bore my whole weight on the clew-garnet. It wasn't belayed, sir,—O! —and it let me down."

Mr. Lowington desired to know what hands were stationed at the fore clew-garnets; but when they appeared, they were very confident they had belayed these ropes as usual. Little was advised to go below and turn in; but he preferred to remain on deck. As soon as the principal and the doctor had gone aft, the young reprobate turned to his companions, put his thumb to his bloody nose, and wiggled his fingers. Indeed, a remarkable cure seemed suddenly to have been wrought in his particular case; for he walked as nimbly as ever, until some of the officers came

forward, when, unfortunately, he had a sudden relapse, from which he did not recover—when the "powers that be" were around—for several days.

After supper Paul was sent for, and repaired to the main cabin, where he found the principal, the surgeon, Mr. Hamblin, and several of the professors. Mr. Lowington stated the charge preferred against Captain Kendall, mentioning the evidence in support of it. He then inquired of the professor if he had anything to add to what he had already said on the subject.

Mr. Hamblin had something to add, but it was in the nature of an argument against the accused, rather than a statement of fact. He reviewed his life on board the Josephine since the troubles had commenced, enlarging upon the zeal with which he had discharged his duties. He gave his view of the difficulty between himself and the captain, as he had given it before; but he adduced no new proofs of the charges he preferred.

"The only question before us at the present time, Mr. Hamblin, is in regard to the authorship of the letter purporting to come from Monsieur Rogier," interposed Mr. Lowington. "Have you any new evidence to bring forward?"

"No, sir; I think the charge has been fully proved," replied Mr. Hamblin.

"Captain Kendall, if you have any defence to make, I am ready to hear it," added the principal, turning to Paul.

"I did not write the letter, and I had no knowledge whatever of it until Mr. Hamblin received it. Perhaps

the writing resembles mine, but not very much. Will you let me take the letter, sir?"

The note was handed to him, and he pointed out several letters which were different from any in the exercises by which the similarity had been shown.

"Of course he would disguise the handwriting," interposed Mr. Hamblin.

"The writing alone would not prove anything," added Mr. Lowington.

"So far as the kind of paper is concerned," continued Paul, picking up the half quire which the professor had taken from his state-room, "I bought it in Antwerp for a particular purpose." He did not think it necessary to state that it was for his letters to Miss Grace Arbuckle.

"Are you quite sure you bought it in Antwerp?" demanded the professor.

"I shall prove that I did," replied Paul, indignantly. "I wish to say I had a hint that the officers and crew were very much dissatisfied with Mr. Hamblin, and —"

"With me!" exclaimed the *savant*, as though it were quite impossible for the students to be dissatisfied with him.

"Allow Captain Kendall to make his statement, if you please," said the principal.

"But, Mr. Lowington, his statement is incorrect. I have been on the best of terms with the majority of my pupils. Only a few of the worst of them have manifested any ill-will towards me."

"Go on, Captain Kendall," said the principal.

"I am prepared to prove all I say. If I had known that this investigation was to take place to-day, I should have asked for the attendance of several witnesses. I used all my influence to prevent any one from playing practical jokes upon Mr. Hamblin. I desire to have the first lieutenant of the Josephine, and Duncan, examined."

"What have they to do with it?" asked the professor, impatiently.

"After doing what I could to prevent others from annoying Mr. Hamblin by practical jokes, it is not likely that I should indulge in them myself."

"That is a good point; and to-morrow the witnesses shall be called," said Mr. Lowington.

"I will now ask Dr. Winstock to make his statement," added Paul, turning to the surgeon.

"The letter is postmarked 'Anvers,'" said the doctor, picking up the letter from the table. "It is utterly impossible that Captain Kendall had anything to do with this document."

"Why so, sir?" demanded Mr. Hamblin, nervously.

"This letter passed through the Antwerp post-office. If Captain Kendall had mailed it there, I should have seen him do it. He was not out of my sight a single moment from the time we left the Josephine till we returned to her. This paper," added the doctor, taking up the half quire, "was purchased in Antwerp. I went into the shop with Captain Kendall, and looked at the quality of it before it was done up."

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Hamblin?" asked the

principal.

"No, sir, I am not," replied the professor, decidedly. "I am by no means certain that the paper on which this letter was written was obtained in Antwerp. It does not follow because Dr. Winstock did not see Mr. Kendall mail this letter, that it was not mailed by him. I did not see him mail it; Mr. Lowington did not see him mail it. He could have sent it to the post-office by a dozen of his confederates."

"Since Captain Kendall desires that the first lieutenant and Duncan should be heard, we will continue the examination till to-morrow," added the principal, rising from his chair.

The hearing was adjourned, and Paul returned to his room.

CHAPTER XVII.

MORE ABOUT THE DIKES AND DITCHES.

The pilot of the ship was discharged at eight o'clock in the evening, and the two vessels stood on their course to the northward, with a fresh breeze from the south-west. They kept just outside of the continuous chains of shoals on the coast, but for nearly the whole time within sight of the numerous lighthouses which mark the various entrances of the Scheldt and the Maas. The masters on duty were kept very busy in consulting the charts and the sailing directions; but at one o'clock the squadron was off

the Brielle Gat, which is the deepest entrance to the river.

There are two principal passages by which vessels may reach Rotterdam from the sea. At the mouth of the Maas, or of the river which includes the Rhine, Waal, and Maas, there is a large island called the Voorne. At the north of it is the Brielle Gat, which is the most direct sea passage to the city; but the bar at its mouth has only seven and a half feet of water at low tide. At the south of the island is the Goeree Gat, by which the largest ships must enter, passing through the island in a canal.

The Dutch pilot who boarded the ship, after learning her draught, declared that she could go over the bar of the Brielle Gat, and both vessels went up by this passage. At five o'clock in the morning the squadron came to anchor in the broad bay before the city of Rotterdam.

Paul Kendall, free from all care, and not much disturbed by the cloud which hung over him, had turned out early to see the sights on the river. He had a splendid prospect of windmills, dikes, and ditches. The Dutch pilot spoke intelligible English, and the young inquirer laid him under contribution for his stores of knowledge. Paul asked a great many questions, which the pilot good-naturedly answered.

Vlaardingen, the principal port engaged in the herring fishery, was pointed out to him. Every year this place sends out about a hundred and fifty vessels, or more than one half of the whole number engaged in this branch of the fisheries. On the 10th or 11th of June, in each year, the officers of the herring fleet go to the *Stadhuis*, or town hall, and take the prescribed oath to observe the laws

regulating the fisheries of Holland. Three days later they hoist their flags on board, and go to church to pray for a season of success. On the following day, which is kept as a holiday in the town, the fleet sails. The fishing season ends on the 1st of November.

The herring are highly prized by the Dutch, and the first which are caught by the fleet are sent home in the fastest vessels; and when they are expected, watchmen are stationed in the Vlaardingen steeple to announce their approach. The first kegs are sent to the king and his chief officers of state. One of these first cargoes produces about three hundred and twenty-five dollars, or eight hundred guilders.

With a dense cloud of smoke hanging above it stood the town of Schiedam, which contains nearly two hundred distilleries for the manufacture of gin. Holland gin and Schiedam schnapps are regarded by those who indulge in these beverages as the best in the world. The place was surrounded by windmills, which are a principal feature of the scenery in all parts of Holland proper.

After breakfast the signal was hoisted for the Josephines to attend the lecture on board the ship, and a boat was sent ashore, in charge of the steward, to procure the mail. The students were perched in the rigging, observing the strange scenes which presented themselves on every hand. The river was full of market boats loaded with vegetables, the principal of which was a coarse plant, with large, straggling leaves, used as cabbage or greens. There were large and small steamers plying in every direction, and the scene was quite lively.

The Josephine's ship's company came on board, and all hands were piped to lecture. Professor Mapps was

at his post, with the map of the Netherlands hanging on the foremast. His description of the dikes and ditches of Holland was very full; but such portions of it as have been given by Mr. Stoute will be omitted.

"Young gentlemen," he began, "I have already called your attention to the physical geography of the Netherlands. The Rhine, which in Germany is the *Rhein*, and in Holland the *Rhyn*, has its mouths in Holland. Its length is nine hundred and sixty miles, and it is of vast importance to Europe in a commercial point of view, being navigable for large vessels to Cologne, and nearly to its source for smaller ones, though occasionally interrupted by falls and rapids above Basle. Vessels of one hundred tons go up to Strasbourg.

"The Rhine enters Holland, and immediately divides into two branches, the southern being the Waal, and the northern retaining the original name. The Waal is the larger of the two, and flows west until it unites with the Maas, or Meuse, in Belgium, on one of whose estuaries our ship now floats. About ten miles below the Waal branch, the original Rhine divides again, the northern branch being called the Yssel, which flows north into the Zuyder Zee. Thirty miles below the Yssel, it divides for a third time, the southern branch being called the Leek, of which the arm that flows by Rotterdam is the more direct continuation, though all these branches are connected by frequent cut-offs. The original Rhine pursues its way to the German Ocean. The dunes, or sand-hills, formerly closed up this branch, and for a long period the water did not flow through it; but at the beginning of the present century a canal was opened through the old bed.

"The Yssel formerly flowed into a fresh-water lake, where the Zuyder Zee, or Southern Sea, now is. Nearly the whole of the space occupied by this sea was then dry land; but the ocean, in the course of time, swept away its barriers, and covered the region with water, which is navigable, however, only for small vessels. Amsterdam is situated on an arm of this sea, called the Ij, or Eye, as it is pronounced. From the Helder, a point of land at the southern entrance to the Zuyder Zee, a ship canal, fifty miles in length, extends to the city. This is the 'great ditch' of Holland. It is eighteen feet deep, and broad enough for two large ships to pass each other, having a double set of locks at each end, in order to keep the water of uniform height, as in a dock.

"You are already familiar with the peculiar conformation of Holland. There is not a hill, a forest, or a ledge of rocks worth mentioning in the whole region. A large portion of its territory has been redeemed from the ocean by the most persevering labor, and by the most unremitting care and watchfulness is it kept from destruction. The sea is higher than the land, the lowest ground in the country being from twenty-four to thirty feet below high-water mark. The keel of the Young America, floating in some of the waters of Holland, would be higher than the ridge-pole of the Dutchman's cottage on the other side of the dike.

"These low grounds, formerly swamps and lagoons, which lie below the sea level, are called *polders*. These were originally charged with water, and merely shutting out the sea was only half the battle. As in Ireland, the principal fuel of the people is peat, or turf, ten million tons of which are annually used. Immense excavations have been made in the polders

to obtain the peat; and the inhabitants stand an ultimate chance of being robbed of their country by fire as well as by water.

