## THE LANCASTER DAILY INTELLIGENCER, THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1888.

# ICE BOUND.

### By W. CLARE RUSSELL,

Author of "The Wreck of the Gromenon," "Jack's Courtship," "My Watch Be-low," "The Lady Maud " Etc.

#### (CONTINUED.)

I so pined for these southing drinks that I would have given all the wine in the vessel for a few pounds of either one of them-a senseless, ungracious yearning, indeed, in the face of the plenty that was aboard! But it was the plenty, perhaps, that provoked it. There was chocolate, which the Frenchman There was chocolate, which the Frenchman potted and drank with hearty enjoyment; he also devoured handfuls of succades, which he would wash down with wine. These things made me sick, and for drink I was forced upon the spirits and wine, the latter of which was so generous that it promised to combine with the enforced latiness of my life under hatches to make me fat; so that I am of opinion, had he waited for the ice to release us, I should have become so corpulent as to prove a burden to myself. I mention this here that you may find an excuss in it for the only act of folly in the way of drinking that I can lay to my ac-

way of drinking that I can lay to my ac-count while I was in this pirate; for I must count while I was in this pirate; for I must tell you that, on returning to the furnace, we, to refresh us after our labor, made a bowl of punch, of which I drank so plenti-fully that I began to feel myself very merry. I forgot all about the matches and my resolution to test them that night. The Frenchman, enjoying my condition, continued to pledge me till his little eyes danced in his head. Luckily for me, being at bottom of a very jolly disposition, drink never served me worse than to develop that quality in me. No man could ever say that I was quarrel-somo in my cups. My progress was marked by stupid smiles, terminating in unmeaning laughter. The Frenchman sang a ballad about love and Picardy, and the like, and I gave him "Hearts of Oak," the sentiments of which song kept him shrugging his shoulders and drunkenly looking contempt.

By this time I was extremely excited and extraordinarily merry, and losing hold of my judgment began to indulge in sundry pleasantries concerning his nation and country men-asking, with many explosions of laugh ter, how it was that they continued at the trouble of building ships for us to use against them, and if he did not think the "flower de

louse" a neater symbol for people who put snuff into their soup and restricted their ablutions to their faces than the tricolor, being too muddled to consider that he was ignorant of that flag; and, in short, I was so offensive, in spite of my ridiculous merriment, that his savage nature broke out. He assailed the English with every injurious term his drunken condition suffered him to recollect, and starting up, with his little eyes wildly rolling, he clapped his hand to his side, as if feeling for a sword, and, calling me by a very ugly French word, bade me come on and he would show me the difference between a Frenchman and a beast of an Englishman.

I laughed at him with all my might, which so enraged him that, swaying to right and left, he advanced as if to fall upon me. I started to my feet, and tumbled over the bench I had jumped from and lay sprawling; and the bench oversetting close to him, he kicked against it and fell too, fetching the deck a very hard blow. He groaned heavily, and muttered that he was killed. I tried t rise, but my legs gave way, and then the fumes of the punch overpowered me, for I recollect no more.

When I awoke it was pitch dark. My hands, legs and feet seemed formed of ice, my head of burning brass. I thought I was in my cot, and felt with my hands till I touched Tassard's bald head, which so terrified me that I uttered a loud cry and sprang erect. Then recollection returned, and I heartily cursed myself for my folly and wickedness. Good God! thought I, that I should be so mad as to drown my senses when never was any wretch in such need of all his reason as It

The boatswain's tinder box was in my pocket; I groped, found a candle, and lighted it. It was 3:20 in the morning. Tassard lay on his back, snoring hideously, his legs over-hanging the capsized bench. I pulled and

these years she'll be as clean forgotten as if she had never had existence." "Look ye here, Mr. Rodney," cried he, in a passion, "let's have no more of this snivela passion, "let's have no more of this snivel-ing nonsense about years. You may be as mad as you please on that point, but it sha'n't hang me. It needs more than a few months to make men forget a craft that has carried on such traffic as our hold represents. You'll not find me venturing myself nor the schooner into any of your ports for men. No, no, my friend. I am in no stupor now, you know; and I've slept the punch off also, d'ye seet What! betray our treasure, and be hanged for our generosity?" He made me an ironical bow, grinning with wrath.

with wrath. "Let's get the schooner affoat first," said L "Ay, that's all very well," he cried; "but better stop here than dangle in chains. No, my friend; our plan must be a very different one from your proposal. I suppose you want your share of the booty!" said he, snapping his fingers. "I deserve it," said I, smiling, that I reight

soften his nasci

"And yst you would convey the most noted pirate of the age, with plunder in her to the value of thousands of doubloons, to a port in which we should doubtless find ships of war, and the whole of the machinery it is our busi ery it is our business to give our stern to! Ma foi, Mr. Rodney! surely you are out in something more than your reckoning of time?"

