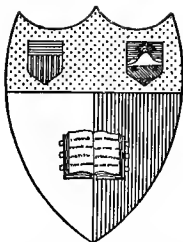




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Translated from the Original Flemish

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PROLOGUE.

ON a beautiful day in June of the year 1613, two people, an old woman and a young man, were standing on the quay of Texel at Amsterdam, near the tower of the fish-packers, which laves its feet in the vast basin of the Ye.

The woman seemed to be a sufferer, for she was pale and thin, and a dry cough which was occasionally heard gave evidence of slow pulmonary trouble that was sapping her life. She looked down sadly, lifting her eyes at times to him who accompanied her, as if she but waited for him to break the silence that she might speak.

Leaning against the fish-packers' tower, the young man's looks wandered up and down the quay, seeming profoundly preoccupied; but he kept his eyes particularly fastened on a large merchant-ship, on board of which sailors were employed carrying trunks, boxes, and other luggage.

Had any one endeavored to guess the young man's age from his face, when he was as now a prey to thoughtful revery, they would most certainly have been mistaken in it. He was delicately formed,

the lines of his face were pure, and his expression gentle; with a look of frank ingenuousness that gave the impression of mere boyishness. His apparel, too, a mixture of black and brown, seemed to indicate that he was a student of the Latin School.

A look of discouragement, succeeded by one of hope, alternated on the young man's face, causing him to lift up his head with displeasure or pride. Under the effects of these different emotions his features were accentuated by an air of greater firmness. The radiance of a strong and determined mind shone forth from his handsome face, and there darted from his brown eyes fervid sparks which told of manly will and lofty courage. Just then no one would have been mistaken as to the young dreamer's actual age, and, spite of the youthful delicacy of his features, he would have been given the nineteen years he had really attained. But this outpouring of a nature as yet not understood by himself was rare, and gave place at once to a mournful expression of sadness and discouragement.

There reigned around him unusual bustle and activity. Along the whole length of the quays that border Holland's capital on the eastern side there was fastened a triple row of heus, cagues, and boyers,* and lesser craft, loading and unloading, giving employment to a large number of workmen; heavy wagons, groaning under the weight of merchandise,

* Merchant-ships peculiar to Holland.

went and came from the interior of the town to the wharf; sailors and soldiers swarmed and were confused one with the other on the shores of the Ye. Farther away, on the surface of the stream as smooth as glass, were several rows of ships destined for long voyages, the masts of which shut out the horizon like an impenetrable forest. From the holds of these heavy ships were brought forth precious spices from the Indies, with which lighters were laden for transportation to the shops and warehouses of the northern Venice in exchange for the gold and silver of the other nations of Europe. Over all the river the joyous song of sailor and workman was heard, the sad creaking of the blocks, and the stentorian commands of pilot and captain.

It was an imposing and magnificent spectacle, this continuous movement of lighters crossing each other's paths; this feverish activity of several thousand men, the songs and cries and cheering of the sailors on board the innumerable ships just arrived from India; and above all the sun inundating with floods of light the majestic basin of the Ye, making the waves sparkle and shine under the impulse of the oars like a sea of liquid fire.

The young man leaning against the tower appeared indifferent to this grand sight. For some moments longer he kept his eyes fixed on the heu fastened far away from him against the quay; then suddenly, as if awakening from a dream, took two steps forward, and said in a sad and kindly voice to the woman who accompanied him,

"Mother, let us walk about a little; it is too soon yet."

"I told you so, Walter," she replied kindly; "the tide will perhaps be going out for another hour. They will not leave before high tide."

"Still another hour! and then—" said the young man, sighing and walking slowly in a direction that carried him farther away from the great heu.

The woman followed him, but soon stopped.

"But, Walter," she said, "we might miss the opportunity of saying good-by. Let us go towards the Pont-Neuf; they are to come by the Rue aux Herbes and cannot meet us here."

"No, dear mother," said Walter, beseechingly; "they might think we crossed their path to prevent their escaping us."

"I do not understand you, my son," murmured the widow, astonished, though in a voice full of loving kindness. "Your desire to take a last farewell of Madame Van den Broeck and her daughter filled you with impatience and took you from home much too soon. Now you seem to fear they will penetrate the friendly intention that brings us here. It would have been sadder and have caused them more pain that we should not have come to see them off. You observed when Madame Van den Broeck left the apartment she occupied under our roof, to take possession of the handsome house in the Rue aux Herbes, what a sad look she cast behind her on the modest rooms where she had spent eight years of her life among faithful and devoted friends. You

saw, too, how Adelaide's head drooped and she could not suppress her sighs. Congo, the poor negro, himself wept bitter tears at parting from you. And now you undertake to think these good people, after eight years of true and sincere friendship, would spurn or look down upon us for giving expression to ours? What are you dreaming of, Walter?"

The young man shook his head sadly, and walked along a little farther without replying, then said :

"I cannot tell why, mother, but my heart beats very sadly in my breast, and I shall never become accustomed to the thought of this parting. All seems to predict it will be a long and everlasting farewell."

"But it had to come some day, my son. If Captain Van den Broeck had not always been at sea, this would have happened much sooner. Now that his eminent services and heroic conduct have been rewarded, he is named commander of the island of Amboine,* where he has a fixed post; and it is but natural he should wish to carry his family with him to India. This is the fate of man, Walter—to be forever parting from those they hold most dear on earth. One dies, another goes away, and yet another stays behind; and we all bewail the necessity of separation, until we find ourselves united again in the merciful bosom of Him who created us."

*At that time the Hollanders only possessed in the East Indies a portion of the island of Amboine, which they had wrested from the Portuguese, and had converted the fortress into a naval station to facilitate their commerce with the Indies.

“Why can I not submit resignedly to the cruel fate that has overtaken us!” exclaimed Walter, in a choked voice. “You, mother, had found a companion whose delightful conversation was your recreation while I spent my days at school. Now you will be sad and lonely. I too had found one who in the beginning was my playmate, later on a sister who encouraged me in my studies, rejoiced in my progress, and strengthened my will and desire to distinguish myself in the career I had embraced. I loved the poor Congo himself with a tenderness I did not appreciate, but which this coming separation has revealed to me. The unfortunate negro is dear because I have been able to give his ignorant soul an idea of God, and to make him a Christian, and I felt myself called upon to protect him against the injustice of men. Now they are all going away—all! My second mother, my excellent sister, my poor negro protégé! The ship that carries them off will plough the vast sea, and soon there will be an entire world between those I love and me. They will forget us, mother!”

Though the young man's words betrayed great emotion, his gestures were few and restrained; his face, too, wore an expression of quiet sadness and the gentleness that was its chief characteristic. The tremulousness of his voice alone indicated the depth of his inward pain. He repeated his last sorrowful exclamation: “Oh, mother, they will forget us!”

“Do not believe this, Walter,” said the woman, in a sweet low voice. “You agitate yourself too

easily, my poor child. Man must from his youth accustom himself to sorrow. Life is but a trial. In heaven we shall receive our reward for the resignation with which we have endured it."

"To remain alone! To suffer alone as if the world were a tomb!" muttered Walter, in despair.

"Alone! Am I not with you?" asked the mother, in a voice full of tenderness.

A stifled sigh was the young man's only answer.

"Is it not enough? Does your mother's presence not suffice?" muttered the woman, sadly.

"Forgive me, my well-beloved mother! I love you with all my heart. That you might be restored to health I would renounce everything—my hopes, my memories, life itself. But there is still so much room in my heart! That heart bleeds because the affection that had taken root with time is to be torn away from it."

There was a moment's silence. The young man, with eyes bowed down, was visibly making great efforts to subdue his emotion.

"Come, be calm, my good Walter," said his mother; "remember we are still less unfortunate than our poor friends. They are compelled to leave our beautiful Holland and brave the hot skies of strange lands. They will suffer, perhaps die, away from the home where their ancestors repose. Rather, compassionate those whom God has not permitted to end their days in their own beloved country. India is a land of labor, of peril and trial, my child."

A look of enthusiasm illumined Walter's features. In a voice deeply touched, and with growing excitement, he said,

"India a land of trial, you say, mother? India is a glorious land, great and rich, for whoever feels the heroic blood of the Netherlands coursing in his veins! You do not understand, mother; times are greatly changed. Spain is humbled and exhausted. She sues for peace. Our liberty stands upon a foundation that is unassailable. All our enemies have fallen. And yet the heart of Batavians is running over with courage and military ardor. Holland hungers for lofty deeds. She must find an end towards which she can direct her exuberant strength. That end is the East Indies! Our small country, however rich and blessed it may be, is not large enough for the heroes made by the war with Spain. India, mother, India! It is a new country to conquer and to settle. It is there that with bravery united to prudence one may make a name for posterity. There a young man who was born too late to carry arms against Spain may still shed his blood to aggrandize the Netherlands. Oh, how happy are they who can depart for this beautiful land!"*

The mother looked at the son with tears in her eyes.

* After a war of nearly half a century with Spain, a truce was signed for twelve years. The Dutch turned all their energies towards commerce and the sea, and there was general interest felt in India, where they went to seek fortune and renown.

"Walter," she said, sighing, "your words sadden me. Would you be capable of abandoning your mother? be cruel enough to wish for such a separation? No,—am I not right?—these are passing thoughts called forth from your soul by suffering, alone."

The young man replied calmly: "I am losing my head, wandering. Leave you, my beloved mother! I? No, no, never! India may be a paradise of joy and happiness, but the great Arbiter of human destiny has not cast my lot there."

"I knew it, Walter. To soften my passage on earth God in his mercy gave me a loving and devoted son. In gratitude for this blessing my happy soul will ever sing his praises."

While talking to each other they had retraced their steps, and were once more at the foot of the tower.

"See, Walter," said the woman, "there goes Captain Van den Broeck across the Pont-Neuf with his mate, Peter Dircks."

He shuddered and stood still.

"His wife is not with him, nor Adelaide either."

These last words seemed to bring Walter to himself. He followed his mother, who walked on without quickening her steps.

Almost immediately they heard the Captain giving orders to the men who were loading the ship, while reprimanding others for not acquitting themselves of their tasks satisfactorily.

Captain Van den Broeck was a man about fifty

years old; yet in the full flower of his age, he was tall and his bearing proud and martial; he seemed born to command. The brown tint which the sun of India had given him, and the heavy mustache, pointing upward, increased the awe which his height and his proud look inspired, more especially upon his inferiors. He wore a blue doublet buttoned to the chin and only reaching to the knee. His fine black stockings were fastened with rosettes of ribbon. From his broad-brimmed hat waved a soft feather, and his thick luxuriant hair fell upon his shoulders and breast.

Walter did not appear in a hurry to approach the stately Captain; it even appeared as though he were overawed by him. The young man therefore slackened his steps, allowing his mother to go a little way in advance.

The Captain while overlooking his sailors, who were still carrying trunks on board, turned around and perceived the widow. The expression of his face changed at once. His manner became affable, and a smile full of sweetness dispelled the severity of his aspect. Such was Captain Van den Broeck. When on duty he was stern, cold, and chary of his words, but in his social relations easily approached, full of good-will and kindness. As the time drew near for his departure to India a sweet joy filled his heart, which overflowed in his language and his looks. He went towards the widow and said,

“Ah! you here, Dame Peterson? You have pro-

bably come to bid us farewell. I thank you for your kindness. You see we are just about sending the last parcels on board. To-night we will reach Texel, and to-morrow be out at sea. I am reviving; for an old salt like myself, Dame Peterson, it is not well to be on land."

"I do not see your wife or daughter," said Walter's mother.

"They are coming, they are coming," said the Captain, laughing. "Women always have something to do or to gather together at the last moment. Were we to imitate them, we would never embark. But who have we here, so silent and abashed? Oh! it is Walter. He still seems very young and unsophisticated; Dame Peterson. This will improve when his beard grows."

After thus joking, he went towards the young man, and clapping him in a friendly manner on the shoulder, said,

"Well, Walter, have you never yet felt a desire to make the voyage to India, my boy? The trip is not quite as smooth as would be the surface of the Ye, but the clashing, the bounding and rebounding of the ocean soon give one a firm foot and steady nerves."

Walter muttered some words that were unintelligible; he made an effort to smile politely, but the patronizing and somewhat ironical air of the Captain compelled him to lower his eyes. He remained standing before the speaker disconcerted and silent, like a timid young girl. He set his teeth and

closed his fists, unperceived by Captain Van den Broeck.

"Do not speak to him of such matters, Captain," said the widow, beseechingly. "Walter does not care for long voyages; and moreover he is still very young."

"Too young, Dame Peterson! The younger the better. When I first went to sea I was no older than Walter. Maybe he is afraid of the great ocean. It is true every one is not born to go to sea, and courage only comes with years."

This last assertion made Walter lift his head. He darted a proud glance at the Captain, and muttered in a trembling voice,

"Pardon me, Captain, if my reply seems to you impolite. But what courage, may I ask, does it require to do that that thousands of men have done before us? Fate keeps me here. Otherwise—"

"Truly, truly," said Van den Broeck, "something good beats in that breast! I see in you, my boy, what makes me think we may some day meet on the great pond with the brave ones over there."

"May God avert it!" said the old mother, sighing. "He is to be a physician, Captain. There is not a more glorious and meritorious act than to come to the aid of our unfortunate fellow-creatures in sickness and misfortune. His father—may God have mercy on his soul!—his father was also a physician. Walter will follow his profession with zeal and devotion. Will you not my son?"

"I must remain with my mother and give her all

the comfort and consolation I can," said the young man. "This is a duty God has imposed on me that I wish lovingly to fulfil. But believe me, Captain, I also feel that in my bosom beats the heart of a Netherlander."

Van den Broeck was astonished at the young man's enthusiasm, and still more at the fire burning in his eyes.

"I have never seen a *travado* at the Cape, if for your life you become a physician. Your skin covers a sailor or I am much mistaken. You have a passion for the sea; it is an incurable disease with Hollanders."

And again clapping the young man on the shoulder,

"I know," he said, "what gives you this wish to go, my boy. Come, you must banish from your mind such childish thoughts."

He felt Walter's shoulder shiver under his hand, and his face was suffused with color.

"There is a way, though," he said, laughing. "Enter the East India Company's service, endeavor to distinguish yourself, become a captain, and I will give you Adelaide as a wife. But you must make haste, otherwise she may find a husband before you wear a sword at your side."

A painful sigh escaped from the young man; his head drooped on his breast with discouragement, and he seemed a prey to terrible suffering.

Van den Broeck, touched with compassion, took his hand and said to him, with affection and gravity,

"Come, Walter, my boy, when I spoke as I did I was only joking. You perfectly understand it would be impossible for you to become a captain in a few years, especially now, when we are at peace with Spain. Remain with your mother, become what your father was, a physician ; and if you think of us at all, let it be as good friends who, far away in India, will retain a lively recollection of your affection."

"Captain Van den Broeck!" called out a loud voice from the vessel's deck.

"Well, friend Peter, what is the matter?"

"All is ready," the latter replied ; "our *heu* and the two *cagues* are under sail, the tide is rising and the wind favorable ; we must not lose our chances. Does not Madame Van den Broeck wish to embark?"

"This is too bad," grumbled the Captain. "They should have been on board half an hour ago."

And turning towards his mate,

"Wait ; they are not far from here. I shall go after them. Dame Peterson, you will remain here a little longer, will you not?"

And saying this, he rapidly walked in the direction of the Pont-Neuf and disappeared soon after down the Rue aux Herbes.

Walter still remained silent, with his eyes cast down. His mother eyed him compassionately ; for though she could not understand how the Captain's friendly joke could wound her son so deeply, yet she saw his grief was of a deep nature. She was

just about offering him some words of consolation, when at that moment they heard behind them a strange cry which must have been recognized, for a smile illumined both their faces at once and they turned simultaneously around from whence the noise proceeded.

"It is the little Congo," exclaimed Walter.

From the direction of the Pont-Neuf came running a young negro who could scarcely have been more than twelve or thirteen years old. He was habited like a Hollander with the exception of the head-dress, for he wore nothing but the curly wool with which nature had supplied him. He was already saluting Walter in the distance, and expressing his joy by every sort of cry. Between his thick protruding lips glistened teeth as white as snow, and beneath his black brows the whites of his eyes shone strangely.

Upon reaching Dame Peterson he clasped his hands together and bowed his head ; but after acquitting himself of this mark of respect he flew towards the young man, seized his hands and kissed them with rapture, all the while muttering in affectionate tones,

"Master of mine ! master of mine !"

"Well, Congo," said Walter, sadly, "you are going to the land of the sun. This makes you happy, does it not ?"

The negro looked down and shook his head negatively.

"You will soon forget, under the beautiful⁴ sky

of India, the cold blasts of the Netherlands and them that endure them," said the young man, sighing.

Congo bounded and exclaimed, pointing to the east,

"Hot over there—fire—not good. With Walter—with the mother—then good!"

He waved his hands about him, and was about to give more decided expression to his feelings, when suddenly he jumped backward, remaining motionless like a servant who sees his master approach.

"Mistress of mine!" he said.

Walter paled and began to tremble. He saw Madam Van den Broeck a few steps off, coming towards the wharf with her daughter and a servant.

The Captain's wife was very tall, and inspired great respect from her imposing walk and the calm expression of her countenance, which yet had an affable look about it, as well as a certain dreaminess giving evidence of great delicacy of feeling tempered with reserve.

Her daughter Adelaide was scarcely sixteen. Her hair was light, eyes blue, and cheeks rosy, still covered with the soft and delicate bloom of youth. Her step was faltering, her countenance ingenuous and innocent, and her pure soul shone in her frank and open smile.

While her mother held out her hand to Dame Peterson and engaged her in conversation, Adelaide approached nearer the young man and said to him,

"I am very happy, Walter, you came here to say good-by to us; I knew you would do so, and as

soon as we reached the Pont-Neuf I looked about to find you. It would have made me very unhappy not to have seen you again. And do you wish me to relate something strange to you? Last night I dreamed I was navigating a ship on the high seas; you, Walter, were the pilot. All dreams seem possible, do they not?"

The young man started, wished to speak, but the words died on his lips.

"Why are you so sad, Walter?" asked the young girl. "Ah! what do I ask you? You will no longer have a companion: that is it. Your only one will be your sick mother. This is truly sad. What pleasures we have enjoyed together since our childhood! You have been a good friend to me, Walter. I understand you should be sorry to see me leave Amsterdam."

"And you, Adelaide," asked the young man, "does it not afflict you at all?"

"Yes; but the worst has gone by. When I was in the large house of the Rue aux Herbes your image came between me and everything; which ever way I turned your voice called me. And then, Walter, in my loneliness I wept for many hours."

"You wept? You wept, Adelaide?" said the young man, deeply touched. "Why?"

"You may undoubtedly imagine why. Because you were no longer with me."

"And now you can leave without sorrowing?"

"Now, Walter, all is over; these tears could not last forever."

"Alas!" said the young man, grieved and in a plaintive voice, "you will have forgotten me before reaching the harbor of Amboine!"

Tears trickled down his cheeks, and he fastened upon the young girl a bitter look of reproach which seemed to surprise and pain her.

"Walter, Walter!" she said, in a voice full of emotion, "this is unkind of you to make the moment of departure bitterer for me! Be assured you will have forgotten me before I do you. Rosalie will bear witness that I think and speak of you all day."

The servant, who stood a few steps off and had heard the greater part of the conversation between the two young people, now approached and said, in a slightly ironical tone,

"You ask which of you two will forget the other sooner. This is not difficult to say; it will certainly be Mr. Walter."

"I!" exclaimed he, "I forget her! Rosalie, I beg you will not joke."

"It is quite easy to see how," replied the servant. "Adelaide thinks of you from morning until night: what will it be over there? She will have neither companions to amuse, nor friends nor acquaintances. Of what shall we think at Amboine, do you suppose? Of our dear Holland, of Amsterdam, and of those with whom we lived. You, Walter, will become a physician, will make a fortune, marry, and by slow degrees forget those who are gone. This is the way things always happen."

"Yes, yes," said Adelaide; "you are even the

happier in this: you inhabit our beautiful country, while I am going many thousand miles away, without knowing whether I shall ever revisit it."

"And you do not deplore this departure?" exclaimed Walter, in ill-restrained accents of sorrow.

"Of what use would it be?" said Adelaide. "As a submissive daughter I am compelled to follow my father, and find my consolation in accomplishing this duty."

The young man trembled in every limb, as if her gentle words irritated him.

The servant laughed maliciously and said,

"These complaints are useless. Nothing is so soon forgotten as the friendships of childhood. Mademoiselle is right not to grieve too much. Be assured; Walter, that in a year or two you, as well as Adelaide, will scarcely remember you ever felt any affection for each other. And nothing can be done about it; we must accept our lives in the way God intended."

Overwhelmed with the conviction that neither Adelaide nor Rosalie understood the nature of his sorrow, he covered his face with his hands.

The young girl watched him in silence for a few moments, then suddenly a great joy irradiated her face, and leaning her head on the young man's shoulder, she whispered in his ear,

"Walter, I know a way not to be long separated from you."

"What way?" exclaimed he, with a happy smile. "Speak."

"Come also to India, Walter."

"Ever the same thing," said the young man, sighing.

"It is indeed the only way," remarked the servant.

"Oh! promise me you will," replied Adelaide. "I will await you; I shall be always expecting and looking for the ship that is to bring you."

"And my poor mother?"

"Take her with you, Walter; then we will all be together as before."

"At last, there you are!" cried out Van den Broeck, advancing towards the quay. "You will make us miss the tide in losing so much time. Which way did you come here? I think there is but one Rue aux Herbes at Amsterdam."

"Now, do not get angry for such a trifle," replied his wife. "We came in all haste as far as the Corn Exchange to shake by the hand once more our friend the wife of the money-changer."

"Well, well, let us hasten," said the Captain, in an imperative tone. "Let the farewells be spoken and go on board at once; otherwise they will last forever."

"Good-by, Walter," said Adelaide, taking his hand. "You know what I told you. I shall ever think of you, and will await your coming with impatience."

The young man made great efforts to control his emotion, and was scarcely able to stammer forth one word of farewell. At the same moment the Cap-

tain's wife was affectionately embracing the aged widow who for so many years had been her friend. Abundant though silent tears fell from the eyes of both women.

The sight of these warm expressions of regard and his mother's sorrow overcame the young man, who also shed tears.

"I had gathered up great strength," exclaimed Adelaide, "but if your courage gives way I shall not be able to endure much longer. Alas! alas! how unhappy I am! What suffering to have to leave you, Walter!"

With these words the poor child melted into tears.

The little Congo, who observed this scene at a short distance off, had cowered for some time with his head between his knees.

"On board! on board!" exclaimed the Captain, gently pushing his wife and daughter towards the ship. "Another handshake, Dame Peterson; and for you too, Walter, until we meet again! Hi! Congo, what are you still doing on shore? Make haste, or else—"

The negro ran towards Walter once more, kissed his hands, on which tears rained, lifted his eyes to heaven with a strange expression, then hastily boarded the ship. Madame Van den Broeck and Adelaide were already on deck, and had placed themselves near the rudder, at a distance from the soldiers and sailors.

A few moments after all sails were set, and the

vessel, convoyed by two cagues, left the wharf. Its crew bade adieu to the town of Amsterdam by triple hurrahs, and the trumpeter on board one of the cagues played the Holland national air, "William of Nassau."

Walter saw Van den Broeck, his wife, the negro, and even the servant making signals in the distance, as if to continue saying good-by as long as possible. He also saw that Adelaide remained seated by the rudder, her head in her hands, weeping bitterly. This proof of her sorrow was some consolation to his oppressed heart, and he enjoyed, so to speak, the young girl's pain, until the ship and the two cagues disappeared from sight. Then he dejectedly allowed his head to fall upon his breast, while he remained standing mute and sorrowful, as if he had forgotten where he was and what had happened.

"Come, Walter, let us go," said the widow. "May God be praised that this terrible moment is over!"

Walter followed her without a word; stifled sighs escaped from his breast, and quick and convulsive gestures betrayed his despair.

"My good Walter," said the mother, "this parting is a cruel one for you, is it not? Your loving heart deplores the loss of your playmate as if it were a terrible misfortune. Be calm, and do not lose courage, my child; by to-morrow the pain will already be softened—"

"A playmate!" exclaimed the young man, in heart-rending accents. "Oh! mother, if it were no more—"

The aged woman gave him a look of surprise.

"She is gone. I can now make to you an avowal of my misery," he continued. "No, no, mother; she was no longer my playmate. It was rash, perhaps foolish, but I thought the future held something for me, and I dreamed that one day perhaps Adelaide would be my wife; that she would become a daughter to my good and excellent mother, when each should endeavor to rival the other in rendering her last days comfortable and happy. Could I but have cherished that hope, I should have been enabled to perform miracles whereby I might have shone among the physicians of Holland for my scientific attainments and devotion to duty. But now the star that lighted me on my way has gone down in darkness."

"Poor Walter!" said the widow, with a sigh, "how can you allow your thoughts to carry you away in this manner? It is not well for man to set his heart on impossible things. What you dreamed could never have been realized, even had Adelaide remained near us many years. How many times has Capt. Van den Broeck said in our presence that none but a brave officer, a captain like himself, should obtain the hand of his daughter? He looks down on every other profession but that of bearing arms. Though he is mistaken, what would you? The good man on this point has a very decided opinion. You, Walter, with your peaceful and sweet disposition are called to serve your country elsewhere than on its battle-fields."

Walter made no answer, but walked along in an absent manner, his eyes fixed on vacancy, finding

within himself food for thought. Suddenly he stopped and took his mother by both hands; looking her in the face, he said in an excited tone.

"Mother, you love me, do you not? You would do and endure much for my happiness? To rescue me from everlasting sorrow you would sacrifice, if necessary, your habits of life, your quiet? Is it not so, mother, is it not so?"

"What is it you wish, Walter?" asked the widow, alarmed at the emotion he showed.

"Oh, mother, I beg, I supplicate of you, go with me to India!"

"I, a poor old woman, delicate and feeble," she said, utterly overcome,—“I to set sail with you on the great ocean! What an idea, my son! The Lord would recall me to himself on the journey were I guilty of such a foolish act. No, I wish to die with those that belong to me. Walter, my child, your mind is wandering!"

A soul-stirring exclamation of despair escaped from Walter.

"Oh!" he said, shaking his head as if to rid himself of the thought that possessed him, "I am mad, it is true. Come mother, come, it will pass away. I will endeavor to forget. But be not afraid; come what may, I will not leave you, my beloved mother! No, never as long as I live. Come, let us go."

Madame Peterson followed his rapid footsteps as well as she could, and they both disappeared behind the Kamperhoofd.

BATAVIA.

1618.

CHAPTER I.

Not far from the Javanese town of Jacatra, three Dutchwomen and a black slave were seated one morning under the shadow of some trees that protected them from the burning rays of the sun of India.

These trees seemed really to have been planted on the plain to afford a pleasant retreat against the noonday heat, for their somewhat regular distribution appeared rather the act of man than the work of nature.

Amid a clump of shrubbery on whose green leaves shone fruits and grapes of all colors and shapes, the patty with its light green leaves was discernible, so valued by the Javanese because of its thick and shady foliage; the beautiful dadap, each leaf of which is marbled and pointed like a flower; the superb katapner, which bears at one time buds, blossoms, and fruits; and the majestic jambosier, which, like a lombardy poplar, towers almost to the skies.

Under the shade of the thickest patties, on a bench formed of bamboo and rattan interwoven, was seated a person no longer young, the richness of whose attire proclaimed her at once as the wife of a wealthy Dutch merchant or that of an officer. Her head was bent over a book on which her eyes were fastened, but, be it from the heat of the atmosphere or the sombre silence that reigned around, she appeared inclined to drowsiness, closing her eyes and disposing herself to yield to sleep.

By her side on the same bench sat a young girl who appeared to be under twenty years of age; her light hair and blue eyes betrayed her northern origin, though a long residence in India had spread over her face a delicate tint of brown. She was dressed entirely in white, without any head-dress but the heavy curls of her hair, which were brought forward so as to form a crown. Except bracelets of the golden champaka,* she wore no ornaments but those sweet gifts with which nature had endowed her.

The sun's rays through the leaves produced a thousand colors and played around her in variegated tints. The jambosier scattered upon her its vivid red flowers; magnificent butterflies, in every color of the rainbow, attracted by the shrubs and trees in full bloom, flitted above her head. Scarabees, flies, a thousand insects moved about and glistened as if born of the fire, humming, fluttering,

* *Mechelia champaka*, a favorite Javanese flower.

and whispering in that beautiful pavilion of verdure.

The young girl, however, appeared insensible to her surroundings; her eyes were cast down and she did not alter her position. It seemed as though she were plunged in an absorbing revery which made her utterly forgetful of facts.

Perhaps she dreamed of that beloved country she had quitted in her youth, probably forever; perhaps she deplored the absence of one whose image pursued her in solitude. But whatever the cause, a secret sorrow gnawed at the heart of the young girl and was written on her face, which, though attractive and fascinating, bore the traces of a lingering decline and evident weakness.

After keeping her eyes for some time dreamily on the ground, she suddenly lifted up her head as if startled by the silence around her, then cast a furtive glance towards the person beside her, who held the book on her knee and had quietly gone to sleep, then turned partly around to seek her attendant through the branches of the trees.

The servant slept, leaning against the massive trunk of the *billimbing*.* The negro alone was awake; he held in one hand a closed parasol and in the other a basket of freshly gathered fruit. His bright eyes were fastened upon his mistress and seemed to ask whether she wanted anything; but she made a sign to him to remain where he was.

**Averrhoa bilimbi*.

The young girl then resumed the same attitude, though this time she cast her eyes towards the plain, and with a long look seemed to take in the beautiful landscape unfolded to her by the vegetation of India.

Looking to the left she beheld the cocoanut-trees that bordered the coast, lifting up their tall crests like gigantic plumes under the soft touch of the land-breeze; behind, in the distance, she saw the masts of the ships that had brought them to Jacatra, and farther off still the wide expanse of ocean, whose bosom in that part nearest the shore was studded with little green islands lying close one to the other like charming kiosks of verdure extending into the distance, where they melted away by degrees into a limitless horizon, mingling with the azures of the skies.

Facing her there rose a little way off the shops and habitations of the Dutch factory. The fortifications by which they were surrounded scarcely reached the height of a man, but the work was progressing with ardor. The young girl saw Dutchmen, negroes, Chinese, in spite of the sun bringing stones, mortar, earth, and, as if over-excited by feverish activity, rivalling each other in zeal to build up a rampart that was to protect the fortress of the Netherlands.

At a distance behind the factory appeared the Javanese town of Jacatra, with its airy abodes constructed of bamboo and rattan half hidden under the shadow of the thick kelors, and sheltered on

all sides by fruit-trees whose dark shining leaves were distinctly defined against the sky. By the side of and between the houses, the pysang, or banana-tree, stretched out its gigantic leaves, and the aree, a species of palm, shot on high its broad top resembling a parasol, while the turyboa* grew gracefully around its light and delicate stem. Here and there the tontar or hunter's tree, displayed its fan-shaped leaves, on which in past times the Indians wrote their alas, or letters. In the environs of the town were situated the rice-fields; in some the eye was captivated by the delicate and exquisite green, while others reflected the golden hue of maturity.

The young girl, casting her eyes to the right, saw, towards the interior of the dominion, a splendid carpet of green through which two or three lovely rivers meandered. The whole surface of the plain where it was not broken by groups of cocoanut-trees was bright with flowers of every hue and shade; from the very bosom of the water the tong-yong tratty lifted its lovely flower-cups, and the sweetness of its perfume vied with the vividness of its color. Here her eye spanned the limit where man's work ceased, and reached the skirt of those impenetrable forests at the foot of the hills, which, possessing themselves of the soil, grow in great size and majesty, spreading over all the great island, even up the sides of

* A species of vine.

high mountains, the summits of which soar heavenward and rise five thousand feet above the level of the sea.