"The natural lakes and the peat-holes—the latter from twelve to twenty feet deep—formed extensive water-basins. Some of you will remember the turf diggings in the great bog in Ireland, as we passed through it on our way to Killarney. The peat was not dug out in trenches, but the entire surface of the land was skimmed off, just as workmen in the city dig away a hill. It was so in Holland; and you must understand that the bottom of these peat-beds forms the land now improved as gardens and farms.

"These depressions of the surface were filled with water. The first thing to be done is to shut out the ocean and its tributaries—all those rivers of which I have been speaking, that form a network of canals all over the country. For this purpose a dike is built on the border of the land to be enclosed. Take, for example, the Island of Ysselmonde,—the land next south of us,—and Holland really consists of nothing but islands formed by the rivers and the natural and artificial canals. It will, therefore, be a correct specimen of the system of dikes and ditches throughout the country, though some of the sections are subject to greater or less difficulty in the drainage, owing to various causes, which will be explained.

"When the dike around Ysselmonde is finished, the country is protected from inundation from without. Sometimes in winter the river may be blocked with ice, which stops the passage of the water. All the ice from the Rhine and Meuse must pass through these rivers on their way to the sea, and, being stopped in

a narrow place, it forms a dam. In 1799 a large portion of Holland was threatened with total destruction, on account of one of these blockades. Behind the dam the water rose seven feet in one hour, overflowing the dikes, and breaking through them. This danger is incurred every winter; but disaster is generally warded off by the vigilance of the dike-keepers.

"We will suppose that the dike we have built around Ysselmonde protects it from the exterior water; but as the water in the Maas, at high tide, or even at low tide, is above the surface of the polders, they cannot be drained by the ordinary ditches; and it is necessary to remove the water by mechanical means. For this purpose windmills are erected on the dike,—as you see them in every direction,—many of which work water-wheels, pumps being but seldom used. The apparatus for removing the water is of several kinds, including a scoop-wheel, the screw of Archimedes, and the inclined scoop-wheel. The water is not lifted to any considerable height by these instruments.

"When the height to which the water is to be raised is too great to be accomplished by the agency of one machine, a series of them is introduced. Supposing the land in the middle of Ysselmonde to be twenty feet below the level of the Maas, four series of operations would be required to lift the water. The central portion is enclosed by a dike, with a *ringsloot*, or canal, outside of it. The windmills raise the water five feet. Outside of this, as the level of the land rises, another canal and ditch are made, and the water is lifted another five feet; and the process is repeated until the water is finally discharged into the river. The ditches which separate the different tracts

of land are used as highways, for conveying the harvest to market, the difference of level being overcome by locks. Of course the character of these works depends upon the formation of the land.

"The soil of the polders thus drained is remarkably rich and productive. The two chief exports of Holland are butter and cheese, the low lands furnishing excellent pasturage for cattle.

"In the service of the government is a special corps of engineers, called *Waterstaat*, who are employed in watching the waters and the dikes, and in guarding against any breaking of the latter. In the winter time, which is the period of the greatest peril to the dikes, these men, many of whom are gentlemen of the highest scientific culture, are stationed near the places where danger is apprehended. Buildings containing all the necessary materials and tools for repairing the embankments are provided, and, indeed, all precautions which skill, and science, and care can bring are at hand; for the safety of the country depends upon these structures.

"The coat of arms of one of the Dutch provinces is a lion swimming, having this motto: *Luctor et emergo*, 'I strive and keep my head above water,' which seems to be the whole business of the Dutch people, figuratively and literally. If you visit the great dike of the Helder, as I hope you will, you may stand on the low land within it, and hear the thunder of the sea, as it beats against the dike, fifteen feet higher than your head.

"The canals of Holland serve a triple purpose. They are the highways of the country, they drain the land, and they serve as fences. You travel all over the region in the canals, and all the productions are

conveyed upon them. The roads are for the most part built on the tops of the dikes, but they are not solid enough to permit their use by heavily-loaded wagons. Many of them are paved with bricks, on account of their spongy nature, which answers very well for the passage of light vehicles.

"The people seem to have a peculiar affection for these ditches, and you will often find that the Dutchman has his little private canal, extending around his house, apparently only to gratify his national vanity, though perhaps really it is his fence. Even here in Rotterdam, I have noticed a filthy ditch, from four to ten feet wide, between the house and the road. It is nearly filled with water, which is covered with a vile green scum. The wonder is, that this stagnant water does not breed a pestilence.

"The principal canals are sixty feet wide, and six feet deep, though of course many in the cities and elsewhere, intended for the passage of large vessels, are broader and deeper.

"With this imperfect statement of the physical characteristics, as a basis for your observation, I leave the subject to say a few words about the government and history of the country.

"William III. is the present king of the Netherlands. He is forty-seven years old, and is a lineal descendant of William of Orange, and a grandson, on the mother's side, of Czar Paul I. of Russia. He has a salary, or civil list, of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year, which is pretty fair pay for ruling over a kingdom about the size of the State of Maryland, or of Massachusetts and Connecticut united, and containing a population about equal to that of the State of New York.

"The government is a limited monarchy, the whole legislative power being vested in the two chambers called the States General. The First Chamber consists of thirty-nine members, elected by provincial councils, from those inhabitants who pay the highest grade of taxes. The Second Chamber contains seventy-two members, elected by general ballot; but only those who pay taxes to the amount of fifty dollars a year are voters. All measures appropriating money for any purpose must originate in the Second Chamber, which is the popular body, and become laws only when assented to by the sovereign and the First Chamber. The king executes the laws with the aid of seven ministers, who receive a salary of five thousand dollars a year.

"Free toleration is allowed to all religious sects. Protestants are largely in the majority, the proportion being as twenty to twelve. Education is generally diffused among the people. In 1863 the revenue of the Netherlands amounted to forty-one millions of dollars. The Dutch have extensive colonial possessions in the East and West Indies, and on the west coast of Africa. The regular home army contains fifty-nine thousand officers and men. Its navy consists of fifty-eight steamers and eighty-one sailing vessels.

"I do not think you will be likely to realize the poetic ideal of the Dutchmen, young gentlemen. Though they drink a great deal of beer and Schiedam schnapps, you will seldom find them intoxicated; and I have never been able to see that they smoke any more than the people of our own country. They are not necessarily fat and clumsy. The men are of medium stature, in no special degree distinguished from other people in Europe and America. The

women are very domestic, and very cleanly in their persons and in their dwellings. The Dutch people are prudent, economical, beforehanded.

"In the brief sketch I gave you at Antwerp of the history of the Netherlands, that of Holland was included up to the period of the murder of the Prince of Orange, which occurred in 1584, while he was Stadtholder of the Seven United Provinces. At his death, his son, Prince Maurice, was elected Stadtholder in his father's place. He was then only seventeen years of age, but he proved to be a young man of great military ability, and commenced a glorious career, which ended only with his life, in 1625. With the bright example of Prince Maurice before them, I think our young captains of his age may be encouraged."

This remark "brought down the house," and more than fifty of the students glanced at Paul Kendall, whose "improbable" achievements in the Josephine were the admiration of everybody in the squadron, except Professor Hamblin.

"Philip II. died in 1598, and his successor continued his efforts to conquer the Dutch, but without success. By this time Holland had created the most powerful navy in the world, and with her seventy thousand seamen swept the commerce of the Spaniards from the seas, even in the remotest waters of the globe. The galleons and treasure ships from the colonies of Spain were captured, and their rich booty poured into the exchequer of the Dutch. The monarch of Castile was almost impoverished by these losses; and, deprived of the means to carry on the war of subjugation, he agreed, in 1609, to a truce of twelve years.

"Religious dissensions then broke out in Holland, which soon assumed a political turn. The Stadtholder, Prince Maurice, was ambitious to become the hereditary sovereign of Holland, in which he was opposed by Barneveldt, a venerable judge, aided by De Groot, or Grotius, a noted Dutch scholar and statesman. The opposition were styled 'remonstrants.' The judge was charged with a plot to hand his country over to the tyranny of Spain; and though he was a pure patriot, he was condemned and executed. Grotius, by an expedient which would have been deemed improbable in a novel, escaped from the Castle of Loevestein.

"At the expiration of the truce, Spain renewed her efforts to conquer Holland; but, after a war of twenty-seven years, the independence of the country was acknowledged in the peace of Westphalia. During this period the Dutch maintained their supremacy on the sea, attacking the Spanish possessions in all parts of the world, and especially in the East Indies, where they commenced the foundation of their empire in that part of the globe.

"The growing naval power of Holland excited the apprehensions of England, and war was the consequence, in which the Dutch Admirals Van Tromp De Ruiter, and De Witt, as well as Admiral Blake of the British navy, won imperishable renown.

"Prince Maurice was succeeded at his death by his brother Henry; but, in 1650, the office of Stadtholder was abolished, and that of Grand Pensionary substituted. John De Witt held the position.

"In 1668, France having seized upon the Spanish Netherlands, Holland united with England and Sweden to check the power of the French monarch;

but Charles II., subsidized by Louis XIV. of France, deserted his ally. England and France united, won Sweden over, and formed a league against Holland. Louis invaded Holland with an army six times as large as the Dutch could bring into the field, and conquered three provinces. The quarrel between the house of Orange and the party headed by the Grand Pensionary still continued to rage. The supreme power was in the hands of the States General. De Witt proposed to establish the government of Holland in the East India possessions, as Portugal did in Brazil, rather than submit. The representative of the house of Orange encouraged the people to resist at home, and declared that he would 'die in the last ditch.' As the formation of the country rendered it exceedingly probable that the 'last ditch' was to be found somewhere in Holland, the advice of this Prince of Orange was adopted. The popular current turned in his favor, and against the Grand Pensionary, who was murdered by a mob at The Hague.

"The Prince of Orange was elected Stadtholder, and is known as William III. Instead of seeking the 'last ditch' himself, he opened it for the benefit of the invaders. The dikes were cut, and the country was so thoroughly inundated that the French army was forced to retire, after sustaining very heavy losses. Peace was made with England in 1674, and three years later, the Stadtholder married Mary, daughter of James, Duke of York, who became king of England at the death of his brother Charles II. By the revolution of 1688, William and Mary were declared joint sovereigns of England.

"When William III. died, his cousin and next heir was not recognized as Stadtholder of Holland, the anti-

Orange party being in the ascendant. A republic was again organized under Heinsius; but, in 1747, the prince again prevailed, and the line of the Stadtholders was resumed under William IV., who was succeeded by William V. In 1795 the Batavian Republic was established, under the influence of the French Revolution, France having conquered the country.

"In 1806, Napoleon remodelled the government, and placed his brother Louis, the father of the present French emperor, upon the throne. Louis, who was a very moderate and sensible man, offended his brother by ruling his kingdom in the interest of Holland rather than France, and, after a brief reign of four years, was compelled to abdicate. Napoleon then annexed Holland to France.

