

their counterfeit cannon, laying under every piece many pounds of powder; besides, they cut down many outworks of the ship, that the powder might exert its strength the better; breaking open, also, new port holes, where, instead of guns, they placed little drums used by the negroes. finally, the decks were handsomely beset with many pieces of wood, dressed up like men with hats, or monteras, and armed with swords, muskets, and bandoleers. the fire ship being thus fitted, they prepared to go to the entry of the port. all the prisoners were put into one great boat, and in another of the biggest they placed all the women, plate, jewels, and other rich things: into others they put the bales of goods and merchandise, and other things of bulk: each of these boats had twelve men aboard, very well armed; the brulot had orders to go before the rest of the vessels, and presently to fall foul with the great ship. all things being ready, captain morgan exacted an oath of all his comrades, protesting to defend themselves to the last drop of blood, without demanding quarter; promising withal, that whosoever behaved himself thus, should be very well rewarded. with this courageous resolution they set sail to seek the spaniards. on april,, they found the spanish fleet riding at anchor in the middle of the entry of the lake. captain morgan, it being now late and almost dark, commanded all his vessels to an anchor, designing to fight even all night if they forced him to it. he ordered a careful watch to be kept but the more solid for his meals, crept up a reed and sunned his wings; the water gnats skimmed and skated about, measuring the surface of the water with their long legs; the boatmen shot up and down till one was quite giddy, showing the white on their bodies, like swallows wheeling for their autumn flight. even the water scorpion moved slowly over a sunny place from the roots of an arrow head lily to a dark corner under the duck weed. molly shouted the boy; i wish youd come and give a pull at the water soldier. ive nearly got him up; but the leaves cut my hands, and youve got gloves. if the colander is ready, ill begin to fish. theres a beetle on that stick. i wish i were near enough, i could snatch him up like anything. i wouldnt advise you to, said molly. grandfather says that water beetles have got daggers in their tails. besides, some of the beetles are very greedy and eat the fish. the big black one doesnt, said francis. he said so. hydroüs piceus is the name, and i dare say thats the one. its the biggest of all the water beetles and very harmless. he may be a good one, said molly, looking thoughtfully and unmistakably at me, but then he may be one of the bad ones; and if he is, hell eat everything before him. but by this time francis was dipping the colander in and out on the opposite side, and she was left to struggle with the water soldier. hes up at last, she announced, and the soldier was landed on the bank. come round, said the boy; ive filled three jars. i hope youve been careful, francis. you know grandfather says that to stock a fresh water aquarium is like the puzzle of the fox the conqueror, that he had been at last carried fainting to the tent which he shared with the high priest, and which was not far from that of the regent. he found the old man much revived, and was preparing to mount his chariot to go to the banquet, when the regents myrmidons led pentaur past in front of him. ameni looked doubtfully at the tall and noble figure of the prisoner, but pentaur recognized him, called him by his name, and in a moment they stood together, hand clasped in hand. the guards showed some uneasiness, but ameni explained who he was. the high priest was sincerely rejoiced at the preservation and restoration of his favorite disciple, whom for many months he had mourned as dead; he looked at his manly figure with fatherly tenderness, and desired the guards, who bowed to his superior dignity, to conduct his friend, on his responsibility; to his tent instead of to anis. there pentaur found his old friend gagabu, who wept with delight at his safety. all that his master had accused him of seemed to be forgotten. ameni had him clothed in a fresh white robe, he was never tired of looking at him, and over and over again clapped his hand upon his shoulder, as if he were his own son that had been lost and found again. pentaur was at once required to relate all that had happened to him, and the poet told the story of his captivity and liberation at mount sinai, his meeting with bent anat, and how he had fought in the battle of kadesh, had been wounded by an arrow, and found and rescued by the faithful kaschta. he concealed only his passion for bent anat, and the fact that he