It is only within these forests that one can form an idea of the wonderful fruitfulness with which prodigal nature has endowed this spot of earth. There, gigantic trees, strange plants, overhanging vines, seem to dispute the light and air with one another. In this struggle to obtain a narrow space, the powerful vegetable kingdom interlaces closely its trunks, branches, and shoots, so that only hatchet in hand can man conquer a passage for himself; and as if the ground did not suffice for all the plants that spring up from a luxurious vegetation, some throw their roots into the trunks of others, and plants and shrubs grow vigorously on the tops even of the highest trees. Thousands of vegetable parasites strange and wonderful in form cover the bark of the venerable pinkons, langsars, pinangos, surents, and interlace their branches so as to form an immense and inextricable network falling to the ground, rising to the skies, and in their turn affording nourishment to the vines growing from tree to tree, suspending themselves like delicate ropes from every branch, throwing out new roots, rising boldly to the highest summits, and there with their thick and luxuriant foliage forming a roof of green which even at mid-day only admitted a doubtful light in this luxuriant vegetation.

In the sombre depths of the virgin forests of Java live and swarm a world of animals. The

monkey has a home here with its mate and little one amid the same trees where the charming goldfinch and gay parrot display their magnificent plumage; the frightful flying dog hides here during the day; the flying lizard darts without ceasing from branch to branch; the royal tiger reigns here masterfully; the iguana, which resembles a crocodile, watches for its prey; venomous scorpions and hideous centipedes abound beneath the fallen leaves.

The young girl's eyes were fixed for some time on the majestic forests and the cloud-clapped mountains bordering the horizon on the land side; then, as though this contemplation had given her neither pleasure nor comfort, she shook her head in apathy, and fastened her eyes on the ground, where they encountered the purple flowers dropped at her feet by the jambosier. Again her mind seemed to wander away, for she remained silent and immovable, and presently carried her hands to her eyes as if to conceal the tears that escaped her in spite of herself.

The woman seated beside her lifted her head and gazed for an instant on the sorrow-stricken girl with an expression of affectionate interest, then taking her hand said,

"Adelaide, Adelaide, this is not well. Only yesterday you promised your father to bear up against your grief. You told him now you were consoled and would await patiently our return to our native land. Your promise afforded so much

hope and confidence to my motherly heart that, you see, I allowed sleep to overtake me beside you. For a moment you are left alone, and when I awake I find your eyes full of tears. Have you no pity, my child, for my pain?"

"Do not be angry with me, my good mother," stammered the young girl. "I struggle energetically against my sorrow, but it is stronger than my will. Tears alone bring some comfort to my poor heart."

"The thoughts that pursue you, Adelaide, are fatal. Instead of hugging them to your heart you should endeavor to combat them courageously ; then you would soon be rid of them."

"Yes, mother, this is truly what I should do ; you are right," replied the young girl. "Could I but command my thoughts ! That dream, that ever-recurring dream ! Holland, Amsterdam, all that surrounded my infancy with joy and happiness,—this is what is sapping my strength, fills my soul with sorrow, and renders me ungrateful towards my father, and to you who are such a good and tender mother to me. Alas ! alas ! this is cruel and most culpable of me. But do not let your heart be set against me, my beloved mother ; I cannot help it."

Seated on the ground a few steps off, the negro fastened his brilliant eyes on Adelaide's lips, and though he could not catch the conversation, which took place in low tones, he appeared to understand the meaning of the young girl's words. His face also expressed profound compassion, and every now

and then his thick lips were contracted with a look of ill-will and anger.

The mother said gently,

“In two or three months from this we will return to our country. Is not that thought sufficient to give you courage and strength, Adelaide?”

“You nurse this illusion out of love for me, mother; you deceive yourself that you may deceive me too. For the last four years I have been buoyed up with the same hope. When we set sail from Amboine I was made to believe that we were going home, and already five months have passed away since we reached Java. Ah! I feel it, mother, my foot will never more tread the soil of Holland.”

“Poor, foolish child! Do you dwell upon nothing except what aggravates your disease? I tell you we are to return to our country as soon as the fortress is constructed—three months at the latest. Your father said this morning in my presence to the Governor-General that nothing in the world, neither treasures, nor dignities, nor even the sentiment of duty, should prevent his return to Holland that his daughter might be cured of the terrible home-sickness which is destroying her under our very eyes.”

“What! is this really true, mother?” asked the young girl, her joy mixed with fear.

“I will beg Governor Koen* to substantiate what I say, if you refuse to credit me. You are

*The Governor-General of India for the Dutch Company was at this time Jean Pierre Koen.

right, Adelaide: I have deceived you in the past because of my pity and affection for you. But what I tell you now is true."

The young girl clapped her hands with joy, a heavenly smile of happiness beamed from her face, and she exclaimed with enthusiasm,

"I will again see my beloved Holland! This would be so great a happiness. I very much doubt if it will ever be mine. But I believe you, mother. I will try to find comfort in the sweet hope that has been given me. I will no longer weep, will be joyful; I will await, will await with patience, the hour that shall at last strike for my deliverance."

Then recovering herself as if another thought had struck her, she exclaimed with warmth,

"Mother, how shall we find our friends over there? What has become of them? The wife of the money-changer; the old merchant; Lise, the grocer's little daughter; Good Dame Peterson—she was so feeble and ill? It may be— Ah! no, I will not think of anything so dreadful. And Walter—he must be a doctor now, do you not think so? Who knows whether any of these friends still remember us?"

Madame Van den Broeck shook her head with sad impatience; she knew by experience such thoughts but aggravated the malady from which her daughter suffered, and caused her to relapse into a profounder melancholy. That she might divert the conversation into another channel she feigned not to have heard Adelaide's complaints and said,

“So, my child, you sincerely promise me to await with resignation the moment of our departure; is it not so?”

“Yes, mother, I feel contented already, and have become so strong.”

“That you were in low spirits at Amboine I can perfectly understand: it is a dull abode; the air is so charged with salt that it excites and fatigues one. But here at Java nature is so fruitful and generous! Everything is brilliant with magnificence and beauty; all that man requires is here found in abundance. If any one treading the soil of Java wished to picture to himself a terrestrial paradise, where could he find a better exemplification of it? The sentiment that makes us long for our own country is a very natural one, but it should not be allowed to become fanaticism, rendering us blind to the marvels and good gifts of the Creator which he has showered down with open hands upon this favored corner of the earth.”

“You say what is true, mother,” replied the young girl. “Here nature is beautiful and full of grandeur, and indeed of great magnificence.” Then she added in impressive accents, “But nothing has the charm and beauty of our dear and peaceful Holland.”

“Yes, yes!” exclaimed the negro, “Holland beautiful country! There Walter—good master to me!”

A stern look given him by Madame Van den Broeck made the Congo draw back with his hands clasped together at the foot of a cocoanut-tree.

There was a short moment of silence, when the mother said to the daughter,

“Adelaide, my child, show some resolution. Let your father see that you mean to await with confidence and courage the promised moment. This will make him so happy! What he is about to do for you will be the greatest test of love a father can give a child. Just reflect: the superior command of this new country has been offered to him already. It will soon become the principal colony of importance to the Dutch in India, and your father would in consequence hold the first rank after the Governor-General. The hope of becoming with time the Governor-General of the Indian Netherlands is not interdicted to him. Nothing could better satisfy his manly pride and dignity. And yet, Adelaide, he is about to renounce this brilliant future through love for his daughter—through love for you.”

“Oh, may God in his goodness permit of my return to Holland!” said Adelaide, sighing, “and I shall know how to recompense my good father for the affection without stint which he bears me. All that causes him joy—”

At that moment the discharge of a cannon was heard: it was the salute of a ship entering the port.

Adelaide rose suddenly and looked towards the shore. She was much moved, and trembled in every member.

“Foolish girl!” sadly said her mother, “why become so unstrung? It is the ship *La Flèche*, sent to reconnoitre at Bantam, with orders to return

to-day. She has been expected since the morning."

The negro, on hearing the discharge of cannon, had climbed up the cocoanut-tree, and clung to the trunk at a height of sixty feet. He also looked towards the sea with eager curiosity.

For a moment Adelaide gazed towards him with moist and glistening eyes, seeming to ask him what he saw; but the look of indifference on Congo's face discouraged her. She reseated herself in silence beside her mother, but lifted her eyes every few moments towards the black slave, who was attempting to reach the top of the tree.

The servant, too, had been awakened by the discharge of the cannon, and arose; but perceiving that her mistresses kept their seats on the bench, she sat down again without speaking, with her back to the trunk of the billingbing.

"What possible interest can the poor Congo take in every ship that comes in?" said Madame Van den Broeck, in a low voice; "one would think he expected some one, for he, at least, cannot be homesick."

"Do you know what it means, mother?" said Adelaide. "In his simplicity he imagines Walter Peterson is to come to India. Congo has a good heart; the poor slave has retained of Holland but one remembrance: that he found in that country a man who protected and loved him as if he had not been a poor black, thrown upon the world as an outcast."

“He is crazy, and adds by his folly to your sufferings.—Alight from that tree, Congo, and keep quiet; otherwise I will complain of you to the Captain.”

The negro slipped down from the top of the cocoanut-tree, standing, when he reached the bottom, with bowed head and clasped hands.

“Come, Adelaide,” said Madame Van den Broeck, rising, “let us return to the factory. Your father awaits me at this hour. Let him see a smiling face, my child, and thank him from the bottom of your heart for the affection which prompted him to say what he did to the Governor-General.”

“It is so cool here, mother,” said the young girl, in a beseeching voice, “and the air is so heavy and stifling at the factory among all those workpeople. Oh, remain with me a little longer under the shade of these trees!”

“No, Adelaide, I must return, but only for an instant. Stay here, if you wish it; I shall rejoin you almost immediately. In the mean while keep quiet, my child, and do not think any more about sad subjects.”

By a movement of the hand she ordered the servant to seat herself near Adelaide, and directed her own steps towards the factory. The young girl followed her mother with her eyes for an instant, then looked down and fell into a revery, though Rosalie had seated herself beside her and tried to arrest her attention with bright and playful talk.

As soon as Madame Van den Broeck had disap-

peared behind the enclosure which surrounded the factory, the negro flew towards the cocoanut-tree, and climbed up the trunk until he reached the top; but hardly had he cast an eye in the direction of the sea than he began crying out, while gesticulating joyfully,

“Holland! hurrah! Holland!”

The name of that well-beloved country produced a powerful impression upon the young girl. She rose quickly, and asked in a trembling voice,

“What do you see, Congo?”

“It comes from Holland,” exclaimed the negro, with enthusiasm; “the deck is crowded with sailors and soldiers. Oh, do let Congo go and see!”

Without awaiting the young girl’s consent, the negro slid rapidly down, picked up the parasol from the ground, pushing it into the servant’s hand, placed the basket of fruit on her knees, and, giving a cry of joy that resounded afar, flew across the plain with the speed of an arrow escaping from the bow.

On reaching the quay, he encountered on shore a detachment of soldiers, and noticed boats coming from the newly-arrived ship which were directed towards the land, there to disembark a portion of the crew. Some persons, among whom were Dutch women and children, had hastened from the factory, and were engaged in clasping the hands of friends and acquaintances or asking news of home. Congo ran with strange precipitancy around the soldiers, looking at each one attentively

from head to foot, drinking in with greedy ears all that was said. He had already been roughly shoved aside many times, but each time returned to the charge, walking with rapid step along the files of soldiers, as if trying to recognize one among them.

Discouraged finally by the ill success of his efforts, he squatted down upon his heels against a post and directed his gaze sadly towards the boats, which were still plying between the ship and the shore.

He had remained immovable a long time, when suddenly his eyes sparkled and a smile in which uncertainty mingled with surprise caused him to show all his white teeth.

At a great distance from him there was a young soldier whose uniform betokened him either a non-commissioned officer or a sergeant. Congo could only partially see his face, for the sergeant turned his back to the coast to give orders to the crew of a boat that had just approached. The negro's emotion increased as doubt gave place to certainty.

All at once, by some movement on the part of the young man, Congo was enabled to catch sight of all his features. The negro bounded up from the ground with a cry of joy, ran towards the sergeant, fell upon his knees before him, seized his hands, covered them with kisses and watered them with tears, and was so overcome with emotion that he could not articulate a single word.

The spectators contemplated the scene with astonishment; many laughed at the strange and unre-

strained pantomime of the negro. The sergeant himself looked confused for a moment at the strange being who had possessed himself of his hands in such an unexpected manner. Suddenly he recognized him, drew him up all in a tremble, and exclaimed,

“By Heavens! it is Congo! My good Congo, what are you doing here? Are your masters also at Jacatra? Where is Adelaide?”

But the poor negro was so overjoyed and excited that he did not hear the question. He danced, screamed, and went through so many contortions that a general laugh broke forth from the spectators.

The young sergeant seemed equally impressed, though in a different fashion from that of Congo. He permitted the negro to continue his eccentric demonstrations of joy; advanced towards the captain who commanded the detachment, speaking with him for a few moments; then preceding the negro in the direction of a clump of trees, said to him,

“Follow me, Congo, and calm yourself.”

As soon as they reached the shelter of the trees, away from the vicinity of soldiers and sailors, the sergeant stopped the negro, took his hands, and exclaimed in accents full of joy and affection,

“How tall you have grown, my poor Congo! I scarcely recognized you. But you have not forgotten Walter; your joy bears witness to your faithful heart.”

Congo joined his hands, raised them to heaven, and exclaimed,

"Thanks, thanks, my God! Again I see my good master. For the last four years Congo has waited by the sea—by the great silent sea; but my master is here at last! Lord of heaven, be blessed; you have listened to the prayer of the poor slave!"

"How well you speak Dutch now!" said Walter. "It is true you have had four long years. But try to compose yourself, Congo, and listen to me quietly. Is Captain Van den Broeck at Jacatra? Is his wife with him?"

The negro could only shake his head affirmatively.

"And Adelaide—is she married?"

"No," said Congo, with some effort. "No; but she is ill, very ill!"

"Adelaide ill! Heavens! What is the matter with her?"

The slave placed his finger on the left side of his breast and answered,

"'Sakit hady,' as the black men say; she suffers with her heart."

"You terrify me, Congo! Is her illness serious, do you think?"

"She is very ill, master, and has been so for the last three years. She looks like a flower with a worm at its root."

The sergeant leaned his head on his breast and gave a stifled moan.

"Do not be sorrowful, my good master," said Congo, taking his hand. "Now our young lady will soon be cured. Oh, how happy she will be! Come, come; she is not far from here."

With these words, Congo took the sergeant by the hand to draw him towards the plain. Walter, entirely preoccupied, allowed him to do so, and for some moments followed his guide in silence. At last Congo stopped the young man, and pointing his finger towards a grove of large trees, said,

“See, master, over there near that large billing-bing is a woman—that is Rosalie ; and under the patties is another—it is Mademoiselle Adelaide.”

Walter cast an eager glance in the direction pointed out to him. Though he saw the two women, he could not at that distance recognize their figures, and still less their features ; moreover, the thought that he beheld Adelaide agitated him so that his knees bent under him, and he was compelled to lean his hand on Congo’s shoulder.

The negro tried to make him hasten his steps ; but Walter, as if seized with secret fear, slackened his speed more and more, and appeared to hesitate about following his guide.

Congo could no longer contain his impatience. He clasped his hands and said beseechingly,

“Let me carry the good news. Come, come, master, Congo flies. Oh, my poor young lady ! how happy she will be !”

These words had scarcely left his lips, than he ran with all his might across the plain.

When Adelaide and Rosalie saw him approach and heard his joyful exclamations, they both arose quickly and gave a cry of surprise, for the negro’s

gestures were so excited that they seemed to announce some great event.

“Lord! Lord! what does he say?” exclaimed Rosalie, in a weak voice. “Walter! Can Walter have reached Jacatra? Listen; this is certainly what he says.”

At this unexpected revelation, the young girl paled suddenly, and began trembling so violently that she was obliged to steady herself against a tree. The servant came to her assistance and wished to support her; but Congo arrived out of breath, crying out with the same uncontrolled gestures,

“Walter, my good master Walter, is here! Look, look over there! He is a sergeant; yes, a sergeant! We will remain at Java; we will not go back to Holland now. Hurrah! hurrah!”

As if the young girl had gathered strength from the certainty that her sweetest hope was realized, she abandoned her support, and, transported with joy, lifted her hands to heaven. A radiant smile illumined her features, and warmer blood gave to her cheeks a delicate rose-tint.

“Walter! it is Walter!” she cried. “Ah, blessed be God for all his mercies! Now I shall no longer be unhappy; Walter will talk to me of Holland and tell me all that has happened. It will be as if I still were there. Oh, Walter! it is he; there he comes!”

The young girl, touched to the very bottom of her soul, clapped her hands like a child. The ser-

vant laughed for joy; the negro jumped about and danced, making the while all sorts of exclamations.

The sergeant was soon sufficiently close to be recognized. Adelaide was astonished and somewhat troubled that he should make no sign of joy. Perhaps she found something wanting of the charm of her early memory when, instead of the old and dear comrade of her childhood, she saw herself approached by a full-grown man whose walk and expression bespoke rather respect and reserve than an open and outspoken affection.

In truth, the young man, who expected to find Adelaide with her father and mother, suddenly remembered the distance there was between a humble sergeant and a captain, and was preparing himself to appear before them with all the consideration and deference exacted by their superior rank. He had therefore suppressed his emotion. By this time he, could be seen, and was really a fine-looking young soldier. The mustaches that covered his lip, and the growing beard, gave his face a manly expression. He advanced with head erect, and his uniform was so good a fit that Rosalie exclaimed admiringly,

“Heavens, what a fine-looking soldier! One must be assured it is Walter to believe it. How tall and strong he has grown!”

But after making this remark she said no more, and they were all agitated and silent while they fixed their eyes on Walter, who was now but a short distance from them and commenced hastening his steps.

The young man was quite tremulous, and though a smile of pleasure played upon his face, he was very pale. He took off his hat and bowed respectfully to Adelaide, while he stammered out some polite formulas.

But she could not contain herself, and seized Walter's two hands with artless joy, exclaiming,

“Walter, Walter, how happy I am! May God be praised for bringing you to India. Sit there quite near me. How sadly you look at me, Walter! I am ill, am I not? It is nothing; I shall soon be well now. What is happening in Holland? Is life as sweet and pleasant as ever in Amsterdam? Walter, this is a beautiful country. We will go together with my mother and take long walks, while we talk of our beloved country and the happy days of old. It will give me so much courage and strengthen me. This terrible disease may be dispelled. But, Walter, you too say something to me. Let me hear your voice.”

The young man contemplated Adelaide with sad joy, and appeared even more harassed than happy; he muttered in an almost unintelligible voice,

“Thank you, thank you, mademoiselle, for your kind welcome!”

“‘Mademoiselle’!” exclaimed the young girl, smiling, though in a slight tone of reproach. “What does this mean, Walter? Can you have forgotten my name? Call me Adelaide as you used to. I do not wish to be on those ceremonious terms with you.”

"I am only an unpretending sergeant," said Walter, sighing. "Your father is a captain; the respect—"

"The respect! Are we not old friends? Oh, Walter, I do not like this way of being talked to; first of all you must be happy, you must let me behold a joyful face."

Instead of being satisfied with the young girl's cordial welcome and ingenuous simplicity, the sergeant seemed, on the contrary, to be overwhelmed with sadness. He perhaps hoped to find in her a deeper sentiment than the infantile joy she expressed at meeting him.

The young girl mistook the nature of his emotion and said, again taking his hand,

"It gives you pain, does it not, to see me so thin and suffering? I thank you cordially, Walter, for your affectionate pity; but fear no more, I am cured. I do not understand how it has come about, but I feel strong and happy now. Since I saw you, all appears so beautiful, the air so soft, and nature so smiling. But tell me how it has happened that you are here. I thought of you as a physician and in Holland, and meet you a soldier in Java."

Walter forced himself to reply to the young girl's question. As if he had taken a sudden resolve, he said, at first with some hesitation, but becoming more and more earnest and impressive,

"Well, I yield to fate. Perhaps I shall never again be alone with you as I am now, Adelaide. I

will tell you how it is I am in India. It is with some hesitation I have decided to answer you, but I hope you will forgive a poor wretch should any of his words come by accident to wound you."

"Why, you frighten me, Walter! What, then, have you to say to me?"

"Permit me to speak, Adelaide, and may your pure and beautiful soul comprehend, or at least find excuses for me! Do you remember on the shores of the Ye when I was about to succumb to the grief which possessed me, do you remember you said in a low voice, 'Come to India too, Walter; I will await you'? Those words you perhaps let drop through mere compassion; perhaps it was the wish of a child who would welcome her playfellow with joy. This may be possible, but those words, Adelaide, sealed my fate. From the moment the ship in which you sailed disappeared on the horizon I have had no rest. Wherever I was, night or day, in the midst of all my thoughts, a voice sounded saying, 'Come to India, Walter!' At first I tried to banish the idea, through love of my sick mother. I struggled despairingly with the thought that possessed me. The effort was useless. My medical studies, which heretofore had interested, now became odious to me, and I gave up the career forever which my parents had destined me for. Had I been free from any ties I should have left my country, but I owed every care to my poor mother, and remained. Yet I devoured eagerly every book, every account, and every history that

told of India; I wished to know what sun gave you light, what trees sheltered you, what flowers bent beneath your feet. Oh! during those four years—four centuries of vain hopes and bitter torture—despair took possession of me frequently; but when I wept in solitude and all hope seemed about to abandon me, you, Adelaide, would come—you or your spirit—to give back to my heart courage and strength with those few words, ‘I will await you.’”

The young girl at first had kept her eyes ingenuously fixed on those of the sergeant, and had listened to his voice with as much pleasure as would have been given her by ravishing music; but soon her growing emotion overcame her, and now with bent brow and cheeks blushing with shame and a look of almost fright she listened tremblingly to the young man’s avowal. Walter’s words were not what caused her confusion; she could have used the same to portray her own feelings; but his agitation and the constraint he put upon himself, as well as the deep tones of his voice, made her tremble, and her soul was terror-stricken at the very suspicion of a sentiment yet unknown to her.

“And may I dare tell you why I became a soldier?” resumed Walter, with more decision. “By Heaven! I should keep it to myself out of respect for you, Adelaide; but when can I tell it you if not now? I have the hope you will pardon my audacity; and if my dream be but a wild illusion, have pity upon a poor fool who has only obeyed the fate he could not resist. Adelaide, I could also have

come to India as a surgeon or physician ; I could have presented myself to you under another dress than that of a sergeant ; but my only end in life—I scarcely dare avow it—is now to become a captain ; and I can only reach this end in the way I have chosen. Your words brought me to India, but a promise from your father made a soldier of me.”

“ A promise from my father ?” asked Adelaide, in joyful surprise, as if that name had renewed her courage. “ Has my father promised you anything, Walter ?”

The young man lowered his eyes, and muttered in a choked voice,

“ It was also on the shore of the Ye ; your father said to me, ‘ Enter the service of the India Company ; seek distinction ; become a captain : and then I will give you Adelaide for a wife.’ ”

A cry escaped from the young girl.

“ Did my father say this ?” exclaimed she, bowing her head in her hands to hide the tears that welled forth.

Walter trembled violently and appeared extremely agitated.

“ Mademoiselle,” he stammered, “ if the revelation of my rash hope has wounded you, believe me when I say that no one in the world holds you in higher honor than the wretched being whose life is now utterly ruined by a cruel disenchantment. The poor sergeant will now go to fulfil his duty. Farewell, mademoiselle ; forget the audacity—”

“ But what are you talking about ?” stammered the

young girl. "What do you wish? What answer must I make? My head is confused; my mind wanders. Stay, stay! Poor Walter! you wish to become a captain, but this is impossible."

"Indeed!" said the servant, "become a captain when you are yet only a sergeant? I pity you, Mr. Peterson; if you continue in this course you will only become a captain by brevet when you are sixty years old. And you wish mademoiselle to wait until then?"

"No, no; you are mistaken," said the sergeant, Adelaide's words having raised his courage. "I have letters from the Directory of the East India Company to the Governor-General. In these letters they not only recommend me to his particular care and good-will, but beg he will send me where some risks may be run and they need brave and determined men. I will expose my life a thousand times, will throw myself in the ranks of my enemies, my superiors shall be astonished by my courage, and if it be necessary I will sacrifice my life for the good of Holland. Ah! how should I be wanting in courage, Adelaide, when you appear before me like a gentle star of hope?"

As he appeared then, his face beaming with noble and manly pride, his look full of fire and enthusiasm, the young man was truly handsome. Adelaide surveyed him with admiration mixed with fear, for she beheld him already in imagination amid his enemies, and trembled at the thought that some misfortune might overtake him.

The servant followed the quick nervous gestures which accompanied the young man's words with surprise.

"Heavens, what a determined fellow!" she said to Congo, who stood behind the bench; and seeing that the negro had opened his knife with which he was notching the trunks of the trees, she added under her breath,

"That is good! There is that stupid black playing his pranks. What is the matter with him too? Be quiet, Congo."

A voice was heard in the distance—that of a sailor coming from the shore, who seemed to be calling the sergeant.

"Adelaide," said Walter, deeply moved, "do you mean to allow me to leave you without giving me a single word of encouragement? Adelaide, may I hope, may I believe you will not go back from your word? You do not answer me."

"It is my father who disposes of me," sadly answered the young girl.

"If he does not force any other marriage upon you, will you await the day that I become a captain?"

"Oh, Walter, what do you ask of me? I dare not answer you," exclaimed the young girl, trembling and with eyes cast down.

"But do you wish me success?"

"I wish it," she murmured, in so low a tone as hardly to be heard.

"My God, I thank you!" exclaimed Walter, lift-

ing his eyes to heaven. "Forgive me that I should have doubted of your goodness; and now you overwhelm me, so unworthy as I am, with joy and happiness."

The far-off voice of the sailor was now heard more distinctly.

"I cannot remain longer with you, Adelaide," said the sergeant, quickly. "I am called for yonder, and must be present at the landing."

"Going so soon?" sadly said the young girl.

"To become more worthy of you, should I not learn obedience to all my duties? I hope, however, to see you shortly. Will you announce my arrival to your parents? As soon as I become freed from my obligations I wish to pay my respects to the Captain and your lady mother. They also will be astonished to see me in India, will they not?"

"Oh, Walter, they will be so glad! Almost every day we spoke of you."

"I must go. Good-by—no, to the pleasure of meeting. Is that not better?"

Adelaide silently held out her hand to him. The young man pressed it with respectful joy, and went towards the shore.

The young girl remained a moment longer dreamily seated on the bench, but a happy smile suddenly irradiated her face; she rose quickly and darted towards the factory, crying out, "Come, Rosalie, come! I must run to tell my father."

"What are you about there, Congo? Wasting your time at what?" grumbled the servant. "Take

the parasol and basket of fruit. Do you not see mademoiselle is returning home?"

Adelaide was already far ahead. Now she held her head high and bounded with a light step in the path that led to the factory. A reflex of her inward joy lighted up her face; her eyes had recovered their brightness, and, tinged with happiness, her cheeks had renewed the rosiness of her early years.

When she had gone along a portion of the path, she saw her mother leave the factory and come towards her. An exclamation of joy escaped her. Lifting her hands towards heaven, she began to run as if her strength had not been enfeebled by illness.

Madame Van den Broeck stopped and looked with surprise at her daughter. For years she had not seen Adelaide run in this way. What unknown power had then restored her strength and activity? Some danger, perhaps. But Adelaide was smiling, and her gestures denoted nothing but joy.

"Mother, mother!" exclaimed the young girl, "Walter has come! Walter is in Java!"

"Walter!" repeated the mother, in surprise. "Walter Peterson! Who gave you this news?"

"I have seen and spoken with him, mother. In a little while he will make my father a visit. Come, come; I want to announce it to him. Ah! my well-beloved mother, I am at last cured. You see how well I run. It appears to me I never have been ill. I feel like dancing and seem to have wings."

"This is good news," said Madame Van den Broeck. "He has doubtless attained manhood?"

"Yes, yes; a handsome man."

"And how is his mother?"

"I forgot to ask him."

"But it should surely have been of her he first spoke."

"Yes, no doubt; but he said nothing," muttered Adelaide, abashed, and her cheeks covered with a vivid red.

"Eh! eh!" said Madame Van den Broeck, astonished. "What does this mean? Of what did you speak, then?"

"He spoke of something — something very strange—"

"Of what? You seem embarrassed, Adelaide. You stammer."

"Well, mother," replied the young girl, "I will tell you all, you are so good to me. Come!"

She took her mother by the hand and dragged her rapidly towards the factory.

Madame Van den Broeck shook her head doubtfully, as if Walter's arrival and Adelaide's emotion had given her cause for serious reflection.

They both soon after disappeared behind the enclosed partition of the factory wall.

CHAPTER II.

THE Dutch factory which was erected between the river Tjiliwoeng and the Javanese town of Jacatra formed a rather large oblong square, around which at this time a heavy wall and earth-bastions were being constructed. On one side, a few steps from the ramparts, were two immense stores or warehouses, wherein were reserved several fine and well-aired apartments intended for the head functionaries of the Dutch Company. On the other side more modest buildings served as barracks for the soldiers or temporary lodging-places for the sailors belonging to the ships that put into port at Java.

The front of all these buildings was hidden by the thick foliage of the kelors; here and there in front of the houses extended small gardens filled with flowers, and even the banana-tree there displayed its broad leaves before the open windows. In the middle of the factory a large space had been reserved whose smooth and level surface was dotted only by the slender trunks of a few cocoanut-trees.

When the Dutch commenced fortifying their factory, the Pangerang* or Sultan of Jacatra, whose

* The princes who reign over the Indian islands are given several titles: Pangerang, Sultan, Radja, Panumbuhan, Soesvehronan and Maharadja.

good-will had to be conciliated by rich presents, made no difficulty about it whatever; and though the Javanese had expressed very clearly that they looked upon these works with displeasure, the men belonging to the Company of the Netherlands were permitted to begin the foundations of their ramparts without any obstacle being put in their way.

For some days past, however, new causes for uneasiness had reached the Governor-General. Private dispatches informed him that the English and Portuguese of Bantam, an important commercial town situated twelve miles from Jacatra, had united all their efforts to persuade the Sultan of that locality to use force in preventing the construction of their fortress by the Dutch. The English seemed lately to have done the same thing with respect to the Pangerang at Jacatra, and of having secretly sent him powder and cannon that he might have it in his power to drive the Dutch from the island of Java.

The reports reaching the Governor-General were unreliable and threw no light on the intrigues of the enemies of Holland in India. He had long known that the English and Portuguese lost no opportunity of annoying the Dutch, whose increasing numbers became more and more formidable every day. On the other hand, it was not to be supposed that one of the Pangerangs, or even both, in a time of peace and without preliminary negotiations, would commence hostilities against the Company of the Netherlands. One particular circum-

stance, however, inspired the Governor with great uneasiness. The Javanese were shortly to assemble in the environs of Jacatra for the celebration of one of their religious festivals. If it were true they were projecting some important enterprise, it was there the final arrangements would be perfected.

Whatever efforts the Governor had made to discover their intentions, he had learned nothing that gave him concern, nor yet had he learned anything definite; for the Javanese, a people both sharp and astute, knew perfectly how to guard a secret.

Though the Dutch commander did not anticipate hostilities, yet he had caused the works on the fortifications to be hurried on with all possible dispatch, and by way of not exhausting in such hard work and under so burning a sun the crews of the ships and the troops belonging to the company, he hired innumerable foreign workmen, negroes, Chinese, and Toepassen, who are found in great numbers in the Sunda Islands.

