

School and Pastimes

or challenge in his own boat the rip-tides between Sark and Breehou, and the combers that romped between St. Sampson and the Islo of Herm.

There was no limit to this boy's hardihood and daring. The more furious the gale the more congenial the task. Returning from these frequent baptisms of salt water, his Saxon fairness and Norman freshness aglow with spray, he would loiter on the beach to talk to the kelp gatherers raking amid the breakers, and to watch the mackerel boats, reefed down, flying to the harbour for shelter. The crayfish in the pools would tempt him, he would try his hand at sand-ceilig, or watch the surf men feed a devil-fish to the crabs. Then up the gray benches of the furrowed cliffs, starred with silver lichens and stone-crop, to where ploughmen were leaving glistening furrows in the big parsnip fields. Then on through the tangle of sweet-hriar, honeysuckle and wild roses, where birds nested in the perfumed foliage, until, the summit reached, surrounded by purple heather and golden gorse, he would look on the sea below, with Sark, like a "hasking whale, hurning in the sunset." Then he would hurry to tell his mother of the day's exploits, retiring to dream of strango lands and turbulent scenes, in which the roll of drums and roar of cannon seemed never absent.

With his youthful mind possessed with the exploits of the King's soldiers in Europe and America, and influenced by his brother John's example—then captain in the 8th Regiment of the line—Isaac pleaded successfully to enter the army. To better prepare for this all-important step, and to become proficient in French, a necessary accomplishment, it was arranged, though he was only fifteen, to