"At the downfall of Napoleon the Netherlands were erected into a kingdom, which included Belgium, as I have before stated, and the Prince of Orange was made king, under the title of William I. The present sovereign is his grandson. The Belgian Revolution of 1830 deprived Holland of one half of its territory, and more than half of its people; but these events I mentioned in my lecture at Antwerp."

Mr. Mapps retired, and Mr. Lowington took his place.

"Young gentlemen," said the principal, "this afternoon we shall make a steamboat excursion to Dort, and through some of the arms of the sea, to enable you to see Dutch life from the water. On Monday we shall start on a grand excursion through Holland, visiting the following places in the order in which they are mentioned: Delft, The Hague, Leyden, Harlem, Amsterdam, Sardam, Broek, Alkmaar, The Helder, and Utrecht. The programme will enable you

to see all the interesting points of Holland, including the capital, the drained lake of Harlem, and the great dike of the Helder.

"The water of Holland is very bad, and drank in any considerable quantities would probably make you sick. Spring water, brought from Utrecht in stone jars, may be obtained in the large towns. Whenever it is practicable, I shall see that you are supplied with it; but avoid the common water. You will now resume your studies."

Mr. Hamblin took his place with the other professors, and the studies of the ship went on as usual. The mail came on board, and, when school was dismissed, the letters were distributed. The first lieutenant of the Josephine and Duncan were invited to the main cabin to give their evidence in regard to the trouble between Paul and the professor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AN EXCURSION AMONG THE DIKES.

Terrill and Duncan, with the letters in their hands which they had just received, entered the main cabin. They were called upon, in the presence of Mr. Lowington and Mr. Hamblin, as well as Captain Kendall, to give their testimony, which went to show that the commander was thoroughly and heartily opposed to any demonstration against the obnoxious instructor.

"What did Mr. Kendall say to you?" asked Mr. Hamblin.

"He asked me to use my influence with the fellows to prevent anything being done, and wished me to let them all know that he would not tolerate anything irregular," replied Duncan.

"Did he, indeed!" sneered Mr. Hamblin.

"He did, indeed," answered Duncan, with a twinkle of the eye.

"How happened he to say as much as this to you?" demanded the professor.

"Because, being an old friend and schoolmate of Captain Kendall, I happened to tell him that the fellows were inclined to haze Mr. Hamblin."

"To haze me!" exclaimed Mr. Hamblin.

"I understand that we are to tell the whole truth here," added Duncan, who seemed to enjoy the confusion of the learned gentleman. "I didn't hear of any particular plans; but the fellows kept hinting at something."

"Did they, indeed?"

"They did, indeed."

"But you don't know what they were?"

"I do not, sir."

"Can you tell me who wrote the letter I asked you to translate?"

"No sir, I cannot."

Mr. Lowington asked some questions of the witness; and it was evident to him that the disaffection on board of the Josephine was more general than he had before suspected. Terrill was called upon to explain still further the position of the captain; and Duncan opened his letters, being, as all the boys were, anxious to hear from home. He had two letters. Besides the one from his mother, there was another postmarked at Cologne, which he read after he had finished the first.

As Duncan read this Cologne letter his face became quite red, and he was not a little agitated. By the time he had finished both of them, the first lieutenant had told all he knew in regard to the captain's position. He was very candid in making his statement, and took no pains to conceal the general disgust felt on board of the consort at the conduct of Mr. Hamblin; and he took no pains to conceal the fact that he shared the feelings of his shipmates.

"I should like to add something to my former statement, if you please, Mr. Lowington," said Duncan, rising, with the Cologne letter in his hand.

"What do you wish to add?" asked the principal.

"I know now who wrote the letter to Mr. Hamblin."

"Who?"

"Richard H. Linggold."

"Who is he?"

"He is an old schoolmate of mine, whom I met in Antwerp the afternoon we first went ashore there," replied Duncan, who now appeared to be considerably embarrassed.

"Was he a schoolmate of Mr. Kendall also?" demanded Mr. Hamblin, who was more anxious to connect the letter with him than to promote the discipline of the students.

"No, sir; I don't think Captain Kendall ever saw Linggold."

"We are to conclude, Duncan, that you put him up to this mischief," added Mr. Lowington.

"Yes, sir; I did," answered Duncan, candidly.

"Why did you virtually deny all knowledge of the letter when I appealed to the ship's company before the suspension of Captain Kendall," continued Mr. Lowington, sternly.

"I will explain. I met Linggold in Antwerp, and spent an hour with him at the Hôtel St. Antoine, where he was staying with his uncle. He wanted to know about the academy squadron, and I told him all about both vessels. As the trouble we had had in the Josephine was uppermost in the minds of all of us, I told him all about that."

"Did you, indeed?'? said Mr. Hamblin.

"I did, indeed. I am willing to acknowledge that I intended to join with the rest of the fellows in hazing Mr. Hamblin."

"Are you, indeed?" sneered the professor, so wrathy that it was impossible for him to keep his seat, and he began to stride up and down the cabin.

"I am, indeed. About a dozen of us were going to write letters to Mr. Hamblin from all the big bugs, including Louis Napoleon, the King of Holland, the King of Belgium, and all the Ministers of State whose

names we could find out."

"Were you, indeed?" gasped the *savant*, passing before the witness.

"We were, indeed. I told Linggold what we were going to do, and he promised to help me, being a first-rate French and German scholar; but I told him we didn't want any help, and that he would get me into a scrape if he meddled with the matter. I meant to have the letters mailed in some place where none of us ever went. I told Linggold I wanted him to take the letters and mail them at Cologne, and other places he went to in his travels; and he promised to do so. I didn't think of such a thing as his writing any letter after what I said. I left him then, and haven't seen or heard from him since till now. He must have written the letter right off, and mailed it at once, for it came on board the Josephine that night."

"Do you mean to say that you didn't know this letter was to be written?" demanded Mr. Hamblin, sharply.

"Yes, sir."

"When I asked you to give me a translation of it, were you not aware that it was a forgery?"

"I supposed it was."

"You knew it was!"

"No, sir; I did not. I had no knowledge whatever in regard to the writer. It did not occur to me, after what had passed between Linggold and me, that he wrote the letter. I believed it was done by some fellow on board. When the captain was arrested, all the fellows tried to find out who had sent the letter, but no one would acknowledge it."

"Did you write any letters of this description, Duncan?" asked the principal.

"No, sir. I had two conversations with the captain; and when he asked me to do what I could to prevent any tricks being played upon the professor, I determined not to have anything to do with the letters, or any practical jokes of any kind. I can bring a dozen fellows to prove that I said all I could to keep them from playing any tricks."

"What does your friend say in his letter?"

"He says the joke was so good he couldn't resist the temptation to send the first letter to the professor himself, and wants to know why I didn't send the letters to him that I promised?"

"Why didn't you?"

"After what the captain said, I persuaded the fellows not to write the letters, and I did not write any myself. This letter is on the same kind of paper as that," added Duncan, pointing to that which Paul had.

"Are you satisfied, Mr. Hamblin?" asked Mr. Lowington.

"No, sir, I am not," replied the professor, decidedly. "It appears that there was an organized conspiracy against me in the consort."

"But it does not appear that Captain Kendall had anything to do with it," added the principal, mildly.

"These boys are deceitful."

"Some of them are," replied Mr. Lowington, taking his pen and writing a few lines. "Duncan, I am not

satisfied with your conduct."

"I am not satisfied with it myself, sir," answered Duncan. "Perhaps I ought to have known where that letter came from when Mr. Hamblin asked me to translate it; but I supposed some of the fellows on board had done it."

"Didn't you recognize the writing of your friend?"

"No, sir; it is very much like that of half a dozen fellows on board."

"It is very much like Mr. Kendall's," said Mr. Hamblin.

"Linggold, Captain Kendall, and myself, all learned to write in the same school."

"Then Mr. Kendall knows this Linggold?"

"No, sir; he didn't go to the school till Captain Kendall left."

"I suppose not," added the incredulous professor. "I am still of the opinion that Mr. Kendall wrote that letter."

"I am entirely satisfied that he did not write it. Duncan, you will remain on board of the ship. Mr. Terrill, you will return to the Josephine, pipe to muster, and read this order. Captain Kendall will return with you."

"What is the order?" demanded Mr. Hamblin.

"'All charges against Captain Kendall being disproved, he is hereby reinstated, and ordered to resume the command of the Josephine,'" replied the principal, reading the order.

"Mr. Lowington, I protest—"

"I have heard you patiently, Mr. Hamblin, and have given my decision," interposed the principal, directing the students present to retire.

Paul bowed to Mr. Lowington, and left the cabin. The investigation had ended as he had supposed from the beginning that it would end.

"Mr. Lowington, I protest against this decision," repeated Mr. Hamblin, angrily. "I feel obliged to say that there has been a great lack of judgment in managing this unpleasant business."

"And I feel obliged to remind you, Mr. Hamblin, that I am the principal of this academy squadron. My decision is final," replied Mr. Lowington, with dignity, as he rose from his chair and left the cabin.

"Snubbed by the boys, snubbed by the principal!" exclaimed the learned gentleman. "Dr. Winstock, did you ever witness a more ridiculous farce in your life?"

"Never, sir," replied the surgeon. "It seems to me that you insist upon condemning Captain Kendall, guilty or innocent."

"I have no doubt whatever of his guilt. Those boys are all in league with each other, Kendall included. There is a conspiracy to annoy me, and to get rid of me; but they will find they have mistaken their man in me, if they haven't in anybody else! Dr. Winstock, I tell you the letter Duncan held in his hand was a fiction! I have been with students all my life, and I know them."

"Why a fiction?"

"That Duncan, who is a very plausible young man, and a friend of Kendall, mind, is at the bottom of all this mischief. He wrote the Cologne letter himself. It was got up, and sent enclosed to the postmaster at Cologne, who of course forwarded it to Rotterdam. It is a trick to disprove the charge against Kendall."

Mr. Hamblin was very much excited, and developed his theory in full to the surgeon, who quietly pointed out its discrepancies. He insisted that the students of the Josephine had thorned and irritated him for the sole purpose of getting rid of him, and that Paul was at the bottom of the mischief.

"When Mr. Lowington has been among students as long as I have, he will understand them better," he added, triumphantly, for he was satisfied that he had established his position. "The Josephine is an utter failure! The plan is absurd and ridiculous. The senior professor has no authority; or it is divided with a boy who hates Greek!"

Dr. Winstock had heard quite enough on the subject, and it was a great relief to him when the dinner-bell rang. At this moment three times three rousing cheers came over the water from the Josephine. It was not difficult to determine the occasion of this demonstration; but Mr. Hamblin declared it was another evidence that the students in the consort were all in league, and that the captain of her, instead of being cheered, ought to be in the brig.

Before the dinner was finished, a Dutch steamer, which Mr. Fluxion had engaged, came alongside the ship, and all hands were piped on board. She then went to the Josephine, and received her company.