There also reigned extraordinary activity within the factory; and though the sun's rays fell almost perpendicularly upon the earth, work was carried on with vigor and the walls grew rapidly. There was a perpetual going and coming among the workmen and overseers, orders were given in four or five languages, and the most heterogeneous costumes were mingled indiscriminately. Chinese were to be seen with their flowing robes and wide sleeves doing mason's work and preparing the mortar;

Toepassen or Mardykers,* entirely habited in striped cotton cloth, were bringing earth to prop up the ramparts ; negroes, who were almost naked, rolled the heavy masses of stone on the ground by the mere strength of their muscular arms ; and among all these people of different nationalities the soldiers and sailors of the Dutch Company, under command of their sergeants, were everywhere putting their shoulders to the wheel, and by their example exciting the zeal and interest of the workers.

On the square distinguished Javanese were promenading here and there who were easily recognized by their yellow-brown complexions and the proud scorn of their countenances. They contemplated defiantly and with secret annoyance the growing ramparts, more especially the cavaliers or raised batteries which were in process of construction at the four angles of the factory. But they did not express their displeasure openly, and contented themselves with exchanging with one another remarks in a low voice and an air full of mystery.

Beneath the cocoanut-trees were gathered three or four Malay merchants perfectly indifferent to what was passing around them, and entirely absorbed in chewing the betel-nut, the juice of which reddened their lips as if with blood.

Congo, Captain Van den Broeck's slave, was

*Toepassen or Mardykers belong to different tribes of Indians.

squatted on his heels under the shade of a plantain-tree by the door of one of the two principal houses, and his eyes were directed towards the shore. When he perceived in the distance a soldier enter the factory he would rise in joyful haste and walk a few steps along the square, but disappointed in his expectations would return each time to seat himself discontentedly under the plantain-tree.

Rosalie, the servant, appeared at the house-door and asked him in a subdued voice,

“Well, Congo, have you not yet seen him?”

The negro rose and answered, *

“He stays away very long; shall I run and seek him on the shore?”

“It has been forbidden you; you know it well.”

“That is true,” said the negro, sighing and shaking his head impatiently. “Then we must wait, Rosalie.”

“What a strange thing, is it not, Congo?” said the servant. “Who would have suspected our young lady’s illness was only caused by her thoughts of Walter Peterson? She may not perhaps have known it herself; for had it not been so, how could she have concealed the feeling for so long a time? She was always talking of Holland and her friends in general, of the joys of her childhood; but no one could have known that these words only meant love. Her parents know it perfectly now.”

“Has she acknowledged that she wishes to become my good master’s wife?”

“Who says anything about that, empty head? It

would be a pretty thing for mademoiselle to say that to her parents. She has told them all Walter Peterson said. Of course this was not easy; the words did not seem to wish to cross her lips; but by degrees, and piecemeal, trembling and blushing, she ended by telling all."

"Did you hear it, Rosalie? Were you there?"

"Yes, in the beginning; and what was not told in my presence I heard through eavesdropping."

"And how do matters stand now?"

"Mademoiselle is very reserved and silent, but so great a joy shines in her eyes that it touches me every time I look at her. She is as fresh as a rose, Congo, and, what is more astonishing, has dressed herself in a green velvet gown which had not seen the light of day for a year and a half. She again has on the gold earrings she wore when we left Amsterdam, and made me dress her head with Japanese hair-pins. She wishes to make herself beautiful and bewitching."

Congo clapped his hands with great animation.

"She will recover; our good young lady will recover!" exclaimed he. "May the good God be forever blessed! And our employers, Rosalie, how did they receive the news?"

"Madame is both pleased and sad. Pleased because she sees Adelaide's joy; and the certainty that her daughter may recover inclines her heart towards it. Sad because she considers a sergeant somewhat too much below her daughter's position to hope he will ever be able to raise himself to her level."

"But the Captain? the Captain?" asked Congo, anxiously.

"What do you suppose I know about it?" replied Rosalie. "At first he drew a long face, shook his head with an air of displeasure, and seemed very angry."

"Oh, heavens! I was afraid of this," said Congo.

"But when he learned that Walter Peterson had come to India to obtain a captaincy, and his intention was to wait before recalling his promise, our master's displeasure vanished by degrees. Now he laughs at the project, says jokingly it is a wild idea, and does not look upon the matter at all in a serious light. There is perhaps something else that has restored his good-humor. Mademoiselle has expressed herself as not wishing shortly to return to Holland; she thinks she may be able to recover her health at Java. This must greatly have rejoiced the Captain; he was extremely sorry to give up his position."

"Now, Rosalie, this is well. The Captain will give a kind welcome to Mr. Walter; do you not think so?"

"When he first calls he probably will; for the visit on Mr. Peterson's part will only be fulfilling a duty. But afterwards you can well understand a sergeant may not be a frequent or familiar visitor at a captain's house, and our master will know how to make him understand it."

"Do you believe this, Rosalie?" asked the negro, sorrowfully.

"How can it be otherwise? I heard the Captain himself say so to his wife."

Congo dropped his head upon his breast and remained silent, but he closed his hands convulsively and ground his teeth with displeasure or anger.

The servant looked at him with an ironical smile.

"And be careful, Congo, never to speak any more of Walter in the Captain's presence; otherwise you may feel upon your polished shoulders the disagreeable caresses of the rattan."

"Yet I will speak!" growled the negro.

"That is your business, Congo; but though your hide may be as thick and rough as that of an ass, yet the rattan will certainly not be pleasant."

"The rattan! What do I care for the rattan?" exclaimed Congo, making a grimace that displayed his white teeth. "My good master will be mademoiselle's husband; he has said so, and it must be!"

"You will help amazingly, sorry chatterer that you are!" said the servant, with the evident intention of making the negro lose patience. "One would suppose you had any amount of courage. Let the Captain appear, and you will grovel beneath his feet at his slightest look of displeasure."

"This is true," said the negro; "I am a slave. But Mr. Peterson has been good and kind to me; I shall always be grateful to him and render him a service whenever I can, even were the rattan forever suspended over my head."

"You are crazy, Congo. In your place I would

not mix myself up in this matter. Do you know what the Captain said to the madam one day when he was speaking of your affection for Walter? The Captain said he would sell you to the yellow men. You will not be so happy there as with the Dutch."

The poor slave began trembling from head to foot. His eyes filled with tears; he lifted them towards heaven, and with a moan he said,

"Sell Congo! sell him to the yellow men! O my God who art on high, deliver me from so great a sorrow!"

"Ah! ah! there he already begins to tremble like a leaf, the courageous fellow!" said the servant, ironically. "Nothing was said about you, Congo; I was only joking."

"This was not well of you, Rosalie," said Congo in a reproachful tone. "You are always tormenting me and making me die of fear. Have some compassion for me. Am I not always doing everything to please my employers? You should not wish me ill if I love Walter Peterson. You know it was he who taught me to know the Lord of heaven, and, as he has frequently told me with joy, he is himself my brother in Christ. Should I not be grateful to him?"

The servant seemed touched by the negro's words.

"Come, Congo," she said, "do not distress yourself. I said all this in jest; one cannot always be serious. Do not think I wish you ill because you love Mr. Peterson. I too would aid him if it were in my power; it might cure our young lady of her

terrible home-sickness. But we are servants, Congo, and should be prudent."

"There he is! there he is!" cried Congo, joyfully, as if he had already forgotten what had happened. "Ah! there is my benefactor!"

"I am going in to announce his visit to my master," said the servant. "Conduct him to the back drawing-room; he will be received there. My master made me place a bottle of Spanish wine for him."

The sergeant approached the negro, and placing his hand on his bare shoulder said,

"My good Congo, friendship and gratitude beam from your eyes. I will speak with you directly; I want to know how you have been since you left Amsterdam. Should God take me under his protection, I will testify my gratitude by assuring your happiness too, Congo."

The negro seemed excited beyond patience. He seized Walter's hand and dragged him into the vestibule, saying,

"Thank you, thank you, master. Make haste; you have been waited for some time. Congo can do nothing for you but pray to God as you have taught him, and he will do so every morning, every night, and all day. Come on. God for the second time will hear me. Be of good courage. My employers will see you here. Wait a moment; I will announce your arrival."

Saying this, he opened a door in front of Walter and returned to the vestibule.

The room the sergeant entered was beautifully

furnished after the Javanese fashion. The floor was covered with a finely woven matting, the designs upon it being flowers of other lands. The walls, too, were hung with shining mats, and before the two open windows were hung blinds constructed of rattan. The chairs, too, were manufactured of bark interwoven with Indian reeds. The large table in the centre of the room alone seemed to denote a European origin ; it was probably made in Java, by some Dutch workman, of the wood of the kyati, which never decays.

Along the walls, on light and delicate *étagères*, were placed numberless Chinese and Japanese articles, such as dishes and cups of transparent porcelain, idols of steatite, sculptured ivory fans, and a quantity of those small objects that even then the Dutch were beginning to bring from China and Japan as curiosities. Between the two windows were hung swords of sandal-wood, fine steel poniards, arrows whose points were poisoned, shields made of rhinoceros-hides, and other Indian weapons.

All these objects were new to Walter. Under almost any other circumstances they would most certainly have riveted his attention ; but while awaiting the important moment that was approaching he was entirely absorbed in thought, and noticed nothing that surrounded him ; moreover, he had been but a few moments alone when the steps of several persons were heard overhead, showing they were about to come down to receive him.

The Captain was the first to enter, and with a

look of surprise inspected the sergeant from head to foot, who saluted him. The expression of his face, however, was softened by a kind smile, and it was with frank cordiality that he took the young man's hand and said to him,

"You are welcome in Java, Mr. Peterson. So you came to India? Good-looking fellow, fine soldier, truly! How a man changes in a few years! When I left Amsterdam you were, so to speak, still a child, and here you are a handsome full-grown man, with whiskers and mustaches. I am happy to see you here, Mr. Peterson."

While Walter stammered some words of thanks, the wife and daughter of the Captain also entered the drawing-room.

When she first came in, Madame Van den Broeck appeared cold and distant; but when she looked at Walter and observed his frank and open countenance, and his bright eyes fixed upon her with an expression both affectionate and beseeching, her country, hallowed by all its pleasant memories, rose to her mind, and she also smiled with pleasure. As to Adelaide, she stood behind and cast upon the young man from time to time a furtive glance. A bright blush colored her cheeks, she seemed overcome with confusion, and had it not been for a ray of joy beaming in her eyes, one might have thought a cloud of sorrow weighed upon her heart.

When the Captain and his wife had exchanged friendly salutations with Walter, and spoken words of welcome to him, Van den Broeck said,

"There, let us sit down, Mr. Peterson, and let us talk while we empty a glass of Spanish wine. Take that glass and drink with me, to your safe arrival in India."

"You are too good, Captain," muttered Walter. "Your cordial welcome overcomes me so I cannot find words to express my thanks. May God listen to the fervent prayer with which I invoke with all my heart the welfare and happiness of you each!"

"Sit down, Mr. Peterson, and let us converse," said the Captain.

"But, Mr. Peterson," said Madame Van den Broeck, when they were all seated, "you have said nothing to Adelaide about your mother."

"She would have been too much grieved," said the sergeant, whose face was suddenly clouded with pain.

"Heavens! this is what I feared," exclaimed Madame Van den Broeck. "She fell a victim to her disease? My poor friend!"

"God took her to himself, madam," replied the young man. "Had it not been for this I should never have crossed the ocean, however irresistibly drawn towards India. I could never have gained my own consent to leave my sick mother."

"Shall I then never see that dear Dame Peterson again? You do not know, Mr. Walter, how sorely my heart is touched by this sad news. Your mother was goodness itself. God in his mercy doubtless granted her an easy death?"

"She died peacefully and without pain, in my arms, full of hope in the life to come. I have a message, madam, from my mother to you."

"For me?"

"The last words she uttered distinctly were a blessing on you, Mademoiselle Adelaide, and the Captain; a blessing, and also an ardent prayer for your happiness in India. The only thing she told me when dying was to convey to you that last remembrance."

Madame Van den Broeck was profoundly touched by her old friend's last message; she bent her head and remained silent. Adelaide wept bitterly.

"This is what I call a joyful meeting!" exclaimed the Captain. "Is this not everybody's fate, and as God willed it? Come, Adelaide, cease your tears; and you, wife, do not set such an example of weakness to your daughter. Tell me, Mr. Peterson, how is our brave Prince Maurice getting along over there?"

"Very well, sir," replied the sergeant; "and he has lately inherited the principality of Orange in consequence of the death of his brother, Philip William."

"And how comes on the Director Huygens? You must know him; your mother has told me that he was an excellent friend of your father's."

"Do I know him, Captain? He is my patron, and it was he who procured for me letters of recommendation from the Chamber of Directors in Am-

sterdam for the Governor-General.* He commissioned me expressly to salute you for him."

"Ah, indeed! he is your patron? His influence is great in the affairs of the Company, and later on he may be useful to you."

Madame Van den Broeck lifted her head and listened in an abstracted way to the conversation, and Adelaide, though her eyes were still suffused, cast a look at Walter every now and then.

There was a period of silence; it seemed as if, after all the usual questions and answers had been given which are usual when those meet again who have been separated, no one had anything more to say. This state of things annoyed the Captain; for though he had only conversed with the sergeant by way of politeness and because it was usual, yet he felt it was too soon for the conversation to be allowed to come to an end.

While filling the glasses once more, he said,

"You arrived in the *Mouette*, and your captain is Peter Van Ray; is it not so? I know him; he is a brave soldier, but he judges too lightly of people, and talks too much. Come, drink another glass, and tell me what sort of voyage you had. The effect is a strange one on body and soul to be at the mercy of the winds and waves of the great ocean

*These directors formed a council in the mother-country for the administration of the business of the India Company. There were chambers of directors at Amsterdam, Middelburg, Delft, Rotterdam, Hoorn, and Enkhuizen.

for the first time, do you not think so? and to see nothing but sky and water for so many months."

"We did, in truth, encounter three terrible storms, three 'travados,' * Captain, and we were in great danger of being carried into Barbary as slaves; but Heaven protected us. After a four hours' combat we escaped from the pirates."

Adelaide had risen, and was listening with feeling to what the young man said.

"Ah! have you already encountered the enemy? And was the engagement a hot one?"

"Twenty killed; and one mast crushed, which was repaired at the Cape of Good Hope."

"And you, Mr. Peterson, how did you comport yourself during the battle? The roaring of the cannon and the smell of powder did not frighten you?"

"I did my best, Captain, until a ball struck me in the side and laid me prone upon the deck."

A piercing cry escaped from Adelaide, and she hurried towards her mother, throwing herself upon her breast, and ready to faint, saying in plaintive tones,

"Mother, mother, a ball struck him! his blood has been shed!"

The Captain shook his head impatiently, and said with displeasure,

"Wife, you know I wish to remain a little while

* A Portuguese word which was used at that time to express a storm or tempest.

alone with Mr. Peterson. Go with Adelaide upstairs. I did not suppose the matter was so serious; now I shall know what I am about."

Madame Van den Broeck and her daughter left the drawing-room and disappeared without uttering another word.

The Captain closed the door behind them, and turning towards Walter, who had risen to bid good-by, he said,

"Be seated again, sergeant; I wish to have some serious conversation with you. You pale? Compose yourself, I have no intention of saying hard or disagreeable things; but you must be loyal and frank towards me. What were your intentions when you set sail for India?"

"My intentions, Captain, my intentions?" stammered the young man, taken aback by this unexpected question.

"Come, speak plainly; you have taken the liberty of telling them to Adelaide."

Walter gathered up all his courage, and at first said hesitatingly, but soon in a firmer and more decided tone,

"My sense of respect makes me hesitate; but since you ask, I will tell you frankly what brought me to India. Remember, Captain, what you promised me on the quay at Texel when you were about to leave. You said, 'Enter the service of the India Company, endeavor to distinguish yourself, become a captain, and I will give you Adelaide for a wife.' Those words fell upon my heart like sparks which

were soon to kindle an inextinguishable fire. From that moment my fate was decided ; and if I did not endeavor sooner, Captain, to fulfil the conditions you imposed upon me, it was because my mother's illness and the sacred sentiment of duty prevented me. Now I have given up everything, have renounced a brilliant career, to become a simple sergeant in the service of the India Company, with the determined purpose of flying in the face of destiny, and with the hope that God will bless my efforts. My intention, Captain, was not so soon to remind you of your promises ; I did not know you were at Jacatra ; accident alone brought me where you are. I wished to become a captain first, then should have come and respectfully begged you to keep your promises. This is still my intention, Captain."

Van den Broeck was surprised at the resolute tone in which the young man spoke.

"Poor Peterson!" he said. "I am sorry for your presumption. That promise was given in joke. How could you have supposed it was meant to be serious, when I still regarded you as a child?"

"It appeared so serious to me, Captain," replied Walter, "that it gave to my life a new impetus and new interest, which colors all my actions. When sometimes I was assailed with doubt and I asked myself if you would hold to your promise when I fulfilled the conditions required, my lips would mutter involuntarily the old adage of our fathers, 'A Hollander never breaks his word.'"

"But, Mr. Peterson," said Van den Broeck, smiling, "what would my promise avail you, even supposing I regarded it as serious? Under the conditions in which we are now living you could not be a Captain within ten years even were fate propitious; and if it is not, you will never be. I suppose you do not imagine I shall keep my daughter waiting for you until she becomes an old woman?"

"Oh, Captain, do not be so cruel to me!" said the young man. "Do not ruin my life's hope! Remember, I bring letters from the directors of the Company to the Governor-General in which they particularly recommend me to his kindness and beg him furthermore to send me as soon as possible where I may see service."

"This no doubt may contribute to your advancement; but a captain, a captain in a few years—do you hope for that?"

"And if I should realize this in spite of what you think, would you keep your promise?"

"This is a childish question," replied the Captain. "I cannot trust my daughter's fate to what is impossible. Come, now, do not let us any longer speak of such unreasonable hopes. Become a captain if you can; and if then Adelaide is still unmarried, there will be nothing to prevent your repeating what you said just now; but I will enter into no present engagement, and shall reserve entire liberty in refusing you Adelaide's hand, even though you come as a captain to claim it."

As if this harsh language had entirely broken

the young man's courage, he bent his head down on his breast, his face was contracted, and he remained silent.

The Captain looked at him for a few moments without saying anything; then taking his hand compassionately,

"Let us see, Mr. Peterson; what have I said of so unreasonable or cruel a nature that you should be so completely crushed?"

"Oh, nothing, Captain," replied the sergeant, in a voice of deep feeling, and his words became by degrees mournful and despairing. "You have been very good to me, and I thank you from the bottom of my heart; but with the hope your words have dispelled, a bandage falls from my eyes. I have dreamed, dreamed since four long years, and now awoken with a wound at my heart. All is emptiness around me; I awaken from a long trance. Oh, how bitter and hateful life appears to me to-day!"

"Why these mournful words, Mr. Peterson?" asked the Captain, touched. "I trust you will not yield to cowardly despair."

"No, Captain, I was brought up to fear God; but the incentive that might have given me the courage and strength of a hero lies dead in my heart. I am good for nothing now; I shall return to my country, and there droop until I find a grave beside my mother. Let me bid you farewell; forget the absurd hope I dared to nurse, and forget also the unsophisticated youth who so strangely misunderstood the meaning of words that were without

significance or intention. Farewell, Mr. Van den Broeck, farewell !”

While speaking these last bitter words, he rose up ; but it would seem as though his limbs refused to carry him from this spot, for in spite of painful efforts he only succeeded in taking two or three steps. Finally, gathering up all his strength, he went towards the door, and raising his hands to heaven, exclaimed sorrowfully,

“Adelaide ! poor Adelaide !”

Van den Broeck, who up to this time had watched all his movements in great surprise and deep concern, took him by the hand and led him back to the drawing-room.

“People do not part in this way,” he said. “Sit down a moment longer, Mr. Peterson. You are a strange man. I have been mistaken about you ; the intensity of your feelings surprises me. Sit down, I say.”

The young man permitted himself to be taken to a chair, seated himself and lowered his eyes to the floor.

“Come,” said the Captain, “I want to be good to you in memory of the affection you and your mother always testified towards my family. I will therefore say to you, Mr. Peterson, that I shall consider it a great happiness for myself and Adelaide that you should some day make it possible to become her husband.”

Walter had lifted his head, and with beating heart fixed his eyes upon the Captain ; a ray of hope brightened them.

“And I will tell you something more, since it may save you from the deep despair which has taken possession of you. I will keep my word, Mr. Peterson, though in the past I had no other idea than a joke. Should you become a captain before Adelaide gives herself away,—for in this I will never force her inclinations,—if, I say, you should become a captain, come to me wherever I may be, and I will give you my daughter as your wife. Are you satisfied now?”

Walter had risen abruptly, and was stammering some unintelligible words of thanks, while a torrent of tears streamed from his eyes. The Captain did not give him time to express his joy and gratitude.

“Mr. Peterson,” he said gravely, “be so good as to listen to me quietly. You are a sergeant; your position is a humble one, and it would not do for my subordinates to know of the relations that with my consent are to exist between you and Adelaide. For this reason it will be imperative that you should leave Jacatra as early as possible. Do you consent to do so with a good grace?”

“Yes, I desire it warmly, Captain,” replied Walter. “Your request is noble and just. I too feel what respect, duty, and public opinion demand of me.”

“And since you wish to obtain rapid promotion sword in hand, I will tell you that an opportunity presents itself to set to work immediately. Day after to-morrow two ships leave this port for Benjar-Massen, in the island of Borneo. The savages

who inhabit those parts have cut the throats of a dozen of our sailors who had gone ashore to get wood. We are going to teach the inhabitants on the coast of Borneo how the Dutch take vengeance when such massacres occur. Well, you may form one of the expedition, Mr. Peterson."

Walter's face was overspread with so radiant a smile that one would suppose some great happiness had just been announced to him.

"Thank you! thank you!" he cried. "To fight and struggle sword in hand for the honor of Holland, to spill my blood that I may attain my life's hope! Ah! I despaired, and here suddenly and unexpectedly I see joy smile upon me. I will go, Captain; but be so good as to speak a word for me, for my captain is so fond of me that he might perhaps oppose it and essay to keep me at Jacatra. It would cause me real vexation."

"Nonsense! that is nothing. I will settle matters with the Governor. So you are thirsting for a fight? You are as much pleased as if you expected to find your captain's sword in Borneo."

"No, no, Captain; I do not think this," replied the young man; "but let the occasion present itself to me and I will give proof of so much courage and intrepidity, fulfil my duty with such zeal and fervor, that they will be forced to advance me. Let a real war come and I will become a captain or sink under the task I have imposed upon myself."

Van den Broeck gave the young man a look of

some commiseration, and shook his head in a preoccupied manner.

"No," he said suddenly, "you shall not go to Borneo. The people are cruel and fierce. You might perish there without honor or fame. You will leave in the *Lion d'Or* in eight days for Amboine, and will there await a better opportunity."

"Oh! let me go to Borneo!" said Walter in a beseeching voice. "I do not deceive myself as to my position, Captain; I shall be running the gauntlet with death; and the stakes will be the sword of a captain, and the happiness you have promised me. Let me enter upon and follow up the game; there is no other way for me to hasten the issue and to ascertain what fate holds in store for me."

Suddenly voices were heard in the vestibule. It seemed to be a discussion between some one wishing to enter and another who was trying to prevent it.

"Wait! wait!" said one, "the Captain has company with him. You shall not enter!"

"Stupid negro!" exclaimed the other, "get out of my way or I will break this rattan across your shoulders. I come sent by the Governor-General, and you wish to prevent my entering?"

Van den Broeck himself opened the door to receive the Governor's messenger.

One of Mr. Koen's clerks entered and said, while making a low bow,

“Captain, the Governor-General begs you will go to him at once to take part in a council of war.”

“What? Can there be danger?” said the Captain.

“The Governor has received important news. What the subject is I do not know,” replied the messenger. “Go as quickly as possible, Captain; the matter is urgent.”

“Say to the Governor-General I will obey his orders.”

When the messenger had retired, the Captain took Walter’s hand and said,

“I must leave you on important business. I will inform my wife. Remain with the ladies a few moments longer, for the sake of politeness. I put my trust in your honor, Mr. Peterson. We will talk further a little later or this evening. Under any circumstances, you will only return to my house to bid us good-by before leaving. But you shall not go to Borneo; I do not wish it. No; I repeat, I do not wish it.”

Saying this, he left the drawing-room. Walter heard the Captain’s heavy step, hastening towards the Governor-General’s, and the lighter steps of Adelaide and her mother coming downstairs to keep him company a little while longer.

CHAPTER III.

THE hall in which the council of war was to be held was on the first floor of the larger of the two warehouses which we have already spoken of, and its three windows looked down into the inner court of the factory. The walls of the hall were bare and still wore the marks at different heights of the bales and barrels which formerly had been stowed there. A large table, occupying the centre, and ten arm-chairs constituted all the furniture.

There were within the hall five or six persons, talking together, who were evidently awaiting some one. Mr. Van den Broeck was seated at a table between two merchants or factors of the India Company, and was discussing with them in a low voice the probable motives for convening the Council so suddenly. At one of the open windows stood two captains, also engaged in private conversation, one of whom contented himself with shaking his head and making occasional exclamations by way of reply — “Indeed! indeed!” while the other endeavored to make his phlegmatic companion comprehend him by numerous gestures and noisy bursts of sound. He who, so to speak, did not open his mouth was Peter Dircksz, a large man with light hair and mustaches, with a countenance essentially cold and impassive. The one conversing with him

was Captain Van Ray, who in contrast was thin and tall, with hair and mustaches as black as jet. This one had only reached Jacatra that very day with the ship *Mouette*, and was giving the other an explanation of the religious quarrels between the Remonstrants and Non-Remonstrants, which were then agitating all Holland. Van Ray seemed to be defending one side with all the energy of passion; but whatever efforts he made towards inducing Peter Dircksz to participate in his sentiments, he remained perfectly indifferent and continued muttering his "Indeed! indeed!"

Their conversation, which had only lasted a few minutes, was interrupted by the arrival of the Governor-General, John Peter Koen.

This latter was a tall man whose hair was beginning to turn gray. Though his countenance denoted calmness and moderation, yet in his look there was a lightning spark which, though half veiled, allowed one to see that in that athletic body there dwelt a soul both brave and intrepid.

On entering the hall he bowed coldly, walked with rapid steps towards the large arm-chair, seated himself, and said,

"Excuse me, gentlemen, for making you wait a little while. Be so good as to take your places. I have grave matters to lay before you."

Those present placed themselves around the table.

"Gentlemen," said the Governor-General, "you know that for several days past the Javanese have assembled in large numbers between Jacatra and

Bantam to celebrate a great religious festival. I had reason to fear some evil scheme was being concocted; I knew that the English and Portuguese, who, in spite of peace, have remained secretly our enemies, would not neglect so precious an opportunity for rousing and exciting the natives against us. That I might be advised of what was taking place during their ceremonies, I sent among them Chinese and negro spies. Until this morning all the advices I received were either without interest or not unfavorable. All seemed to denote that the Javanese showed no hostility to the Dutch. Within a short time information of quite a different nature has reached me. One of my agents came to me in person, and this is what he assures me he has learned: the English and Portuguese have advised the Pangarang of Jacatra and his people to declare war against us, and the Javanese have resolved to come at once, without dispersing, to lay siege to us in our factory."

"Will you permit me, your Excellency," said one of the Company's factors, "to ask you who brought this news?"

"A Chinese merchant in whom I think I can place some confidence," replied the Governor.

"A Chinaman!" said the factor, ironically. "The Chinese are the greatest liars and the most shameless impostors on earth. One must always believe just the contrary of what they say."

"These observations will be listened to in their turn," calmly replied the Governor. "I shall con-

tinue. The Pangerang of Bantam consented to march against us with the people of Jacatra; and what is still more serious, gentlemen, is that the English disembarked secretly last night six pieces of artillery, to place them at the disposal of the Pangerang. They will protest that they bartered the pieces and the necessary powder for their use for a considerable quantity of pepper; but, to tell the truth, this is only a hidden means of helping our enemies. This is the news that has reached me. I beg you will deliberate carefully on the situation, presupposing that the accounts I have received, though they may be false, may also be true."

The factor who had already spoken, and who seemed the representative of the pecuniary interests and civil authority of the Company, again resumed his speech and said,

"The advices received are false or otherwise; that is not a question we need make ourselves uneasy about. If, on the other hand, they be true, there is not the slightest doubt as to what we should do; but as it is impossible for us to understand just now how matters are, my opinion is that we should attempt nothing which might aggravate the bad feeling of the Javanese; for, supposing they did not desire to declare war, it would be very quickly awakened did they see us make any warlike preparations."

"Then your advice, sir, is that we should act as if we knew nothing about it?"

“Yes, your Excellency, that is my advice.”

“And you, Captain Van den Broeck?”

“The information under discussion may be true or not,” replied the Captain. “As it is perfectly impossible to know anything certain on this subject, I should prepare myself in any case as if it were well founded. A soldier should never permit himself to be surprised; and admitting that the Javanese observe our preparations with an evil eye, and take that opportunity to declare war—well, they will find us ready to repulse all their attacks victoriously. Moreover, we need not proceed noisily with our preparations. Let a few cannon be placed on the bastions; and let the bridge be cut which crosses the river, to protect us from attacks on that side; see that the night-patrols be doubled, and let the men be secretly advised to hold themselves in readiness for the first signal of alarm. This, according to my ideas, is all that is necessary to be done.”

“Excuse me, gentlemen, if I ask to be heard once more,” said the factor, “and believe that the solicitude I feel for the Company’s interests alone would induce me to speak. You are soldiers; and as your mission is to put an end to all differences by the power of the sword, you sometimes forget that there are more pacific measures by which favorable solution may be obtained. I think that before we openly prepare for resistance we should first send an ambassador to the Pangerang to demand of him his intentions. We can remind him that we bought for the price of good money the land upon which our

factory is built, and it is therefore legitimately ours. If it pleases us to build ramparts around the factory, it is not to arm ourselves against the Javanese, but only for protection from any sudden and unexpected aggressions on the part of our enemies, the English and Portuguese. Should he be ill disposed to listen, we can win him over with gifts, and in this way, losing neither time nor men, we may perhaps succeed in completing the fortress and accomplishing without impediment the task which has been confided to us."

The Governor made a motion with his head by which he seemed to approve the factor's opinion.

"According to my ideas, there is much that is good in what you have just proposed," he said to the factor. "As to the question whether we should remain altogether inactive on our side, that is a point it behooves us to examine more closely. What does Captain Van Ray think about it?"

"I, your Excellency—what I think?" replied Van Ray. "I think the matter is perfectly clear, and that the numerous and lengthy discussions that are taking place here are perfectly useless as to the solution."

"I thank you for the compliment," said the factor, offended.

"I am a soldier, you see," continued Van Ray, "and do not know how to express what I have to say in fine phrases. I am of opinion that instead of allowing ourselves to be attacked we should be the aggressors. Let us hasten to put our men under

arms, and before anybody suspects it fall upon the town of Jacatra and the Javanese."

"And what if the attack did not succeed?" said the factor, in disdainful accents.

"Not succeed! How? You think the Javanese could hold out against the Dutch? Let them give me two hundred men, and if I do not turn all that work that you see over there upside down, I will be willing to be considered a wretched boaster!"

"Do not speak so lightly, Captain," said the Governor; "according to the advices I have received the Javanese number four thousand."

"Oh, your Excellency, what matters to us the number? When have the Dutch ever counted their enemies? Moreover, the Javanese are only armed with bows, swords, and lances. With some guns and a little powder and shot we can drive back into the woods a host of such enemies as that."

"You are mistaken, Captain," replied the Governor; "the Javanese are a determined people, full of resolution and tenacity. It is true that, as you say, they are badly armed, happily for us. Do not think we shall get the better of them without trouble. They are good soldiers and do not easily beat a retreat. Still, your opinion shall have some weight. Our friend Dircksz has not yet given his."

"It matters little to me what decision they come to," replied Captain Dircksz.

"What do you mean?" asked the Governor, with astonishment.

"The matter appears so simple to me that I have

not even listened to the long harangue delivered by the factor."

