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THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND by Jules Verne PART 1--DROPPED FROM THE CLOUDS Chapter 1 "Are we rising again?" "No. On the contrary." "Are we descending?" "Worse than t hat, captain! we are falling!" "For Heaven's sake heave out the ballast!" "There! the last sack is empty!" "Does the balloon rise?" "No!" "I hear a noise like the dashing of waves. The sea is below the car! It cannot be more than 500 feet from us!" "Overboard with every weight! ... everything!" Such were the loud and startling words which resounded through the air, above the vast watery desert of the Pacific, about four o'c lock in the evening of the 23rd of March, 1865. Few can possibly have forgotten the terrible storm from the northeast, in the middle of the equinox of that year. The tempest raged without intermission from the 18th to the 26th of March. Its ravages were terrible in America, Europe, and Asia, covering a distance of eighteen hundred miles, and extending obliquely to the equator from the thirty-fift th northeast.
h parallel to the fortieth south parallel. Towns were overthrown, forests uprooted, coasts devastated by the mountains of water which were precipitated on them, vessels cast on t he sho re, which t he p
ublished accounts numbered by hundreds, whole districts leveled by waterspouts which destroyed everything they passed over, several thousand people crushed on land or dro wned a t se a; suc h we re the traces of its fury, left by this devastating tempest. It surpassed in disasters those which so frightfully ravaged Havana and Guadalupe, one on the 25th of October, 1810, the other on t he 26th of
July, 1825. But while so many catastrophes were taking place on land and at sea, a drama not less exciting was being enacted in the agitated air. In fact, a balloon, as a ball might be carrie don the s
ummit of a waterspout, had been taken into the circling movement of a column of air and had traversed space at the rate of ninety miles an hour, turning round and round as if seized by some aerial ma
elstrom. Beneath the lower point of the balloon swung a car, containing five passengers, scarcely visible in the midst of the thick vapor mingled with spray which hung over the s urface of the o ce an. Whence, it may be asked, had come that plaything of the tempest? From what part of the world did it rise? It surely could not have started during the storm. But the storm had raged five days a Ire ady.
and the first symptoms were manifested on the 18th. It cannot be doubted that the balloon came from a great distance, for it could not have traveled less than two thousand miles in twe nty-four h ours
At any rate the passengers, destitute of all marks for their guidance, could not have possessed the means of reckoning the route traversed since their departure. It was a remarkable fact that, a Ithough
in the very midst of the furious tempest, they did not suffer from it. They were thrown about and whirled round and round without feeling the rotation in the slightest degree, or being sen sible that they
were removed from a horizontal position. Their eyes could not pierce through the thick mist which had gathered beneath the car. Dark vapor was all around them. Such was the density of the atmospher e that they could not be certain whether it was day or night. No reflection of light, no sound from inhabited land, no roaring of the ocean could have reached them, through the obscurity, while suspende
d in those elevated zones. Their rapid descent alone had informed them of the dangers which they ran from the waves. However, the balloon, lightened of heavy articles, such as ammuniti on, arm s, and provisions, had risen into the higher layers of the atmosphere, to a height of 4,500 feet. The voyagers, after having discovered that the sea extended beneath them, and thinking the dangers above less described below, did not hesitate to throw overboard even their most useful articles, while they endeavored to lose no more of that fluid, the life of their enterprise, which sustained them above the abyss. The night passed in the midst of alarms which would have been death to less energetic souls. Again the day appeared and with it the tempest began to moderate. From the beginning of that described in the midst of alarms which would have been death to less energetic souls. Again the day appeared and with it the tempest began to moderate. From the beginning of that described in the midst of alarms which would have been death to less energetic souls.