"This steamer does not seem to be much different

from those we saw in England," said Paul, as he seated himself with Dr. Winstock where they could see the country on both sides of the river.

"Not very different, but it is very unlike an American boat," replied the surgeon.

"The steering apparatus is not like anything I ever saw before," added Paul. "The helmsman stands on a raised platform, and his wheel revolves horizontally."

"All the Rhine steamers have that arrangement."

"I think a wheel-house forward is ever so much better. I see the cook is a woman."

"Yes; all the Rhine steamers have female cooks. This boat, I believe, belongs to the Moerdyk line. Passengers from Antwerp come by railroad to Moerdyk, and there take the steamer to Rotterdam. This country is very favorable to railroads in being level, but very unfavorable in the number of rivers and cut-offs to be crossed, which it is impossible to bridge."

The steamer stood up the Leck, and turned into the Merwe, which is a branch five or six miles in length, connecting the Leck and the Waal. On each side was a dike, of course; but the view from the steamer showed only an ordinary bank. The top of it was broad, and occasionally there was a neat cottage or a little inn upon the top of it. The roof or chimney of a house beyond it was frequently observed, otherwise the uninformed traveller would not have suspected the character of the country. The embankment was studded with windmills, placed on the highest ground, to give the sails the full benefit of the wind. Some of them were used for grinding grain, some for

sawing lumber, and others for forcing the water up from the low ground into the river.

The steamer passed from the Merwe into the Waal, and stood up the river. There was but little variation in the scenery. The wall of dikes on either side was uninterrupted. Sometimes they were lined with rows of trees, between which was the common road; at others they were bare and naked. The captain of the steamer told them that a portion of the country in the vicinity was lower than the bottom of the river. The whole region seemed to be saturated with water, and the wonder is that the people can go to bed at night with any assurance that they will not be drowned out before morning.

"There is the Castle of Loevestein," said the captain of the boat, who spoke good English, "and the fort below has the same name."

"Did you ever hear of it before?" asked Mr. Mapps, who was on the lookout for places of historical interest, as he turned to a group of seamen.

"You mentioned it this morning," replied one of the students.

"In what connection?"

"Some man had a wonderful escape from it," added another.

"Who was that man?"

"A Dutchman with a Latin name."

"Grotius, or De Groot," added Mr. Mapps. "The Stadtholder, Prince Maurice, the boy general and ruler, wished to make himself hereditary sovereign of the Netherlands, and was opposed by the judge,

Barneveldt, and Grotius. The prince carried the day; Barneveldt was executed, and Grotius imprisoned in this castle, where he was kept nearly two years. He was very strictly guarded at first; but his wife, finding that the vigilance of the sentinels was relaxed, devised a scheme for effecting his liberation. The books, papers, and linen of the prisoner were conveyed to him in a large box, which the guards, having so often searched in vain for contraband articles, at last neglected to examine. The box, and the carelessness of the soldiers, suggested to the wife of Grotius the means of getting her husband out of the castle.

"She prepared the chest by boring some holes in it, for the admission of the air, and took her servant-girl into her confidence. The box was conveyed to the apartment of Grotius, and the project explained to him. He did not relish the idea of being shut up in a chest, and rolled about in a boat; but his wife's entreaties prevailed over his scruples. It was pretended that the box was filled with books which the learned man had borrowed in Gorcum, the town which you see on the other side of the river.

"The chest, containing the philosopher, was conveyed by the soldiers down to the boat, in charge of the servant-girl. When one of them complained of its weight, the man said it was the Arminian books which were so heavy; for Grotius was an Arminian in his theology. The soldier suggested that it was the Arminian himself; but this was intended as a joke, and the box was tumbled into the boat. The servant made a signal with her handkerchief to her mistress, who was looking out of the window, to indicate that all was right.

"When the boat reached Gorcum, the box was conveyed to the house of a friend of Grotius, of whom it was presumed that he had borrowed the books. The servant-girl told him that her master was in the box, and begged his assistance; but he was so terrified, in view of the consequences, that he refused to have anything to do with the matter. His wife, however, had more pluck in the service of a friend, and, having sent all her domestics out of the house on various errands, she opened the box, and released the philosopher from durance vile.

"Grotius, who had suffered no serious inconvenience from his confinement in the box, which was only three and a half feet long, was disguised as a mason, and, with a rule and trowel in his hand, was conducted to a boat, and sent into Belgium, where he was safe from pursuit.

"The philosopher's wife remained in the room occupied by her husband in the castle, and used every means to conceal his escape. She lighted the lamp in his room at dark, by which the governor of the prison was deceived. She was arrested and imprisoned for a short time; but when discharged, she joined her husband in Paris, whither he had gone."

"There is a frigate in the Dutch navy called the Marie van Reigersberch, named for the wife of Grotius," added the captain of the steamer, who had been an attentive listener to the story.

The steamer went but a short distance farther up the Waal, and then came about. She soon reached Dort, or Dordrecht, where she made a landing, and the students wandered for an hour through the streets of this ancient town.

"This is a musty old place," said Paul, as he walked up one of the streets with a canal in the middle of it, in company with Mr. Fluxion and the surgeon; "I shouldn't feel safe here unless I lived in a boat."

"Many of the people live in boats, as you perceive," added Mr. Fluxion, as he pointed to a gayly-painted craft, on the deck of which was a group of children.

At the little window in the stern sat a woman, sewing, while another was knitting near the cabin door. There were white muslin curtains at the stern ports, and what could be seen of the interior of the apartment indicated that it was kept extremely neat.

"I think I should prefer to live in something that would float, in case of accident," laughed the doctor, "especially in this part of Holland. The operation of the water is wonderful. The channel in front of Dort was formed by an inundation which separated the town from the main land, leaving it deep enough to float the largest Indiaman."

"The Leck, on which we sailed for a time after leaving Rotterdam, was a canal dug by the Romans to connect the Rhine and the Waal," added Mr. Fluxion. "A freshet cleaned it out, and tore away its banks so as to make the present broad river of it. In an inundation a few years later, seventy-two villages were swept away, and one hundred thousand people lost their lives. Thirty-five of these villages were never heard from afterwards, and not even their ruins could be found."

"I should emigrate if I lived here," said Paul.

"The people of Holland are very much attached to their country," replied Dr. Winstock.

"Well, they ought to be, on the principle that we like best what has cost us the most trouble to procure," added Paul. "It seems to me a great pity that people should struggle here to keep their heads above water, when we have so much spare land in America. We could take them all in without feeling it."

"Dutchmen would not feel at home on high ground."

"We could plant them down in Louisiana, and even treat them to an occasional inundation."

"Certainly we should be very happy to accommodate them with a country. We have a great many Dutchmen already, and they make thrifty, industrious, and useful people," continued the doctor. "But I think, if Holland were blotted out of existence, the world would miss it very much."

"This is a great lumber port," said Mr. Fluxion. "Those great rafts which float down the Rhine from Switzerland are mostly brought to this place. I hope the boys will have a chance to see one of those rafts, for they are stupendous affairs. One of them sometimes contains a hundred and fifty thousand dollars' worth of lumber, and has a crew of four or five hundred men."

"I think I heard Mr. Lowington say that we were to go down the Rhine," replied Paul.

"That is the Kloveniers Doelen," said Mr. Fluxion, as he led his companions into a back street and pointed out an old Gothic building. "It was here that the Protestant divines discussed the doctrines of the reformed religion, whose 'miraculous labors made hell tremble,' to quote the words of its presiding officer. The assembly is called in history the Synod of

Dort. The building, as you may see by reading the sign, is now a low public house and dance-hall."

"Reading the sign!" exclaimed Paul, laughing; "a fellow would knock all the teeth out of his head in attempting to speak some of these words."

"But many of them are very like English words. A dike is a *dijk*."

"Steamboats are *stoombooten*," said Paul; "and a street is a straat. What are canals?"

"*Grachten*; the drawbridge is *ophaalbruggen*."

"Whew!" whistled Paul.

"But you can observe something like open-bridge in the sound. You see that the *spiegels* are very common here."

"I see they are; but I haven't the least idea what they are."

"The little mirrors placed outside the windows."

"I saw plenty of them in Antwerp."

"They are not as common there as in Holland, where they are to be seen attached to almost every house. By this contrivance a Dutch dame can see every person that passes in the street, without raising the blinds. But I think the hour is nearly up, and we must return to the steamer," said Mr. Fluxion.

The party went on board, and the steamer returned to Rotterdam by a different route from that by which she had come. The next day was Sunday. After the second service on board the ship, Mr. Fluxion, having occasion to go on shore, invited Paul to

accompany him.

"It will not seem much like Sunday to you in Rotterdam," said the vice-principal, as they landed at the *quai*.

"I supposed the Dutch were very strict."

"Some of them are. Look down that street," said Mr. Fluxion, as he pointed to the broad avenue which bordered the great river. "You observe that the *quais* are all lined with ships. In the houses opposite live the merchants. They occupy the upper stories of the buildings, while the lower are used as counting-rooms and storehouses. The ship-owner sits at his parlor window and witnesses the unlading of his vessel."

They walked up to the Hôtel des Pays-Bas, which the traveller is informed by its card is situated in the *Korte Hoogstraat, wijk N^{o}. 287*, where Mr. Fluxion desired to see a gentleman who had engaged to meet him there. In one of the public rooms a party were playing cards, drinking, and smoking, and talking Dutch in the most vehement manner. After a stay of an hour at the hotel, they returned to the *quai*, passing through *Zandstraat*, which was filled with people, shouting, singing, and skylarking. About every other shop appeared to be a drinking saloon, in which a fiddle or a hurdy-gurdy was making wild music, while the floor was crowded with men and women dancing.

In another street they encountered a mock procession of girls and boys, singing in the most stormy manner as they marched along. It was not at all like Sunday, and Paul was so shocked at the desecration of the day, that he was glad to regain the

silence of his cabin in the Josephine.

CHAPTER XIX.

A RUN THROUGH HOLLAND.

Like that of all impulsive men, the wrath of Mr. Hamblin was short-lived, though he still felt that he was greatly abused, greatly distrusted, and greatly under-estimated; and the last was the greatest sin of all. After the first blast of his anger at the final decision of the principal had subsided, he was disposed to be more politic. Mr. Lowington had snubbed him, which was a great mistake on Mr. Lowington's part.

Mr. Hamblin knew that he was an older man than the principal, and he felt that he was a wiser one, and his employer ought to consult him, defer to his opinion, and take his advice. He did not do this to the extent the learned gentleman demanded; and the Academy Ship was the sufferer thereby, not himself. If Mr. Lowington could stand it, he could, disagreeable as it was. If Mr. Hamblin had been pecuniarily independent, he would have thrown up his situation, and visited the classic lands alone; but as he was not able to do this, he decided to submit to Mr. Lowington's caprices, and give the institution the benefit of his valuable services.