The factor rose with excitement, and exclaimed sharply,

"One attends a council of war for deliberation, and he who is too presumptuous to lend an ear to what others say, he, I maintain, would do better to absent himself from this assemblage. You consider what I said as unreasonable and useless. Let us hear what you have to tell us that is better."

"Oh! this is the temper of your mind, Mr. Factor? Very well! very well! But those are no reasons at all."

"Be seated, I beg," said the Governor, retaining his calmness, to the factor. "I shall beg Captain Dircksz to express his opinions more fully to us."

"Well, this is the way I reason, your Excellency," replied Peter Dircksz. "If the Javanese are projecting nothing against us, they will remain over there. If they have allowed themselves to be deceived by the English and Portuguese, they will attack us; and if they come, we will receive them so well with grapeshot and bullets as a beginning, then later on with pikes and swords, that they will be a long time demanding the rest of their account. I am of the same opinion as my friend Van den Broeck, that some precautions must be taken; but, at all events, we can, as we did before, sleep peacefully."

The Governor seated himself more comfortably in his arm-chair, as if about to deliver a long discourse.

“Gentlemen,” he said, “you each have expressed your opinion. After listening to what you had to say, I shall tell you in my turn what I think of the situation. Captain Van Ray’s opinion strikes me as rash and imprudent. Our country is at peace with England and Portugal, as well as with Java. We should not be the first to disturb this peace; it would be to throw a great responsibility on the United Provinces. In what the factor has said I find much wisdom, which I will endeavor to profit by; I will therefore, according to his counsel, send an ambassador to the Pangerang. For the rest, I am quite of the opinion of Captain Van den Broeck and Captain Direksz. I think we should hold ourselves secretly prepared, that we may be in no wise surprised by any event. To further this end you must each of you do what your duty requires to carry out the measures I shall prescribe to you. Until the work of the day is over we must act as if we knew nothing; but when the foreign workmen have left the factory, we will all assist our own soldiers in placing cannon on the bastions and transporting, in haste, earth to place on that portion of the intrenchments whose construction is least advanced. During this time I shall take care to have landed further ammunition, consisting of powder, balls, and bullets. Twenty men from each company will remain under arms all night with their matches lighted, and they will place sentinels on the top of the ramparts and outside, to spy out what may be taking place around.”

“Most assuredly, your Excellency; you are perfectly at liberty to give any orders you please. We have no rights here except as simple counsellors to express our opinion. Permit me, however, to observe you are going farther in the precautions you advise than the other members of the council. The measures you prescribe could not be more complete were the enemy already upon the ramparts.”

“This is true, sir,” replied the Governor; “in time of war all half-measures are prejudicial to those who have recourse to them. Either do nothing or do it well. One can but choose between two extremes. Moreover, to-morrow morning by sunrise a deputation of four persons will be sent to the Pangerang, and I pray you, as well as Captain Van den Broeck, who also converses very well in Malay, to form a part of the embassy. Gentlemen, the object of our meeting is accomplished. You know my intentions. In case of need I will give or send you more exact orders.”

Peter Van Ray, replying to a question of Captain Van den Broeck’s, was boasting of the intrepidity of his men. The Governor, attracted by the loud voice and animated gestures of Van Ray, approached him.

“Captain,” he said, “while estimating the forces we have at our disposal, and which, with the crews of the ships, number about six hundred men, I naturally included those under your command. I doubt, however, whether they can hold their own as well as our old soldiers. They are for the most part—

are they not?—raw recruits that have just entered the Company's service, or who, at least, have never been under fire. They appear depressed and discouraged."

"How? Depressed and discouraged, your Excellency!" exclaimed Peter Van Ray. "My men are lions, true lions!"

"One would never suppose so. And how can it be possible? We know too well that raw recruits on their arrival are wanting in the self-command necessary to a soldier."

"Your Excellency is right; but my men have had particularly good fortune. I had on board a young sergeant. I do not know what the fellow was thinking about, but from the day we set sail he talked to the crew of nothing but war, combats, glory, one's country, of the old Batavians, and a thousand other things of the same sort. He is very well informed, most eloquent, and has filled the minds of my men with such a thirst for combat that from the most irresolute of them he fashioned a hero. Yes, yes; I am not joking. Events proved what I say to be true."

"What is this sergeant's name?" asked Captain Van den Broeck.

"His name is Walter Peterson. He studied in Amsterdam to become a physician, and the desire alone of engaging in war has made a soldier of him."

Van den Broeck smiled, as if happy to hear Walter's praises, and perhaps because he knew another reason for Walter's bravery.

"I saw that sergeant perform an action," replied Peter Van Ray, "an action that could only have been looked for in an old soldier. It was in a terrible encounter with some African pirates."

"It seems indeed that the encounter was a pretty warm one," remarked the Governor. "Tell us in a few words how the thing happened."

"You will find a complete account in my journal, your Excellency."

"And we," said Van den Broeck, interrupting him, "we too are interested."

"So be it; I will readily comply with your wish," said Peter Van Ray. "This is the adventure: We had reached the latitude of thirty-nine degrees, the cape to the southeast, when in the afternoon we perceived to windward two Turkish vessels that were bearing down upon us with all sails set. My men were uneasy, for there was no escape, and slavery in Barbary was the only fate that awaited us. I encouraged all to sell their lives dearly, and insisted it would be better to be blown up with the ship than to fall into the hands of the Africans. My words had produced little effect; but all of a sudden my sergeant sprang upon a cannon, and from there made the men an address so soul-stirring and full of fire that, transported with enthusiasm, they wept and called on God to witness that they would die with me and with their sergeant for the honor of Holland. This was no idle talk, gentlemen; they kept their word. We at once cleared the deck of all that might impede the action, and we

manned the batteries. The flag was hoisted and the trumpet called the crew to combat. When the two vessels, whose decks were crowded with our enemies, were within fire, the chief of the pirates gave us a broadside that cut in two our topgallant yard. We were nearly side by side, and found our turn had come, so let the enemy have a broadside which struck them full amidships and probably somewhat thinned their ranks, for having less ballast than we they could offer less resistance.

“But the Turks did not remain in arrears with us; cannon and musket soon poured forth their iron hailstones, and we had five or six dead, with a large number of wounded. Things were going ill. My sergeant did wonders. One would have supposed him at the Kermes: he laughed and cried out joyfully while aiming at the enemy, and his warm exciting words helped to keep up the men’s courage. We expected the Turks to board us, and even wished it; but they had sprung a leak, and had so much difficulty in remedying it that they were obliged to move a little distance off. During this time we encouraged each other once more in fighting to the death. I made my men drink wine mixed with powder, according to custom. They gave us short breathing-time. The action was about seriously to begin again. The two vessels bore down upon us once more together, and poured into us such a terrible broadside of grape and shot that a great number of my men fell.

“The Turkish commander was at the back of the

boat with a turban on his head. My sergeant, Peterson, who is an extremely good shot, said to me suddenly, 'Captain, that pagan with the turban must take himself off. Observe; he is dead.' And in truth the sergeant takes aim, fires, and the commander tumbles down. At the same moment my sergeant is struck in the side with a ball and falls backward on the deck, giving a cry of pain. It gave me real sorrow to see so brave a soldier fall, and I immediately gave orders that he should be placed in my cabin and his wound dressed. But though he was bleeding profusely, the sergeant would not leave the deck; his wound had to be dressed there; and while the combat lasted he did not stop encouraging the men to hold firm.

"Things were going along pretty badly. We were enveloped in a cloud of fire and smoke. The roaring of the cannon, the fire of musketry, the creaking of the ship whose body was being crushed, the Turks crying victory, the moans of our wounded—all this was a frightful scene; a scene such as I have never witnessed, though I have already taken part in a number of affairs of the same kind. At last, when night was falling, a voice that came from the Turkish admiral's ship called out to us in excellent Dutch to surrender; but I with a lighted wick in my hand swore that the flames should dance if he dared board our ship, and made him understand we would all perish together, our enemies and ourselves. Until night had fairly set in, broadsides and the rattle of musketry continued to be heard on

either side. Then they cried out they would not thus loosen their hold, but that on the next morning hostilities should recommence. During the night a stiff breeze blew up. We made every effort to take advantage of it, and succeeded in changing our course. The next day there were no more Turkish vessels to be seen, and we thanked God for having delivered us so miraculously from the hands of the pirates. This is the whole history, gentlemen. The rest may be guessed."

"And your brave sergeant?" asked the Governor.

"He is here at Jacatra with me," replied Van Ray. "He has a letter for your Excellency from the directors of the chamber at Amsterdam, and will ask an audience of you to-morrow that he may hand it to you."

"Then his was not a mortal wound?"

"No; the ball struck him in the side and became flattened against a rib. After spending some weeks on a pallet, the sergeant is re-established and braver than ever. He is a fellow who will go a long way, I take my oath."

"What do I see?" exclaimed the factor, looking out of the window. "I am not mistaken."

"What do you see that is so surprising?" asked the others, approaching the window.

"Look over there at the extremity of the square, at the factory door: six Javanese orang-kays.* The

* Orang-kay in Malay signifies respectable man, and this was the name given to the old and persons of distinction. Dommagon means the same as Governor.

Dommagon of Jacatra is with them. They are waiting at the door for admittance. We were thinking of sending an embassy to the Pangerang, but he anticipates us and himself sends his deputies. Now, at least, we will know what to be at."

The Governor looked out of the window in the direction pointed out, and turning to his assistants said,

"Captain Van den Broeck, and Mr. Factor, I wish you to go at once and meet the Javanese orang-kays, and to bring them before me if they seem to desire it. You, gentlemen, I beg will remain, that you may hear what these emissaries have to say."

Van den Broeck and the factor went towards the stairs to fulfil their mission, and soon reached the spot where the Javanese were.

Van den Broeck, who knew the Malays, asked them what they desired; and upon their declaring that they brought to the chief of the Orang-Wolanda—this was the designation they gave to the Dutch—a message from the Sultan of Jacatra, begged the ambassadors to follow him. He endeavored on the way to engage in conversation with them, hoping he might learn something of importance; but he soon discovered that the envoys were not at all disposed to converse.

The Javanese crossed the square with slow proud steps, casting scrutinizing glances around them. They were quite well formed and somewhat robust. Their complexions were of a yellow-brown, and

their features flat. Their teeth were as black as jet; heavy jaws, thick eyebrows, and eyes shaped somewhat like those of the Chinese. Their costume was formed of one garment called *jarit*; some wore it of silk, others of fine cotton covered with flowers, only reaching their knees. Over their shoulders they wore a long cloth scarf which was wound around the body two or three times, and finally was made to fall in graceful folds at the side. Yet the upper portions of their bodies were uncovered and their feet bare. Their head-dress consisted of a simple silk handkerchief. At their left side glistened the handle of the *cric*, or national poniard, that the Javanese never go without.

Between the Dommagon, or Governor, of Jacatra and his companions there was but this difference, that the first wore more gold upon his garments and the handle of his *cric* was ornamented with a greater number of precious stones.

One of the Javanese carried a small casket or jewel-box made of red sandal-wood, richly inlaid with gold and mother-of-pearl.

When the envoys were introduced by Captain Van den Broeck into the council-chamber, the Dutch had resumed their first places and stood near the table. The Javanese ranged themselves near the windows, behind their Dommagon. With the exception of some words of salutation that were almost incomprehensible, no one spoke, and a solemn silence reigned for some moments within the hall, until the Governor asked the envoys in

good Malay to what cause he owed the honor of receiving them in the Dutch factory.

The Dommagon received the casket from his companion's hands, and opened it. He took from within a leaf of the tontar, or hunter's tree, upon which some characters seemed to be traced, and then replied to the Governor in the Malay language.

"My master and Sultan, Wydurk-Rama, Pangerang of Jacatra, sends, through me, his Dommagon, this *ola* to the Dutch who inhabit his dominions."

And fixing his eyes on the *ola*, he read the following:

"Since the Orang-Wollanda have taken advantage of my goodness to them, and have dared without permission to fortify their factory, it has seemed well to me to withdraw my favor from them, and to forbid their sojourning longer in the jurisdiction of Jacatra. My will is that they leave the factory at once. Should they submit immediately, I will be generous enough to allow them to take away all that is theirs, people and effects. Should they not do so, I will have them all put to death and will confiscate their possessions. I demand a positive answer be given me through my Dommagon, who will place this letter in your hands. Your deliberations must not be long, and do not permit any foolish hardihood to accomplish your ruin. Not far from your factory five thousand intrepid men await a sign from my finger to reduce

your walls to atoms. Do not depend upon your muskets ; I am as well provided as you.

“ WYDURK-RAMA.”

The members of the council looked at each other interrogatively ; all understood Malay sufficiently to comprehend the sense of what the Dommagon had just read. Peter Van Ray was radiant with joy, and rubbed his hands. Peter Dircksz seated himself while darting a look of disdain at the Javanese. The Governor and Van den Broeck alone retained entire calmness.

“ In the name of God, endeavor to gain time, your Excellency,” said the factor, in Dutch ; “ we are not prepared to repulse such an attack, for—”

A severe look from the Governor, and a grimace of disapprobation from the captains, caused the words to expire on his lips.

The Governor then said in a very calm voice to the ambassadors :

“ Sir Dommagon, you bring me news from the Pangerang of Jacatra that astonishes me greatly. It is very sure the English and Portuguese have deceived your generous Sultan. Have I not myself, in your presence, Sir Dommagon, explained to the Pangerang what we had the intention of doing to fortify our factory ? Did I not tell him that we were taking these measures to protect ourselves from the aggressions of our enemies ? And did not the Pangerang say he saw no motive for preventing the construction of our projected fortress ?”

The Dommagon was silent, and permitted the Governor vainly to wait for an answer, who continued :

“As to the motives for displeasure that the Pangerang fancies he has against the Dutch, we are all disposed to treat in a friendly manner with him on this subject, and to grant him everything that is compatible with the honor of Holland.”

The Dommagon replied in a tone of cold determination :

“My Sultan wants the factory ; he will receive no envoys. He knows the Dutch always resort to many words that they may gain their end, whether legitimate or otherwise. He will no longer lend himself to this artifice, and gave me decided orders to bring back a concise answer to his *ola*. Will you be ready to-morrow morning to carry off all you possess to your ships, and to leave Jacatra forever before the return of night ?”

The Governor lowered his eyes and remained some moments plunged in deep meditation. He then lifted his head, and said to the ambassador, while still remaining perfectly cool :

“Sir Dommagon, here is our answer : The Dutch like to live at peace with the natives of this country, and they regret that their friendly relations with the Pangerang of Jacatra should be disturbed by the intrigues of their enemies. Yet if you unjustly declare war against them, they will accept the war, and will soon prove to you how mistaken you have been about them. Say to the Pangerang

from me that the Dutch will defend the ground which he sold to them to construct this factory as long as one among them has the strength to carry a lance; and tell him, moreover, that we will hold him responsible for all damage that may occur. It is to him and not to us that all the evils must be imputed that may come from a war he has provoked. Go! leave this factory! And since your Sultan does not wish to hear negotiations spoken of, let cannon hereafter be the only messengers between us!"

"So let it be. May fire and sword decide between the Orang-Jawa and the Orang-Wollanda!" muttered the Dommagon.

The Javanese went silently towards the door, and left the hall with slow steps. By order of the Governor they were accompanied by one of the two factors.

When they had disappeared, the Governor said, in a strong and decided voice, to the members of the council of war:

"War is declared! You are all tried soldiers; it is needless to stimulate your zeal and courage. You will remember you are sons of the Netherlands. Moreover, should any motive be necessary to excite your ardor and magnify the energy of your efforts, it will doubtless be the thought that upon the holding of this place depends the future of our country in India. Were we to lose our station of Jacatra, that of Anboine would soon follow, and probably the very name of Hol-

land not long be remembered in this part of the world. If, on the contrary, we hold the fortress, it will become the centre of our dominion in India; it will be for our well-beloved country a source of greatness, of riches, and of glory. Go collect your men; let all work cease for the moment. See that the arms and matches are in good condition. I shall at once give the order to send away all the foreign workmen. Shortly, when your companies are organized, we will take steps to place the artillery on the bastions and protect ourselves against any nocturnal attack."

The captains left the hall. Van Ray's heart bounded with joy. Dircksz rose slowly from his chair, and was the last to leave, while muttering,

"Oh, oh! the yellow men are tired of life. Nonsense! why should I run? Why hasten? There is plenty of time."

When Captain Van den Broeck came down in his turn, his face suddenly darkened, as, with eyes cast upon the ground, he turned his steps towards home.

"My poor Adelaide!" he murmured pensively; "will not anxiety aggravate her disease? Will she be able to endure this new trial?"

When he raised his head he saw Sergeant Walter crossing the square. Van den Broeck in passing him said,

"There is no longer a chance of leaving, Mr. Peterson. War is declared. By to-morrow we shall hear the cannon thundering on the plain."

Walter lifted his eyes to heaven, and seemed to be thanking God with warmth at this happy news.

Van den Broeck went into his house to get a small musket, and said to his wife and daughter,

“I bring you bad news. We are going to have war. The Javanese are going to attack us.”

Madame Van den Broeck paled. Adelaide, on the contrary, replied to this terrible news with a smile, and exclaimed joyfully, to the great surprise of the Captain,

“War! We are to have war?”

“Come, come, do not be uneasy; fear nothing,” said Van den Broeck to his wife. “It will perhaps not last long. I must go out and assemble the men. I shall join you in a little while. Be strong and courageous; a captain’s wife must expect such things. Good-by for the present.

With these words, he went out and hurried to the square to rejoin his soldiers.

CHAPTER IV.

DURING the greater part of the night the Dutch had labored to place the cannon on the bastions, and to build up the walls with the earth that had been brought, more particularly on the side looking to the town of Jacatra. The officers, and even the Governor himself, had not left the men for a single instant, and had stimulated the zeal and courage of all, for they felt certain that by daylight they would be obliged to repel a violent attack from the Javanese.

Yet two hours before the first light of morn showed itself on the horizon work had ceased, that the soldiers might have some time for rest; most of them were assembled on the centre square of the factory, where they were seated on the ground, a musket in one hand and a lighted match in the other.

On the ramparts they had posted a great number of sentinels, who walked up and down, and endeavored to pierce the darkness with their eyes, that they might know what was passing afar off. And in truth a dull confused murmur was heard. An indefinable rustling, yet sufficiently loud, as if, at some distance from the factory impossible to define, thousands of men were awake and working at some occupation both hard and painful.

On the top of the ramparts and all the inner square the light of the matches were seen waving about in the darkness like jack-o'-lanterns, and at the summit of one of these bastions a great number of these luminous points could be observed closely gathered together in a circle.

At this spot were encamped a great part of Captain Van Ray's Company, so that in case of an unexpected attack the alarm might at once be given. Sergeant Walter Peterson was seated on a gun-carriage in the midst of about thirty soldiers, who listened to him in silence, but with strong emotion. The lieutenant—an old soldier—his elbow leaning on the cannon, seemed also to be listening attentively to the stories Walter recounted with so much animation and patriotic enthusiasm. Beside the lieutenant stood the standard-bearer, a young and chivalric officer, in whose soul the sergeant's strong words awakened an ardent thirst for combat and a warm desire to signalize himself by deeds of valor.

During the voyage from Amsterdam to Jacatra this ensign had shown Walter especial friendship and sympathy; and though their difference of rank seemed to be against it, yet a loyal and solid friendship had grown up between them. He was the only man to whom Walter had told in part the sentiment and hope that had induced him to come to India. At this moment the young ensign alone permitted himself to express any approval, and occasionally interrupted the sergeant's narrative to give it more force and expressiveness by his warm assent.

That Walter should under such circumstances and in the middle of the night have undertaken to narrate anything will prove to have been a happy chance. That night the Governor had given Batavia as the password ; and some of the soldiers who did not know what this meant, exactly, had asked their learned sergeant for the explanation.

Walter had taught them that from the time of the Romans Batavia was the name for Holland, and this had given him the opportunity of relating how Claudius Civilis, at the head of the Batavians, had cut to pieces numberless Roman legions, and been himself alone very nearly the ruin of the Empire. From this he drew the conclusion that even before the light of Christianity had come to illumine the people of old Batavia they were justly renowned for their love of liberty and wonderful bravery. He cited to substantiate his assertions the testimony of Roman writers themselves, and concluded by beseeching his men to show themselves in the war they were about to engage in worthy of the noble and generous blood they inherited as Batavians or Netherlanders from their glorious ancestors.

Excited by the discussions and questions of his comrades, he had then hastily turned upon the principal events in the history of Holland, that he might more strongly show forth during the course of centuries the heroic courage of its people. He dwelt particularly on the war against Spain, recounting the alternations of that long and stupendous duel,

the hundreds of engagements that make of this struggle an uninterrupted chain each link of which is a brilliant victory. He vaunted the political wisdom of William of Orange, of Prince Maurice, and the unconquerable determination of the Dutch who during half a century sacrificed their lives and their fortunes for the cause of liberty.

Then turning to another source of the greatness and glory of the Netherlands, he showed how from a few fishermen's boats and some small coasting vessels, which dared attack the powerful Spanish galleons themselves, an imposing fleet had grown up, and said that the Dutch flag floated at that moment on every sea in the world, and was saluted by the greatest nations with respect, if not with fear and envy. He described several naval battles, among others that of the Admiral Wolfart Herman, who in 1601 with only five vessels dared open fire in the port of Bantam against twenty-two galleys and eight Portuguese galleons, sinking many of them. He related how Admiral Stephen Van der Hagen in 1605 wrested the Island of Amboine from the Portuguese, seized the fortress they had built, and gave the name of Victoria to that place which had since remained the principal naval station of the Netherlands in India.

Already a feeble light announced the breaking of day. Walter was recounting the great naval battle that had been fought in 1607 before Gibraltar, where the heroic but unfortunate Admiral Heemskerck annihilated a formidable Spanish fleet and obtained

the greatest victory that has ever distinguished the Dutch navy. The sergeant painted in vivid colors and in a voice trembling with emotion the heat of the combat and the valor of Dutch seamen.

"Cannon," he said, "were dealing without intermission destruction and death on both sides—thousands and thousands of fiery mouths roared uninterruptedly. The sky was overcharged with fire and smoke; several ships were burning; the sea was red with blood; bullets, grapeshot, balls fell upon the combatants like a rain of death. Nothing was heard but the roaring of cannon, the moans of the wounded, the splintering of the masts that were giving way. The issue is uncertain; none can foresee to whom God will give the victory. At that moment Heemskerk seems to wish to coerce fortune, and by a desperate effort to decide the bloody combat in favor of Holland. He sees the Spanish admiral sheltered behind three galleons, and resolves at any cost to go towards him and board his ship. Heemskerk encourages his men to follow him in his perilous enterprise; he promises a hundred rials to him who will haul down the Spanish admiral's flag. The latter understands the intention of the Dutch, and to make his escape cuts the cable fastened to the anchor; but Heemskerk pounces upon him like an eagle, soon reaches him and clings to him closely. A terrible combat ensues. The Spaniards defend themselves bravely; blood flows in torrents between the two ships; friends and enemies are mingled together, fight hand to hand and yell

with rage while pressing close to one another. In a short while the Dutch have reached the deck of the Spanish ship, and some one has pulled down the admiral's flag belonging to the enemy. Heemskerk stands near the mainmast of his ship and gives his orders with perfect coolness, though the balls and shot are whistling around his head. He sees the Spanish flag lowered, and salutes with a cry of joy this presage of a glorious victory. But at the same instant a bullet flies towards and strikes our brave admiral; Heemskerk falls, bathed in his blood. His wound is mortal, for his leg has been wrenched from the socket. Another would have asked for succor, would have had his wound dressed, and gathered up all his vital energy for the only hope left him of being saved. Heemskerk feels death approaching; he knows but a moment is left him. With a courage so resolute and determined that all who surround him are astonished, he speaks yet a few more words to his men, begging that they will hold firm. He appoints Captain Peter Verhoef the commander of the ship, and to those around who weep he says, while closing his eyes forever, 'Weep not for me, comrades; my fate is a happy one. I have given my life for Holland. I commit my soul to God!' His head then fell forward on his breast. The great Dutch captain was dead, and bullets and balls still beat the air above his corpse. This is the way, comrades, that a true son of the Netherlands dies."

Walter was here interrupted by the arrival of a

corporal from the ramparts, who said to the lieutenant,

"Lieutenant, the sentinels are certain they see in the distance a large number of Javanese. I notice, too, in the twilight an appearance that seems to indicate a great mass of men, but cannot see distinctly what it is. Day is breaking, and we will soon know what mean the strange rumors of the night. Come and take a look from the top of the ramparts, Lieutenant."

The officer accompanied the corporal, and was followed to the intrenchment by most of the men. All looked in the direction of Jacatra, and used their best efforts to discover the meaning of the sombre gray cloud that seemed under the darkness of night to be moving and undulating on the surface of the earth.

Soon, however, the morning light increased, and they could distinguish the force of the enemy camped in the distance in several detachments between the town of Jacatra and the Dutch factory.

Walter rubbed his hands joyfully and exclaimed,

"Comrades, the matter will be serious! We have the opportunity of showing that the pure blood of the Netherlands courses in our veins. Would that we were already fighting the yellow men! my heart burns with the desire of engaging in battle."

"Walter, Walter," cried the ensign with enthusiasm, "we will fight like lions for the glory of Holland. Let the battle begin, and I shall carry my colors so far within the enemy's lines that we

will all be forced to accomplish wonderful feats of valor."

"But what are the Javanese doing to the left of their troops?" said the lieutenant. "It looks as if a great number of them were harnessed to a car, drawing a heavy load. I see in the partial daylight an object sparkling that resembles a piece of artillery constructed of metal."

"It is so truly, Lieutenant," said the nearest sentinel. "My eyes are perhaps better accustomed to the partial light than yours. I see over there, straight before you, in the direction of Jacatra, a bastion, and again on the other wing of the enemy's camp another one."

"Yes, indeed!" replied the lieutenant; "I think I perceive them too. There is the explanation of the muffled sound we heard all night. The Javanese have been bringing earth and raising intrenchments. They intend to salute us also with bullets. Yes, yes; the matter is more serious than we thought."

"See, see, a Dutchman on the Javanese bastion," said the sentinel. "He wears a long coat, and a hat adorned with feathers and ribbons."

"What is it? a Dutchman on the enemy's intrenchments?" said the lieutenant, laughing. "No, no, that is the Englishman, my boy; the Englishman who is at peace with us, and who here gives the Javanese powder and cannon and teaches them how to fight us. But let one of them fall into my hands and we will see!"

"Let us put a good face on it, comrades," exclaimed the ensign. "The Governor is mounting the ramparts accompanied by the captains."

Governor Koen, followed by Captains Van den Broeck, Dircksz, and Van Ray, appeared some moments after, and for a long time observed the enemy's troops, whose innumerable ranks were drawn up in the distance. He noticed the bastions also, and could perceive, too, the cannon that they had just placed there.

Walter and his companions had fixed their eyes on the Governor, who was at that moment speaking with the captains; the soldiers endeavored to make out what he said by his gestures and the movement of his lips.

It was evident the Governor was taking council with the captains as to what was to be done under the circumstances. Should they await the enemy's advance within the factory, or attack them on the outside, spike their cannon, and destroy their intrenchments?

"Hurrah for our brave captain!" said Walter in a voice that was half constrained. "He says we should attack the enemy. Oh! I trust his advice will carry the day."

"How can you tell what our captain is saying?" remarked the lieutenant, smiling; "he is at least fifty feet off."

"But see how he thrusts his pike into the ground and shakes his fist at the enemy," replied the sergeant. "The fire of heroism lights up his eye."

Ah! the Governor makes an affirmative sign; he seems to be on the side of the captain."

A cannon-shot resounded over the plain, and the ball whistled past the Governor's head; who did not notice it and continued his conference with the captains a few moments longer, until they seemed to have come to some determination.

"Here are our officers from the ramparts," said Walter. "The thing is going to begin."

And warmly shaking hands one by one with many of the soldiers, he said,

"Comrades, let the sentiment of duty make your hearts beat and swell your breasts, and emulate the heroism of your ancestors. Our blood is about to flow for the glory of Holland. I can count upon you, is it not so? You will follow me and second me in doing what will cover our flag with glory? You will conquer or die with your officers and me, Walter, your sergeant and your friend?"

The soldiers, deeply touched, promised with tears in their eyes to follow their chiefs intrepidly. They swore more especially never to desert their sergeant, even if they had to perish with him in the midst of their enemies. Captain Van Ray's company should be mentioned that day, and the newly-arrived recruits would let the old soldiers see they too had hearts within their bosoms.

They had already passed resolutions among themselves to show great bravery, but as yet no orders had reached them. From time to time a bullet would fly over their heads, and though they jested

at the bad shots of the Javanese, yet were becoming discouraged, and thought themselves deceived in hoping for an immediate engagement. They soon saw a body of armed seamen climb the ramparts. A part of them came to man the bastion, and their chief told the lieutenant he had been relieved and was obliged to go with his soldiers to the factory square. At this moment the drums beat to arms.

When the lieutenant reached the square with his men the two other companies were already drawn in line. He placed his men in the position reserved for them on the left wing. The captains were assembled in the front of the line of battle and seemed attentively listening to what the Governor said. He was probably giving them orders and showing them in detail how he comprehended the projected attack, and how he wished it to be executed.

The forces ready to march who were collected there amounted to about three hundred men. They were divided into three companies, each company containing about fifty musketeers and fifty pikemen. The first were armed with muskets or arquebuses, which they held in their hands in a straight line from their feet; in the left hand they held the fork upon which they rested the musket when about to fire. Between their fingers shone their matches lighted at both ends, for at this time the flint-lock was not known. Each musketeer carried a cross-

belt to which was suspended upon the breast by small cords a dozen measures made of leather, and filled in advance with powder. To this belt was again suspended, on the right side, a leather pocket full of bullets, and behind a good number of matches wound off into two balls. The only offensive weapon carried by the pikemen was a pike nearly ten feet long and surmounted by an iron point. They wore a helmet of iron, a breastplate, gorget, and immense thigh-armor, and were, so to speak, almost entirely covered with iron; yet as their arms and legs were not so heavily protected, this armor did not hamper their movements.

The captains carried a pike like those of the pikemen; the lieutenants were known by a lance called a partisan, bent at each end and double-edged. The sergeants were distinguishable by their halberds, with a staff made of the wood of the ash five feet long, provided with a large lance-head to pierce, and a hatchet to strike. This weapon in the hands of a brave and experienced soldier might become terrible when, during the combat, they should fight hand to hand and man to man.

In advance of every company there was an officer bearing the flag, who because of the duty was called a color-bearer.*

* All these details as to the arming and organization of companies at this period are exact in every particular. The work entitled "*Exposé des Exercices et Manœuvres de Guerre*," etc., par Jean Boxel, La Haye, 1675, may be consulted.

After receiving the orders and instructions of the Governor for some further time, the captains joined their companies.

Peter Van Ray called up to him outside the line of battle the lieutenant, the ensign, the two sergeants and three corporals, and said to them :

“ We are about to encounter the enemy ; it would be superfluous to ask that you should conduct yourselves like brave men. We made each other’s acquaintance on shipboard. The mission with which we have been entrusted by the Governor is that the three companies separately are to attack the Javanese. What the other two are doing is none of our business. As to ourselves, we are to take the bastion raised to the right of the factory, spike the cannon, and if possible destroy the enemy’s works at that point. Remember, too, that an excess of ardor during the combat may be fatal to us. Our adversaries are to be counted by thousands : we are but three hundred. If we penetrate their ranks imprudently, we must perforce be overcome, even were each of us to destroy twenty of the enemy. It costs me a great effort to talk to you in this way ; I too should like to throw myself resolutely with you into the midst of these half-naked Indians, but the Governor does not wish it, and he is right. Tell your men, then, to pay the greatest attention to the smallest order from their leaders, and moreover that they must beat a retreat and retire slowly from the combat as soon as they hear from the walls of the factory a single shot fired. This will be the

signal for a general retreat; whoever disobeys will be driven from the company, and sent to Holland by the first ship as guilty of insubordination. These are the Governor's express orders. He will himself stand upon the ramparts and see which of the companies behaves the best. Go, and let each man do his duty!"