"What do you propose?" said I. "Ha!" be exclaimed, while his little eyes twinkled with cunning, "now you speak sen-sibly. What do I propose? This, my friend. We must navigate the schooner to an island

and bury the treasure; then head for the shipping highways, and obtain help from any friendly merchantman we may fall in with. friendly merchantman we may fall in with. Home with us means the Tortugas. There we shall find the company we need to recover for us what we shall have hidden. We shall come by our own then. But to sail with this treasure on board-without a crew to defend the vessel-by this hand! the first cruisor that sighted us would make a clean sweep, and then ho for the hangman, Mr. Rodney!" How much I relished this scheme you will

imagine; but to reason with him would have been mere madness. I knitted my brows and seemed to reflect, and then said: "Well, there is a great deal of plain, good sense in what you say. I certainly see the wisdom of your advice in recommending that we should bury the treasure. Nor must we leave anything on board to convict the ship of her true character.'

His greedy eyes sparkled with self-com-placency. He tapped his forehead and cried; "Trust to this! There is mind behind this surface. Your plan for releasing the schooner is great; mine for preserving the treasure is great too. You are the sailor. I the strategist; by combining our genius we shall pose an invulnerable front to adver-sity, and must end our days as princes. Your hand, Paul!"

I laughed and gave him my hand, which squeezed with many contortions of face and figure; but, though I laughed, I don't know that I ever so much disliked and distrusted and feared the old leering rogue as at that moment.

"Come!" cried I, jumping up, "let's get about our work." And with that I pulled open a bag of matches and fell to testing them. They burned well. The fire ate into them as smoothly as if they had been pre-pared the day before. They were all of one thickness. I cut them to equal lengths, and fired them, and waited, watch in hand; one was burned out two minutes before the other, and each length took about ten minutes to

consume. This was good enough to base my calculations upon, TO BE CONTINUED )

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hauled at him; but he was too drunk to awake, and that he might not freeze to death, I fetched a pile of clothes out of his cabin and covered him up, and put his head on a coat. My head ached horribly, but not worse

than my heart. I went to my cabin and got into my hammock, but my head was so hot and ached so furiously, and I was so vered with myself besides, that I could not sleep. The schooner was deathly still; there was not apparently the faintest murmur of air to awaken an echo in her; nothing spoke but the near and distant cracking of the ice. It was miserable work lying in the cabin sle less and reproaching myself, and as my burning head robbed the cold of its formidable ness, 1 resolved to go on deck and take a brisk turn or two.

The exercise improved my spirits; I stepped the length of the little raised deck briskly, my thoughts very busy. On a sudden the ice split on the starboard hand with a noise louder than the explosion of a twenty-four pounder. The schooner swayed to a level keel with so sharp a rise that I lost my balance and staggered. I recovered myself, trembling and greatly agitated by the noise and the movement coming together without the least hiat having been given me, and, grasping a backstay, waited, not knowing what was to happen next. Unless it be the heave of an earthquake, I can imagine no motion capable of giving one such a swooning, nauseating, terrifying sensation as the rending of ice under a fixed ship. In a few moments there were several sharp cracks, all on the starboard side, like the snapping of musketry, and I felt the schooner very slightly heave; but this might have been a deception of the senses, for though I set a star against the masthead and watched it there was no movement. I looked over the side and observed that the split I had noticed on the face of the cliff had by this new rupture been extended transversely right across the schooner's starboard bow, the thither side being several feet higher than on this, It was plain that the bed on which the vessel rested had dropped so as to bring her upright, and I was convinced by this circum-stance alone that if I used good judgment in disposing of the powder the weight of the mass would complete its own dislocation.

The shock did my head good; I went below and got into my cot, and after tossing for half an hour or so fell asleep. I awoke at 8 and went to the cook house, where I found Tassard preparing the breakfast and a great fire burning. I hardly knew what reception he would give me, and was therefore not a little agreeably surprised by his thanking me for covering him up.

"You have a stronger head than mine," said he; "the punch used you well. You made me laugh, though. You were very diverting."

"Ay, much too diverting to please myself," said I; and I sounded him cautiously to remark what his memory carried of my insults, but found that in recollected nothing more than that I danced with vigor and sang well.

I said nothing about my contrition, my going on deck, and the like, contenting myself with asking if he had heard the explosion in the night.

"No," cried he, staring and looking eagerly. "Well, then," said I, "there has happened a mighty crack in the ice, and I do soberly believe that with the blessing of God we shall be able by blasts of powder to free the block on which the schooner rests."

"Good?" cried he; "come, let us hurry with this meal. How is the weather?" "Quiet, I believe. I have not been on deck

since the explosion aroused me early this morning.

While we ato he said, "Suppose we get the schooner affont, what do you propose?" "Why," I answered, "if she prove tight and seaworthy, what but carry her home?"

"What! you and I alone? "No," said I, "certainly not; we must make shift to sail her to the nearest port, and

ship a crew. He looked at me attentively and said:

"What do you mean by home?" "England," said L

-He shrugged his shoulders, and exclaimed in French: "'Tis natural;" then proceeding in English: "Pray," said he, showing his fange, "do not you know that the Boca del Dragon is a pirate! Do you want to be hanged, that you propose to carry her to a port to ship men!"

"I have no fear of that," said I: "after all

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