If the students had known of this decision, they would have remonstrated against it. As it was, they protested in their own way. On Saturday night, after

the return of the students from the excursion, while the *savant* was promenading the deck for his needed exercise, not less than three practical jokes were played off upon him. The crew were squaring the yards, hauling taut the sheets, lifts, and braces, and putting the deck in order for Sunday. The professor was tipped over by getting entangled in a piece of rigging, a bucket of water was dashed upon his legs, and a portion of the contents of a slush-tub was poured upon him from the main-top. No one seemed to see him; the students appeared to be struck with blindness, so far as the learned gentleman was concerned. It is true that the rogues who pulled the brace, dashed the water, and upset the slush-tub, were immediately committed to the brig; but this did not seem to afford much comfort to the victim.

On Sunday morning it was necessary to commit three more; but the whole six were released in the evening, because they could not sleep in the brig. Mr. Lowington was annoyed quite as much as the professor; and when Mr. Fluxion came on board, he had a long conversation with him on the subject.

"I was a boy once, Mr. Lowington," said the vice-principal; "and I am free to say I would not have tolerated such an instructor as Mr. Hamblin. He hasn't a particle of sympathy with the students. He is haughty, stiff, and overbearing. He is imperious, fretful, snarling, and tyrannical. In a word, I don't blame the boys for disliking him."

"I am conscious that he is not the right person. In the case of Kendall, he protested against my decision, and had the impudence to tell me that I lacked judgment. I have engaged him for a year. What shall I do?" replied the principal.

"I hardly know; but we shall be in trouble as long as he is in the squadron. We must give the boys fair play, if we expect them to do their duty."

"I have kept Duncan on board the ship, and I suppose I must punish him," added Mr. Lowington. "He plotted mischief, but he has really done nothing."

"Excuse me," said Dr. Winstock, as he opened the door, but retreated when he saw that he disturbed a private interview.

"Come in, doctor; I wish to see you," replied the principal.

The surgeon was admitted to the conference, and the case stated to him.

"The pedagogue of the past is rapidly going out of fashion," said the doctor. "Our educational system is progressive, and it will no longer tolerate the teacher who is the petty tyrant he was twenty years ago. Mr. Hamblin is an old-school pedagogue. His will is law, which is all right to a certain extent. The teacher must be the judge between right and wrong; but he must be gentle and kind, and raise no false issues between his pupil and himself. Mr. Hamblin is not gentle and kind. He is capricious, wilful, and passionate."

"I agree with you in regard to Mr. Hamblin; but what shall I do?"

"Discharge him," replied the doctor, promptly. "Any instructor who cannot get along with Paul Kendall, without quarrelling, is not fit for his place. The students of the Josephine have hazed Mr. Hamblin out of pure sympathy for their captain."

"I have engaged Mr. Hamblin for a year from the 1st of July."

"I should pay him his salary in full, and let him depart in peace, if he would."

"We need his services as an instructor."

"So far as that is concerned, I will volunteer to take the department of mathematics. I was a tutor in college in that branch for a couple of years."

Mr. Lowington thanked the surgeon for this offer; and the call to divine service in the steerage terminated the interview. The principal's advisers spoke his own opinions; and the only thing that embarrassed him in getting rid of the obnoxious professor was the bad conduct of the students in regard to him. It was emphatically wrong for them to "haze" an unpopular professor; and Mr. Lowington was not willing to act under apparent compulsion.

The school studies were continued as usual through the forenoon of Monday. After dinner, dressed in their best uniforms, with bag and blanket, the students were conveyed to the shore for their trip through Holland, which was to occupy three or four days. The first afternoon was to be occupied in exploring Rotterdam, and, as usual, Paul Kendall and Dr. Winstock kept together.

"This is the *Hoogstraat*," said the doctor, when they reached the principal street of the city.

"Does that mean *Hog Street*?"

"Not at all," laughed Dr. Winstock. "It means the *High Street*. It is situated on the top of an old dike or dam, built to keep the Maas from overflowing the country

behind it. One of these canals is formed out of the River Rotte. This stream and this dam gave the name of *Rotterdam* to the place."

"Whose statue is that?" asked Paul, when they came to a wide bridge over a broad canal.

"That is the statue of Erasmus, who was born in Rotterdam."

"Never heard of him."

"He was a noted theologian and classical scholar, who made his mark in the polemical discussions of Germany and Switzerland in the time of the Reformation. This is the *Groote Markt*, or market-place, of Rotterdam," added Dr. Winstock, when they had crossed the bridge.



A Disagreement among the Dog Te

It was a great square, in the middle of which the canal widened into a basin for the accommodation of the market boats, by which the meats and vegetables are brought from the country. There were plenty of dog teams passing in and out of this square, and at rest there, which amused the young Americans hugely. The vehicle—a little cart or wagon, sometimes large enough to contain four of the great polished brass milk-cans, holding from ten to twenty gallons, and sometimes no bigger than a baby carriage—was generally in charge of a woman. In some of them the dog was regularly harnessed in a pair of shafts; but in the larger ones there was a division of labor between the driver and the animals.

The woman held the shafts, while the dogs, from two to six in number, were attached to various parts of the vehicle. If there were but two of them, they generally trotted under the wagon, being harnessed to the axletree; if more than two, the others were hitched on ahead of her, and at each side of her. The dogs were of all sorts and sizes, and seemed to be patient and well trained in the discharge of their duty. In some instances, while the woman held the shaft, a stout man walked behind, with a stick in his hand, officiating as general manager of the team, including his "*vrow*"!

"There's a row!" shouted Paul, as they approached the banks of the canal.

"That's not an uncommon scene in Holland," replied the doctor, laughing.

One of the first-class dog teams had incautiously been conducted too near another team, reposing, after the labors of the day, on the verge of the canal. Some canine demonstration on the part of the idle dogs, doubtless, excited the ire of the travelling team, and, without asking the woman's permission, the latter deserted the ranks, so far as their harness would permit, and "pitched into" the others, which sprang to their feet, and met the assailants half way. All the dogs howled, growled, and barked vehemently, and in a moment the two teams were rolling upon the ground, entangled in their rigging, snapping, biting, and kicking, in mad fury.

The woman seized a stick, and belabored the belligerents with great vigor; but the fight continued, in spite of her, until several women interfered, and dragged the cart of the idlers, clogs and all, out of the reach of the others. The driver, after severely

whipping her charge, unsnarled their rigging, and went on her way. Paul had to stop and laugh frequently at these dog teams, the animals presented so many different phases of character. Some of them howled or barked as they trudged along; and many manifested a desire to make the acquaintance of other teams on their way, much to the annoyance of the driver, who would storm at them in Dutch, kick and whip them.

Many of the men, women, and children wore sabots, or wooden shoes, which Paul compared to canal boats, and went clumping and clattering along the streets like champion clog-dancers. The Flemish cap, worn by some of the peasant women, also amused Paul very much. From each side of the wearer's head, near the eye, projected a brass ornament, in the shape of a spiral spring, but each circle diminishing in size till the wire ended in a point, like a gimlet.

In the older parts of the city the tourists found brick buildings whose walls slant outwards, so that the eaves would project eighteen inches over the base, as farmers in New England sometimes build their corn-barns.

Rotterdam contains about as many canals as streets, which are frequently crossed by draw-bridges. Some of these are handsome iron structures, revolving on a balance, so as to make a passage on each side when open. Others were raised by heavy framework overhead; and in some of the bridges there was only an opening one or two feet wide, to permit the passing of the vessel's masts.

After examining the canals and bridges in this part of the city, Paul and the doctor walked to the church of St. Lawrence, which is noted for its great organ,

ninety feet high, and containing sixty-five hundred pipes.

"Now, Paul, we will take a carriage and ride up to the park, and go from there to the railway station," said the doctor, as they left the *Groote Kerk*.

"What is that man eating?" asked Paul, as they passed through one of the dirtiest parts of the city, where, on the bank of the canal, a woman was standing behind a table loaded down with a heap of shellfish, just as they came from the mud.

The customer was taking them from the shells, drinking at intervals from a cup.

"They are a kind of mussel; I never had confidence enough to taste of them," laughed the doctor. "The condiments are in the cup, I suppose. Do you wish to try them?"

"No, I thank you; my stomach is not lined with zinc, and such a vile mess as that would be too much for it. Those cakes look better," added Paul, pointing to a stand where a man and woman were cooking waffles, or flapjacks, which were eaten by the purchasers in a neat little booth.

"Those are very nice," said the doctor. "We will try some of them. You never need have any suspicions of the neatness of these Dutch women."

They went into the booth, and were soon supplied with a couple of the cakes, hot from the furnace, and covered with powdered white sugar. Paul agreed that they were very nice.

"The signs amuse me quite as much as any thing else, and I am studying Dutch by their aid," said Paul, as

they continued on their way.

"Read this, then," added the doctor, handing him a yellow paper bag he picked up in the street, on which was a shopkeeper's advertisement.

"I can read some of it," replied Paul; and the reader may help him.

In de Mooriaan.
Deze en meer andere soorten van
TABAK, SNUIF, SIGAREN, KOFFIJ,
THEE ENZ
zijn te bekomen bij
D. B. SCHRETLEN,
Zandstraat, Wijk 5, No. 447,
ROTTERDAM.

"Tobacco, snuff, cigars, coffee—these are plain enough. What does 'Wijk 5' mean?"

"That is a division or ward of the city, like E. C. and W. C., in London."

The carriage was obtained, and they rode to the park, which, however, had no particular attractions. With the exception of the canals, and the manners and customs of the people, there is little to see in Rotterdam. On the way they met a funeral, the carriages of which were peculiar; and the driver of the hearse wore a black straw hat, with a brim more than a foot wide, and with great white bands at his neck.

At five o'clock the students had all collected at the station of the *Hollandsche Spoorweg*, or Holland Railroad; and in twenty minutes the train set them down at Delft, the port from which the Speedwell

sailed with a portion of the Pilgrim Fathers of New England. The name of the town is derived from "*delven*," to dig. It contains twenty thousand inhabitants, and was formerly noted for its pottery manufacture, which was called Delft ware, from this place.

The party went immediately to the *Prinsenhof*, now a barrack, which was the building in which the Prince of Orange was assassinated. The spot where the murder took place was pointed out. A descriptive stone in the wall records the event. From this place they passed on to the Old Church, nearly opposite, which has a leaning tower, and saw the tomb of Van Tromp, the great Dutch admiral, the hero of thirty-two sea-fights. In the New Church is the monument of the Prince of Orange. His statue rests upon it; and at the feet of the great man is represented a little dog. The inscription was translated by Mr. Mapps, and the allusion to the dog afforded the professor an opportunity to tell a story.