At this moment a soldier approached the captain and gave him a hammer and some long nails. Walter was called back, and the captain said to him, while placing in his hand the hammer and nails:

"Sergeant, I depend upon you for carrying out the most important part of the task we are to accomplish. You will remain with the pikemen, and when I give you the order you will take the bastion by assault, and will spike the enemy's guns. Arrange matters so that there shall be no failure. And now hasten to join your men. The drum beats; we go."

Captain Van den Broeck's company was the first to move, that of Dirksz followed, then that of Peter Van Ray took up the march in its turn. The small army crossed the square slowly to the beat of the drum.

Walter was to pass with his company before the house where Adelaide lived; his heart beat tumultuously in his breast as he neared the house. Was he not going to engage in a combat that might be terrible and murderous? Suppose he was killed! He would see her no more on earth. This thought made him shudder, and it was with deep emotion

that in passing by he cast his eyes on Van den Broeck's house.

He saw the window open, and Adelaide seated beside it. She gave him a smile of inexpressible sweetness, a smile in which pity, hope, love, mingled in confusion; then joining her hands and raising her eyes to heaven, she seemed to wish Walter to understand that during the battle she would pray to God for him.

The young man's emotion increased; he cast down his eyes and passed out of sight in a revery. But he soon lifted up his head; a smile illumined his face, and courage sparkled in his looks. Adelaide accompanied him in thought, and while he was about to risk his life to render himself worthy of her, she would pray for him, mingling his name with that of her father. She would pray for him. This thought alone filled him with an ardent desire to engage in combat, and his heart swelled with impatience.

When the companies had gone forth from the factory they scattered themselves at a great distance one from the other; Dirksz was to assail the left bastion, Van den Broeck to attack the Javanese centre, and Van Ray to attempt to carry the bastion on the right.

The order to march was given, and the companies advanced slowly towards the plain.

When within reach of the enemy the musketeers commenced firing, and each time one rank had discharged its arms the one behind advanced

a few steps to fire in its turn. They approached the enemy in this manner slowly, but without stopping.

Most of the balls reached their mark, because the arms that sent them rested on forks, and this firm support gave great precision to the firing. Moreover the Javanese were crowded in their ranks, and though still at a great distance, the balls did not the less easily strike their almost naked bodies.

When the enemy perceived that the Dutch were directing their attention to the bastion, a considerable number of archers came to the front and sent a cloud of arrows into the midst of the assailants, who, thinking the arrows might be poisoned, seemed to hesitate in exposing themselves to this terrible danger, and besought their captain to give them the order to march more rapidly upon the enemy.

Van Ray brought forward the pikemen, and dividing them into two detachments, placed one under the charge of the lieutenant, and the other was to receive its orders from Sergeant Walter. Then he told them in concise and rapid words how they should mount to the assault of the bastion on two sides at once. As for himself, he would undertake to advance upon the enemy with his musketeers during this time, and engage their attention.

To the command "Forward!" the two drums beat the charge, and the musketeers, divided into two companies, precipitated themselves with intrepid courage upon the Javanese archers.

The pike in the hands of the Dutch was a weapon

essentially formidable, for its length was so great that the Indians found they were struck without being able to use their swords or poniards. But a few moments had passed, when already a large number were weltering in their blood.

Walter performed marvels with his halberd; he thrust, hacked, and pierced in every direction. His weapon flashed like lightning in his hands, and if he had not remembered the captain's orders he would unaccompanied have penetrated the ranks of the Javanese to the foot of the bastion.

However great was the slaughter effected among the Javanese by Walter and his pikemen, the enemy was reinforced by new men to supply the places of those that had fallen; and such were the yells and cries all along the line of battle belonging to the Javanese that it resolved itself into one tremendous reverberation that even drowned the roar of the cannon.

At last the pikemen, who had not been without loss on their side, found they had struck down so many of their adversaries that their heaped bodies formed a sort of embankment, which was a rampart for the Dutch against the enemy. Just at this time the Javanese seemed panic-stricken and wavering from the overwhelming havoc of the pikemen.

"Come on, comrades!" exclaimed Walter, suddenly; "one more effort! Forward! forward! The bastion is ours!"

Stimulated by his voice and encouraged by his

example, the pikemen trampled upon all those that were in their way, and, following their brave sergeant, soon reached the summit of the enemy's intrenchments. Struck with surprise by this daring onslaught, and severely repulsed by the Dutch pikes, the Javanese took to their heels and ran down on the other side of the bastion, helter-skelter. Walter had in a moment spiked the four cannon that were there, then placing his hat on the end of his halberd, waved it in the air, sending over the plain a cry of triumph :

“ Hurrah ! hurrah ! ”

But all at once he perceived at the foot of the bastion the lieutenant with his detachment, and the captain himself with the musketeers, surrounded by a thousand of the Javanese, struggling desperately against these overwhelming numbers. A cry of rage escaped him when he saw his friend the ensign lying prostrate on the ground and a Javanese chief possess himself under his very eyes of the company's flag.

“ Hasten, comrades ! Give help over there ! ” he exclaimed. “ The enemy has taken our flag ! ”

When the musketeers, who were unexpectedly attacked at that point, could no longer use their arquebuses, they had but small means of defence. Though they fought with the butt-end of their muskets, and cracked the skulls of a large number of their opponents, yet many among them were wounded, and others found death in this unequal combat. Doubtless all would have succumbed had

not Walter, at the head of his victorious pikemen, hastened to their relief from the summit of the bastion.

The sergeant with his men came suddenly upon the Javanese from behind, and felled numbers of them to the earth before they had time to turn about and defend themselves. Transported with rage, he penetrated the enemy's lines, and even reached his captain. This diversion extricated at the same time the lieutenant, who was enabled to join the other men of the company.

Strengthened by the meeting, they cut and thrust at the Javanese with renewed vigor, until there was a circle around them entirely free from their enemies.

Walter then saw a few steps off the Dutch flag floating over the ranks of his adversaries.

"Captain," he exclaimed, "may I venture a desperate move? Our flag is captured. Let me recover it, I beseech you!"

An affirmative gesture on the captain's part sufficed him.

"Follow me, pikemen, follow me!" he cried. "Our flag or death!"

And precipitating himself in the midst of the Javanese with his faithful companions, like the heavy carcass of a vessel of war which, beaten about by the storm, ploughs the ocean's mighty billows, he carried everything before him that stopped his course. With his hatchet he clove the head of a Javanese chief who attempted to escape

with the flag, and brought back to his captain the glorious trophy.

At that moment a cannon-shot resounded across the plain. The signal came from the factory : it was to beat a retreat. Still fighting, and followed closely by the Javanese, the Dutch fell back slowly, until they were under cover of the artillery of the fortress, which having discharged in the midst of the Javanese a volley of grapeshot which fearfully decimated their ranks, the enemy gave up the pursuit and fell back to resume their first position at the top of the bastions.

The Congo was at the factory door ; he had climbed up a small hillock and watched the return of the soldiers as if seeking to recognize one among them. Walter perceived the black slave from afar, and waved his hand to him. Congo gave a cry of joy ; he cut wild capers on the top of the hillock, raising his hands to heaven and making joyful exclamations, and at once ran to the door and disappeared like an arrow in the interior of the factory.

It was evident to Walter that the negro had been sent there by Adelaide that he might take her news of his safety. Though worn out with the fatigue of the engagement, and still tremulous from the nervous excitement the encounter had caused, the sergeant forgot all that had happened, and with his head bent down thought of her whose sweet sympathy had followed him amid the dangers and horrors of the conflict.

When Captain Van Ray with his brave soldiers

reached the interior square of the factory, Van den Broeck and Dircksz's companies were already in battle array to be reviewed by the Governor. During the combat they had carried off the wounded from the battle-field as well as they could. The number was somewhat large, and they were extended on mats under cocoanut-trees, where surgeons were engaged in dressing their wounds.

Van den Broeck had done no less damage than Van Ray in the centre of the Javanese forces. As to Dircksz, he had not been able to seize the left bastion, but his men had trampled under foot hundreds of the enemy, and it was evident what carnage had been effected from their garments being more stained with blood than those of their comrades. Peter Dircksz had been wounded in the head, and though it had not yet been dressed, the imperturbable captain was walking in front of his men, and said to the lieutenant who advised him to seek the surgeon, "Nonsense! nonsense! it is nothing; a shred of flesh with a few hairs hanging from my forehead; the surgeon will soon replace all that."

The captains were called to the front of battle by the Governor, who asked for a return of their losses. This resulted in the statement that they had left no fewer than fifty dead upon the field, which had to be considered a great loss for a body that only numbered three hundred men all told. In consequence a look of pain and anxiety overspread the Governor's face, and he shook his head reflectively, saying,

“Gentlemen, I gave the signal of retreat, for I was convinced that our brave companies, spite of their intrepid courage, ran the risk of being annihilated by an enemy so superior in numbers. We must change our plans. We can most assuredly claim a victory in what has already been done, for we have disabled more of the enemy than we had men; but two or three such victories would eventually be our ruin. The Javanese can be reinforced continually: we could not replace one disabled soldier. To-morrow we must see that some of our vessels approach the coast sufficiently near that their broadsides may reach the enemy’s camp and intrenchments. Meanwhile we will remain behind our walls and content ourselves with the defence of the fortress. Now give me an account of your respective operations, and call by name those of your men who have been most particularly distinguished for their bravery.”

Van den Broeck and Dircksz proceeded at once to give the Governor some of their men’s names, who were to receive as a recompense for their good conduct some months’ pay; four or five among them were promoted to the rank of corporal or sergeant in the places of their dead comrades.

When Captain Van Ray’s turn came round and he narrated Walter’s exploits, how alone with a handful of men he had taken the bastion, and had extricated the musketeers hemmed in by the Javanese, and had recovered the flag by penetrating the ranks of his enemies, the Governor appeared to

listen with great pleasure, and by expressive gestures testified his approbation and even his admiration. He made a sign with his finger to some one standing a few steps behind him, and gave him an order in a low tone. This person, who was probably a clerk or a merchant, left at once, going in the direction of the warehouses.

The Governor, turning once more towards the captains, conversed still further upon the actual situation, and pointed out to them the measures they were to take to tend the sick and wounded and give a little rest to the available men, yet using all care against surprise. The seamen were to keep watch on the ramparts until evening; half of the musketeers were then to take up the night-watch. Until then the muskets should be stacked, the lighted matches beside them, and the tired soldiers would be permitted to take some hours' rest.

The man whom the Governor had sent to the warehouses was now seen in the distance, returning. He held a sword, and on his arm was a silk scarf, and a gray felt hat with a waving plume was in his hand.

"Captain Van Ray, command your sergeant Walter Peterson to come forward," said the Governor.

Van Ray took a few steps, and called the designated sergeant by name. Walter, led by his captain, came before the Governor, who said to him :

"Sergeant, you have conducted yourself with honor and have shown such intrepidity that I es-

teem it my duty to recompense you in behalf of our country. May the flag which you took back from the midst of your enemies be confided to your care in the future! Walter Peterson, I name you standard-bearer, to fill the place of him who to-day so generously gave up his life on the field of battle for the glory of Holland. Lay down your halberd, gird on this sword, tie this scarf to your shoulder, and be a worthy and chivalrous soldier."

The men of Walter's company, seeing the Governor himself investing him with the scarf and placing the plumed hat upon his head, gave way to noisy acclamations, as if the honor had been done to themselves, and saluted their new ensign by a triple hurrah.

Walter's head had fallen on his breast; he trembled with emotion in thinking of the happiness that had come to him. He gave himself up to the joyous thought of being able to show Adelaide the sword he had won, which was a forerunner of the greater successes he hoped to conquer in the future.

When going towards home, the Governor said to Walter,

"Accompany me, ensign. Last night you handed me a letter which was sent me by the directors of the Company. I must speak with you for a moment about its contents."

The new ensign followed the Governor. Some little time after he left that gentleman's house thinking to join his company, but Captain Van den Broeck, who seemed to be waiting for him on the

square, took his hand, and, shaking it warmly, said :

“I congratulate you, sir ensign, with all my heart! I did not put entire confidence in your fine promises, but must confess now that you possess sufficient energy and courage to distinguish yourself gloriously. You cannot think how happy Adelaide is on account of your promotion. Come, let her see your sword and handsome scarf.”

“Pardon me, Captain,” stammered Walter with feeling, “I must rejoin my company; the Governor has confided to me a message for my captain.”

“I will not delay you long; you are yet but an ensign, Mr. Peterson,” replied Van den Broeck, with a smile in which pleasantry and good-will were both expressed. “And furthermore, from what my colleague Peter Van Ray says, you behaved so bravely that I feel towards you now greater esteem as well as sympathy. Come with me to see Adelaide. Make her your bow that she may at least see you, then go and acquit yourself of your mission. Come, sir ensign; your visit will be well received.”

Van den Broeck entered his house with Walter, and said, opening the door of the drawing-room, where sat his wife and daughter,

“Ladies, I have the honor to present to you our friend the ensign Walter Peterson.”

“Walter, Walter, you an ensign!” cried Adelaide, holding out her arms as if she wished to fly to the young man’s embrace; but she threw herself into those of her mother, exclaiming,

“He is an ensign! Oh, how good and merciful God is!”

“Come, Adelaide,” said the Captain, drawing his daughter by the arm towards him, “offer your hand to the new ensign and congratulate him quickly, for he must return to his post immediately.”

Pale with emotion, the young girl placed her hand in that of Walter. They were both trembling and remained silent, but exchanged with a single look what many words could not have afforded them of hope and happiness.

“Go now, ensign, where duty calls,” said the Captain; “and if you wish to come after midday and converse more at your ease for a short hour with us, you will be welcome, for I see you will end by making me keep my promise.”

“Thank you, thank you all!” stammered Walter; and beside himself, with tears in his eyes, he left the room and the Captain’s house.

CHAPTER V.

FIVE days had elapsed since the first sally of the Dutch was made. As they did not doubt the enemy would assail the fortress, they were on guard night and day to repulse any attack.

That the assault should be imminent, and might be desperate, did not disquiet them in the least. One of the most extended faces of the fortress was protected by the river Tjiliwoeng, which almost laved the rampart. There was nothing to be feared on that side, and all the available forces could be used to defend that looking on the town of Jacatra. Furthermore, the soldiers, and more especially the sailors, had turned the time to account in building the intrenchment visibly higher in that direction, and in placing guns there of heavier calibre.

The Javanese must have lost in the battle a considerable number of dead and wounded. Perhaps the slaughter they had suffered in their ranks had broken down their courage; perhaps, as a Chinese deserter announced to the Governor, they had given up all ulterior intentions until the arrival of new auxiliary troops and heavier guns promised them by the English at Bantam. Whether this was true or not, the Javanese remained encamped in the same place. They remained continually under arms in front of

their camp, a stone's throw from the cannon at the factory, and appeared to cover the plain reaching to the town of Jacatra. Seen from the summit of the Dutch intrenchments, this cloud of men presented the appearance of an immense ant-hill in motion.

The Javanese, or rather the English, had placed additional cannon upon the bastion which Walter Peterson had taken for a moment by assault. The enemy seemed to be content to fire bullets continuously, which, owing to their imperfect aim, passed over the factory. Up to this time but two soldiers had been struck. The Dutch on their side retorted by a discharge of cannon, and without doubt did more damage to the enemy, for their artillery was of a superior calibre, and their guns placed in better position.

For five days nothing had been heard but the roar of cannon and the whistling of bullets. At first this formidable sound caused some anxiety to the men as well as to the women and children; but they soon became accustomed to these discharges, and at the time we speak of they did not appear to mind it at all, for the wives and children of soldiers and sailors ran about the square and walked behind the ramparts as if there were no danger.

Van den Broeck had invited Walter to dine with him.

The young ensign, whose face expressed both happiness and respectful deference, was seated between the Captain and his wife. Adelaide was placed on the other side of the table, beside Peter

Dirksz, her father's corpulent friend, whose head was still bandaged.

Dinner was not yet served; the guests while waiting were partaking of a glass of Spanish wine, and talked without reserve on many subjects. The negro, Congo, stood behind them with a white napkin over his arm, and was watchful in filling the glasses as soon as they were empty. Yet when Walter conversed the negro seemed to forget his office and listen with admiration to the ensign's words, and more than once the sharp voice of his master recalled him to himself.

Adelaide was truly scarcely recognizable: her cheeks were fresh and rosy, a calm but radiant smile hovered about her lips, and, though reserved and modest, her eyes beamed with joy.

Since Walter by his intrepidity had conquered the admiration of all, and had so gloriously won the sword of an ensign, Van den Broeck had become both affable and affectionate towards him; he had openly shown that he did not disapprove of the liking that existed between the two young people. It is true he maintained the position that he had taken in giving his promise, but under existing circumstances, being fully convinced Walter would become a captain, he treated him already in a certain way as his daughter's affianced husband. He had even confided to Dirksz the motive which had brought the young man to India. Then, too, the ensign, spite of the cordiality of his reception, used so much reserve and discretion in his intercourse

with Adelaide, that Van den Broeck was brought to esteem and love him greatly when he perceived the delicacy and dignity of his conduct.

The evident satisfaction of her parents had taken from Adelaide the fear that her affection for Walter might displease them. A feeling of happiness and gratitude usurped the place in her heart of timidity and constraint. Her voice, when she took part in the conversation, was frank, easy, and vivacious, which lent it a great charm.

Her mother talked little, and seemed suspended between anxiety and joy. She was uneasy at the continual rumbling of the cannon, which made her house shake and reminded her every instant that the situation was one of peril; but she sought for consolation and strength in Adelaide, whose look always expressed interior joy and signs of a speedy restoration to health. She had beheld her child, her well-beloved Adclaide, sinking slowly towards the grave, and her maternal heart deplored in advance the most terrible of sorrows. Now vital force asserted itself in her daughter as if by a miracle, and all told her that God in his mercy had averted death from her house. While the war that was going on frightened her, since all engaged in it whom she loved were exposed to imminent danger, she consoled herself with her daughter's great improvement, and controlled or concealed the secret disquietude that agitated her.

The conversation for some little time had fallen upon the rapid and glorious development of the

Netherlands. The young ensign, who knew perfectly the history of his country, replied to a question of Adelaide's father :

“In truth, Captain, there is something almost miraculous in the inexhaustible energy displayed by the Dutch in their struggle with Spain. Weak because of numbers, on a contracted territory, they yet found in the love of liberty and the tenacity of their Dutch character sufficient resources to defend for a period of forty years the independence they had conquered against the two most powerful kingdoms of the world. While their troops were fighting the redoubtable armies of the Duke of Alva, of Don John, and the Duke of Parma, or causing them to succumb from fatigue or exhaustion, that small nation sent from all its ports a host of vessels in pursuit of the united fleet of Spain and Portugal to break down at sea their dominion, which now extended to the four quarters of the globe. Yes, the Netherlands dared develop the plan of disputing India and her commerce in spices with Spain and Portugal to the strongest in war.”

“What is more astonishing yet,” said Van den Broeck, “is that this bold project was formed by burghers and merchants. The first fleet is said to have consisted of only six ships.”

“If you will permit me, only four, Captain,” said Walter. “It was in the year 1595 nine Dutch merchants united together to undertake a voyage to Sumatra and to Java. This partnership succeeded

in its first enterprise, and the example instigated others. Finally, all those small commercial associations which were founded under the protection of the United States of the Netherlands were merged into one. And this was the beginning of that powerful East India Company in which service we now are.”*

“It seems now,” said Peter Dircksz, “if I have understood aright the Governor’s words, that the intention is to abandon the island of Amboine to establish here at Jacatra the Company’s general commercial station. This does not strike me as prudent.”

“You mistake,” said Van den Broeck; “that is not the intention of the directors. Amboine will not be given up, but Amboine is too far from the Sunda Islands. It never would have been deemed necessary to fortify our factory at Jacatra if the Portuguese and English did not interfere with our trade in the Sunda Islands, and did not threaten us with hostility spite of the twelve years’ truce which concluded to-day between those kingdoms and the United States of Holland. I cannot make known to you more explicitly what the Governor confided to me with respect to the views of the directors; but be assured, if we are enabled to hold this fortress, our country will some day govern the East Indies. Ah! here is dinner. Come to the table, gentlemen, and let us say grace, for I will not conceal

* Van Meteren, History of the Netherlands, fols. 353 and 465.

from you that the Spanish wine has sharpened my appetite."

Rosalie, aided by Congo, had placed some dishes on the table and again left the room.

During the first moments of the dinner there was a long interval of silence, only interrupted occasionally by casual remarks.

Suddenly a violent shock shook the house to its foundation, and a noisy din of broken tiles was heard. It was caused by a bullet which had whizzed past the roof.

Adelaide's mother and the young sergeant both rose and paled; the others, on the contrary, remained seated impassively, and only expressed their impression of what had happened by a mocking smile.

That Madame Van den Broeck should be agitated by the bewildering tumult that had come to surprise the guests seemed but natural; but that Walter, the brave Walter, should have bounded up trembling, no one could understand it.

"Oh! oh! Mr. Peterson," growled out Dirksz in an unflattering tone, "your nerves are too delicate! Want of experience; this will mend itself with time."

The ensign had resumed his seat and kept silence. The blush of shame tinged his brow as if he were himself surprised and disconcerted by his action.

Van den Broeck said, shaking his head with ill-concealed displeasure,

"You must still keep a watch over yourself, Mr.

Peterson. Coolness in a soldier is a quality much more desirable than bravery; for if you commanded a company and your men observed any such agitation as you have just shown, they would become intimidated and possibly lose courage. It is attributable to your youth and the want of experience, as Dirksz says."

Walter, perfectly dumbfounded by this remark, did not at first know what answer to make. Only when he noticed that his silence saddened Adelaide he made an effort over himself, and said, in a tone both calm and gentle.

"Gentlemen, it is difficult for a man in my position to excuse a like emotion; but let me justify that of Madame Van den Broeck in your eyes; you will then perhaps not deem me blameworthy. I respectfully put the question to Madame Van den Broeck whether it was for herself she trembled? When that sharp report reached her ears she cast her eyes at once upon one dearer to her than life. She shuddered for the danger which menaced one she loved above all others. I will add no more to excuse myself, but trust, gentlemen, your own hearts will interpret for me."

Walter had uttered these last words with so much feeling, and his explanation, spite of its conciseness, was so clear and impressive, that it produced a great effect upon all.

"Bravo! that is well said. You are a fine fellow!" exclaimed Dirksz. "I too have a wife and child. When they were with me I suffered anguish. One

is never brave when danger threatens those they love."

Van den Broeck grasped the ensign's hand.

"I thank you, Walter," he murmured; "you are a brave and excellent young man."

Adelaide had bowed her head, trembling with happiness in the presence of an avowal that had just been made her with so much dignity and decorum. Her mother shook her head affirmatively, and thanked the ensign by a look of approval.

"It is strange," said Dircksz, after a moment of silence, "that the Javanese should be so unskilful; they have already sent us some hundreds of balls, and have scarcely touched the roofs of our factories in more than three or four places."

"And yet it is not unusual to see both English and Portuguese mounted on their bastions," observed Van den Broeck.

"They must be merchants," replied Dircksz; "those people know nothing about the use of cannon. They have only taken their places among the Javanese to incite them against us. If they had no other counsel to give them than to waste their powder uselessly, that ant-hill over there and all that noise would soon resolve itself into smoke."

"Time will not be permitted them to become tired of the game," said Van den Broeck. "I talked with the Governor a considerable time this morning. He had at first given up the idea of taking advantage of our ships being in sight, because the sea was too low and the project could only be real-

ized by running great risks. Now that the wind has gone down somewhat, launches will be sent along the coast to take soundings. If a good anchorage is found, the vessels will approach the shore and place themselves in position to give a vigorous cannonading to the Javanese camp, and as soon as they have done some damage or created confusion we will make another sortie."

"Good, good!" muttered Dirksz; "this will give me an opportunity to demand an account of my wound. Come, this is good news you give us."

And turning towards Walter.

"As to you, Mr. Peterson, you will no doubt achieve wonders; is it not so? I see your eyes beginning to sparkle at the very thought of fighting. But what am I saying? An ensign cannot fight, or at least the opportunity is very rare. The flag is an embarrassing weapon; it cannot even be used in self-defence."

"I obtained an audience with his Excellency the Governor yesterday, and called his attention to this," said Walter. "He promised me if there was fighting to give me the opportunity and the means to obtain rapid promotion. I owe his Excellency thanks for his great kindness to me; he wishes, he says, to aid me in attaining my life's end."

"Have you spoken of your hopes to him?" said Van den Broeck, astonished, interrupting the young man.

"No, Captain," replied the ensign; "but I have

an idea he knows the incentive I had for coming to India. If you did not tell him yourself, Director Huygens probably learned it from my mother and conveyed it to him in a letter."

"There is no harm in it, at all events. The most important thing is that the Governor should favor your advancement."

Walter said joyfully,

"When I was leaving he clapped me on the shoulder and gave me reason to hope that if I again distinguished myself the first vacant lieutenancy should be mine. Lieutenant, and then one step more. "Oh! I am protected by an invisible power. There is some one in heaven watching over me."

"So," said Peter Dirksz, "the Governor too has given you his sympathy and interest? I do not know how it is, but you have only been a few days in Java, and already every one loves you. Even my soldiers speak of you with affection and admiration. Do your best, Ensign; you will succeed."

"Yes, I will do my best, Captain!" said Walter, enthusiastically. "The love of country, the desire for glory, honor, alone would be a sufficient motive to incite me; but the recompense awaiting me is a life of happiness and joy. Were death staring me in the face, I would risk it and defy it and scorn it to obtain the laurel branch which is to give me the right to the inestimable treasure that Captain Van den Broeck has generously promised me. And I

will earn it; if not— But no; God on high will surely grant my mother's prayers."

Congo, who with napkin over his arm stood behind his master's chair, forgetful of all, was listening attentively to the young man's last words, and giving expression to his joy by strange contortions. A sharp cry finally escaped him involuntarily.

"What is the matter with the idiot?" said Van den Broeck. "He seems to be in a frenzy to approach you, Mr. Peterson, and follows you afar wherever you go. As soon as he lays his eyes on you it is useless to expect any good work from him. Picture it to yourself, gentlemen; this morning when I arose I found him in this room with a shield upon his arm, a huge sword in his hand, cutting and thrusting the air about him as if he were combating an entire corps of the enemy. It is your language, Ensign, that has inspired my slave with such warlike instincts. If he does not lose his head there will not be much harm done."

And turning towards the negro, the Captain said, in a tone of authority,

"Be quiet and make yourself useful as you are required to do."

The slave clasped his hands and said,

"My good master, may Congo say a word in your presence?"

The negro's attitude was so prayerful, and the expression of his face so extraordinary, that Van den Broeck was somewhat curious to know what the slave could have to say to him.

"Speak!" he said.

"Master," stammered the negro, "I am a poor slave and have no country, but was so happy at Amsterdam that I learned to love Holland. I hate the yellow men, for they are the enemies of the Dutch. Let Congo march to the combat with you; let him risk his life for the honor of Holland. I beg you will not refuse him this favor; he will show that beneath his black skin there beats a generous heart."

"What nonsense are you talking there?" said Van den Broeck, laughing. "Did I not say so, Mr. Peterson? You have awakened heroic courage even in the heart of a negro! Come, Congo, banish such wild thoughts from your mind."

"Ah! ah!" said Dircksz, "Congo wishes to become a soldier. Well, the time may come when we will need every man here, both black and white; who knows? We are not free from trouble yet. But what do I hear? Is it not the drum beating an alarm?"

They listened, and heard in truth the drum suddenly beat the general; the same signal resounded all at once from every angle of the factory, and one or two trumpets mingled their vibrating tones with the beating of the drums.

All the astonished guests rose suddenly.

"There are the Javanese coming to attack us!" exclaimed Van den Broeck.

And after embracing his wife and daughter, he said, in as calm a tone as he could assume,

“Remain calm; the matter is not dangerous. Have pity rather for those stupid Javanese who come uselessly to be killed beneath our intrenchments. Good-by for the present! Good-by for the present!”

Adelaide flew towards Walter, seized his hand, and murmured,

“Go, Walter; your mother in heaven will not be the only one to pray for you. Be courageous! be courageous!”

Congo ran towards his master, who was already in the vestibule, and besought him to allow him to take part in the combat; but Van den Broeck repulsed him, ordering that he should stay at home.

Some of the soldiers were already drawn up in line on the square, which was the rallying-point; others were seen running in all directions with their arms.

Every eye was fixed with astonishment and anxiety upon the Governor, who stamped with impatience a little farther away, and appeared to be calling the officers with repeated gestures.

When he was surrounded by his captains, he said, in a short, firm voice,

“We are signalled by our ships the arrival of an English fleet of about eight sails, carrying the battle-flag. While peace exists we are attacked unawares by a large naval force. This is infamous treachery. I have given orders that all shall be prepared for a determined resistance, and that launches be sent to the shore for men. I intend to take the position

myself of admiral of the fleet. I need about sixty musketeers to arm our two largest vessels. Captain, let me have thirty men at once under the command of your lieutenant, and you, Captain Van Ray, furnish me with as many, but place them under that of Ensign Peterson. Confide the flag until our return to your oldest sergeant. Captain Van den Broeck, you will represent me during my absence as commandant of the factory. Be on the alert and do not allow yourself to be surprised. The time has come for us all to show what can be accomplished by the blood of the Netherlands. Now make haste and send those musketeers to the coast, that are to accompany me."

While giving this last order the Governor had neared the side of the factory; he walked with rapid step towards the shore, and was almost immediately followed by the sixty musketeers commanded by the lieutenant of Dircksz's company and by Ensign Walter.

Van den Broeck undertook on his side the chief command of the garrison and factory. He placed a strong guard at the door, and stationed the rest of the men behind the parapet to make ready to repulse any attack. He himself went with his colleagues Dircksz and Van Ray upon the bastion which faced the coast looking upon the sea.

The Javanese had ceased their cannonading and precipitated themselves in a mass towards the coast. Van den Broeck also had silenced the guns at the factory, and thus without any intention a momentary

lull had been established in the passage at arms of the land-forces.

On both sides it seemed to be understood that the issue of the war would be decided at sea; on both sides every eye was fixed on the five Dutch ships that set all sail, cleared their decks, and weighed anchor.

The launches sent to the coast for the Governor and the musketeers soon reached the ships, and were saluted by a triple hurrah.

On the horizon, in a misty distance, could be seen the English vessels, which at first had appeared but as little white spots, but which grew larger and larger, and finally approached near enough for the muskets to be seen glistening in the hands of the sailors.

While this was happening, the Dutch fleet had weighed anchor and sailed in the face of the wind towards the northeast to get away from the numerous islands in the bay and go in pursuit of the enemy.

On the bastion, several captains followed the movements of the two fleets, with numerous merchants and agents of the Company; there were even women and children, that the interrupted firing and curiosity had attracted to watch the combat about to take place on the waves.

When the first discharge of artillery announced the beginning of the combat, the heart of all the spectators stood still. Van den Broeck and his colleagues themselves appeared to suffer from deep

anxiety. The Dutch had only five vessels. The enemy's fleet, now approaching, numbered eleven powerful galleons. In this unequal contest the maintenance of the power of the Netherlands in India was about to be decided. A defeat on this day did not only signify the loss of the factory at Jacatra; it was the ruin of Dutch power in India, the extinction of an inexhaustible source of riches and glory for the budding republic. The very thought of so great a disaster made every Hollander tremble. None of them, though, betrayed their feelings in words; but all eyes followed the combat, and a mournful and solemn silence reigned on the ramparts of the factory.

In the Javanese camp, on the contrary, joyous acclamations were heard; thousands of hands holding swords and cries waved in the air, as if to let the Dutch understand that, attacked at sea and menaced on land, no hope was left to them. However intrepid they had shown themselves in their recent sally, the Javanese could not believe that five vessels could hold their own against eleven strong ships well equipped and manned by brave soldiers.

