

# BOYS AND GIRLS

## A Boating Adventure.

(C. L. Sanders, in 'Camden School Record'.)

I was staying with some friends at a little seaport on the south coast, and had engaged a boat by the week, so that I could have it out whenever I pleased without depending on the owner, James Bury, a retired sea-salt, and one who, by the bye, could tell many a tale of adventurous smuggling carried on in the caves abounding on that part of the coast.

One night—it was in the summer of '79—I went out between 11 and 12 o'clock, and persuaded a friend, who was taking duty for a neighboring doctor, to accompany me, promising him for his pains a night of rare enjoyment. His curiosity was soon aroused, and, as I have said, he consented to become the partner of my boat. And a pleasing partner, too, a jolly fellow if ever there was one—lively and rather excitable. I only rejoice that I can claim the kindly thoughts of so good a companion; for, as the best fortune would have it, I drew him from the surf one day, when sinking, seized with cramp.

We were not long in launching our vessel; and just before midnight, on a calm sea, we started on our expedition, as noiselessly as a couple of Red Indians bent on plunder. Taking up a long, swift stroke, we were quickly out of the bright moonlight and under the shadow of the huge frowning cliffs; and rowing thus for about a mile we arrived off a little headland, where I had recently discovered a small-mouthed cave, invisible at high water, and at low water dangerous to approach on account of the many rocks lying about the entrance. Two of these were so large that I had been amazed on paddling my way between them (there was not room to row) to find the above-mentioned cave snugly hidden at the base of the cliff. The opening was only large enough to admit of my pulling the boat in by laying hold of the sides of the cave; but once inside it was roomy enough, and there was a small beach, which was easily gained by a little careful paddling between a few half-sunken rocks.

It was rather a dangerous place, as the abundance of submerged rock testified; and at one extremity of the beach was a large fissure in the rock extending downwards—apparently, not large enough to admit a human body, but showing a narrow winding passage, very suggestive of a smuggler's 'cache.' I felt a great desire to squeeze myself through the fissure and explore the passage beyond, but I was unequal to the task. Still there was a way out of the difficulty, had I cared to avail myself of it. The cave arched overhead for several feet, and just below its roof the fissure widened sufficiently to admit a boat. But I confess it, I feared the rising tide, which might deal unkindly with me, in a cave of which I knew absolutely nothing, and there was a weird, uncanny feeling about the place by moonlight; so guiding the boat carefully between the rocks and shallows, my friend and I contented ourselves with reflecting that we discovered a den of mystery, comparatively accessible, but completely hidden. So we, or rather I, took again to the oars, and pulling round the headland, had another smart row for three-quarters of a mile or so, when, easing off a kind of cove or recess in the cliffs. 'You shall have a royal salute,' said I; and, taking out one of the iron rowlocks, I hit the gunwale of the boat smartly three or four times. In a very few seconds there came back from the cliffs a remarkably distinct echo, clear, loud and prolonged. My friend started up in amazement, as well he might,

for I had never heard such an echo anywhere. In the still midnight air it had a peculiarly solemn effect. The noise of my friend jumping up was echoed back so distinctly as to startle us both; it was so exactly like some one jumping into a boat under the cliffs. 'How long have you discovered this?' he asked. He spoke slowly, and the words came back with startling distinctness. I laughed outright and asked him to resume his former position in the boat. 'Will you kindly place your corporeal tabernacle in a recumbent position again?' came back from Mademoiselle Echo in the politest and most engaging speech! It was too comical! We both literally roared with laughter: the roars came rolling back to us. Then we got excited and gave vent to the wildest yells and exclamations—some of them possibly too personal—'What are you doing there?' 'Ah-h-h, I see you!' 'Go home!' 'Aren't you ashamed of it?' These and others were the cries we made. Then in answer came back to our surprise—not the speeches we had uttered, but low, rough growls, with fearful threats as to what our sufferings should be if the owners of the said growls came alongside our boat.