"While the prince was asleep in his camp, near Mechlin, the Spaniards attempted to murder him," said he, "and would probably have succeeded had if not been for this little dog. As the assassins approached the tent, the dog discovered them, and jumped upon his master's bed, barking furiously, and tugging at the clothing with his feet and teeth. The prince was awakened, and succeeded in making his escape. When his master was killed, twelve years later, this dog pined away and died."

"Perhaps he died of old age," suggested one of the students.

"The story is, that he refused to eat from grief. I cannot vouch for it; but he was a good dog, and

deserves the mention made of him on the tomb. This church contains the burial-vaults of the present royal family of Holland."

At six o'clock the train was off for The Hague, and arrived there in fifteen minutes. On the way, the spire of the church at Ryswick, where the treaty of 1697 mentioned in all the school histories, was framed, was pointed out to the students. Accommodations had been engaged in the city for the company and they remained here over night.

The Hague, or, as the Dutch call it, *S'Gravenhage*, and the French *La Haye*, is the capital, and has a population of eighty-one thousand. Though it was the residence of the stadtholders in former times, it was only a small village, and its notable features are of modern origin. Barneveldt was executed and the De Witts murdered here. The Picture Gallery and the Museum were specially opened for the young Americans. The works of art were hastily viewed, and the students passed into the Cabinet of Curiosities, of which there is a vast collection, including an immense number of dresses, implements, and models illustrating life in Japan and in China.

Among the historical relics are the armor worn by the admirals De Ruiter and Van Tromp; the portrait and sword of Van Speyk, who blew up his vessel on the Scheldt; a part of the bed of Czar Peter the Great, on which he slept while working at ship-building; the last shirt and waistcoat worn by William III. of England; the dress in which the Prince of Orange was murdered; the pistol of the assassin, with two of the bullets; a model of Peter's cabin at Zaandam, or Sardam, and many other objects of interest which

seemed to bring the distant past before the eye of the beholders.

Early the next morning the students were roaming at will through the city, anxious to see what they could of its handsome streets, the principal of which is the Voorhout, lined with trees, and flanked with splendid edifices. After breakfast the train bore them on to Leyden. On the way, at the suggestion of Mr. Fluxion, the train, which was a special, was stopped, and the students were allowed half an hour to explore some beautiful gardens which abounded in this vicinity. Many of them belonged to the country seats of wealthy gentlemen, and were as magnificent as fairyland itself.

But what pleased Paul more than the gardens of rich men, was an opportunity to visit the house and grounds of a citizen in humbler life. Mr. Fluxion asked the permission, which was readily granted.

"You needn't take your shoes off here, as you must in some parts of Holland, before you enter a house; but you must wipe them very carefully," said the vice-principal. "The greatest sin against a Dutch housewife is to carry any dirt into her premises."

Paul made sure that not a particle of dust clung to his feet, and entered the cottage. It was plainly furnished; but everything was as clean, and white, and neat as though the room had been the interior of the upper bureau drawer. Dr. Winstock ventured the remark, that Dutch husbands must be the most miserable men in the world, since it could not but be painful to be so excruciatingly nice.

The proprietor of the house had about half an acre of land, which constituted his garden. It was laid out

with winding walks and fanciful plats of ground, filled with the richest-hued flowers. It contained a pond and a canal, on a small scale; for a Dutchman would not be at home without a water prospect, even if it were only in miniature. At the end of the garden, overlooking the pond, there was a grotesque little summer house, large enough to accommodate the proprietor and his family. Here, of a summer afternoon, he smoked his pipe, drank his tea, coffee, or beer, while his wife plied her needle, and the children played at the door.

"What is that inscription on the house?" asked Paul, as they approached the building.

"*Mijn genegenheid is voldam*," replied Mr. Fluxion.

"Exactly so! I understand that, and those are my sentiments," laughed Paul; "but what does it all mean?"

"'My desire is satisfied,'" replied the vice-principal.

"He is a happy man if that is so," added the doctor.

"Many of the Dutch label their garden houses with a sentiment like that," continued Mr. Fluxion. "I have seen one somewhere which smacks of Yankee slang —'*Niet zoo kwaalijk*.'"

"I should say that was slang," interposed Paul.

"It means, 'Not so bad.'"

"Well, it isn't so bad, after all," added the doctor, glancing back at the "*zomerhuis*," as they retired, with many thanks to the proprietor for the privilege granted to them.

The hoarse croaking of the locomotive whistle,

which appeared to have a cold in its head, drummed the students together again, and the train proceeded.

"This is the Rhine," said the doctor, as they went over a bridge.

"The Rhine!" exclaimed Paul, jumping out of his seat. "Why, it isn't anything!"

"That is true; but you must remember that this is the old Rhine,—the part which was dug out, robbed of the burden of its waters by the Yssel, the Leck, and the Waal. The Rhine of Germany is quite another affair. The mouth of the Rhine is eight miles below Leyden. It was closed for a thousand years."

"What became of its waters? They must have gone somewhere," said Paul.

"They disposed of themselves in various small streams, and worked their way to the ocean, or soaked into the sands. The mouth of the river was opened in 1809, by an engineer, under the direction of Louis Napoleon, King of Holland. But the ocean at high tide was higher than the river, and to prevent the sea from flowing back into the country and disturbing the system of dikes, immense gates were made in the sluiceways constructed for the purpose. When the tide comes in, these gates are shut. At low tide they are opened to let the water out. Indeed, this is true of all the canals, which are provided with gates at each end, like a dock. The dikes at the mouth of the Rhine are stupendous works; and as the foundation is nothing but sand, they are built on piles, and the face of them is of stone. This is Leyden."

"What is there here?" asked Paul, as they got out of

the carriage.

"It has about the same sights as Delft, and also a celebrated university; but it is more noted for its siege by the Spaniards, in 1574, than for anything else. Doubtless Mr. Mapps will fight the battle over again."

Of course the professor of geography and history could not lose such a glorious opportunity, and in the *Stadhuis*, where the picture of Peter Vanderwerf, the burgomaster who so bravely defended the place in the memorable siege, was pointed out, he took advantage of the moment.

"The city had held out four months," said he, after introducing the topic, "when the worst came. The Prince of Orange had promised to assist the people by supplying them with food; but so close was the blockade of the place by the Spaniards, that it was impossible to do so. They were reduced to the very verge of starvation. Dogs, cats, rats, horses, were greedily eaten. Six thousand of the people died of pestilence, which came with the famine, and there was hardly force enough to bury the dead. Though pressed and threatened by the citizens, the inflexible burgomaster refused to surrender the town. At last a couple of carrier pigeons flew into the city, which brought the intelligence that the prince had cut the dikes, and sent Admiral Boiset to their relief when the rising waters should drive the Spaniards away. But the waters did not rise high enough to enable the admiral to approach, and the people prayed to Heaven for help. It came. A storm and a gale forced the waters far up the river to the walls of Leyden. Boiset, with eight hundred wild Zealanders, fought their way through the Spaniards, perched in the

trees, in boats, or in such places above the water as they could find, and made his way into the town. A thousand of the enemy were drowned. Leyden was saved, and the people celebrate the day of their deliverance up to the present time.

"As a reward for their bravery and dogged perseverance, the prince gave them the choice of a university or exemption from a portion of their taxes. They chose the former, and the University of Leyden was the result."

After a hasty walk to a few of the points of interest in the town, the journey was resumed, and in twenty minutes the party was set down in Harlem. In the *Groote Kerk* of St. Bavon, they listened to the playing of another great organ, including imitations of bells, and the *vox humana*, or "*nux vomica*," as some of the students persisted in calling it. Harlem is famous for its hyacinths and tulips, the passion for which grew out of the great *tulip mania*, two hundred years ago, when single cuttings of these bulbs were sold for four thousand florins, and even at higher prices. They are raised not only in gardens, but in fields hundreds of acres in extent; for they are a very important article of commerce, the gardens of Europe being supplied from this vicinity.

Harlem resisted the Spaniards with the same vigor and determination that distinguished Leyden, though with a less fortunate result; and Mr. Mapps was too glad to tell the exciting story. The town held out till starvation was inevitable, when it was decided by the brave defenders to form in a body around their women and children, and fight their way through the enemy. The Spaniards, hearing of this scheme, sent in a flag of truce, offering pardon and freedom, if the

town and fifty-seven of the chief citizens should be given up. This number of the principal men volunteered to be the sacrifice, and the terms were accepted; but the bloodthirsty Duke of Alva, having first murdered the fifty-seven citizens, entered upon an indiscriminate massacre of the people, of whom two thousand were slain. When the executioners were weary with the slaughter, the victims were bound together in couples, and thrown into the Lake of Harlem. Four years later, the town fell into the hands of the Dutch again.

After the professor had finished the siege of Harlem, the party walked along the Spaarne to the machinery used for draining the low land formerly covered by the lake. This territory, three hundred years ago, was dry land; but an inundation gave it over to the dominion of the sea. About twenty-five years ago, the States General of Holland undertook to drain it, by forming a double dike and canal entirely around the district, thirty-three miles in circumference, and containing forty-five thousand acres. Three huge systems of pumps were erected, to be worked by steam, and the task of discharging an average depth of thirteen feet of water was begun. After four years' pumping, the lake was dried up, and the land was sold at the rate of about eighty-five dollars an acre. The machinery is still required to keep the water down. One engine works eleven pumps, with a lift of thirteen feet, discharging sixty-three tons of water at a stroke.

The travellers took their places in the train, and in a few minutes were conveyed over the causeways into Amsterdam, in season for the two o'clock dinner.

CHAPTER XX.

ADIEU TO HOLLAND AND PROFESSOR HAMBLIN.

After dinner the party, in charge of a couple of the city officials, who had given them a welcome, went to the Palace, the noblest building in Amsterdam. It rests upon nearly fourteen thousand piles, driven seventy feet through the mud to "hard pan." During the reign of King Louis, it was his residence, and the other sovereigns of Holland used it when they visited the city. Its remarkable feature is an imposing hall, one hundred and twenty feet long, fifty-seven feet wide, and one hundred feet high. The interior is lined with Italian marble, and adorned with works of art.

"Young gentlemen," said Mr. Mapps, taking position in this great hall, "Amsterdam contains a population of two hundred and sixty-eight thousand. In shape, it forms rather more than the plane of a half circle, the circumference being composed of the walls of the city, outside of which is an immense canal. Inside of the walls there are four principal canals, extending nearly around the city. Take the transverse section of the trunk of a chestnut tree, divide it, with the grain of the wood, into two equal parts, and the top of one of them will give you the plane of the half circle. The layers of the log, formed by each year's growth, would indicate the canals and the intervening spaces covered with buildings. The heart of the city, however, is irregular.

"Each of these canals is situated in the centre of a

broad street. The Keizers Gracht, or Canal, is one hundred and forty feet wide. They are not circular, but form the sides of an irregular decagon. Other canals intersect the principal ones, so that all parts of the city may be visited in boats or vessels. The River Amstel flows through the town by a winding course; and Amsterdam is derived from the name of this stream and the dam built over it, in former days, on the spot where this edifice is located.