Yet the two fleets had approached so near to each other that the balls were beginning to tell. The air vibrated, being violently disturbed by the roaring cannon, and clouds of smoke rose up from the sea towards the sky. During a few moments longer the captains contemplated silently with a sense of oppression the combat which was now beginning to be seriously waged.

“See, see!” suddenly exclaimed Van Ray joyfully; “the Governor has changed his tactics. I wager he is about to attack the English admiral’s ship. Our brave comrades will board it. I would give ten years of my life to be there! There will be fine slaughter; I feel a presentiment that it will be so from the beating of my heart!”

“I think you are mistaken as to the Governor’s designs,” remarked Van den Broeck; “he is possessed of great coolness, and is not the man to adventure rashly against so formidable a foe.”

“There, do you see how directly he is sailing towards the English admiral’s ship? He is nearly alongside of him, and is endeavoring to give him a broadside in the breast. Well, what did I tell you?”

A frightful report resounded on the water, and the admiral’s mizzen-mast crashed down upon the deck with its yards and sails.

Above the roaring of the cannon could be heard the hurrahs of the Dutch at this masterly achievement.

“Very well! very well, my brave boys!” muttered Peter Dircksz. “Forward, hatchets and grappling-irons! Aboard!”

They could readily understand by the movements and manœuvres rapidly taking place on the Dutch admiral’s ship that the crew were preparing to cast the grappling-irons upon the English vessel, and to board it; but two of the enemy’s ships, perceiving the danger that their admiral ran, made great haste to

come to his relief, and before the Dutch Governor could carry out his intention they were near enough to force him to act on the defensive. On their side the Dutch vessels hastily surrounded their admiral to extricate him. The combat, which up to this time had taken place at a distance, was now confined to narrower limits, and the repeated discharge of cannon and muskets produced a thick cloud of smoke which covered the two fleets with an impenetrable veil.

From the top of the bastion they could only distinguish the fawn-colored light that now and then penetrated the curtain of smoke when the whole range of cannon thundered forth at the same time and mingled in a single flame the fire that burst from twenty mouths of fire. With the roar of cannon and the discharge of musketry was mingled a din of voices, confused cries, the crackling of masts and yards, and in the uncertainty as to what was taking place within that gray cloud the hearts of the spectators beat both with fear and anguish, confidence and hope.

The struggle was not prolonged with so much violence. At the end of half an hour the cloud extended over the surface of the sea. It soon after dispersed somewhat, and again the ships engaged in combat could be seen. The Dutch fleet appeared through the force of the action to have been carried before the wind, and sought by means of additional sails to go towards the east and keep out of the way of the enemy.

At that moment the Captain's attention was attracted by a new occurrence. There came from a distance a launch filled with soldiers, who rowed with great energy. In the midst of the English bullets it was speeding toward the shore with wonderful rapidity, and was hotly pursued by two other armed launches. In all probability these would not reach them, but a third launch sent from another ship was about to run across it, bar its way, and place it between two fires.

"Those are the Dutch that are flying!" exclaimed Van Ray. "What does this mean? Can the battle be lost?"

"Poor brothers!" said Van den Broeck, following the movement of the launches and foreseeing that the Dutch would not escape the danger menacing them. "One man against three! And we four here are condemned to the pain of seeing them overcome, to see them massacred under our eyes! Oh, this is frightful!"

"Nonsense, nonsense!" said Dircksz; "this is yet to be seen. On a launch one may fight as well as on terra firma; it may become a hand-to-hand fight, and matters end very differently. Look, look! the struggle is beginning! Who is that fellow at the prow who is attacking the English so furiously with his halberd? See! he has already demolished four on the first seat! Well, it is very well, my fine fellow."

"Heavens! that is Walter Peterson!" exclaimed Van den Broeck. "May God protect him!"

“Ah, yes, it is in truth the ensign,” said Dircksz. “It would be a pity should he fall; he has the heart of a hero. Look at him; he fights like a lion!”

Van Ray did not articulate anything distinctly, but he stamped with sorrow and rage. His ensign, the valiant Walter, ran the risk of being killed and must infallibly succumb, for the two launches pursuing him were but a stone’s-throw away.

“Ah! ah! the English are succeeding! He will get the better of them, he will get the better of them!”

Walter Peterson and his companions had aimed so well and struck and thrust so bravely among the men of the enemy’s launch that these permitted themselves to drift while awaiting the two other boats; but seeing this, the Dutch had used their oars with such vigor and placed such a distance between them that, in spite of the efforts made by the English, they were soon far beyond reach.

The Dutch launch touched land somewhere between the factory and the Javanese camp. The crew were about to leap on shore and get under cover of the fortress, but a large number of Javanese, running in all haste towards the shore, obstructed their landing.

“Comrades,” exclaimed Walter, “the enemy is before and behind us! We have no choice. Let us make a gap in that yellow brood! Follow me! Forward! The Netherlands! the Netherlands!”

At this appeal the Dutch, who numbered about

thirty, fell upon the Javanese. The sight of this little body, much diminished by the recent combat, struggling with the energy of despair against a vastly superior number, was a sight wonderful to behold. Walter felled with his halberd the most redoubtable of his enemies, his companions crushing the skulls of the Javanese with the butt-end of their muskets, which they used like clubs.

Nevertheless the number of Dutch heroes diminished visibly, and Walter already beheld prostrated before him five or six of his men. He roared with rage and despair ; he beheld death triumphantly awaiting him, and the name of his beloved fell from his lips in token of a sad farewell. He was about to succumb, and realized it. As if this horrible conviction had increased his strength, he precipitated himself with renewed animosity on the thick of the Javanese, and overcame a dozen adversaries. But the condition of things was not changed. The circle in which he struggled with his men against the enemy's assaults became so much narrower that the courageous ensign felt his last hope of safety vanish. But suddenly, not far from him and behind the Javanese, he heard the battle-cry of the Netherlands, "Holland ! Hurrah !"

When from the summit of the bastion Captain Van den Broeck saw the Javanese precipitate themselves towards the sea-shore to assail the launch's crew, he gave the order to fire a volley upon the compact body of the enemy. They hurriedly descended from the rampart, gathered in haste about

sixty pikemen, and cleared the door with this body to run to the assistance of the Dutch engaged in the struggle.

Struck in the rear by the arms of the pikemen, and surprised by a volley from four guns of large calibre, the Javanese took to flight immediately, going beyond the reach of the cannon. Walter was rescued.

Van den Broeck clasped the gallant ensign to his breast, and testified as much joy in seeing him safe and sound as if Walter had been his own son. Touched by this cordial welcome, the young man did not know how to express his gratitude. Tears filled his eyes, which were lifted to heaven in thanks to God for all his mercies.

The Dutch were engaged in removing their dead and wounded from among their enemies' dead bodies.

"Well, my brave Walter, how have matters gone over there?" asked the Captain, with evident uneasiness.

While appearing to seek something under his doublet with one hand, and wiping the blood and sweat covering his face with the other, the ensign answered,

"The thing did not last long, but it was very warm. Blood flowed in torrents on the deck of the admiral's ship. Oh, Captain, I saw death smiling at me as if this time it had won the game against me; but my mother's prayers gained the victory."

And drawing from his doublet a sealed letter, he said,

“Captain, the Governor charged me to give you this. It is doubtless a message of some importance, for Mr. Koen besought me with clasped hands to give it to you, even should one alone survive to do so.”

Van den Broeck broke the seal and cast his eyes over the contents of the letter. It did not seem long, for soon after the Captain issued orders to return to the factory. While walking at the head of his men he looked over the letter several times, and seemed to reflect upon its contents.

When all the men had re-entered the factory, Van den Broeck made a sign to his colleagues Dircksz and Van Ray, and said to them,

“Listen; this is what the Governor writes:

“‘I cease fighting that I may not uselessly sacrifice so many brave soldiers under the crushing weight of superior numbers. I shall go in search of the other Dutch ships which may be in the other ports of the Sunda Islands. I confide to you the care and command of the factory. Hold it until there is not one man left. Do not despair. I shall hasten to avenge a base act of treachery. Captain Dircksz’s lieutenant has been killed. I name in his place Walter Peterson the ensign.

“‘JOHN PETER KOEN.’”

The captains remained several moments in consultation, after which Van den Broeck summoned

the drum-major and ordered him to beat the roll-call. As soon as the men who were not guarding the ramparts were assembled on the square, the commandant placed them in a circle, and, after reading the Governor's letter, said in a firm, determined voice:

"Comrades, you hear; the safety of the factory is confided to our courage and bravery. We have been tried together under fire and steel. I would do you injustice did I dare doubt your inflexible and heroic courage. Our enemies are numerous, and our situation is perhaps dangerous; but how shall we achieve the glory we seek, if the opportunity for proving the courage of Netherlands be wanting? Let this thought be yours, that the genius of your country soars over this corner of the world and looks upon you. Confound your enemies not only by your intrepidity, for this you have proved, but by a greater virtue, that of patience. Let history some day relate to the honor of the Netherlands that three hundred of her sons, abandoned on the coast of Java, valiantly and victoriously held out against thousands of their enemies. Perhaps, even now, the English, Portuguese, and Javanese are rejoicing over our fall, perhaps are dividing among them the riches that the Netherlands have heaped up here. But, comrades, swear with me, and may the God of heaven hear your oath! Swear that they will only put their feet within the factory by passing over our dead bodies. We will hold it, or at least defend it, until

there is not one man left. And if treachery carries the victory, there must not remain one Netherlander to behold that infamous triumph!"

The Captain's harangue was received with loud acclamations. All the men lifted up their pikes and muskets and repeated the oath of their leader. Amid these confused outcries there was nothing distinguishable but "Hurrah! Holland!" "To the last man!" "Until death!"

"I thank you in the name of our beloved country," said Van den Broeck, deeply touched; "go and unite with this noble courage those equally noble sentiments of duty and obedience. I bless God for placing me over such brave men! Go, brothers; we will perform miracles on this land."

The men were about leaving, but Captain Dircksz signed to his soldiers to remain, then went towards Walter, who was a little distance off beside his flag and was making Congo wipe away the blood that stained his garments. Dircksz took the ensign by the hand and led him before the company, and said to his soldiers,

"Soldiers, your brave lieutenant has fallen in combat, but the Governor has replaced him with a valorous officer. This ensign whom you all know, admire, and love, this ensign is your lieutenant. May he be welcome to you!"

"Hurrah! hurrah for our lieutenant!" cried out the men several times, with every appearance of sincere pleasure mingled with respect.

"I a lieutenant?" stammered Walter, trembling with surprise. "Ah! this is not possible!"

Van den Broeck, who had approached, seized Walter's hand and said to him,

"I congratulate you, Mr. Peterson; such astonishing promotion is wonderful, but your heroic courage is not the less so. Keep on in this manner, Lieutenant, and I will joyfully fulfil my promise."

And drawing him nearer the centre of the square, he pointed Adelaide out to him standing at the entrance of the house, with her eyes eagerly fastened on the group of soldiers.

"She awaits you," he said. "Her heart doubtless beats anxiously, for she must have heard from Congo you were with the fleet. Go comfort and console her. I have a few more orders to give, then will come and join you; and we will drink a glass of Spanish wine in honor of your promotion."

Walter, transported with joy and wild with hope, directed his steps towards Van den Broeck's house. From afar he saw the young girl hold out her arms to him, and heard her well-beloved voice cry out,

"My God, I give thee thanks; he still lives!"

CHAPTER VI.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle the English fleet had come up and cast anchor among the islands in the bay of Jacatra. Their artillery could not reach the factory, but their very presence took from the Dutch all hope of assistance on the side of the sea, at least, until the Governor returned with the promised help.

Persuaded that the Javanese, emboldened by the apparent victory of the English, who would hereafter second them energetically, must now soon assail the factory, Van den Broeck ordered that the parapet around the wall of enclosure belonging to the fortress should be made higher by means of valuables and merchandise taken from the Company's warehouses. The most precious stuffs—flowered garments from Camboja, raw silk from China, fine cotton tissues from Bengal, and even gold and silver cloths from Japan—were piled upon the unfinished walls, where they were fastened by means of slim stakes which they propped from the inside with heaps of earth. As all had worked night and day with great industry, the ramparts attained in less than two days a height which was inaccessible, and it was perhaps for this reason alone that the Javanese permitted two weeks to slip by without undertaking any steps against the factory.

During this time the Dutch were not idle. To save as much as possible of the Company's merchandise, they had continued the work on the ramparts by carrying earth up there; and as the work progressed they returned the valuable articles to the warehouses from whence they had been brought.

The soldiers were animated by a great spirit of unity and with wonderful zeal; and though in situations as critical as this, discipline and the respect for authority always becomes weakened, up to this time there had been no evidence given of discouragement or unwillingness.

It was to Walter Peterson and to his influence without limit over the men that they were indebted for this happy good-will. The young lieutenant was always in the midst of the soldiers, worked with them, talked to them with enthusiasm of honor and their country, reminded them of the ancient glory of the Netherlands, and made their hearts beat with pride and heroism. There was, moreover, so much gentleness, affability, and nobleness in his words and his conduct that all the inmates of the factory admired and loved the young man. He was the friend of all, and when there was a question of obtaining from the men something difficult, whether the giving up their hours of rest or the execution of some painful and long-continued work, one word from the lieutenant was an order to which they submitted with kindly devotion.

During the first days following the departure of

the fleet, the Dutch were surprised to find that the Javanese allowed them quietly to continue the works on the fortress. They could not understand that the enemy should not make a single effort to impede their work. Their astonishment was still greater when on the tenth day they saw envoys appearing from the pangerang charged with making peace propositions. Without placing confidence in the loyalty of the Javanese, the council of war did not refuse to enter into negotiations: this was a means of gaining time while awaiting the promised succor; furthermore, they were beginning to fear the scarcity of powder, and to engage in parleying was to save ammunition.

Already twice that day the embassy had returned from the Javanese camp to the factory, and each time been charged with new conditions, which the Dutch considered impossible to accept: being nothing less than a demand to raze to the ground the intrenchments and pull down the walls of the fortress. The Pangerang demanded, moreover, a considerable indemnity in money.

The council of war in its turn had formulated its ultimatum: it agreed to make a gift to the Pangerang of six thousand rials; but the factory was to remain as it was until the return of Governor Koen allowed other negotiations to be opened and a definite treaty to be concluded. Upon this motion the Javanese embassy had retired, without anything further being heard about the business since then, and it was generally believed that the negotiations

which had been entered upon would be without any further results. Nevertheless it was agreed upon between the deputies of the Pangerang and the Dutch commander that the hostilities should not be renewed without previous warning, and as up to this time the Javanese had not fired a gun from the top of their bastions, they might still retain some hopes of peace.

A letter in the Malay tongue, sent during the night by means of an arrow over the factory walls, gave the Dutch the explanation of the strange attitude held by their enemies. According to this writing, the Pangerang of Bantam would have forbidden the English, under pain of declaring war against them, from fighting the Dutch on the soil of Java. He feared this ambitious people, after vanquishing the Dutch, would occupy and fortify the factory at Jacatra. The war would have had no result for the Javanese but that of a change of enemies. As the English did not wish to see their rich and prosperous counting-house at Bantam destroyed, they could not openly take part against the Dutch factory. According to the writer of the warning, their refusal of effective co-operation had irritated the Pangerang of Jacatra against the English, and his unexpected desire for peace was because of it. "Though the Javanese were a people both deceitful and cunning, the Dutch," continued the letter, "might feel assured under these circumstances that the propositions made to them by the Pangerang were both loyal and sincere." The signature

to the letter was "Anachoda Wattyng," a Chinese Jew, whose devotion to the Dutch Van den Broeck had known how to appreciate before the war.

They therefore considered themselves as being in no further danger from the Pangerang; but as the letter itself might have been a trick, they determined to await quietly the course of events, and to continue the work on the fortifications of the factory. That the zeal of the garrison might be excited and to recompense their good-will, Van den Broeck had promised that on the day when the fortifications should be concluded he would cause to be distributed to each soldier and each servant of the Company a good measure of Spanish wine, and that they would celebrate with a fête the conclusion of the great work. The council of war had agreed that on this occasion they should give a name to the factory, or rather to the fortress, but would keep it a secret from the garrison, so that when it was proclaimed on the day of the fête it would impress them the more.

On the thirteenth day after the departure of the fleet, the last angle of the parapet was nearly finished, and all seemed to promise that in a short time, an hour perhaps, the promised fête might begin. There were numbers of soldiers on the square who, while shouting and singing, fastened to long bamboo rods flags of all colors. These were red, blue, yellow, green, and even party-colored. White alone had been excluded. They did not wish to let the enemy imagine they desired peace.

A little farther off other men were surrounding a young tree, quite green—a May-pole, ornamented with little pendants, wreaths and roses made of gilded paper. They kept on hanging to the tree glistening strings of glass pearls, to embellish and adorn it, as was the custom in the mother-country on the occasion of a celebration of any happy event. Four sergeants had brought close to the tree an object covered over with a veil of tri-colored cotton stuff. It was a large board, made of the indestructible wood, the *tek*, on which had been painted in gigantic letters the new name of the factory, which was to be uncovered with great solemnity during the fête.

Near one of the two large warehouses about twenty women and as many children were drawn in two lines. They were habited in their best attire, and had dressed their hair with the few flowers still remaining in the factory; they held in their hands a branch of moringa, a leaf of the banana or the cocoanut. Every face was brightened by a radiant smile; all eyes beamed with joy. At some distance from here, before the door of the other warehouse, large tables were placed, which were being covered with bottles of Spanish wine, baskets and stands filled with dried fruits and conserves.

The men with the flags, those that were around the tree, the women and children, and each one who was at his respective post, awaited every moment the signal that the fête was to begin—

a signal that was to be given them from the top of the ramparts.

There some sixty soldiers and workmen were putting the last touches to the work of defence. Most of them carried earth in baskets or in hand-carts and emptied it on the parapets in the opening still remaining to be filled; others distributed and spaded it smoothly; others sunk into the ground sticks and stakes to strengthen the work.

Walter Peterson was in the midst of the soldiers, and encouraged them by word and example. The men did not need this encouragement to continue their work with dispatch. Though the sweat dropped from their faces, they fulfilled their task with earnestness and almost gayly, seasoning work with innumerable jokes upon the appearance of the Javanese camp, on the embassy sent by the Pangerang, and above all the disappointment that would be experienced by the English.

Captain Van den Broeck and his colleagues Dirksz and Van Ray were upon the rampart, talking in a friendly manner, pleased at observing the zeal of the soldiers; they too awaited the moment impatiently when the signal was to be given for general rejoicing.

Finally there was enough earth to fill the last opening in the parapet: a few more touches with the spade, and the factory fortifications would be entirely concluded.

The sergeant overlooking the work then dug his

rattan into the ground, and, waving his hat above him, cried, "Hurrah! hurrah! it is done!"

All his companions repeated the cry, and made the factory resound with their joyous acclamations.

Upon a sign from the commandant the drums beat the roll-call, and the trumpets added their brilliant notes. All left the ramparts to reach the designated spot on the square.

While walking along, Van den Broeck said to Walter Peterson,

"Lieutenant, go, I pray you, and fetch Adelaide and her mother. I promised you should be their guide during the fête."

Walter, trembling with joy at receiving this happy mission, walked rapidly in the direction of the Captain's house.

Rosalie, the servant, was at the door.

"Walk in, Lieutenant," she said to Walter. "You have been long expected. For the last half-hour mademoiselle has not known how to keep still, so impatient is she. She has arrayed herself beautifully, you will scarcely recognize her."

The young man entered the drawing-room, and spite of the servant's hyperbole easily recognized Adelaide. The beauty with which nature had endowed the Captain's daughter sufficed to adorn her, though it is but just to say that the richness of her toilet, and above all the exquisite taste which had presided over it, added greatly to the fascination she exercised. She wore an overdress of green velvet, which fitted her delicate and graceful figure per-

fectly. The underskirt was of white satin, with a long train. A head-dress of transparent silk, embroidered in stitches of gold and silver, surmounted her crown of golden hair like a cloudy veil, reaching the ground. Inward joy and satisfaction beamed in her blue eyes, and it was with a childish cry she welcomed the Lieutenant.

"Walter! Walter!" she exclaimed, "is your work done? Are they going to erect the May-pole? Ah! this will be a beautiful fête, will it not?"

"Yes, our task is done, Adelaide," he replied. "Listen to the acclamations! Your father has sent me for you. I thank him from the bottom of my heart; he is so good to me."

"Who would ever have dared hope it?" said Adelaide. "God in his mercy has visibly and generously given us his grace. Such a little while ago I seemed to see death threatening me; such a little while when we trembled with fear lest we might fall into the hands of the cruel Javanese. I have recovered. You are already a lieutenant. My father loves you. The factory is well entrenched. We may hold this ground for the glory and prosperity of the Netherlands, and be happy here below, Walter."

"Let us make haste, Adelaide," said the lieutenant; "we might else be too late for the return of thanks, and, as you say, God has too visibly protected us not to unite ourselves with all the fulness of grateful hearts in prayers of thanksgiving and gratitude before indulging in pleasure."

They were still awaiting Madame Van den Broeck, who was putting the finishing touches to her toilet, for she, as well as the rest of the ladies at the factory, had been asked to wear her best attire.

"Mother, mother," said Adelaide in a hasty voice, "make haste! We should not miss prayers, and my father would not like us to be late."

"I only have two more pins to put in their places," replied Madame Van den Broeck. "Get me my prayer-book, Adelaide, for I do not know by heart the psalm that has been selected."

"I know it!" exclaimed Adelaide. "I have sung it so often to myself within the last three days that our negro Congo has learned it by ear, and hums that beautiful prayer from morning until night. Come, mother; there, now you are all adorned and handsome."

"Give the lieutenant your arm, Adelaide," said Madame Van den Broeck in joyful tones. "Your father wishes him to be your escort on this beautiful occasion."

The young man, entirely taken aback by this kind invitation, hesitated and stammered forth some unintelligible excuses; but Adelaide had already hold of his arm and was dragging him across the vestibule. Congo and the servant-girl were there, supplied with two large parasols, and ready to follow their mistresses according to the custom in the Indies; Rosalie carried two mats rolled up under her arm.

When the Captain's family appeared on the square, the soldiers, employés, those who had no occupation, women, children and slaves, were all drawn up in line as if they were going to file off in solemn procession. At the head of the troupe stood the drummers and trumpeters; after them the men carrying the May-pole, and the sergeants in charge of the veiled name of the finished fortress. Then followed soldiers with small flags, and women and children holding green branches in their hands. The rest of the population came after in groups, carrying each one a flag.

The acclamations were at an end, and were succeeded by profound silence.

When Walter and the two women reached the place for the meeting, the drums gave a muffled roll and all fell upon their knees with solemn and pious recollection. Adelaide and her mother knelt upon the mats brought by Rosalie, which she had hurriedly spread before them. The majestic tones of a chant addressed to the Almighty from three hundred people rose in pure and simple melody above the kneeling crowd, and like a sublime hymn the following words were wafted to heaven :

“I have loved because the Lord will hear the voice of my prayer. Because he hath inclined his ear unto me; and in my days I will call upon him.

“The sorrows of death have compassed me, and in my days I shall call upon him. The sorrows of

death have compassed me, and the perils of hell have found me.

“I met with trouble and sorrow and I called upon the name of the Lord. O Lord, deliver my soul. The Lord is merciful and just, and our God showeth mercy.

“The Lord is the keeper of little ones. I was humbled and he delivered me. Turn, O my soul, into thy rest, for the Lord hath been bountiful to thee.

“For he hath delivered my soul from death, my eyes from tears, my feet from falling. I will please the Lord in the land of the living.” *

There was something so imposing and soul-stirring in the very simplicity of this hymn of thanksgiving addressed to the Lord by the Dutch under the skies of India and within a besieged fortress, that many an old graybeard among the soldiers, even, felt a tear of tenderness steal down his cheek.

Yet when another roll of the drum announced the conclusion of the hymn, a fête-day smile of pleasure reappeared on every face. The men who headed the cavalcade raised the May-pole on high. The women and children lifted the green branches over their heads, the soldiers waved the banners, and flags, and the drums and trumpets gave the national air of William of Nassau; every one reiterated the hurrahs while clapping hands, and the cortege marched on its way slowly and with

* Psalm 114.

great majesty. They walked around the square, approaching the wall of the fortress wall facing the enemy's camp, to erect the May-pole under the very noses of the Javanese that they might show the Dutch had not yet lost their courage or confidence.

Walter Peterson had taken with Adelaide and her mother a shorter road towards the point where the May-pole was to be erected; for the young lieutenant had been charged by the council of war to say something encouraging to the spectators on the occasion. When the cortege had reached the top of the ramparts in view of the Javanese camp, banners, and flags were placed higher, and every hand waved its hat with renewed enthusiasm. A tremendous cheer escaped from all, and the cry, "The Netherlands! the Netherlands! Hurrah! hurrah!" rolling like thunder in repeated echoes over the plain, resounded as far as the town of Jacatra.

The Javanese, not knowing what could be taking place in the factory, and astonished at seeing so many flags floating upon the ramparts, hurriedly came out in numbers from their huts and tents, advancing quite into the open country. Full of surprise and curiosity, they directed their looks towards the Dutch fortress.

The May-pole was planted, and saluted with three hurrahs. Then receiving a sign from Captain Van den Broeck, Walter Peterson ascended a small eminence which had been constructed on purpose not far from the May-pole, and while all uncovered their heads and remained silent, that they might

hear, he said, in a voice tremulous from emotion :

“Companions and friends, the counsel of war has confided to me the honorable mission of addressing a few words to you, to explain the meaning of the name given by them to the factory, which will soon be shown you. It is the glorious name of a people whose heroic bravery already six centuries ago caused all-powerful Rome to tremble ; the name of an industrious race who, thanks to their perseverance and peaceful activity, wrested from the very ocean a fruitful soil ; the name of a small nation that for more than forty years has entered the lists against the most powerful kingdoms of the earth, that since then has heaped exploit upon exploit, and astonished the world with its inexhaustible energy and unconquerable patience ; the name of a courageous race that in a few years with poor resources has known how to build a redoubtable naval force, and floated its triumphant flag on all the oceans of the world ; the name of a land where are to be found love, liberty, loyalty, piety, and generosity ; a land that cannot count its heroes—heroes in trade, heroes in work, heroes in art, and heroes in the fight. What name is this, comrades ? You have guessed it already. It is the ancient name of our great and glorious country.”

At this point the sergeants drew off the veil that covered the plank, and raised it above their heads.

“Batavia ! Batavia !” This cry given by three hundred voices resounded in the air with enthu-

siasm, and, many times repeated, awakened all the echoes of the factory.

Her eyes sparkling with ingenuous admiration, Adelaide kept them fixed on the eloquent officer, and with palpitating heart had, so to speak, seen each word, one by one, drop from his lips. How handsome and touching appeared to her this poetic youth, whose voice at once so sweet and piercing made all those who listened vibrate with sympathy!

Walter Peterson showed he wished to speak still further, and when silence was re-established he began, in a tone of still greater feeling :

“ Yes, brothers, let this generous land hereafter be known as Batavia. Let it become in the future another country for him who has the blood of the Netherlands within his veins. God himself desires it! God, who has sustained our courage, renewed our patience, and struck our enemies with dismay. There where defeat, slavery, and death seemed to be our portion, the Lord has given us the glory and the triumph. We will obey his voice ; shall we not? We will defend and save Batavia—New Holland—even if the carrying out of this noble and beautiful task should demand gigantic efforts and rivers of blood! Yes, we will accomplish it, for this little corner of land from whence our grateful acclamations go up to Heaven is the key to the Sunda Islands, to the sea of the Moluccas, the route to China and Japan. If we are enabled to hold it, some day Holland, queen of the East, will extend

her sceptre from here over the richest countries in the universe. If the council has given to this land the name of our beloved Netherlands, it is not only that we shall in future love it and defend it like a second country, but also that strangers and enemies when reading this name may remember that behind these walls with the blood of old Batavia will be found their heroic and intrepid courage. A moment more and this name will be placed outside our walls, in sight of the Javanese and seamen of every nation. May it give testimony to our determined resolution never to abandon our adopted country! May God in his bounty continue to give us his protection! May the flag of Holland always wave above these walls! May Batavia that we are founding to-day become some day a source of riches, of glory and greatness to our dear Netherlands! Hurrah! Batavia, Batavia!"

The cry was not taken up immediately as the orator ceased. For some moments after his hearers were still spell-bound by his words.

But this silence did not last long; a triumphant sound broke through the air, and "Batavia! Batavia!" was loudly vociferated in the direction of the bewildered Javanese. Finally the sign hung by cords to a post was thrown over the walls, and gleamed defiantly in the face of the enemy.

Then the drums beat for the wine to be distributed. Soldiers, servants, women and children ran down the ramparts with cries of joy towards the warehouse before which the tables had been arranged.

Van Ray and Dirksz had come to shake Walter's hand and congratulate him on his address. Van Ray, a warrior both chivalrous and full of sensibility, had more especially expressed his admiration in warm words, and vowed to him an eternal friendship.

Adelaide's eyes were full of tears; with each encomium addressed to the young lieutenant, happiness and pride sparkled in the girl's face. She was so proud of her lover that just then, without knowing it, she allowed every one to see into her heart.

When the captains had left to superintend and assist in distributing the provisions, Adelaide took the young man's hand, and, still trembling with emotion, said to him,

"Ah, dear Walter, how well you spoke! There is something so magical in the tones of your voice that it makes the heart beat, filling it with confidence and courage. I truly thank God for endowing you with so noble and elevated a soul."

Adelaide's mother in her turn told him how touched she had been by his warm and soul-stirring discourse. While Walter replied in a low tone with a few modest words, his heart palpitating with the sweet praises he had received from his best-beloved, he felt some one behind him kiss his hand silently and two burning tears fell upon it. It was the negro, who more than all others had been affected by Walter's language, and who, kneeling behind him, wept like a child.

The lieutenant, who was not insensible to the

affection the negro felt for him, drew him up, saying,

“Be comforted, Congo. If the Lord continues to protect us, the day of deliverance will come for you too. Your heart is sufficiently noble to beat in a free breast. Keep up your confidence. Some day I hope to be able to take you from the bonds of slavery and give you as a country Holland, that you love so much.”

The negro bounded up, giving a strange cry; more abundant tears fell from his eyes; he ran towards Rosalie, and seizing her arm as if beside himself, exclaimed,

“Have you heard? Congo will become a Hollander! Congo will be a free man!”

“Come, come,” grumbled Rosalie, “let me go; you are mad enough to be tied with cords. You a Hollander! You think perhaps you will be able to rid yourself of your black skin? Take that parasol and give up your foolish dreams.”

At this moment Captain Van den Broeck rejoined his family. After saying some congratulatory words to the lieutenant, he took his wife’s arm and walked a few steps on the ramparts, no doubt to point out the enemy’s camp in the distance, and give her some explanation as to his position.

In the mean time Adelaide and Walter, holding each other by the arm, were talking in low tones on matters most entertaining to themselves. They spoke of plans for the future, of the quiet happy lives they might still be able to live. The words

Holland, Amsterdam, the Ye, fell from their lips continually with expressions of love and joyful hope. The sun of India was magnificent ; nature was both marvellously rich and fruitful ; but nothing could stifle in their hearts their ardent aspirations towards the beloved soil of their country. They would live in Holland. There their children, with the pure breezes of the beautiful and luxuriant nature of the Netherlands, would imbibe activity, loyalty, and the courage characterizing the people of the Low Countries ; there they would never degenerate ; they would there remain worthy of their ancestors.

This conversation, the first of the kind they had ever dared engage in, touched their hearts with inexpressible joy ; and they would doubtless have forgotten the fête and the whole world if the cry of “Batavia !” resounding on the factory square, and the piercing sound of the trumpets, had not recalled them to what was passing a few steps off.

