

ICE BOUND.

By W. CLARK RUSSELL.

Author of "The Week of the Crossbones," "The Christmas Eve of the War," "The Lady Maud," etc.

(CONTINUED.)

A strange figure he looked, just touched by the yellow candle light, and standing out upon the blackness like some vision of a dis-tempered fancy, in his hair cap and flaps, and with his long nose and beard and little eyes shining as he rolled them here and there. We made our way over the coals, laid and the like till we were right at the door where was a small clear space of deck in which lay a hatch. This he lifted by its ring, and down through the aperture did he drop, I following.

The lantern deck came low that we had to squat when still or move upon our knees. At the foremost end of this division of the ship, so far as it was possible for my eyes to pierce the darkness, for it seems that this run went clear to the fore hold head, that is to say, under the powder room, to where the fore hold began—were stowed the spare sails, ropes for gear, and a great variety of furniture for the equipment of a ship's yards and masts. But immediately under the hatch stood several small chests and cases, painted black, stowed side by side so that they could not shift.

Tassard ran his eyes over them, counting. "Right!" cried he, "hold the lantern, Mr. Rodney."

I took the light from him, and, pulling the keys from his pocket, he fell to trying them at the lock of the first chest. One fitted; the bolt shot with a hard click, like cooking a trigger, and he raised the lid. The chest was full of silver money. I picked up a couple of the coins, and bringing them to the candle perceived that they were Spanish pieces of 1780. The money was tarshaded, yet it reflected a sort of dull, metallic light. The Frenchman grasped a handful and dropped them, as though, like a child, he loved to hear the tinkling the pieces made as they fell.

He loved to hear the tinkling.

The chest he opened was filled with jewelry of various kinds—the fruits, I dare say, of a dozen pillaged French houses, and this pirate robbed honest traders, but a paragon as well, that had also plundered in her turn another of her own kind; so that, as I say, the chest of jewelry might represent the property of the owner of as many as a dozen vessels. It was as if the contents of the shop of a jeweler, who was at once a goldsmith and a silversmith, had been emptied into this chest. The chest had a name-plate ornament that I had never seen before, and boxes, buckles, bracelets, pounce-boxes, vinaigrettes, ear-rings, crucifixes, stars for the hair, necklaces—but the list grows tiresome; in silver and gold, and in gold—all shot together and lying in a jumble, as if they had been potatoes.

I was thunderstruck, as you will suppose, by the sight of all this treasure, and looked and stared like a fool, until the Frenchman, who had never seen so many fine things before, and indulged in the most extravagant fancies of their world. Here and there in the glittering huddle my eye lighted on an object that was odd, perhaps 200, years old—a cup very elegantly wrought, that may have been in a family for several generations; a watch of a curious figure, and the like. There might have been the pickings of the cabinet trunks, and portmanteaus of 100 opulent men and women in this chest; and, so far as I could judge from what lay atop, the people plundered represented several nationalities.

But there were other chests and cases to explore—ten in all; two of these were filled with silver money, a third with plate, a fourth with English, French, Spanish and Portuguese coins in gold; but the one over which Tassard longed lay in the middle of the chest, and it was the smallest of all, and this was packed with gold in bars. The stuff had the appearance of moldy yellow soap, and having no sparkle nor variety did not attract the eye. It was packed, though in value this chest came near to being worth as much as all the others put together. The bars, transported in the posture of the pirate, his form in the candle light looking like a sketch of a stranger, widely apparelled man done in phosphorus, coupled with the loom of the black chest, the sense of our desolation, the folly of our enjoyment of the sight of the treasure in the face of our pitiable and dismal plight, the melancholy storming of the wind, moaning like the rumble of thunder heard in a vault, and above all the feeling of uneasiness inspired by the thought of my companion having laid out for eight-and-forty years as good as dead—combined to render the scene so startlingly impressive that it remains at this hour painted as vividly in the eye of memory as if I had come from it five minutes ago.

"So," cried the Frenchman, suddenly, slapping the lid of the chest, "is all here! Now, then, to the business of considering how to come off with it. I have a plan. I will take the keys in his pocket, and we returned to the cockpit room.

CHAPTER XVII.

WE TALK OVER OUR SITUATION. That night, as afterward, Tassard occupied the berth that he used to sleep in, and the least fear that he would attempt any malignant tricks with me while we remained in this posture, the feeling that he lay in the berth but one next minute to the scupper, in spite of my reasoning; and I was so nervous as to silently shout a great iron bolt, so that it would have been impossible to enter without beating the door in.

In sober truth, the sight of the treasure had put a sort of fever into my imagination, of the heat and effects of which I was not completely sensible until I was alone in my cabin and swinging in the darkness. That the value of what I had seen came to ninety or a hundred thousand pounds of our money, I could not doubt; and I will not deny that my fancy was greatly excited by thinking of it. But there was something else. Suppose we should have the happiness to escape with this treasure, then I was perfectly certain the Frenchman would come between me and my share of it. This apprehension threading my heated thoughts of the gold and silver kept me restless during the greater part of the night, and I also held my breath on the stretch with devices for saving ourselves and the treasure; yet I could not satisfy my mind that anything was to be done unless nature herself assisted us.

However, as it happened, the gale roared for a whole week, and the cold was so frightful and the air so charged with spray and hail that we were forced to lie close below with the hatches on for our lives.

CHAPTER XIX.

WE TAKE A VIEW OF THE ICE. For seven days the gale raged with unbroken violence; it then broke, and this brought us into the first week in August. The wind fell in the night, and the sea was calmed by the silence, which you will not think strange if you consider how used were my ears to the fierce seething and strong howling of the blast. I lay listening, believing that it had only lulled, and that it would come on again in gusts and gusts; but the stillness continued, and there were no sounds whatever save the noise of the ice, which broke upon the ear like slow answers from batteries near and distant, half whose cannon have been silenced.

I slept again, and when I awoke it was 7:30 o'clock in the morning. The Frenchman was snoring lustily. I went on deck before entering the cockpit room, and had like to have been blinded by the over-brilliance of the sunshine upon the ice and snow. All the wind was gone. The air was exquisitely frosty and sharp. But there was

a smart sound coming from the sea which gave me to expect the sight of a strong swell. The sky was a clear blue, and there was no cloud on as much of its face as showed beneath the brows of the slopes.

My attention was quickly attracted by the appearance of the starboard cliff over against our quarter. The whole shoulder of it had broken away, and I could just catch a view of the horizon of the sea from the deck by stooping. The sight of the light of the sea showed me that the breakage had been prodigious, for to have come at that prospect before I should have had to climb to the height of thirty feet to the cliff. No other marked or noteworthy change did I detect from the deck; but on stepping to the starboard side to peer over I spied a split in the ice that reached from the very margin of the starboard side to that end of it where it terminated in a cliff—and past the bow of the schooner, by at least four times her own length.

I returned to the cockpit room and went about the old business of lighting the fire and preparing the breakfast—this job, by an understanding between the Frenchman and me, falling to him who was first out of bed—and in about twenty minutes Tassard arrived. The wind rose, "it is a bright, still morning. I have been on deck. There has been a great fall of ice close to us."

"No, on the contrary, it clears the way to the sea; the ocean is now visible from the deck. Not that it mends our case," I added, "but there is a great rent in the ice that puts a fancy into my head; I'll speak of it later, after a closer look."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

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