"The Y, or the Ij, is an arm of the Zuyder Zee, and forms the diameter of the half circle; but it is bent in the shape of a bow. The water is admitted to the canals by the Amstel. At low tide the water in the Zuyder Zee is only six or seven inches below the level of this river, and great difficulty is experienced in obtaining a circulation of water in the canals, where it stagnates, and affects the health of the city. All the canals and openings from the sea are protected by flood-gates and sluices. The canals which cut up the city divide it into no less than ninety islands, connected by two hundred and fifty bridges.

"The entire town, its sluices, and even some of its canals, are built upon piles; for the soil beneath is nothing but loose sand and bog mud. In 1822 a vast warehouse sunk down into the mud, on account of the weight of grain stored in it. Amsterdam is not only in peril from the sea around it, but there is danger that the bottom may drop out.

"In the Spanish war, of which I have had so much to say since we entered Holland, Amsterdam was held by the Duke of Alva, and, with this city as the base of operations, he intended to conquer the country. The siege of Harlem was conducted from this direction.

"A small fleet of Dutch armed vessels was frozen up near this city, and a force was sent to capture them by the Spanish commander. The crews opened a wide trench in the ice around their vessels, and, putting on their skates as the besiegers approached, advanced to give them battle. The Dutchmen, perfectly at home on skates, out-manœuvred and beat the Spaniards, who left several hundred of their dead on the ice. The duke was astonished; but he was a prudent man, and ordered seven thousand pairs of skates, upon which his troops were trained to perform military movements."

"That was a big thing on ice," said one of the students, as the lecture closed.

In the course of the day the party visited the *Oude Kerk*, or Old Church, containing "a big organ," the *Niewe Kerk*, which has monuments to De Ruiter, Van Speyk, and others.

"You will not have an opportunity to go to church in Holland, Paul," said the doctor.

"No, sir; I suppose we sail for Havre this week."

"Most of the people go to church; but they do not observe the Sabbath very rigidly. Gentlemen sit with their hats on during the service, or take them off, as they please. Amsterdam is one of the most charitable cities in the world, and is noted for its almshouses, asylums, hospitals. In one orphan asylum there are seven or eight hundred boys and girls, who are kept there till they are twenty years old, and then sent out with a good trade. They wear a peculiar dress, to prevent them from being admitted to theatres, rum-shops, and other improper places; for the keepers of these establishments are severely punished if they

permit any of the children of the public charitable institutions to enter their places. A contribution for the poor is taken up every Sunday in the churches by the deacons, who use a thing like a shrimp-net with a long handle, having a little bell for the benefit of those who wish to look the other way when it is thrust in their faces."

"That's a good idea; but, I suppose, the Dutch have invented some small coin for these occasions," laughed Paul.

"A stiver, or five Dutch cents, equal to less than two of our cents, is small enough. There are a great many poor people in Amsterdam who live entirely in cellars. As you have seen, a great many families live in vessels, keeping a pig, hens, and ducks on board, and sometimes even have a little garden on deck. When the Dutchman gets married and sets up in life, he obtains a small boat of from one to three tons, and goes to housekeeping on board. If they prosper, they buy a bigger craft; but his home, his wife, and children are on the water."

The dike which surrounds Amsterdam has been planted with trees, and converted into boulevards. There were formerly twenty-six bastions upon it, constituting the fortifications of the city; but, being no longer useful for defence, windmills have been erected upon them, to grind the grain for the city. The four streets bordering the principal canals are hardly to be surpassed in Europe. The buildings, which are mostly of brick, are unique, with fantastic gables and projecting eaves. Many of the streets are lined with trees on the banks of the canals. On the whole, the students were more interested in Amsterdam than in any other city they had visited,

partly, perhaps, on account of its oddity. As long as there was light to see, they continued their rambles, and then retired early, in order to be prepared for a fresh start the next day.

At five o'clock in the morning the party took a steamer for Zaandam, or Sardam. Leaving the shore, they had a fine view of the city. The harbor is enclosed by two rows of piles, with occasional openings to admit the passage of vessels, which are closed at night with booms armed with iron spikes. In various parts of the Ij were seen little pavilions, built upon piers, which are the summer houses of wealthy citizens, who own pleasure-boats, and repair in them to these cosy little temples, to drink wine and coffee and smoke their pipes.

At Sardam the curious students visited the cottage of Peter the Great, in which he lived while he worked as a shipwright. The shanty is of rough plank, and cants over on one side; but it was surrounded by another building by the Queen of Holland, to protect it from further decay. It contains but two rooms, one above the other, the former reached only by a ladder. Alexander of Russia placed over the chimney-piece a marble slab bearing the inscription, "Nothing is too small for a great man." The walls of both rooms are covered with the autographs of visitors, including that of the Emperor of Russia.

From this point the tourists were conveyed by the steamer to Waterland, from which they were to proceed by *trekschuit* to Broek. This peculiar craft is a kind of drag-boat, much used for passengers and light freight on the canals of Holland. It is a long, narrow barge, nearly the whole of which is taken up by a low cabin. Above it is the hurricane deck,

provided with a railing and benches to sit upon. At each end is a flight of stairs, by which the main deck is reached and the cabins entered. The *ruim*, or forward cabin, occupying the greater part of the space, is appropriated to the common people, while the *roef*, or after-cabin, is for the better class; but as genteel people seldom patronize the *trekschuit*, this apartment is very small. It was drawn by horses, attached to a long rope made fast to the pole or mast, near the bow. Like everything Dutch, the boat was fitted up very neatly, and the students were much interested in exploring it.

"Here we are, all on the raging canal!" said Terrill to his captain, as the team started. "If it comes on to blow, we can take a reef in the forward horse."

"Or in the *het jagertje*," laughed Paul, who had been talking with Mr. Fluxion.

"We'll take a reef in that now. Don't your teeth ache, captain?"

"No; that's the boy that rides one of the horses."

The canal was filled with boats loaded with market produce, drawn by men and women harnessed like mules to the tow-ropes. Woman's rights seemed to be particularly recognized in this part of Holland, for females are harnessed to the boats like horses, enjoying the same rights as the "lords of creation." The houses on the way were mostly cottages, whose steep roofs were often twice the height of the walls. The stork, which the people cherish with a kind of superstitious reverence, was occasionally seen, but not so frequently as in the vicinity of The Hague, where he has a nest on the roof in a large proportion of the houses.

The boys were much interested in the navigation of the *trekschuit*. Meeting another boat, the steersman shouted "*Huy!*" indicating that the other craft was to go to the right. When the tow-boy of the approaching boat reached a certain point, he stopped his team, and the *trekschuit* horses passed over it, as the rope slacked. He halted again to loose the rope for the barge to pass over. Neither boat was stopped by the operation. At the many bridges the rope was cast off, and made fast again, without any delay.

An hour and a half brought them to Broek, the paradise of Dutch neatness. It is a village of eight hundred people, most of whom have "made their pile" and retired from business. Neatness is carried to lunacy here, for no one is permitted to enter a house without taking off his shoes. The narrow lanes and passages which serve as avenues are paved with brick, or with tiles of different colors, arranged in fantastic figures, and some are covered with sand and sea-shells, made up into patterns. Strangers are warned not to ride through the place; they must walk, leading the horse. The houses are mostly of wood, gaudily painted; the roofs are covered with glazed tile of various hues.

The cow-stables of the dairy farms are better than the houses of most of the poorer classes of Europe, having tiled floors, with everything "polished off" and sandpapered as nicely as though they were intended for drawing-rooms. Over each stall is a hook, by which the cow's tail is fastened up, so as to keep her neat and clean.

The students continued on their way from Breck to Alkmar,—which sustained a siege, and successfully resisted the Spaniards,—and thence to The Helder, a

town of twelve thousand inhabitants, opposite the Texel. The great ship canal to Amsterdam commences at this point, which is the only place on the coast of Holland where the deep water extends up to the shore, the tide rushing through from the Zuyder Zee keeping the passage open. The party had an opportunity to examine the mighty sluices and gates, and to observe the stupendous dikes, before described by Mr. Mapps. They visited the fortress erected by Napoleon with the intention of making The Helder the Gibraltar of the North.

On Thursday morning the tourists took the steamer, through the Great Canal, to Amsterdam. Being obliged to wait an hour for the train to Utrecht, Paul visited one of the "diamond mills" of the city with Mr. Fluxion. About five hundred men were employed in the establishment, and, as the business is exclusively in the hands of the Jews, the mills are closed on Saturday, and work on Sunday. The art of cutting and polishing diamonds was for a long period exclusively in the hands of the Jews of Antwerp and Amsterdam. There are quite a number of these manufactories in the city at the present time. The machinery is operated by steam, turning wheels for polishing the precious stones, and propelling the wire saws for cutting them.

Diamond dust is the only substance with which an impression can be produced upon the hard stones, and they are polished by metal plates covered with this dust, and revolving with inconceivable rapidity. The saw is a very fine wire, to which the dust is affixed. This process appears to be the origin of the adage "diamond cut diamond." Before the fifteenth century, diamonds were worn in their natural state, and the art of cutting and polishing them was

discovered by a native of Bruges.

The journey of the students was continued by railway to Utrecht. Approaching this city, the country assumed a different aspect, presenting occasional undulations, while in the town itself there is quite a slope down to the River Rhine, on which it is located. The treaty of Utrecht, which settled the peace of Europe after the war of the Spanish succession, was signed at the house of the British minister; but it has since been pulled down. The principal object of interest in the city is the tower of the Cathedral of St. Martin, which is three hundred and twenty-one feet high, and commands a view of nearly the whole of Holland and a portion of Belgium. The sexton has his residence more than a hundred and fifty feet above *terra firma*, where his family are domiciled, and where his children were born. Doubtless they will be regarded as persons of high birth.

At five o'clock in the afternoon, the weary travellers reached the vessels of the squadron. Holland "was done," and the excitement was ended. Many of them were tired out and cross, and it was a relief to know that the squadron would go to sea the next morning. During the rapid run through Holland, Wilton and Perth had found abundant opportunities to discuss their mischievous scheme of running away with the Josephine. They had so contrived it that eight of the Knights of the Golden Fleece had occupied a compartment by themselves in the railway carriages. As the squadron would arrive at Havre on Friday or Saturday, no time was to be lost in arranging the details of the precious scheme, which had been fully explained and assented to by the confederates.