The Captain quitted the rampart and made a motion to Adelaide to follow him with the lieutenant and assist in the rejoicings of the garrison.

The square had the appearance of a village kirmes in Holland. Nothing was heard but exclamations of joy and happy songs. Soldiers, and behind them their wives arm in arm, with jugs in their hands, were coming and going, singing and repeating at intervals the name of their Indian country—“Batavia ! Batavia !” These cries overpowered all the din of the fête. At one end

of the square two trumpeters were under a cocoa-nut-tree. They were playing gay and enticing airs, while a large number of women, children, and soldiers danced around the tree in time to the music.

In the centre of the square there were soldiers representing a play. On a couple of tables were five or six fellows dressed in fancy costumes. One of them personated an Englishman or a Portuguese; another had painted his breast yellow and thrown a party-colored cloth over his shoulder, with a paste-board *crie* at his waist: disguised in this way, he might pass very well for a Javanese *orang-kay*. It was difficult to follow the discourse of these improvised actors, but their motions and gestures made one understand that the scene they were enacting was a travesty of their own situation, and upon the disappointment of their adversaries. After many jokes, followed by a lively altercation, and even a battle at fisticuffs, a long nose was given the Portuguese or the Englishman, the Javanese had his clothes dragged off him, and both were thrown from the table and ignominiously chased away, amid the applause and hisses of the spectators.

While this vulgar buffoonery seemed greatly to amuse the women and children, as also the soldiers, Adelaide took no pleasure in it. She took more in the spectacle that was being prepared some ten feet off.

There, too, were placed two large tables. On this sort of theatre were seated four men furnished with

stupendous pipes, who, to the great amusement of the spectators, brought volumes of smoke from their mouths and noses, or, as it was then called, “drank tobacco.”

The habit of smoking tobacco was at this time beginning to spread, more particularly among soldiers and sailors. The Spaniards and Portuguese had introduced this plant from America into India, and had given the people of this country a taste for it. Yet in the mother-country the use of tobacco was still looked down upon. The Dutch women especially regarded the custom with great aversion.

As soon as the Captain’s family approached the *tobacco-drinkers*, one of them rose up, and while throwing out more energetically the smoke from his enormous pipe, he sang the following song with many gestures and grimaces :

“Has any one gone from India who knows anything about it? Has he learned nothing of tobacco? Answer me. Is it good truly for man’s blood? Tell me, my friend.

“All the women hate tobacco heartily, and see nothing of its good qualities. They condemn it; they say its smoke dries man up. Is there truth in this?

“To drink tobacco is a good physic, be sure of it! Its ashes are good for toothache—try it; and as to its smoke, though but a vapor, it tastes better than garlic.

“Do everything with moderation. Instead of smoking too much it is better not to do so at all. We

know this; but, if your heart craves it, you may here smoke three or four pipes watered with wine or beer.”*

The singer reseated himself gravely and continued to smoke, while the audience saluted him with clapping of hands and roars of laughter. But suddenly a general movement took place among the crowd assembled on the square. All precipitated themselves towards the gate, without knowing exactly what had awakened the general curiosity.

An imposing and numerous embassy from the Pangerang appeared at this moment within the walls of the factory. The Dommagon of Jacatra, with the Sultan's *sjahbandar*, or treasurer, marched at the head of a dozen of the principal orang-kays, followed by at least twenty attendants carrying baskets and boxes covered over with a mantle of yellow silk. The Javanese, usually so grave and reserved, expressed great affability in their countenances, and smiled benignly on the Dutch who went forward with astonishment to meet them. This created the impression that the deputies were bringing good news, and this presumption was strengthened further by the reflection that the baskets and boxes carried by the attendants could only contain presents sent by the Pangerang of Jacatra to the Dutch commander.

* Fragment of a sixteenth-century song which is found entire in the “Collection of Ancient Flemish Songs,” published by Willems, No. 40.

When he was first notified of the arrival of the Javanese orang-kays, Van den Broeck hastened to convoke the members of the council of war, who had already reached the front of the Captain's house and were ready to receive the embassy.

After the usual ceremonies, the deputies and their followers were received within the house.

The Dutch, not doubting that some important question was at issue, forgot their fête to stand in groups before Van den Broeck's dwelling, in the hope of learning, after the departure of the Javanese, what had brought them and what had been said.

The embassy remained with the members of the council of war some considerable time, and when the orang-kays reappeared on the square it was noticed that the baskets and boxes had remained at the Captain's.

As the council of war followed the orang-kays, accompanying them to the gates of the fortress, Van den Broeck called a drummer and bade him beat the roll-call, but said at the same time to a sergeant that the garrison was to assemble without their arms, to have good news communicated to them.

The soldiers were already drawn up in line, and the other inhabitants of the fortress had assembled in advance of the line of battle to hear what the commander was about to communicate, when the council of war returned from the walls and walked through the crowd.

Captain Van den Broeck opened a paper and spoke as follows :

“Companions, you know that a few days ago the Pangerang of Jacatra, through his ambassadors, offered us proposals of peace. The council of war thought it expedient not to entertain them ; in fact they demanded that we should demolish the walls of this fortress and thus violate the oath we took before Almighty God. We, on our side, sent the Pangerang the draft of a treaty in which we consented to pay him a certain pecuniary indemnity if he consented to leave us in peaceful possession of our fortress until the return of the Governor-General. The Pangerang has accepted this treaty on condition that we shall somewhat increase the sum of the indemnity, and we, in consideration of the immense interests which for our country’s sake we should attach to holding the fortress, have not refused the advance demanded. The treaty is inscribed on this paper. The Pangerang of Jacatra has affixed his name. His orang-kays, in testimony of their prince’s good faith, have offered the gifts usual on these occasions to the council of war. Though we should always be on our guard, nevertheless your chiefs are of opinion that we all have reason to trust to the agreement which the Pangerang has accepted. I take this opportunity to thank you solemnly in our name for your zeal, your goodwill, and the brilliant courage that you have displayed. And to give you still greater motives for blessing God on this beautiful day, and rejoicing in

his bounty, I proclaim, in the name of the council of war, the end of hostilities between the Javanese and ourselves. Go! let your joyous fête continue. Peace is concluded."

"Hurrah! peace is accomplished! Batavia! Batavia!"

"These cries resounded in the midst of the crowd, who soon dispersed in all parts of the factory, each one congratulating himself upon the conclusion of the treaty as if it were a brilliant victory.

Van den Broeck approached his daughter, and took Walter's hand with a smile.

"You alone, Lieutenant, do not appear pleased with this unlooked-for peace. Though you try to dissemble, I see it in your eyes. You fear not to be able soon to fulfil the bargain between us. Is it not so? Be consoled and do not lose courage, Walter; as soon as the Governor reaches the newly born Batavia, I will ask a brevet captaincy for you as a recompense for your intrepidity and as a particular favor for myself. Do not doubt that he will willingly accede to my demand."

Walter was about thanking the Captain for his kind promise, but Adelaide, transported by the sweet certainty her father's words had just given her, exclaimed,

"See! see! they are beginning a joyous dance around the trumpeters. Come! come! my mother calls us."

She drew the young man away, and, radiant with happiness, was with him soon lost in the crowd.

CHAPTER VII.

THE next day the Javanese thronged in great numbers under the walls of the factory, and talked with many friendly demonstrations to the sentinels placed upon the parapet. Many orang-kays, followed by servants laden with presents and refreshments, presented themselves at the door and were given admittance within the fortress; but the number of these attendants finally became so numerous that the council of war deemed it prudent not to admit at one time more than thirty within the factory. This appearance of mistrust seemed to surprise and wound the Javanese. They were still more wounded to see that not one of the Dutch left the fortress to fraternize with them upon the plain or at Jacatra.

The Pangerang sent an ambassador, making known his displeasure in terms in which they were made to understand that if this mistrust continued he would put an end to peace and pursue the war with renewed energy. The ambassador added that the orang-kays and the soldiers of the Pangerang, seeing that the Dutch remained on a war-footing, absolutely as if a treaty of peace had not been concluded, did not wish to lay down their arms either, and refused to return to their *dhesors* (villages).

The council of war replied to these complaints with great dignity, and at the same time in a spirit of conciliation. They declared they were willing to give the Pangerang and his people such marks of confidence as he might desire, provided they were not counter to the military laws of Holland, which demanded that both in times of peace and war they should guard their fortress against all surprise.

The Pangerang declared himself satisfied with this answer, and caused the Dutch commander to be invited to accompany on the third day the people who were to bring the eight thousand rials promised. The Javanese prince would on this occasion give the Dutch chief a brilliant fête, testifying sufficient friendship and good-will to convince these men that there was no longer any hostility to fear. He insisted that the commander himself should come to visit him, because as a sultan and sovereign it was not proper that he should pay such marks of respect to any one lower in rank.

After mature deliberation the council of war recognized the fact that it would be dangerous to refuse the Pangerang's cordial invitation, and it was decided that Captain Van den Broeck should go to him on the appointed day.

Though the well-known astuteness of the Javanese still compelled the Dutch to keep on their guard, they yet thought on this occasion that peace had been honestly concluded ; therefore it was without serious uneasiness that Van den Broeck accepted the mission which had been confided to him. His

wife saw him make his preparations for the visit to the Javanese with secret anxiety ; but as her husband's duty was to conform to the decision of the council of war, she submitted with resignation and concealed the fears that agitated her.

At the appointed hour, midway between the factory and the Javanese camp were assembled together about twenty orang-kays and other functionaries of the Pangerang higher in rank, headed by the *sjahbandar*, who awaited the Dutch commander to serve him as an escort on the part of the prince.

Van den Broeck soon appeared at the factory door ; and after clasping once more the hands of his companions, he advanced towards the Javanese guard of honor. Besides his black slave, who carried a large parasol, the Captain was only accompanied by one merchant and five soldiers. These last wore no arms but their swords ; two of them bore the coffer containing the eight thousand rials ; the three others carried some pieces of rich stuffs and a couple of *klewangs*, or Javanese sabres, the handles of which were artistically enriched with silver ornaments. These objects were to be offered as presents to the Pangerang in the name of the Dutch Company, besides the promised indemnity.

The orang-kays received the Captain with a thousand demonstrations of respect and friendship, and when he had reached the *sjahbandar's* side the rest through respect retired a short distance away. The chiefs of the two embassies thus found themselves alone in advance of the rest of the troop.

During this time the orang-kays talked with the Dutch merchant; and while conversing pleasantly the retinue directed their steps slowly towards the camp where the Pangerang desired to receive the commander in the presence of the people.

At some distance from the first intrenchment were gathered a great number of orang-ketjil (the people). There were women, children, and the populace who had hastened to see the Dutch ambassadors. When the orang-kay approached, the orang-ketjil respectfully opened a way, going to either side of the road, allowing the embassy a broad passage.

In that crowd of Javanese it was difficult to recognize the men from the women. All wore a covering of cotton cloth, with a black or light-brown ground, ornamented with flowers. They had gathered their hair in a knot on the top of the head, and in honor of the day's importance their bodies were rubbed with oil. Amid the multitude could be distinguished Chinese, Malays, negroes, inhabitants of the Celebes, Molucks from the island of Timor, and people of innumerable other nations.

Captain Van den Broeck remarked upon the diversity of elements constituting the population of Java, and discussed the subject with the *sjahbandar*, who walked at his right. The Pangerang's treasurer, who, besides the ancient and modern dialects of Java, spoke Portuguese very well and had had frequent intercourse with Europeans, was considered among his compatriots to be a learned and distinguished man. He therefore hastened to give the

Dutch commander all the information he wanted. While walking slowly across the path, he said, in perfect Malay,

“Commander, the Javanese who, like myself, know our ancient works and our *wayongs*, or old dramatic poems, think they have reason in believing that we are of the same origin as the Brahmins of great Hindostan. Formerly on the island of Java one religion alone prevailed, the doctrine of Buddha, who offered for our veneration a triple divinity—*Brahma*, the Creator, *Vishnu*, the Preserver, and *Siva*, the Destroyer. The *Kawi*, an ancient Javanese idiom in which our poems are written, contains indubitable proofs that we belong to the same race as the people of Hindostan. In the interior of Java there are still many *dhesos*, or villages, and even entire colonies who follow the teachings of Buddha, and in the island of Bali, which you call Little Java, this is still the religion of all the population. At the time of which I speak, Commander, the Javanese were a powerful and civilized people. I will cite in proof of what I am advancing the monuments and beautiful temples that are found in the interior of the country, and which, though in ruins, still speak of our ancient grandeur.* What proves it still further are our ancient poems that I have heard many

* In Java there are still found a great number of gigantic monuments. One of the principal of these ruins is at Brambatan, situated in the centre of the island, and is known under the name of *Chandy Fewn*, or Thousand Temples.

times greatly praised and admired by Portuguese priests who had not hesitated to go to the trouble of learning the *Kawi*.* According to our traditions, it was about three centuries ago that the Arabs conquered Java and taught us the doctrine of Mahomet. Since then we have had to undergo numerous internecine wars. Different peoples, drawn here by the riches of this country, have come to live among us. Under the weight of misfortune and the influence of strangers, the Javanese have, so to speak, lost a consciousness of their identity."

At this point the *sjahbandar* lowered his voice and said,

"I know who could free my country, and I have frequently made an effort to make others think like me; but neither the Sultan, nor the orang-kays, nor the people understand what I mean to convey. A country which is too rich and fertile is a misfortune for those who dwell in it, Commander. An easy life enervates man; it is want and aspirations which make them strong and great. You Hollanders come to us from the other side of the world; so do the Portuguese, the Spaniards, and the English. A restless ambition and untiring industry sustain you. With time the Javanese will have to submit to your dominion, for they have not the strength to struggle with foreigners. If their

* The Javanese still possess a great number of old poems. One of the principal is the *Beata Yudha*, or the Holy War. It contains 1719 *yada*, or strophes.

Adats, or traditional laws, are left them, and they are permitted to venerate the tombs of their fathers, they will bow with docility to a power they do not regard themselves able to resist."

They had already entered within the camp, and were walking between a double line of Javanese armed with *tombaks*, or pikes.

"But, Sir *Sjahbandar*," said the Captain, "it does not seem to me your men are wanting either in courage nor love of country; I need only give in proof their presence here."

The *sjahbandar* replied, in a voice constrained and sad:

"Love of country! The Javanese, my compatriots, would still be capable of the sentiment, but our rulers and chiefs understand nothing but ease, luxury, and cupidity. Do you know why the Dutch, in spite of their small numbers, have been able to hold out so long against some thousands of Javanese? On account of their bravery, think you? No, no; this was not the true motive. Our Pangerang, the Pangerang of Bantam, the English and Portuguese have not ceased wrangling over the riches enclosed within your factory. Love of country! If there were a single spark in our hearts, there would not remain by to-morrow one single foreigner on the soil of Java. Peace is now established. May Buddha permit it to be a lasting one! for of what use would a war be but to raise the English and Portuguese to the detriment of the Dutch, and to hasten our ruin?"

"Do you then fear, Sir *Sjahbandar*, that peace has not been loyally accepted by your Sultan?" asked Van den Broeck, disquieted.

"I have no particular reasons for thinking so," replied the *sjahbandar*.

"Yet you are one of the Sultan's principal ministers, and if there were anything to fear you would know it."

"No, no, Commander; I am not liked over there at the *dhalm*"* (and he pointed with his finger towards the sovereign's dwelling, which dominated all the buildings in the city). "This Pangerang only listens to two men, to the Dommagon and the grand *panghonlon*—that is to say, the supreme chief of our priests. These two personages detest me, for they look upon me as a man wishing to introduce a new order of things. — We approach, Captain, the point where our Sultan will receive you. Follow me; I will tell you what you have to do."

They entered a spacious square closed in on all sides by heavy ranks of Javanese under arms. To one side of this quadrangle the earth had been slightly raised to serve as a seat for the Pangerang, who had not yet arrived. Upon this elevation were extended many-colored stuffs and artistically braided mats. On either side, a little distance off, stood several orang-kays, the *eric* uncovered to the handle. Not far from these were to be seen a dozen *panghonlons*,

* Sultan's palace.

or Mohammedan priests, habited in white, with turbaned heads.

Facing the sovereign's seat, on the other side of the square, were some players of the *gamelang*—his musicians. They were numerous, and held instruments differing both in form and use: gongs, or large metal plates and scales, which they struck with a stick; *kempouls*, composed of many small gongs suspended from a frame; *jarobonangs*, instruments formed of copper plates and bamboo; *rebaps*, a kind of violin with two strings; and *tijas*, a sort of drum. As long as the Pangerang was absent these instruments were so lightly touched by the musicians that only a mild din and imperceptible sounds were heard, but on the appearance of the sovereign they were to create a deafening noise.

The *sjahbandar* conducted the Dutch commander five or six feet from the Pangerang's seat, and pointed out some costly mats extended on the ground. They were destined for himself and followers.

Van den Broeck seated himself beside the *sjahbandar*; the merchant and principal orang-kays who had accompanied the embassy stood a little way in the background. The soldiers carrying the coffer and presents remained standing. Congo still held the parasol over his master's head.

The Captain contemplated for some moments the numerous troops that surrounded him on all sides, and was astonished that with such forces the Javanese had not attempted a more serious assault against the factory. He inwardly realized that the *sjah-*

bandar had said with truth there would not be one foreigner left in Java the day after if the Javanese chiefs were animated by real love of country.

Plunged in these thoughts and allowing his eyes to wander through the ranks of Javanese warriors, Van den Broeck perceived at the extremity of the square some English and Portuguese merchants, who observed him in the distance and seemed to be smiling mockingly. He fancied he had surprised an expression auguring no good upon the countenances of these men who were jealous of the prosperity of Holland, and became absorbed in uneasy preoccupation; but the *sjahbandar*, who thought he was observing the warriors, said :

“The numerous body before you, Commander, compose my sovereign’s army. They are the warriors of Jacatra. Those orang-kays who wear sparkling klewangs are the *panatrus*, or chiefs of the great villages, and the few others whose tomtak is encrusted with silver are the *adhipatis*, having each several villages under their command. Behind you and on the two longest sides of the square is the auxiliary army sent us by the Pangerang of Bantam. It is happy for you peace is concluded, for in a few days two thousand warriors from Bantam are to join us, under the command of the Dommagon, brother of the Sultan of Bantam. If peace had not been signed on his arrival, they probably would not have dared entertain it any more. The sovereign of Bantam is of a very warlike nature. If my information is correct, the commander of the troops at

Bantam has sent a messenger to his Sultan to ask if he can subscribe to the treaty. The Prince of Bantam will doubtless consent, but will probably claim part of the sum you bring."

Van den Broeck scarcely lent an ear to the sjahbandar's explanation. He saw the Mahometan priests, who were not far from the Pangerang's throne, fasten their eyes upon him with an expression of intense hatred and cold disdain, without, however, betraying their sentiments towards him in any other way.

The Captain felt his dignity deeply outraged; and while expressing his anger in words, he wished to rise, but the sjahbandar held him back and said to him,

"Calm yourself, Commander; if you value your life, say not a word to the panghonlons!"

For prudence' sake the Governor swallowed his wrath and remained seated, though he grumbled somewhat.

"Do you observe that panghonlon dressed in a long white robe? That is the high-priest; he is the irreconcilable enemy of Holland, and sustains as much as lies in his power the English and Portuguese. Do you know why? The motives are strange ones. Since the old times there has existed a prophecy among the people of the Sunda Islands which says they will at some future day be conquered by men whose skin is white, hair red, and noses long, and wearing clothes over their entire bodies, even their hands and feet. It was thought

at first the Portuguese were they ; at Bantam the English are supposed to be the ones ; but here at Jacatra the panghonlon has convinced the people that the prophecy relates to the Dutch as the conquerors. The panghonlon himself is so convinced of it that you would never have obtained peace if it had depended upon him alone.—I think from the sounds among the crowd that the Pangerang approaches. Remain where you are, Captain, and do not rise until the Sultan invites you to do so.”

Suddenly all the gongs, the kempouls, the jaron-bonangs, the rebaps, and the tijas sounded in one tremendous peal, and filled the air with vibrating and exciting sounds from the copper plates and the feverish roll of the drums. There was such a roar and din and hubbub that the Dutch would have stopped their ears to escape the exciting discord of the gamelangs if grave motives had not induced an appearance of reserve and resignation.

The Pangerang appeared at the extremity of the square. All heads were inclined and every eye lowered towards the ground, for it would have been highly improper to fasten their eyes on a prince.

Some orang-kays of distinction walked, with the klewang lifted, beside their prince. Behind them followed some twenty attendants, each one carrying some valuable object destined for the use of the Pangerang : one held the betel-box ; another, a gourd filled with odoriferous oil of the kalappus ; a third, tobacco ; a fourth, a lighted match ; a fifth, the *tsjéripous*, or slippers belonging to the sovereign.

Many others walked in the retinue bearing golden images of several animals; six young *radhens*, or nobles, carried a silver bench and velvet cushion.

These attendants were followed by thirty or forty young Javanese girls, all dressed very richly and carrying a *badjo*, a sort of handsome vest made of silver cloth, and a short satin tunic made of satin or cotton cloth with rich colors. Their heads were ornamented with plaques of gold and flowers, and their hair, necks, and arms were so saturated with odoriferous oil that they seemed enveloped in a perfumed cloud. These were the *bedegos*, or dancing women of the prince.

The Pangerang slowly crossed the square, ascended the mound prepared for him, and seated himself on the *dampar*, or silver bench. His attendants extended themselves on either side of their master, on mats placed upon the ground; the dancers retired to the background, placing themselves in a row in front of the gamelang-players.

Upon an almost imperceptible motion from the Pangerang, the musicians ceased their bewildering clatter and a profound silence reigned through the square, the more striking that it had succeeded such an uproar.

The Javanese prince, Wydurk-Rama, was a man of middle age. His face appeared of a lighter yellow than that of the orang-kays; he kept his eyes partially closed, and his look was both irresolute and crafty, which betrayed the astuteness and perhaps the narrowness of his mind. When his lips

were apart his teeth could be seen, black as ebony by means of the betel : a peculiarity observable also among the greater part of the orang-kays, and more or less among all the Javanese. The Sultan wore on his head a red turban, around which was fastened a jewelled necklace. A *dodot-kobar*, or sweeping robe of yellow silk, fell in long folds behind him ; a precious scarf embroidered in gold and silver encircled his waist several times. The handle of the cric which he wore on the right side glistened with diamonds, and the scabbard, which was lined with perfumed wood hardened by fire, was encrusted with the most precious metals. All the fingers were laden with rings. His feet were bare ; a portion of his breast was uncovered, and one could see that his body, too, was rubbed down with the oil of kalappus. But to this oil he had added, as did most of the orang-kays, a paste made of sandal-wood reduced to powder, with other coloring matter.

After a somewhat lengthy silence, during which all the spectators had remained immovable, the Sultan slowly turned his looks to the spot where sat the Dutch commander. Seeing this, the sjahbandar advanced a few steps from his sovereign, standing before him and lowering his eyes ; he did not dare approach the Pangerang until he received the order to do so, and then said to him, while bowing almost to the ground, that the Dutch commander had come in person to offer the promised sum and other presents.

When the Sultan, after putting some questions relative to the eight thousand rials, gave him the order to bring the Dutch commander to him, the sjahbandar bowed still lower and retired, saying, "*Cahoela sampejan*"—a formula of respect, which means, "Your slave is at your feet." No one could take leave of the Sultan without uttering this humble salutation.

The sjahbandar caused the Dutch commander and the men carrying the presents to advance, and escorted them towards the sovereign. At that instant the eyes of all the army were fixed upon the Dutch, to see what reception the Sultan would give them, for there were certain formulas known to all by which they could judge of the degree of consideration accorded by the sovereign to those he received.

The prince gave to the Dutch commander the title of *radhen-senapati*, which signifies general-in-chief, and begged that he would show him the presents. They were placed at the Sultan's feet. He took little notice at first of the rich stuffs and Javanese klewangs, but desired the box should be opened so he might see the silver. After fastening his eyes for some moments with evident satisfaction on the pieces of money, he caused the coffer to be closed, then took in his hands the stuffs and the klewangs. Upon a sign which he gave, some servants removed the coffer and the presents; the sjahbandar headed them, and they crossed the square to convey the silver and rich stuffs to the *dhaln*, or palace.

The Pangerang pointed out to Van den Broeck a mat beside him ; and when the Captain, to please him, had seated himself, the prince said, in the Malay language,

“Radhen-senapati, I thank you for your gifts. My sjahbandar will shortly count the money and give you a receipt. So peace is established? I hope the Orang-Wollanda will show themselves grateful for my goodness.”

Van den Broeck replied with composure ; while lavishing protestations of friendship and showing great marks of respect, he essayed to make the Pangerang understand the Dutch had neither desired nor provoked the war ; that they were even willing to make great sacrifices in the interest of peace. He also complained of the conduct of the English and Portuguese ; but already for some time he had not been listened to by the Pangerang, who held out to him, from habit or for something to do, his betel-box. The Captain excused himself, saying he never used betel. The prince cast a disdainful look upon him, which under any other circumstances would have made the blood of the brave Hollander boil in his veins. Without appearing to notice the expression of discontent that spread over his host's face, the Sultan Wydurk-Rama took from the box a betel-leaf powdered with pounded shell, added to it a piece of the arrec-nut with some camphor, folded it all together and placed it in his mouth.

Immediately after an attendant brought to the

Sultan, whose lips were as red as blood, a silver vase.

Without continuing the conversation with the Captain, the prince chewed the betel for some considerable time, exchanging now and then words in a low tone with the great panghonlon.

Van den Broeck did not feel at ease. Though the Pangerang, in seating him beside him, giving him the honorary title of radhen, and even offering him his betel-box, seemed to wish publicly to show that frank and cordial friendship reigned between the two people, it seemed to the Captain that all these demonstrations were feigned, and that at bottom the Javanese prince held quite the opposite sentiments from those he manifested. But as he was surrounded by several thousand of his enemies, without means of resistance or hope of succor, he concealed his fear and dissatisfaction. He even tried to persuade himself he was mistaken, and that his suspicions were not justified by the Sultan's conduct.

The prince made a sign with his finger to game-lang-players, who began to strike with all their strength the gongs, kempouls, and tijas, while the young girls were preparing to dance.

A single bedego at first came from the row of dancers. She was not wanting in grace and was rather pretty, but her complexion was a very dark brown, and her teeth so black that they glistened like cut jet beads between her lips of a dark red. She bowed before the Sultan while dancing, threw her-

self backward with a quick movement, and again danced with a certain degree of elegance. In a short while another bedego darted to her companion's side; they danced together, approaching and going away from each other by turns, expressing in a quick and passionate manner some deed the Dutch understood imperfectly.

Finally the two bedegos appeared to quarrel, and described rapid circles while pursuing each other, until one of them held out her hand to her companions as if imploring their assistance. Then the forty young girls all mingled in the dance, which became such a confusion of gestures, postures, and figures that the eyes were dazzled. One could see, however, that there was a certain sequence in the dance, for sometimes the young girls all stopped at once with perfect accord, and then began the movement again with entire understanding. The Dutch observed then that the music, which seemed so confused, nevertheless obeyed a certain rhythm, a rhythm by which the dancers regulated their steps.

Under other circumstances Van den Broeck would have taken great pleasure in witnessing this singular dance; it was a spectacle indeed not without charm, the sight of these forty bedegos, chosen from among the prettiest girls of Jacatra, intermingling in light and graceful evolutions. But the Captain was a prey to too sombre preoccupations to give the dancers much of his attention. The noise of the gongs and kempouls was even painful and irritating to him at such a moment, and he felt within him an

intense desire soon to see the conclusion of the fête, and it was only when the gamelang-players finally ceased their din that a faint smile cleared his countenance.

A profound silence again reigned for some moments. The Sultan partook of another dose of betel, rose, descended from the mound to the square, and walked off slowly without observing the Captain. All the attendants and the guard of honor of the orang-kays followed him. The Dommagon approached the Dutch and made them a sign to take their places in the retinue. They at once accepted the honor, and the Dommagon himself walked beside the Captain to bear him company.

Van den Broeck walked some time without making any remark, for he regarded the Dommagon as the warm enemy of the Dutch. The ambassadors were made to walk around the square; they conducted them with evident design before all the troops that were collected together there. The Pangerang wished by these means to impress them by letting them have a close view of the formidable forces he had at his command.

Having reached a certain point where the ranks of the Javanese were very crowded, Van den Broeck turned his head around by accident and saw some orang-kays, and common soldiers too, extend their cries towards him menacingly, accompanied with malicious and vengeful laughter. Wounded at this insult, he said to his Javanese guide,

“Sir Dommagon, I do not know what I should

think of the strange reception we are given here. During the whole time I was seated near your Sultan the panghonlons looked into my face in a manner which in Holland would be called at least impolite—”

The Dommagon placed his finger on his lips and muttered, with a certain amount of dismay,

“Do not speak of the panghonlons, Commander. If they heard you, some misfortune might overtake you.”

“A misfortune overtake me?” repeated the Captain in a constrained voice, not without showing some annoyance. “But, I have come among the Javanese as an ambassador, Sir Dommagon; I here represent my country’s Sultan, and, according to the laws of all nations, you must show me respect in this position. I think in no case can misfortune overtake me here. If any among you dared forget as far as this what is due my Sultan and, above all, to the powerful people in whose name I am here, it would be sufficient to give rise to a bloody war between the Javanese and the Dutch, which would be prolonged without doubt until the town of Jacatra and all its inhabitants had disappeared from the face of the earth.”

The Dommagon smiled, and made a movement of incredulity.

“You shrug your shoulders!” said Van den Broeck, with constrained anger. “Our Governor-General may return any day with a numerous fleet; do you think, Sir Dommagon, on his return the

Javanese can hold out against us? Do not be too presumptuous—”

“But, Commander,” said the Dommagon, interrupting him, “I do not understand of what you complain. Did not my Sultan make you sit beside him? Did he not offer you his betel-box? Did he not make his bedegos dance before you? He could not have conferred greater honor on the Emperor of Mataram. Now you will accompany him to his palace, where he will receive you, share in the feast with you, and present you to his mother, Ratoe-Kentjono. What can you desire more?”

Van den Broeck did not know how to answer this argument, though he felt but slightly reassured.

“If this be the case, then many of the orang-kays and warriors have not as much respect for their Sultan as they should have.”

“Oh! what are you daring to say?” muttered his guide.

“If your Sultan really showed me friendship, as I ought to think, how was it that orang-kays, and even common soldiers, dared threaten me with their cries?”

“You mistook their intention, Commander,” said the Dommagon, laughing; “or if such things really happened as you say, they were probably Bantam men who thus conducted themselves. They are displeased that our Sultan should conclude a treaty of peace with the Dutch. I thought the Orang-Wollanda feared nothing. Be tranquil; no harm will happen to you.”

They had already entered the town of Jacatra, and traversed a long street between a double line of warriors. The houses, constructed of bamboo and rattan, were of charming elegance and cleanliness. Over their fronts extended a penthouse which protected them from both sun and rain, and all were shaded by trees with luxuriant foliage. Behind the rows of soldiers, and between the trees planted before the houses, a compact crowd of women, children, and old men pressed forward. When the Sultan passed they bent their heads and prostrated themselves; but when the Dutch came by they showed by murmurs of hate the displeasure they felt in seeing them surrounded by so many honors, going to the dhalm in the suite of the sovereign.

At last the retinue approached the Sultan's palace, a high and vast edifice which was only distinguished from the other habitations by its greater extent and a richer outward ornamentation.

On reaching a sort of enclosure that the *waringa*,* or sacred tree, shadowed by its majestic summit, the Dommagon warned Van den Broeck that the merchant and black slave alone could accompany him to the interior of the dhalm, and that the soldiers would be received elsewhere. After this warning, an orang-kay accompanied them by a side door, and Van den Broeck silently followed the Dommagon,

* *Ficus religiosa* (*Ficus Indica*). This tree is found before all the Indian temples, because it is believed that under its shade Buddha taught men.

who led him through a double row of orang-kays to a spot where there were no armed men. When there, the Dommagon said he would ask permission to introduce the ambassador into the Sultan's presence, and disappearing behind a curtain at the foot of the hall, he left the Dutch to themselves.