ay, the 24th of March, it showed symptoms of abating. At dawn, some of the lighter clouds had risen into the more lofty regions of the air. In a few hours the wind had changed from a hurri cane to a fres horeeze, that is to say, the rate of the transit of the atmospheric layers was diminished by half. It was still what sailors call "a close-reefed topsail breeze," but the commotion in the elemen ts had none the
e less considerably diminished. Towards eleven o'clock, the lower region of the air was sensibly clearer. The atmosphere threw off that chilly dampness which is felt after the passage of a great meteor. The storm did not seem to have gone farther to the west. It appeared to have exhausted itself. Could it have passed away in electric sheets, as is sometimes the case with regard to the typhoons of the Indian Oc
ean? But at the same time, it was also evident that the balloon was again slowly descending with a regular movement. It appeared as if it were, little by little, collapsing, and that its case was lengthen in g an
d extending, passing from a spherical to an oval form. Towards midday the balloon was hovering above the sea at a height of only 2,000 feet. It contained 50,000 cubic feet of gas, and, thank s to its ca pacit
y, it could maintain itself a long time in the air, although it should reach a great altitude or might be thrown into a horizontal position. Perceiving their danger, the passengers cast away the last ar ticles which still weighed down the car, the few provisions they had kept, everything, even to their pocket-knives, and one of them, having hoisted himself on to the circles which united the cords of the net, tried to secure more firmly the lower point of the balloon. It was, however, evident to the voyagers that the gas was failing, and that the balloon could no longer be sustained in the higher regions. They must infall ibly perish! There was not a continent, nor even an island, visible beneath them. The watery expanse did not present a single speck of land, not a solid surface upon which their anch or could hold. It was
the open sea, whose waves were still dashing with tremendous violence! It was the ocean, without any visible limits, even for those whose gaze, from their commanding position, extended over a radius o
f forty miles. The vast liquid plain, lashed without mercy by the storm, appeared as if covered with herds of furious chargers, whose white and disheveled crests were streaming in the wind. No land was in sight, not a solitary ship could be seen. It was necessary at any cost to arrest their downward course, and to prevent the balloon from being engulfed in the waves. The voyagers directed all their en er gi
es to this urgent work. But, notwithstanding their efforts, the balloon still fell, and at the same time shifted with the greatest rapidity, following the direction of the wind, that is to say, from t he n ort he as t t
o the southwest. Frightful indeed was the situation of these unfortunate men. They were evidently no longer masters of the machine. All their attempts were useless. The case of the balloon collapsed more and more. The gas escaped without any possibility of retaining it. Their descent was visibly accelerated, and soon after midday the car hung within 600 feet of the ocean. It was impos sible to pre vent the e
scape of gas, which rushed through a large rent in the silk. By lightening the car of all the articles which it contained, the passengers had been able to prolong their suspension in the air for a few hour s. Bu
t the inevitable catastrophe could only be retarded, and if land did not appear before night, voyagers, car, and balloon must to a certainty vanish beneath the waves. They now resorted to the only remain in
g expedient. They were truly dauntless men, who knew how to look death in the face. Not a single murmur escaped from their lips. They were determined to struggle to the last minute, to do anythin g to re
g expedient. They were truly dauntiess then, who knew how to look death in the lace. Not a shighe murnur escaped from their hips. They were determined to struggle to the last minute, to do anythin g to retard their fall. The car was only a sort of willow basket, unable to float, and there was not the slightest possibility of maintaining it on the surface of the last and only mote of look death in the lace. Not a shighe murnur escaped from their hips. They were determined to struggle to the last minute, to do anythin g to retard their fall. The car was only a sort of willow basket, unable to float, and there was not the slightest possibility of balloon was seriously in the last and only mode of lightening the balloon. The ropes which held the car were cut, and the balloon, after its fall, mounted 2,000 feet. The five voyagers had hoisted themselves into the net, and clung to the meshes, gazing at the abyss. The delicate sensibility of balloons is well known. It is sufficient to throw out the lightest article to produce a difference in its vertical position. The apparatus in the air is like a balance of mathematical precision. It can be thus easily understood that when it is lightened
of any considerable weight its movement will be impetuous and sudden. So it happened on this occasion. But after being suspended for an instant aloft, the balloon began to redescen d, the gas e scaping by
