

## From Ensign to Colonel

the Caribbean Sea. The very crest of its almost impossible pinnacle Brock is said to have ascended on horseback. Between Bridgetown, in Barbadoes, and Kingston, Jamaica, he divided his time, and though monotonous, his life in the Windward Islands was not wholly void of adventure.

Shortly after joining his regiment at Bridgetown our hero had his first affair of honour, an opportunity to display his courage under most trying conditions. A certain captain in the 40th was a confirmed duellist, with a reputation of being a dead shot at short range. Resting upon his evil record, this braggart had succeeded in terrorizing the garrison, and it was soon Brock's turn to be selected for insult. But Isaac could not be bullied or intimidated. He promptly challenged and was as promptly accepted.

The fateful morning arrived. In a lonely spot, palm-sheltered, and within sight of the sea breaking upon the coral reefs, principals and seconds met. There was no question in Brock's mind as to his duty—the duello at that time was the recognized court of appeal. If its purpose as originally designed had at times been infamously abused, it was still the one and only arbiter through which insults had to be purged and from which, for the "officer and gentleman," there was no escape.

Now Isaac, who was several inches taller and much bulkier than the scoundrel who had insulted him, declined to become a shining mark at the regulation twelve paces. He demanded from his fire-eating antagonist that the duel proceed on equal terms. Whipping out his korchief, cool as a cucumber, his blue eyes steady and resolute, he insisted that *they both fire across it*. The fairness of the proposal