

her limbs, and who had been thrown ashore by the waves.

The first emotion of terror being over, the four shipwrecked persons, so miraculously saved, had assembled together, recognised each other, and had arrived at the mournful certainty that they alone had escaped after the tempest.

Mrs. Keppel was seated on the sand, with her hands joined, and her head bent down; William Trot was looking at the sea, and mechanically twisting his cap into a thousand whimsical shapes; while Arthur Tarling, who at first had looked round him with a feeling of despair, fixed his eyes involuntarily upon a new species of shell, which, from habit, he began to classify. George Riddler alone had turned his steps to the interior, in search of the resources which they hoped to find.

Riddler was a man of action in every sense of the word. For a long time addicted to poaching, then to smuggling, he had shipped himself as one of the crew in order to escape from the hands of justice, and had brought into his new profession his old character of audacity and insubordination. At the time of the shipwreck he was confined in the hold in irons, and owed his deliverance only to the loss of the vessel.

After having examined the island on which they had been thrown, and endeavored to form some estimate of its extent, he approached his companion, and said, abruptly—

"The others are drowned, so there's an end of them; but how shall we contrive to live without shelter, without arms, and without provisions?"

"Perhaps we shall find some resource," replied Tarling: "in these latitudes nature produces enough spontaneously to supply our necessities; there must be in the centre of

the island cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees."

"Then let us try and find them," replied George, who had just torn up a lamel-lo to serve as a walking-stick; "this part of the island is the most barren; there is neither water, nor shade, and the sun will soon be scorching; we cannot think of remaining here."

The two men concurred in this, and advanced a step toward Riddler; but the sight of Mrs. Keppel caused Arthur to stop.

"And this poor woman, who cannot follow us, what will become of her?" said he to his companions.

"What, the praying woman?" rejoined George; "let God assist her, since she has such confidence in him; we cannot drag after us such a useless burden."

"What! abandon her to a certain death!" replied Tarling; "that cannot be, Mr. George Riddler."

"The gentleman may carry the old devotee upon his shoulders," replied the smuggler, sneeringly; "as for me, I find it difficult enough to keep a whole skin myself without meddling with other people."

"So you will not assist in this good action, George?"

"No, deuce take me if I do!"

"Well," rejoined the indignant naturalist, "I alone will take care of the unfortunate woman. The same disaster has overtaken us all, and we ought to unite our strength, as accident has united us in misfortune. As long as I can put one foot before the other, I will never desert those who are become my relations as it were in affliction."

"If the old lady is our relation we ought to assist her," replied William Trot, with his usual good humor. "I am the more attached to my new family, inasmuch as I never had any before."