the rent which it was impossible to repair. The men had done all that men could do. No human efforts could save them now. They must trust to the mercy of Him who rules the elements. At fo ur o'clo ck the balloon was only 500 feet above the surface of the water. A loud barking was heard. A dog accompanied the voyagers, and was held pressed close to his master in the meshes of the net. "Top has seen som ething," cried one of the men. Then immediately a loud voice shouted,-- "Land! land!" The balloon, which the wind still drove towards the southwest, had since daybreak gone a considerable distance, which might be reckoned by hundreds of miles, and a tolerably high land had, in fact, appeared in that direction. But this land was still thirty miles off. It would not take less than an hour to get to it, and then the
as the chance of falling to leeward. An hour! Might not the balloon before that be emptied of all the fluid it yet retained? Such was the terrible question! The voyagers could di stinctly see tha t sol id spot whether an island or a continent, for they did not know to what part of the world the hurricane had driven the m. But th ey must re ach this la
ether inhabited or desolate, whether hospitable or not. It was evident that the balloon could no longer support itself! Several times already had the crests of the enormous billows I icked the bott om of
making it still heavier, and the balloon only half rose, like a bird with a wounded wing. Half an hour later the land was not more than a mile off, but the balloon, exhausted, flabby, hang ing in great t
gas in its upper part alone. The voyagers, clinging to the net, were still too heavy for it, and soon, half plunged into the sea, they were beaten by the furious waves. The balloon -case bulged out ag ind, taking it, drove it along like a vessel. Might it not possibly thus reach the land? But, when only two fathoms off, terrible cries resounded from four pairs of lungs at once. The ba lloon, whi ch
as if it would never again rise, suddenly made an unexpected bound, after having been struck by a tremendous sea. As if it had been at that instant relieved of a new p art of its we igh t, it mou of 1,500 feet, and here it met a current of wind, which instead of taking it directly to the coast, carried it in a nearly parallel direction. At last, two minutes later, it repro ached obliquely, and fi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             nal ly fell on a san
dy beach, out of the reach of the waves. The voyagers, aiding each other, managed to disengage themselves from the meshes of the net. The balloon, relieved of their weight, was take n by a wounded bird which revives for an instant, disappeared into space. But the car had contained five passengers, with a dog, and the balloon only left four on the shore. The missing per so
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              n had evide ntly been s
wept off by the sea, which had just struck the net, and it was owing to this circumstance that the lightened balloon rose the last time, and then soon after reached the land. Sca rce ly had t
n firm ground, than they all, thinking of the absent one, simultaneously exclaimed, "Perhaps he will try to swim to land! Let us save him! let us save him!" Chapter 2 Those whom the hu
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      he four cas taways set fo ot o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  rri cane had ju st th rown on thi
s coast were neither aeronauts by profession nor amateurs. They were prisoners of war whose boldness had induced them to escape in this extraordinary manner. A hundred times they
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  h ad almost peri shed! A hund
red times had they almost fallen from their torn balloon into the depths of the ocean. But Heaven had reserved them for a strange destiny, and after having, on the 20th of March, e scap
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ed fr om Richmond, be sieged by
the troops of General Ulysses Grant, they found themselves seven thousand miles from the capital of Virginia, which was the principal stronghold of the South, during the terrible War o
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        f S ec ession . Their aer ial voyag e
had lasted five days. The curious circumstances which led to the escape of the prisoners were as follows: That same year, in the month of February, 1865, in one of the cloup is die main
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   by which Gen eral Gran t attempt ed, t
hough in vain, to possess himself of Richmond, several of his officers fell into the power of the enemy and were detained in the town. One of the most distinguis hed was Cap tai n Cyrus chusetts, a first-class engineer, to whom the government had confided, during the war, the direction of the railways, which were so important at that time. A true Northerner, thin, b ony,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Har din g. He was a native of Massa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              le an, about f orty-fi ve years of age; hi
s close-cut hair and his beard, of which he only kept a thick mustache, were already getting gray. He had one-of those finely-developed heads which appear made to be struck on a med physiognomy of a clever man of the military school. He was one of those engineers who began by handling the hammer and pickaxe, like generals who first act as common sold ie rs