We had innocently—at any rate ignorantly—disturbed a party of smugglers, who evidently supposed that we had seen them, and addressed our remarks (for the most part, I must say, uncomplimentary) to their ears. They being under the cliff did not, of course, get back the echo; and we had imagined we were all alone, till disturbed by their angry threats: then we saw a boat shoot out from their dark hiding-place into the bright moonlight, and in hot pursuit it came. I was very much alarmed, for they were in an uncontrollable rage at being, as they thought, discovered in their evil practices, and were uttering the fiercest imprecations. Moreover, the men of those parts were noted, as I knew, for their wild and reckless villainies; so I saw there was cause for apprehension. It was not of the slightest use attempting to reach the beach, so I conceived the idea of hiding in the cave, trusting to their ignorance of its existence.

With this end in view I made a tremendous spurt so as to double the headland and reach my goal before they turned the point. In this I succeeded, and anxiously awaited the result. We could hear they were close behind us, and had hardly been a minute in the cave before they dashed round the headland. The two large rocks which I have mentioned as being in front of our hiding-place of course prevented either party from seeing the other. From their voices we imagined there were some five or six fellows in the boat. They seemed literally boiling for vengeance, and even in that moment of suspense I could not help wondering why they should be so anxious to capture and chastise us. Evidently they knew nothing of the cave, for they uttered an exclamation of surprise at our being out of sight; and then, their voices growing fainter, we imagined they had given up the chase and returned. We remained about half an hour longer in the little cavern, which we afterwards christened 'The Friendly,' and then finding the tide was rising, and that we should not be able to get out at all if we did not make haste, we stole quietly forth and made for home, where we arrived in a more sober state of mind than when we left.

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## Manners of Girls.

Girls as well as boys must sit up straight at meals, and not lean or put their elbows on the table; they must not eat too fast; they must eat with the fork, and not with the knife; they must not stretch across another person's plate; they must not put their knives into any dish; they must not be noisy; they must not finger objects on the table; they must not lean back in their chairs; they must not leave the table before other persons have finished.

All these things are taught in nearly every family to both boys and girls, but some of these rules are apt to be forgotten. One has often to be reminded a good many times of what is right before one gets in the way of doing it. It is very charming to see young people sitting quietly at table, eating and drinking in a neat and correct manner, showing respect for everybody present; and this is the reason why I have repeated to you all these rules—which you have heard before, of course, but neglected to observe them.

There is one thing that is particularly pleasing in young folks, and that is a nice and considerate manner toward those who are under them. I dare say my young readers are respectful toward their elders, but are they always kind to servants? Will they pause and ask themselves that question? To my mind, a little girl or boy ought to be even more careful to be polite to one below her than to any others, because servants are happy or unhappy as their masters and mistresses treat them, and think so much of a kind word. Let all of us think of the feelings and happiness of all those dependent upon us.

Little girls, and big girls, too, ought always to salute everybody pleasantly in the morning. There should be a kiss for papa, and a kiss for mamma, and a sweet 'good-morning' for everybody else. It is very rude and undebred not to salute in this way each member of the household when you first meet him or her in the morning.

Of course when you go to school, you greet your teacher and your class-mates with a nice 'good-morning.' 'Good-morning' is a very pleasant thing to hear, and how easy it is to say it! If you feel a little cross, try hard and say 'Good-morning,' and you will find that this salutation will very likely drive your crossness away. One pleasant thing always makes other pleasant things very easy.

Girls are sometimes very snappish because their brothers tease them a little. It is better that boys should not tease, but nothing makes teasing of so little account as taking it amiably and pleasantly. Your brothers will soon stop teasing you if they find that you are good-natured through it all.

It is impossible for boys or girls to have good manners if they are selfish. Good-manners are generally founded on consideration for other people. In order for anyone to be truly polite, he must think first of the comfort and convenience of others. Here are some rules of politeness—which is another word for good manners—all of which have thought for other people as their foundation:

It is polite to get up and offer your chair, if it is a comfortable one, to an elder person who enters the room.

It is polite in company not to take the best place by the fire or by the window. It is polite to stop talking to your companions when other people are by. It is polite to listen when anybody is talking or reading aloud. It is polite never to interrupt another when he is talking. It is polite never to contradict.

It is polite not to whisper when you are in