The first point to be gained was to "cut up," so that the whole twenty-six Knights should be condemned to imprisonment on board the ship, while the rest of the students, with the instructors, went to Paris. Mr. Hamblin was still the centre of all their hopes in this direction; for hazing him would enable them to kill two birds with one stone. It was a great satisfaction to annoy him, independently of the result to be gained. Wilton proposed to "keelhaul" him. This was a barbarous punishment, formerly in use in the English and Dutch navies, and consisted in dragging the culprit under the keel of the vessel by ropes attached to the opposite yard-arms. Perth declared that this was utterly impracticable, and a third suggested that it was only necessary to "talk" the matter in order to bring down the punishment upon their anxious heads. Monroe, who always adopted moderate counsels, thought it would be just as well to frighten the old gentleman out of his wits. Indeed, all, except Wilton, protested against inflicting any serious injury upon him. A ducking, or something of that kind, would do him no harm; but they did not wish to hurt, only to annoy, him.

After supper the students felt a little brighter. Mr. Hamblin was pacing the deck, as he always did towards evening, and Perth drummed together his forces to play the first act in the drama. The names of the twenty-six Knights had been written down on a sheet of paper, and a dozen of them took position in the waist, with their backs to the professor. Scarcely had the actors taken their places before the Josephine's gig came alongside with Captain Kendall, who visited the ship to receive his instructions from the principal for the next day.

Paul stepped upon deck; but, perceiving that Mr.

Lowington was engaged in an earnest conversation with Dr. Winstock, he did not interrupt him, but paused in the waist. Of course the conspirators suspended operations, and Paul spent the time he was waiting in conversation with them about the wonders of Holland. As he stood there, Mr. Hamblin cast frequent glances at him, and brooded heavily over the indignities which had been heaped upon his learned head by the young commander, as he believed. Probably the current of his thoughts would have assumed a different direction if he had been aware that the principal and the surgeon were discussing the best means of "letting him down easily."

Mr. Lowington at last discovered that Paul was waiting for him, and the difficult subject was deferred. The captain of the Josephine went below with the principal, and the conspirators began to discuss in a very unguarded manner the process of keelhauling the obnoxious professor. As the learned gentleman passed the group, he could not help hearing his name mentioned. The boys soon became very earnest in their manner. They had seated themselves under the lee of the hatch, and did not appear to notice the fact that Mr. Hamblin was passing on the other side of it at intervals.

"We'll keelhaul him," said Wilson; and the *savant* distinctly heard the remark, though he did not know what it meant; only that it was some trick to be played off upon him.

"If he didn't hear that, he's deaf as a post," added Perth, as the professor passed on.

"He'll leave the ship as soon as we have keelhauled him," was the next remark which Mr. Hamblin heard.

Of course this meant himself; and he paused when he had satisfied himself that he was not observed. As this was just what the conspirators wanted, they revealed their wicked scheme fully, though with some appearance of concealment.

"Here are the names of all the fellows who are to take part in the operation," said Perth, flourishing the paper. "The fellows with a cross against their names are to throw the old fellow down; those with a dash are to man the reef-pendants; those with a wave line are to make fast to him—"

That was all. Mr. Hamblin made a plunge into the midst of the young rascals, and snatched the paper from the hands of the leader. The conspirators sprung to their feet, and nothing could exceed the consternation depicted upon their faces. They stood aghast, horrified, confounded.

"It was only a joke, sir," stammered Perth, as the professor, with trembling hands and quivering lips, gazed at the paper, reading the names, and noting the signs against them.

"You villains, you!" gasped he. "Keelhaul me—will you?"

"It was only in fun, sir. We didn't mean to do it, sir," added Wilton.

Mr. Hamblin did not wait to hear any more. He rushed aft, rushed down the companion-way, rushed into the main cabin, where the principal was just dismissing Paul.

"They are going to keelhaul me, next, Mr. Lowington!" exclaimed the learned gentleman, savagely.

"Pray, what is the trouble, Mr. Hamblin?" asked the principal, mildly.

The professor explained, exhibiting the list of names in evidence of his assertion. Mr. Lowington was sceptical. It was not possible that the boys could entertain such a monstrous proposition as that of keelhauling a learned professor.

"But I heard the plan myself, sir," persisted Mr. Hamblin. "I don't know what keelhauling is, but that is the expression the scoundrels used."

Mr. Lowington explained what it meant; and the *savant*, without considering the practicability or the possibility of subjecting him to such an operation, was filled with rage and horror. The principal went on deck, and from the paper taken from Perth called the roll of the conspirators, summoning them to the mainmast.

"If you have no further instructions for me, sir, I will return to the Josephine," said Paul, touching his cap to the principal.

"Mr. Lowington, Kendall is concerned in this affair," interposed the professor, violently.

"I, sir!" exclaimed Paul, confounded by the charge.

"He is, sir; and I can prove it," protested Mr. Hamblin, whose wrath had almost reached the boiling point.

"You can return to the Josephine, Captain Kendall," added Mr. Lowington, in his quiet, decisive tone.

"Mr. Lowington, I protest—"

"Mr. Hamblin," interposed the principal, sharply, "I

will thank you to accompany me to the cabin;" and, turning, he walked to the companion-way, followed by the professor.

"I wish to say, Mr. Lowington, that I am not mistaken in regard to Kendall," said the angry instructor, as they entered the main cabin.

"Without a doubt,you are mistaken, sir."

"No, sir; I am not. When he came on deck, he went immediately to that group of bad boys who were plotting to keelhaul me, and had a long conversation with them. I watched him, sir. My eye was hardly off him a moment. I was looking for something of this kind."

"And you found it."

"Yes, sir; I did."

"When people are looking for faults and errors in others, they usually find them," added the principal, significantly. "But I did not invite you to the cabin to consider that matter."

"It seems to me this matter is properly the subject for discussion at the present time," replied the professor, who thought the principal's ways were past finding out.

"No; there is a subject of more importance than that, which must be attended to first. I find it necessary to say that I am ready to accept your resignation of the situation you fill."

"My resignation, sir!" exclaimed Mr. Hamblin, taken all aback by this unexpected announcement.

"Your resignation, sir."

"This is very remarkable conduct on your part, sir."

"On board of the Josephine, in the presence of the officers and crew, you protested against the action of Captain Kendall. When I have called a large number of the students to the mainmast for discipline, you protest against my action. I have to say, sir, that discipline, under these circumstances, is impossible."

"Am I to understand that you discharge me, Mr. Lowington?" demanded the professor.

"I intimated that I was ready to accept your resignation."

"Well, sir, I am not ready to offer my resignation."

"Then you compel me to take the next step. I object to your remaining on board another day."

"I was engaged for a year."

"With the proviso that we were mutually satisfied. A fortnight ago you tendered your resignation, without regard to the engagement. If I had understood your relations with the students as well then as I do now, I should have accepted it."

Mr. Hamblin began to "subside." He had pretty thoroughly convinced himself that the institution could not be carried on without him; and, since the principal had once objected to accepting his resignation, he had felt that his position was secure. While he was considering the matter, Mr. Lowington went on deck, and investigated the plot to keelhaul the professor. The conspirators had talked over the matter during his absence, and had come to the conclusion that the truth would serve them best. They were shrewd enough to see that there was a

rupture between the principal and the *savant*.

Perth, as spokesman for the party, confessed that they knew Mr. Hamblin was listening to them; that they intended he should hear the plot, which they had not designed to execute; that it was only a trick to annoy him.

"Was Captain Kendall concerned in it?" asked Mr. Lowington.

"No, sir," shouted the whole party.

"What were you talking about while he was with you?"

"About Holland, and what we had seen on our trip. You were speaking with Dr. Winstock, and he was waiting to see you," replied Perth.

The principal lectured them severely, and in earnest, for their misconduct; but he did not give them the coveted punishment of dooming them to remain on board while the rest of the students visited Paris. He gave them bad marks enough to spoil all their chances, if they had any, of promotion, and the choice of desirable berths when the crew should be reorganized at the beginning of the next quarter, which would be in one month. He added that he should preserve the list of names, and that the conduct of the party in the future would be closely observed.

"We were stupid," whispered Perth to Wilton, as the principal retired. "We have given him a list of all the Knights."

"And he hasn't stopped our liberty," replied Wilton, in disgust.

"No matter; we must keep still, and fight for chances."

When Mr. Lowington returned to the cabin, the professor was as cool as an iceberg; but the decision had been made, and it could not be reversed. The principal reviewed Mr. Hamblin's connection with the squadron from the beginning, and commented on his conduct in the consort and in the ship. It was plain speech on both sides; but the result remained unchanged.

Professor Hamblin is not a myth. He had no sympathy with the students, and, being arbitrary, tyrannical, and unjust, they "hated him with a perfect hatred." It was certainly best that he should go; for in whatever vessel he was, he kept it in a turmoil. Mr. Lowington paid him his salary for a year, and enough in addition to defray the expenses of his return to the United States.

The next morning the signal for sailing was hoisted on board of the Young America, and the pilots came on board. The students were bright and fresh, and having seen the dikes and ditches of Holland, they were rather anxious to escape from its muddy waters and its monotonous plains. In fact, they sighed for another taste of blue water and the fresh sea air.

"All the barge's crew on deck, ahoy!" piped the boatswain, at the order of the first lieutenant.

The boat's crew repaired to their stations on the quarter, wondering what was to be done next.

The ship's company, who were waiting for the order to weigh anchor, were vexed at the delay which the trip of the boat to the shore indicated, and waited

impatiently to learn what was going to happen. One of the stewards brought up Mr. Hamblin's trunk, and presently the professor himself appeared with his overcoat on his arm, and his cane and umbrella in his hand. There was a decided sensation among the crew. The barge was lowered and placed in charge of the third lieutenant. Mr. Hamblin bowed stiffly and coldly to the other professors, and followed his baggage into the boat, taking no notice whatever of any of the students.

The sensation grew upon the boys as the boat pushed off and appeared beyond the ship's side. It was a delightful picture to them—the obnoxious professor seated in the stern sheets, with his trunk before him. It was emblematic of the final separation. The enthusiasm of the moment could not be repressed; and before the principal could interfere, it had vented itself in three tremendous and hearty cheers. Mr. Lowington was vexed, but the deed was done.

The barge passed within a short distance of the Josephine, and her crew, seeing the trunk and the professor, understood the cheers, and repeated them with all the vigor of their lungs. It was impudent, disrespectful, and naughty; but the same students, in both vessels, would have wept over the departure of any other of the professors.

The boat returned, the sails were cast loose, the anchor weighed, and in due time both vessels were standing down the river. At noon the pilots were discharged, off the Hock of Holland.

"South-west by west," said the first master of the ship, giving out the course to the quartermaster, who was conning the wheel.

There was only a lazy breeze in the German Ocean, and the squadron rolled slowly along towards the Straits of Dover. The watch below were at their studies in the steerages, while the students on deck were thinking of Paris, and the new scenes which were to be presented to them in the countries they were next to visit. Their experience during the following month, on ship and shore, including the runaway cruise of the Josephine, will be narrated in PALACE AND COTTAGE, OR YOUNG AMERICA IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND.

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