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                           al, pi erc ing eyes, a serious mouth, the
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          B es ides m ental power, h e also possesse
d great manual dexterity. His muscles exhibited remarkable proofs of tenacity. A man of action as well as a man of thought, all he did was without effort to one of his vigoro us and s
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   an gu ine temperament. Lea rned, clear-heade
d, and practical, he fulfilled in all emergencies those three conditions which united ought to insure human success--activity of mind and body, impetuous wishes, and powerful will william of Orange in the 17th century: "I can undertake and persevere even without hope of success." Cyrus Harding was courage personified. He had been in all, the bat ties of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                   He mi ght have taken fo r his motto that of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             th at war. Af ter h aving b egun as a volunteer a
Illinois, under Ulysses Grant, he fought at Paducah, Belmont, Pittsburg Landing, at the siege of Corinth, Port Gibson, Black River, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, on the Polloma he general who said, "I never count my dead!" And hundreds of times Captain Harding had almost been among those who were not counted by the terrible Grant; but in these vored him till the moment when he was wounded and taken prisoner on the field of battle near Richmond. At the same time and on the same day another important person age
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          c, everywhe re and valiantly, a soldier worthy of
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                        combats where he never s pared himself, fortune fa
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                       ell into the han ds of the Southerners. This was no
other than Gideon Spilett, a reporter for the New York Herald, who had been ordered to follow the changes of the war in the midst of the Northern armies. Gide on Spilett was
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                     ne of that race of indo mitable English or American
chroniclers, like Stanley and others, who stop at nothing to obtain exact information, and transmit it to their journal in the shortest possible time. The newspapers of the Uni
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                    on, such as the New York Herald, are genuine power
s, and their reporters are men to be reckoned with. Gideon Spilett ranked among the first of those reporters: a man of great merit, energetic, prompt and ready for anyth in g, fu dier and artist, enthusiastic in council, resolute in action, caring neither for trouble, fatigue, nor danger, when in pursuit of information, for himself first, and then f or his jour
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  Il of ideas, ha ving traveled over the whole world, sol
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               nal, a p erfect tr easury of knowledge on all sorts of cur
ious subjects, of the unpublished, of the unknown, and of the impossible. He was one of those intrepid observers who write under fire, "reporting " among bullets , and to wh
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          om e ver y d anger is we lcome. He also had been in all th
e battles, in the first rank, revolver in one hand, note-book in the other; grape-shot never made his pencil tremble. He did not fatigue the wires w ith inces sant telegrams, li ke
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      those who sp eak when they have nothing to say, but each
of his notes, short, decisive, and clear, threw light on some important point. Besides, he was not wanting in humor. It was he who, after the aff air of the Black River, determined to the control of the Black River, determined to the B
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 mi ne d at any cost to keep his place at the wicket of the tele
graph office, and after having announced to his journal the result of the battle, telegraphed for two hours the first chapters of the Bible. It cost the New York He rald two to ntelligence. Gideon Spilett was tall. He was rather more than forty years of age. Light whiskers bordering on red surrounded his face. His eye was sitead y, lively, rapid
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                  housand doll ars, but the New York Herald published the first
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 in its changes. It was the eye of a man accustomed to take
n at a glance all the details of a scene. Well built, he was inured to all climates, like a bar of steel hardened in cold water. For ten years Gideon Spil ett had been the re
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 port er of the N ew York Herald, which he enriched by his letter
s and drawings, for he was as skilful in the use of the pencil as of the pen. When he was captured, he was in the act of making a description and sketc h of the battle
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 e. The last words in his note-book were these: "A Southern rifl
eman has just taken aim at me, but--" The Southerner notwithstanding missed Gideon Spilett, who, with his usual fortune, came out of the is affair wit hoult a scra
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               tc h. C yru s Ha rding and Gideon Spilett, who did not know eac
h other except by reputation, had both been carried to Richmond. The engineer's wounds rapidly healed, and it was during his convales cence that he mad e ac
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               quai ntance wit h the reporter. The two men then learned to appr
eciate each other. Soon their common aim had but one object, that of escaping, rejoining Grant's army, and fighting together in the rangks of the Fe der als . The
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                two Ameri cans had from the first determined to seize every cha
nce; but although they were allowed to wander at liberty in the town, Richmond was so strictly guarded, that escape appeared impos sible. In the meanwhi le
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                            Capt ain Hardin g was rejoined by a servant who was devoted to h
im in life and in death. This intrepid fellow was a Negro born on the engineer's estate, of a slave father and mother, but to whom C yrus, who was an Ab ol iti
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          on is t f rom conviction and heart, had long since given his freedo
m. The once slave, though free, would not leave his master. He would have died for him. He was a man of about thirty, vigorous, active, clever, intelli ge nt , g
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      ent le, and calm, some times naive, always merry, obliging, and ho
nest. His name was Nebuchadnezzar, but he only answered to the familiar abberviation of Neb. When Neb heard that his mas ter had been made prisoner,
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                 he lef t Mass achusetts without hesitating an instant, arrived before
Richmond, and by dint of stratagem and shrewdness, after having risked his life tw enty times over, managed to penetrate into the b esieged town. The p
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                          leasure of Hard ing on seeing his servant, and the joy of Neb at finding hi
s master, can scarcely be described. But though Neb had been able to make his way in to Richmond, it was quite another th ing to get ou it again, for it he
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                      Northern prisone rs we re very strictly watched. Some extraordinary opport
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                               Me anwhile Grant continued his energetic operations. The victory of Petersburg
unity was needed to make the attempt with any chanc e of success, and this opportunity not only did not present itself, b ut was very difficult to find.
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                              rs a ny hope of a speedy deliverance. The reporter, to whom his tedious capti
g had been very dearly bought. His forces, united to those of Butler, had as yet been uns uccessful before Richmond, a nd nothing gave the prisone
vity did not offer a single incident worthy of note, could stand it no longer. His usua lly activ e mind was occupied with o ne sole thought --h ow he mi
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                                             ght get out of Rich mond at a ny cost. Several times had he even made the atte
                                                                                                                                                                                                                                         on his side, his hands in his pockets, yawning now and then like a man who did not know how to kill the time, but really dreading, like his friend, either the escape or destruction of the balloon. Ex
ere silenced by the louder detonations of the storm. The streets of the town were deserted. It had not even appeared necessary in that horrible weather to place a guar d in the square, in the midst of which plunged the balloon. Everything favored the departure of the prisoners, but what might possibly be the termination of the hazardous voyage they contemplated in the midst of the furious elements?-- "Dirty weather!" exclaimed Pencroft, fixin g his hat firmly on his head with a blow of his fist; "but pshaw, we shall succeed all the same!" At half-past nine, Harding and his companions glided from differen
directions into the square, which the gas-lam ps, extinguished by the wind, had left in total obscurity. Even the enormous ballost, to which the care fastened, the car was held by a strong cable passed hrough a ring in the pavement. The five prisoner s met by the car. They had not been perceived, and such was the darkness that they could not even see each other. Without speaking a word, Harding, Spilett, Neb, and Herbert took their places in the car, while Pencroft by the engineer's order detached successively the bags of ballast. It was the work of a few minutes only, and the sailor rejoined his companions. The balloon was then only held by the caple, and the engineer had nothing to do but to give the word. At that moment a dog sprang with a bound into the car. It was Top, a favorite of the engineer r. The faithful creature, having broken his chain, had fol lowed his master. He, however, fearing that its additional weight might impede their a scent, wished to send away the animal. "One more will make but little difference, poor beast!" exclaimed Pencroft, heaving out two bags of sand, and as he spoke
r. The faithful creature, having broken his chain, had fol lowed his master. He, however, tearing that its additional weight impede their a scent, wished to send away the animal. "One more will make but littrice difference, poor beast!" exclaimed Pencroff, heaving dashed the cating allowed them to see the wide extending one which it threw down as it swept by them. Then, indeed, the full rage of the earth below was intercepted by fog. Five days had passed when a partial clearing allowed them to see the wide extending ocean beneath their feet, now laster furly by the gale. Our readers will recollect what befell these five daring individual set who set out on their hazardous expedition in the balloon on the 20th of March. Five days afterwards four of them we re thrown on a desert coast, seven thousand miles from their country! But one of their number was missing, the man who was to be their guide, their leading spirit, the engineer, Captain H arding! The instant they had recovered their feet, they all hurried to the bea ch in the hopes of rendering him assis tance. Chapter 3 The engineer, the meshes of the net having given way, had been carried off by a wave. His dog also had disappeared. The faithful animal had voluntarily leaped out to help his master. "Forward," cried the reporter; and all four, Spilett, Herbert, Pencroff, and Neb, forgetting the eir fatigue, began their search. Poor Neb shed bitter tears, giving way to despair at the uslook for him! let us look for him! et us look for him to!" "Living, I trustil" "Still living!" "Can he swim?" asked Pencroff, and leaving and landed. The nearest point of the beach he could reach was thus fully that distance off. It was then nearly six o'clock. A thick fog made the night very dark. The castaways proceeded toward the north of the land on which chance had thrown them, an unknown region, the geographical situation of which 
that distance off. It was then nearly six o'clock. A thick fog made the night very dark. The castaways proceeded toward the north of the land on which chance had thrown them, an unknown region, the geographical situation of which they could now with stones, which appeared destitute of any sort of vegetation. The ground, was in some places perfectly riddled with holes, making walking extremely painful. From these holes escaped every unnequal and rough, was in some places perfectly riddled with holes, making walking extremely painful. From these holes escaped every unequal and cormorants, whose shrill cries rose above the roaring of the sea. From line to time the castaways stopped and shouted, then listened to receive the lack. The sailor thought that if the engineer had lan ded, and they had been near to the place, they would have heard the barking of the dog Top, ever should Harding himself have been unable to give any sign of the saar. From line to give any sign of the sea. From line to time the castaways stopped and shouted, then listened to give any sign of the sea. From line to give any sign of the sea. From line to give any sign of the sea. From line to give any sign of the sea. From line to give any sign of the sea. From line to give any sign of the saar should have been unable to give any sign of the sea. From line to give any sign of the sea. From line to give any sign of the saar should have been unable to give any sign of the sea. From line to give had been near to the place, they would have heard the saar should have been unable to give any sign of the sea. From line to give had been near to the place, they would have heard the saar should have been unable to give any sign of the sea. From line to give had been near to the place, they would have heard they should have been should have been should have been should have been such as a saar should have been unable to give any sign of the saar should have been unable to give had any sign of the saar should have been unable to give had any sign of the saa
vegetation, attached to a more important archipelago? It was impossible to say. When the voyagers from their car saw the land through the mist, they had not been able to reconnoiter it sufficiently. However, Perciott, accustomed with his sailor eyes to piece through the mist, they had not been able to replied in the west confused masses which indicated an elevated coast. But they could not in the dark determine whether it was a single island, or connected with others, to connected with others, as the land through the mist, they had reached them to show that he was still in existence. "The silence of our friend proves nothing," said the reporter. "Perhaps he has fainted or is wounded, and unable to reply directly, so we will not despair." The reporter then proposed to light a fire on a point of the islet, which would serve as a signal to the engineer. But they searched in vain for wood or dry brambles; nothing but sand and stones were to be found. The grief of Neb and his companions, who were all strongly attached to the intrepid Harding, can be better pictured than described. It was too evident that they were powerless to help him. They must wait with what patience they could for daylight. Either the engineer had been able to save himself, and had already found a refuge on some point of the coast, or he was lost for ever! The long and painful hours passed by. The cold was intense, and had already found a refuge on some point of the coast, or he was lost for ever! The long and painful hours passed by. They cold days intense, and had already found a refuge on some point of the coast, or he was lost for ever! The long and painful hours passed by. The cold was intense, the cast of the coast point hours passed by. They cold days intense, the cold was intense, the coast later to walk their coast, or he was the land already found a refuge on some point of the coast, or he were the coast later to wash intense, the coast later to be long to the later to be later to be later to the later to be later to be later to be lat
as the fact that we are no longer at Richmond." But the fog was not long in rising. It was only a fine-weather mist. A hot sun soon penetrated to the surface of the island. About half-past six, hree-quarters of an flour after suntise, the mist became more transpositent. It gives the coast were so parated by a channel about half a mile in breadth, through which rushed an extremely rapid current. However, one of the castaways, following the impulse of his heart, immediately threw himse "If into the current, will out consulting his companions, without saying a single word. It was Neb. He was in haste to be on the other side, and to climb towards the north. It had been impossible to hold him back. Pencroft called him in vain. The reporter prepared to follow him, but Pencroft stopped him." Do you want to cross the channel?" he asked. "Ves," replied Spliett. "If in not wrong, it is ebibing, see, the tide is going down over the sand. Le us have patience, and at low water it is possible to the lend, and the reached the shore several hundred hes because a stroke. He was carried the strong and the control of 
eto live many long years; on which indeed they might even die, should it be out of the usual track of vessels, as was likely to be the case. "Well," asked Herbert, "what do you say, Pencrioft?" inns. Three hours we will attempt the passage, and once on the other side, we will try to get out of this scrape, and I hope may find the captain." Pencroft was not wrong in his acreate not wrong in his person of their part of the sailor. "We shall see, and I hope may find the captain." Pencroft was not wrong in his scrape, and I hope may find the captain." Pencroft was not wrong in his scrape, and I hope may find the captain." Pencroft was not wrong in his scrape, and I hope may find the captain." Pencroft was not wrong in his scrape, and I hope may find the captain. "Pencroft was not wrong in his scrape, and I hope may find the captain." Pencroft was not wrong in his person of their clothes, which they captain builded the captain. "Pencroft was not wrong in his person of their clothes, which they placed in bundles on their heads, and then ventured into the water, which they placed in bundles on their heads, which they placed in bundles on their heads, which they placed in bundles on their heads, and then ventured into the water, which they placed themselves of their clothes, which they placed themselves of their clothes, which they placed the place at which they placed the cliff in the direction which the dieterior which was a design on the sailor; which were an advantaged to the sailor; which was a design of the cliff in the direction which the sailor; we have to prepare an encampent, and to try and find rather better grub than the sailor; which were the placed to the sailor; we have to prepare an encampent, and to try and find rather better grub than they come back. They better which they can be placed to the foot of the enormous wall over the beach, far from which the tide had now retreated; but instead of going towards the north, they went said rose to settle themselves in the neighborhood of a good stream of water
n the shore there. The cliff, as has been said, rose to a height of three hundred feet, but the mass was unbroken throughout, and even at its base, scarcely washed by the sea, it did not offer the smallest fissure which would serve as a dwelling. It was a perpendicular wall of very hard granite, which even the
waves had not worn away. Towards the summit fluttered myriads of sea-fowl, and especially those of the web-footed species with long, flat, pointed beaks--a clamorous tribe, bold in the presence of man, who probably for the first time thus invaded their domains. Pencroft recognized the skua and other gull
s among them, the voracious little sea-mew, which in great numbers nestled in the crevices of the granite. A shot fired among this swarm would have killed a great number, but to fire a shot a gun was needed, and neither Pencroft nor Herbert had one; besides this, gulls and sea-mews are scarcely eatable, a
nd even their eggs have a detestable taste. However, Herbert, who had gone forward a little more to the left, soon came upon rocks covered with sea-weed, which, some hours later, would be hidden by the high tide. On these rocks, in the midst of slippery wrack, abounded bivalve shell-fish, not to be despis ed by starving people. Herbert called Pencroft, who ran up hastily. "Here are mussels!" cried the sailor; "these will do instead of eggs!" "They are not mussels," replied Herbert, who was attentively examining the molluscs attached to the rocks; "they are lithodomes." "Are they good to eat?" asked Pencroft.
"Perfectly so." "Then let us eat some lithodomes." The sailor could rely upon Herbert; the young boy was well up in natural history, and always had had quite a passion for the science. His father had encouraged him in it, by letting him attend the lectures of the best professors in Boston, who were very fon
d of the intelligent, industrious lad. And his turn for natural history was, more than once in the course of time, of great use, and he was not mistaken in this instance. These lithodomes were oblong shells, suspended in clusters and adhering very tightly to the rocks. They belong to that species of molluscou
s perforators which excavate holes in the hardest stone; their shell is rounded at both ends, a feature which were then half opened to the sun. They ate them as oysters, and as they had a strong peppe
y taste, they were palatable without condiments of any sort. Their hunger was thus appeased for the time, but not their thirst, which increased after eating these naturally-spiced molluscs. They had then to find fresh water, and it was not likely that it would be wanting in such a capriciously uneven region. I
encroft and Herbert, after having taken the precaution of collecting an ample supply of lithodomes, with which they filled their pockets and handkerchiefs, regained the foot of the cliff. Two hundred paces farther they arrived at the cutting, through which, as Pencroft had guessed, ran a stream of water, whet her fresh or not was to be ascertained. At this place the wall appeared to have been separated by some violent subterranean force. At its base was hollowed out a little creek, the farthest part of which formed a tolerably sharp angle. The watercourse at that part measured one hundred feet in breadth, and its
two banks on each side were scarcely twenty feet high. The river became strong almost directly between the two walls of granite, which began to sink above the mouth; it then suddenly turned and disappeared beneath a wood of stunted trees half a mile off. "Here is the water, and yonder is the wood we req
uire!" said Pencroft. "Well, Herbert, now we only want the house." The water of the river was limpid. The sailor ascertained that at this time--that is to say, at low tide, when the rising floods did not reach it--it was sweet. This important point established, Herbert looked for some cavity which would serve the
m as a retreat, but in vain; everywhere the wall appeared smooth, plain, and perpendicular. However, at the mouth of the watercourse and above the reach of the watercourse and above the reach of the watercourse and perpendicular. However, at the mouth of the watercourse and above the reach 
m as a retreat, but in vain; everywhere the wall appeared smooth, plain, and perpendicular. However, at the mouth of the watercourse and above the reach of the watercourse and above the reach of the watercourse and above the reach of the watercourse and with the wind a perpendicular. However, at the mouth of the watercourse and which some were only sustained by a mirature far in among the rocks, by sandy passages in which light came also air--a regular corridor-gale--and with the wind the sharp cold from the exterior. However, the openings with a perpendicular, they go the openings with a perpendicular thought that by stopping which the spending the openings with a mixture of stones and sand, the Chimneys could be rendered habits. Their geometrical plan represented the exterior. However, the openings with a mixture of stones and sand, the chimneys could be rendered habits have been sand, the solit that by isolating the upper mouth of the sign, through which the sour work, "said Pencroft, "and if we ever see Captain Harding again, he will know how to make something of this la by inthin the lower part of use. "Here's our work," said Pencroft, "and if we ever see Captain Harding again, he will know how to make something of this la by inthin the lower part of use. "Here's our work," said Pencroft, "and if we ever see Captain Harding again, he will know how to make something of this laby inthin the left passage and keep an opening for the smoke." "So we can, my boy," replied the sailor, "and these Chimneys will serve our turn. Let us set to work, but first come and get a store of fuel. I think some branches will be very useful already be perceived—must drive it back with force to a considerable distance. The sailor then thought that they could utilize this ebb and flow for the transport of heavy objects. After having walked for a quarter of an hour, the sailor and the sailor and the sailor and the sailor and flow for the transport of heavy objects. After having walked for a quarter of an hour, the sailor and the sai
nd the boy arrived at the angle which the river made in turning towards the left. From this point its course was pursued through a forest of magnificent trees. These trees still retained their verdure, notwithstanding the advanced season, for they belonged to the family of "coniferae," which is spread over all
the regions of the globe, from northern climates to the tropics. The young naturalist recognized especially the "deedara," which are very numerous in the Himalayan zone, and which spread around them a most agreeable odor. Between these beautiful trees sprang up clusters of firs, whose opaque open pa asol boughs spread wide around. Among the long grass, Pencroft felt that his feet were crushing dry branches which crackled like fireworks. "Well, my boy," said he to Herbert, "if I don't know the name of these trees, at any rate I reckon that we may call them 'burning wood,' and just now that's the chief this
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