The negro lifted up his hands to heaven, as if the lengthy silence he had been obliged to keep choked him, and said, sighing,

"Lord, Lord, deliver my good master from the trap into which he has fallen!"

"What do you mean, Congo?" asked Van den Broeck. "Do you also fear treachery? Do you know anything?"

"I know how we came here," said the negro, "but do not know how we are to get away."

The Captain looked uneasily around him. He noticed that the passage by which they had entered the hall was guarded by numerous orang-kays, with their klewangs lifted and their cries unsheathed. Their eyes seemed to him to glitter with hatred, and a ferocious smile to contract their lips.

His companion the merchant, seeing the mistrust which his face expressed, said,

"But what do you fear, Commander? Are we threatened with any trouble? Yet the Pangerang received us with so much politeness."

"To die on the field of battle is nothing," muttered Van den Broeck, aside; "but to be put to death by those cowards like a dog, to fall under the stabs of twenty poniards! Ah, had I believed

the fatal presentiment I saw expressed in my wife's face! My poor Adelaide, my unfortunate child! But I shall sell my life dearly; they shall see what the blood of Captain Van den Broeck will cost them!"

While uttering these words he clutched the handle of his sword as if about to draw it from the scabbard, but the merchant held him back and tried to convince him his forebodings were without foundation. These people of India had such strange customs that a stranger could never trust his own judgment on this point.

One of the principal orang-kays lifted the curtain concealing the door, and, while bowing, said,

"The Sultan awaits the Orang-Wollanda in the *bangsal*.* Be pleased to follow me."

Van den Broeck, with his hand on the hilt of his sword, the merchant, and the negro followed the orang-kay; but hardly had he entered the other hall than forty orang-kays appeared from behind the curtain. Before the Captain and his companions could defend themselves they were all three knocked down; they were pressed upon and gagged. Flashing cries were pointed at their heads, while other aggressors tied them hand and foot. In a few moments they were firmly pinioned, and could not make the slightest movement.

Then they dragged across the floor through several rooms these three victims of an infamous treachery.

* Large reception-hall; also called *mendopo*.

The cries of rage and distress of the Dutch soldiery could be heard, assailed as they had been, like themselves, unexpectedly.

In the most retired portion of the dhalm there was a dungeon. The orang-kays dragged the Dutch to the entrance of the black hole, cast them in from the top to the bottom of the pit, leaving them there with their bonds still fastened. They then flew to let the Sultan know their odious scheme had succeeded.

CHAPTER VIII.

As long as day lasted, and even to a late hour of the evening, no one at the factory was surprised that Captain Van den Broeck had not returned. The Javanese were in the habit of keeping up their festivals and meetings far into the night. They could still see many lights glistening in the Javanese camp, and the joyful clamor of the crowd also reached them. It was more than probable that the Dutch commander had been detained until now by the polite and distinguished hospitality of the Pan-gerang.

However, when a deeper darkness spread over the Javanese camp and all noise had ceased, the Dutch soldiers began to fear their chief was the victim of treachery. The council of war assembled in the middle of the night, and deliberated with growing anxiety as to what they should do about a matter which, though still uncertain, seemed already threatening. They finally determined to wait for daylight to make inquiries, and that they would watch until then with lighted matches, to be ready to repulse any unlooked-for attack.

They then deliberated as to what should be done if the Javanese had really put to death the com-

mander and his suite. In the beginning this supposition made the council of war shudder with rage and indignation, and nothing less was talked of than a sally with all the forces they had at their command and the utter annihilation of the enemy's troops. But Peter Dirksz soon brought them to take a clearer view of the situation. He told his colleagues that the Javanese had probably been reinforced with new troops, and that they desired nothing better than to draw the Dutch away from the fortress; that there was a scarcity of powder, and their last munitions would be exhausted in this projected sortie, and if they were repulsed they could no longer defend themselves, and the having to surrender the fortress would be the infallible end of so imprudent an attempt; that the desire of vengeance should not make the Dutch lose sight of the principal end of their efforts, and that it was expedient before all things to think of preserving New Batavia to Holland.

All recognized with sorrow that the considerations that Peter Dirksz had so ably laid before them were but too well founded. They chose, at all events, Peter Van Ray to command the square, and separated to go and watch over the safety of the factory. Whatever uneasiness they were inspired with by the commander's lengthy stay, they yet felt a firm hope that the next morning would give the lie to their apprehensions.

More sadness and anxiety were felt in the Cap-

tain's family. Madame Van den Broeck had concealed her uneasiness for a long time, and had even united with Walter in convincing Adelaide she was wrong to allow fear to take possession of her; but when Walter Peterson had left the house to comply with his duties, and night was advancing, Adelaide could no longer contain herself, and suddenly burst into tears. The young girl's sobs and her own sinister forebodings overwhelmed the brave mother's heart. They both watched while weeping until the first rays of daylight fell upon the window-panes. Walter then came to bring them comfort, saying that a sergeant and a soldier were about to leave the factory to inquire into the causes of the commander's absence. For while the young lieutenant shuddered inwardly lest something terrible had happened, he feigned great composure, telling the two women they would soon receive favorable news.

The sergeant and the soldier in truth left the factory, but to every one's dismay did not return. More than an hour had slipped by without their seeing them; the council of war sent a second sergeant to the Javanese camp, but he returned no more than the others.

What confirmed the painful apprehensions of the garrison was that since daylight they had not seen a single Javanese venture forth from the camp; whereas the day before they had had trouble in keeping them from coming to the factory in numbers. This sudden change of conduct could not be without a motive, and what other motive could they

have but fear that the Dutch would revenge themselves for the outrage put upon their chief ?

The soldiers were upon the ramparts viewing the plain and the road leading to Jacatra. The greater number were enraged and poured out imprecations and cries for vengeance against the perfidious Javanese. Some among them exclaimed that they should have recourse to arms and make a sally. The officers tried to make them understand that for the time at least this was impossible, but they did not seem at all disposed to view the situation with calm composure.

While all eyes were centred on the Javanese camp, they saw appear at the entrance of the road leading from Jacatra to the factory three Javanese with a fourth person, who, under their escort, walked before them alone, and immediately took to his heels, running towards the factory with break-neck speed. In his hand he held a letter.

“It is the Captain’s negro ! It is Congo ! We are going to know all !” were the exclamations on all sides.

For a moment longer they followed with their eyes the negro’s race ; but as he approached the fortress most of the men hastened down from the ramparts, running towards the door that they might the sooner learn the news he brought.

To all the questions addressed to Congo on his entrance into the factory he replied, “They are prisoners ; they will be put to death ! Where is Lieutenant Peterson ? Say, say, where is the lieutenant ?”

And looking around him in a bewildered manner, he sought to discover Walter in the crowd.

Captain Van Ray went towards him, seized his arm and stopped him short. Congo then remembered that he was charged with a message to the council of war; he handed the letter to the Captain and said,

"Yesterday they treacherously seized my master and his attendants. They pinioned us and maltreated us. They threw us into a frightful dungeon. They will bring the Captain; he wishes to speak with the council of war; this is written in the letter. Where is Lieutenant Peterson?"

"I saw him just now go into Captain Van den Broeck's," said a soldier.

While Van Ray opened the letter and requested the members of the council of war to follow him, Congo walked rapidly across the square reaching his master's house. He found Madame Van den Broeck and Adelaide weeping violently in each other's arms, and perceived the lieutenant standing near the window with his hand over his eyes. His entrance drew them all three from the heart-breaking sorrow into which they were plunged. All three went hurriedly towards the negro, with a feeble smile in which the fear of a terrible misfortune was mingled with the hope of hearing some happy news.

Congo was dismayed. He only understood then how imprudent he had been, and that he was perhaps dealing a mortal blow to his mistresses in re-

vealing to them, without their being prepared, the terrible events which had happened. To the first questions they put to him he replied, stammering, that first of all he had something to say privately to the lieutenant, and wished to go with him into another room ; but Adelaide flew before him and in heart-rending accents commanded him to say what had happened to her poor father. In her anguish she spoke of assassination and death.

The negro stopped and burst into tears, then said,

“Oh ! madame, mademoiselle, it is quite horrible enough ; do not exaggerate the trouble. My master lives.”

“Ah ! he lives !” exclaimed the Captain’s wife in a voice tremulous with happiness. “Then tell me, Congo, what has happened that you should weep thus.”

The negro looked at the lieutenant as if asking whether he could obey his mistress’s order. Walter gave him a look which seemed to recommend prudence.

“Speak, Congo ; speak, for the love of God !” exclaimed the young girl in a tone of entreaty.

“I am going to speak,” said the negro in a voice choked by sobs. “If I had the power of crushing under my feet those infamous Javanese, by to-morrow there would not be one alive ! We reached their camp yesterday. The Pangerang falsely fawns upon my master, makes him sit beside him, and causes his bedegos to dance before him ; then in-

vites him to join in a feast in his dhaln. We follow him without mistrust ; but hardly have we entered the palace of the perfidious prince than we are seized, and—”

“Congo, do not hide the truth from us!” exclaimed Adelaide, who noticed the negro did not dare speak openly.

“Then,” continued the negro, “they pinioned our arms with ropes and conducted us into a hall where a great number of orang-kays kept us until now.”

“Ah! my poor father, they pinioned him!” said the young girl, sobbing. “The wicked Javanese have maltreated him. But he is not the man to permit himself to be pinioned without resistance. O my God, they have perhaps wounded him!”

Walter put a restraint upon himself and endeavored to appear calm ; but his hand held on to the handle of his sword with such convulsive energy that it made his knuckles crack.

“No, mademoiselle, you are mistaken,” said the negro. “They did not injure my master. He did not defend himself because—because they had taken his sword from him—and his arms were untied as soon as he had reached the hall which was to serve him as a prison.”

“Heavens! what do I see?” cried Adelaide. “Congo, your eye is all bloody! And you assert that they did not ill-treat you?”

“I—I—” stammered the slave. “Yes, it is true. I received one blow,—one alone.”

“Congo, you are not telling us the truth!” exclaimed Madame Van den Broeck, in a voice that was heart-rending. Suddenly she hid her face in her hands and wept warm tears.

When the young girl saw her mother’s profound despair, she flew towards the lieutenant, and holding out her hands in supplication, she cried,

“Oh! Walter, you are brave; your word is all-powerful with the soldiers of the garrison. Show now that you are grateful towards my poor father for the goodness he shows you. Ah! prove that you loved his daughter! Deliver him from the hands of his murderers! I will reward you generously for this kindness. I will love you with all my heart and will bless you with my last breath!”

“Say no more, Adelaide; indignation and a thirst for vengeance make my blood boil. If intrepid resolve and heroic courage can break your father’s bonds, be assured the hour of his deliverance is at hand. Remain calm, my friend; the sorrow that has overtaken us is indeed great. I also shed tears of pity and of rage; but if your father has not been maltreated, it will be a proof the Javanese are not seeking his life. Let us hope God will protect him until we can obtain his freedom. Restrain your tears, and let me ask Congo some questions. Tell me, Congo, had you just left the Captain before coming to the fortress?”

“No, Lieutenant; I left him nearly two hours ago. The Captain was conducted to the Pangerang’s presence, but I am quite sure nothing has happened to him since then.”

“Why did they send you back to the factory?”

“I brought a letter to the council of war, Lieutenant, according to the orang kays who brought me away from the camp. It was a letter from the Dommagon, and I also know its contents. From what they say, my master has asked permission of the Pangerang to speak to the garrison at the factory. He has consented, and the Captain will be brought beneath the ramparts.”

“I shall then see my poor father!” said Adelaide, with tears in her voice. “I shall see him a prisoner, pinioned; but at least my eyes will behold him alive.”

“Furthermore, Lieutenant, the letter contains something that concerns you more than all the rest. At the first shot, the first act of aggression, and the smallest effort made for my master’s release, the Javnanese will kill him before our very eyes.”

A cry of anguish escaped the young girl; she again ran towards Walter with clasped hands.

“Ah, forget my prayer!” she said beseechingly; “do nothing for his deliverance. If you love me, stifle every desire of vengeance within your heart. They would kill my poor father, Walter!”

At this moment the door was opened; an ensign entered the room, and said in a quick voice,

“The council of war has commanded me to conduct Congo immediately before them. Lieutenant, I am to inform you your presence on the ramparts is absolutely necessary. It is impossible to repress the garrison. The council of war forbids any

step to be taken except under orders, counting upon you to keep all the men imbued with a strict sense of duty. Be so good, Lieutenant, as to accompany me. As we walk along I will tell you, as I am directed by the council of war, the question at issue."

"Come, mother," cried Adelaide, "come, let us go to see my unhappy father!"

"No, Adelaide; remain here," said Walter. "When it is time I will come for you."

Madame Van den Broeck took her daughter's hand, drew her silently to her breast, kissed her, sobbing, and thus prevented her from following the lieutenant.

In the vestibule Congo whispered in the young man's ear,

"Oh, Mr. Peterson, through pity for our young lady's sorrow I concealed what was most frightful! They beat my poor master and kicked him; he has been frightfully ill-treated."

Walter, a prey to suppressed anger, trembled in every limb. His head fell forward with discouragement on his breast, and a hoarse, dull exclamation was his only answer.

The ensign stopped him yet another moment on the square, and told him hastily what the letter brought by Congo to the council of war contained. He then left the lieutenant and went with Congo to the warehouse, where the council of war were still in session.

Walter Peterson ascended the ramparts and tried

to make the men understand that the slightest attempt at revenge would cost the Captain his life. He conjured them through love for their unfortunate commander to repress their thirst for vengeance and indignation.

It was at first difficult for him to soothe their over-excited minds; but when they saw a crowd of the enemy leave the camp, when their ranks, like a thick wall, extended from the town of Jacatra to the seashore, each one felt that a sally was out of the question. Mournful discouragement filled their hearts, and, with heads bent, they followed the movements of their foe with sombre looks.

While the Dutch, whose hearts were overcharged with despair and sorrow, awaited the issue of events from the ramparts, the Javanese made the necessary preparations for the cruel test to which the poor Captain was to be put in the hope that his courage would give way, and that they would in this manner gain their end without the loss of a single man.

Some orang-kays entered the dungeon where lay Van den Broeck since the day before. In the morning his hands had been untied to permit of his taking a little nourishment, for they had private motives for wishing to spare his life. The cords were removed from his feet. But they had previously passed a small rope around his neck, by which they dragged him into one of the apartments of the dhaln.

This apartment contained the Dommagon, the Grand Panghonlon, and other high functionaries of the Sultan's court.

The Dommagon, whose face was contracted with hate, said to the Captain,

“The Orang-Wollanda are a people both presumptuous and rash. You dare with some hundreds of men to hold out against thousands of warriors, and hope to keep your fortress on my Sultan’s territory against his will. Most assuredly, had he but held up his finger, one day would have sufficed that not one stone of your fort should have been left upon the other. But my Sultan does not wish to spill Javanese blood without reason, and has found a means to cause the factory to surrender. You are to be carried beneath the walls of the fortress, and if you refuse to order your men to deliver it up on the spot with all its contents, fifty cries will pierce your heart. Reflect upon what you are about to do. If the factory is delivered up to us, we will conduct you and all the Orang-Wollanda to Bantam, where you can leave Java by embarking on English or Portuguese vessels. If you refuse, your blood will be spilled this very day to its very last drop, and all your men will be cruelly put to death.”

The expression of contempt upon Van den Broeck’s face was so great that the Dommagon ground his teeth with rage and half drew his cry from its scabbard; but the Captain did not seem in any wise affected by these menacing demonstrations, and replied,

“If you think to become masters of the factory thanks to the odious treachery of which I am the victim, you are mistaken, Sir Dommagon, and you

can plainly tell your Sultan that he will find himself deceived in this hope."

"Vain bravado! When the cold steel of the cries have found the road to your heart you will speak differently."

"Try. I am a son of the Netherlands!" replied Van den Broeck in tones of profound disdain.

"What! you would accept so horrible an end rather than bend your odious pride?"

"Rather die a thousand times than to betray my country! All your efforts are useless; you will not have the factory."

"Fool!" exclaimed the Dommagon, irritated at his cool firmness. "You hope to die at once. No, no; I will cause your blood to flow drop by drop through many small wounds. I will put you to such protracted torture that you will have to ask for mercy. Oh, do not doubt but that the Sultan will bend you to his will!"

"Ignoble brood!" cried Van den Broeck with indignation. "You are twenty men against one, and do not dare to seek victory by combat! Infamous treachery, vile craft, odious fraud—those are your arms! And you, Panghonlon, do you not think Mahomet the prophet should be proud to see his sons so loyal and courageous?"

The Panghonlon yelled with fury, flew towards the Captain, and struck him a terrible blow in the face.

"That will teach you to blaspheme the prophet, dog of a Christian!" he roared.

As if this outrage were the signal for greater ill-treatment, the orang-kays who held the Dutch commander threw him backward by means of the cord around his throat and dragged him on the ground. They all began trampling him under foot; some spat in his face, and the Dommagon struck him so violently on the head with the handle of his cric that, spite of his courage, Van den Broeck could not restrain a cry of pain.

When the Javanese had finally tired of this horrible torture they allowed Van den Broeck to rise.

"Well," said the Dommagon, "will you give the command, yes or no, to your men to relinquish the factory? Be careful how you answer; this time I shall have your body ground under the feet of my slaves."

Van den Broeck's face still retained its expression of scorn, but in his eyes there was a light expressive of some secret and mysterious design. It was with a calm voice and apparent submission that he said,

"Carry me towards the fortress; I will speak to the Dutch."

"Will you give them the order to relinquish the factory?"

"I will beg them to."

"You are deceiving us!" cried the Dommagon. "You will give them the absolute order?"

"So be it," replied Van den Broeck; "I am ready for everything."

A smile of triumph appeared on the faces of the orang-kays. They were rejoicing at the thought of

having made the inflexible Captain yield, and already fancied themselves in possession of the Dutch fort and the large amount of riches collected there. The prisoner was conducted from the apartment and the palace. While walking, the Dommagon again said to him menacingly,

“Be very careful; death will be at your side and hear what you say. One suspicious word and twenty crics will pierce your breast.”

Van den Broeck made no further reply, and allowed himself to be quietly conducted across the camp. From time to time he was still cruelly struck by the orang-kays, but he passively walked along, seemingly insensible to this ill-treatment.

In the distance he observed some European merchants, no doubt English or Portuguese, upon whose faces was imprinted compassion as they saw him pass, testifying by their attitude that they had not participated in the treachery. Was this duplicity on their part, or had the Javanese truly been alone in committing this atrocious act of violence without taking counsel of the foreigners?

Van den Broeck, still with the rope around his throat, was led out of the camp into the plain. He saw his companions assembled on the ramparts, and among them two women who, spite of the distance, already held out their arms towards him.

The sight of his wife and daughter touched him deeply and broke down his strength for a moment; a tear glistened under his eyelid; his heart beat painfully, and his head fell heavily on his breast. If

through devotion to his country he dared death, the unfortunate ones would see their husband and father massacred before their eyes. This blow would perhaps break their hearts; and if God spared their lives, they would languish in sorrow and mourning, overwhelmed by the remembrance of so horrible a spectacle. Adelaide, a weak and delicate young girl, would without doubt succumb to her beloved father's terrible death.

While the entire Javanese army advanced some steps upon the plain, the prisoner, accompanied only by about thirty orang-kays, was slowly conducted towards the factory. On the road frightful threats were made him, and constantly the cries were pointed towards his breast; but he did not turn away his eyes from his wife and daughter.

The unhappy women shed torrents of tears, and their gestures of despair sufficiently attested the excess of their grief. Rage mingled with despair caused the eyes of the Dutch soldiers to sparkle; but, convinced of their impotence and obliged to bend under the yoke of a cruel necessity, they seemed as if struck dumb, and gazed with sombre eyes on the Captain approaching.

If any of the more daring had yet retained the hope of attempting to deliver the prisoner, the hope vanished completely at that moment, for the Javanese took an oblique direction across the country and allowed it to be seen they did not mean to conduct the Captain towards the door, but in quite the opposite direction from the factory.

The garrison went slowly and in silence towards that portion of the ramparts.

Van den Broeck could already hear Adelaide calling his beloved name in heart-rending accents, like a last cry of despair; he saw the tears bathing his wife's face, and by her side Walter as pale as death, his eyes glistening with sombre fire.

The escort stopped. All the orang-kays directed their cries towards the Captain's breast, and the Dommagon said to him,

“Order your men to yield, otherwise this ground will receive your dead body.”

The Captain seemed to hesitate; the sight of his much-loved Adelaide, who was crying out piteously, filling the air with her lamentations, took from him the strength necessary to endure the terrible ordeal; but after shivering for an instant under the effect of this pity, he suddenly lifted his head, his eyes were illumined with the light of heroism, and he said, addressing himself to the Dutch garrison in a voice which was at first calm, but finally rose by degrees to a pitch of enthusiasm:

“Brothers, they have conducted me before you with the hope that I will order you to abandon the growing Batavia. Whatever I may say to you, whatever danger threatens me, do not forget what you owe your country. If I am to lose my life, remember that such a fate may await us any day, and that the spot where I am about to fall for the glory of Holland is also a glorious battle-field. Dear wife, beloved daughter, be both consoled by the con-

viction that at least I leave you as an inheritance a name without stain."

The orang-kays did not understand what the Captain was saying; yet it seemed plain to them he was not obeying their injunctions. They menaced him anew with their cries, and exacted with fury that he should order the factory to surrender.

"I am engaged in recommending the surrender," replied Van den Broeck. "Let me speak; I may convince them that all resistance has become useless."

And addressing himself anew to his companions, he said,

"Do not lose courage, brothers; your enemies are divided among themselves and quarrelling over the distribution of the bounty. They despair of victory. Remain faithful to your oath; defend the factory until there is not one man left. Let your commander serve as an example; because of his love for his country he accepts a frightful death before the eyes of his poor wife and unfortunate daughter. In the hour of peril and adversity remember you are Netherlanders. Adieu. May the Lord sustain your courage until the Governor's return; may he fill your hearts with an inextinguishable sense of duty; and may he vouchsafe to our dear Netherlands a signal victory! Farewell, wife! Farewell, my child! Hurrah! Batavia, Batavia!"

While this act of heroism drew tears from the Dutch soldiers, yet the Captain's last cry did not transport them the less with enthusiasm; all with

one accord lifted their hands to heaven and repeated in powerful tones,

“Batavia! Batavia!”

Then the orang-kays perceived the Captain had deceived them. Instead of piercing him with their cries, they struck him so roughly in the face with their fists that the blood spurted from his mouth. At the same moment they tripped him up and dragged him along the ground in the direction of their camp.

Two screams so shrill that it pierced the air like a last cry of agony resounded on the factory ramparts. Two women had fallen upon the ground fainting.

While a lieutenant, a negro, and some soldiers pressed forward to afford some help, the rest of the garrison swayed tumultuously on the crest of the ramparts. Terrible oaths, cries of rage and vengeance, bloody menaces resounded from the midst of the crowd; one would have said a sudden revolt had broken out in the factory. The truth was that the thirst for vengeance exasperated the men to the verge of folly; they wished, in spite of the imminent risk, to cross the entrance and fly to Van den Broeck's deliverance. Captains Dircksz and Van Ray tried by every means to compose their minds, but, far from succeeding, their words seemed but to stir up the soldiers' anger and excitement.

Thanks to this discussion, they gave the Javanese time to drag the Captain as far as their camp and before they had come to any decision the orang-

kays had disappeared with their prisoner behind their intrenchments. The Dutch then realized they were too late, and that all attempts to rescue the commander must be given up. They looked upon Walter Peterson, who was coming down with the unfortunate daughter of the Captain in his arms, in heart-broken despair; they followed Madame Van den Broeck sadly with their eyes, who was as pale as death, leaning on the arm of an ensign and walking with tottering steps towards her dwelling; some struck the earth with the butt end of their muskets, others dragged their hair out by the roots, all cursed their impotence and asked vengeance of Heaven.

CHAPTER IX.

SOME hours later, the Sultan of Jacatra was again seated out of doors in the same spot where he had received the Dutch commander with feigned demonstrations of friendship the day before. Again the square was surrounded by compact rows of Javanese warriors, and the principal orang-kays and some panghonlons stood beside the sovereign. The players of the gamelang were placed opposite the Sultan, on the other side of the square, but the bedegos or dancers were absent.

In front of the Sultan were the Dommagon and a Portuguese merchant. This latter, who during a long sojourn at Amboine had acquired some knowledge of the Dutch tongue, had been commissioned by the Dommagon to visit the soldier-prisoners and induce them to advise their commander to give up the factory. But all his efforts had been in vain, and he had found all the Dutch equally inflexible.

The Portuguese was at this moment giving an account of his mission. It was observable by the expression on the faces of the orang-kays, and yet more on those of the panghonlons, that the report excited within them great irritation. The immovable firmness of the Dutch drew from them cries of rage and vengeance. The face of the Pangerang alone remained impassive.

At this moment on the other side of the square appeared some orang-kays with the prisoners.

"There is one of that arrogant brood!" muttered the Sultan. "I will myself attempt a last effort, and if they refuse longer to submit to my will, may their blood flow at my feet!"

Van den Broeck and his companions, escorted by a strong guard, advanced slowly towards the square. They had riveted to the neck of each one a block of wood which encased at one time their shoulders and the upper part of their arms, so that they wore a yoke like beasts of burden, and could neither move their heads nor their arms. Their faces, however, wore a noble and proud expression, and to the insulting words and gestures of the Javanese they responded by calmly smiling, which struck their enemies with astonishment if not with admiration.

They were preceded by five strong men armed with curved swords or klewangs. From the ferocious cruelty imprinted on the features of these warriors, and the blood-thirstiness of their looks, it was plain to be seen they had been selected to be the executioners of the Dutch.

Behind the prisoners advanced some attendants holding in their hands long bamboo stalks. The Javanese had the habit of exposing the heads of their dead enemies on the top of their long poles.

They conducted the Dutch to the middle of the square, between the players of the gamelang and the Sultan, obliging them to sit upon the ground.

Van den Broeck fixed his gaze with a calm but

proud expression on the Dommagon and panghons. He understood perfectly that, before putting him to death with his companions, they wished for the last time to put his courage to the test; for the Sultan held some writing in his hand, probably the treaty for the surrender of the fortress, which had already been submitted to the captive commander for his signature.

The Captain having slightly turned his head perceived behind him some orang-kays, and among them the sjahbandar who had been his guide when he first arrived at the camp and had spoken of his compatriots in such singular terms. The sjahbandar seemed sorrowful, and looked upon the Dutch prisoners with an expression of pity; and when his eye caught the reproachful look of the commander, he crossed his arms upon his breast and bowed his head like a man overwhelmed with shame or who wishes to protest his innocence.

By order of the Dommagon, Van den Broeck was brought to the foot of the mound where sat the Sultan, who rose and showed the Captain the written paper he held in his hand, and said, with wonderful coolness and indifference:

“Your presumption is so great that I, Pangerang and Sultan of Jacatra, demean myself by speaking to you. But I wish to exhaust in your behalf the source of my bounty, that you may blush with shame within the tomb itself for your insensate obstinacy. Here is a treaty by which the factory, with the munitions of war and the riches therein

contained, may be ceded to me. By this same treaty I pledge myself to have your companions and yourself escorted to Bantam, women, children, and servants included, free and unshackled, giving you the means of leaving Java. Why should you refuse your signature to a treaty that I offer you as a proof of my magnanimity? It is certain that the Orang-Wollanda, spite of their haughtiness and determination, cannot hold the factory against my will. To-morrow, perhaps to-day, two thousand men from Bantam will be here to reinforce my army. My allies, the English, will disembark more cannon of greater calibre and construct new bastions. In a few days your factory will be so utterly demolished that the winds of the earth will scatter its dust over the great sea. But my heart bleeds at the thought of sacrificing so many of my brave people to attain so small an end, and I wish to prevent the shedding of blood. Be prudent on your side; by your obstinate pride do not doom your men to a death as certain as it is useless. Come, inscribe your name at the bottom of this treaty and your shackles shall be at once removed."

Van den Broeck replied to the Pangerang's allocution in calm and dignified tones:

"My Lord Sultan, you ceded to the Dutch, at a money valuation, the ground upon which the factory was erected. It belongs to us by every title, and be assured we mean to hold it. Put to death myself and my companions, if you wish it; take our fortress by assault, if you can; scatter its dust over the

sea. It will be useless. The Dutch will make you pay a hundredfold the blood of her sons; and who knows, my Lord Sultan, if she will not demolish your throne in punishment of your infamous treachery?"

Hearing this menace, the Pangerang shuddered with inward rage. A panghonlon struck the Captain in the face with his hand; the orang-kays roared and waved their cries about. But a word from the Sultan imposed silence upon them.

"Will you place your name at the bottom of this treaty?" repeated the prince.

"Cease your useless endeavors, my Lord Sultan. You have determined to put us to death; carry out your intention. Do not hope through love of life we will betray our country. My companions and myself are ready to die."

The Sultan shook his head with vexation, but, as if he still retained a hope of convincing the Captain, he resumed with calmness and said,

"You have lost your senses. Your heart is like a stone on which the arrows of reason and of feeling alike are blunted. You have a wife and child at the factory. You are about to be pierced through with poniards; your bleeding head will be stuck upon the top of a bamboo pole and exposed upon the plain, in full view of your comrades. Your wife and child may each day behold the birds of the air tearing the flesh from your skull."

A cry of anguish escaped from the Captain's breast.

"This is the horrible sight you are preparing for those who belong to you," replied the Sultan. "And when for some days they will have endured this cruel martyrdom, the factory will fall into our hands. My warriors will revenge upon your wife and child the blood that has been spilled. I see in spirit already their corpses pierced with a thousand wounds, and their heads beside yours on a bamboo staff. You are a father; think well of what you are doing!"

Tears ran down the Captain's cheeks, and his breast heaved convulsively. The frightful scene that the Sultan had depicted had filled his soul with terror and anguish. He also saw in spirit his unhappy wife and wretched child writhing with pain at the sight of his head placed on top of a pole. The father, a prey to horrible torture, shuddered in every member, and his broken heart bled within his breast.

The Sultan permitted him for a few minutes to feel the weight of this terrible misfortune, then said in a tone of triumph,

"Come, remember you are a parent, and do for the love of your child what you have refused to do as a warrior. Sign the treaty, and to you I will accord my friendship, and to yours my protection."

Van den Broeck's eyes were lowered, and he made no reply. He seemed completely to have forgotten his present position, and had not heard the Pangerang's last words; but an orang-kay seized him by the

hair, brutally drew his head backward, and exclaimed,

“My Sultan speaks, wretch! Do you not hear him?”

“Well, are you going to sign the treaty?” asked the prince.

“Never, never!” replied the Captain, shaking his head.

“Obstinate man!” cried out the Pangerang, with irritation. “Let it then be as you desire, and your refusal to obey be drowned in your blood. Let him be conducted back to his companions. They are to die.”

He turned towards the panghonlons and exchanged some words with them; the executioners held their klewangs in readiness, and kept their eyes on their prince, awaiting the death-signal for the prisoners.

At this moment a tumultuous movement was seen in the distance at the furthest end of the square in the ranks of the Javanese warriors, and a hushed murmur was heard above their heads, as if some incident had occurred that had excited general astonishment. The Sultan and orang-kays for a while forgot their prisoners, and looked in the direction with curiosity to discover the cause of the agitation which manifested itself.

The enigma was soon solved. A European woman, accompanied by a negro slave, appeared on the square with gestures of pain and despair.

When her looks fell upon the Captain, who was pinioned, and upon the executioners whose klewangs were raised, a piercing shriek escaped her; she took a step towards the prisoners, and held her hands forward, as if she wished to fly to the embrace of one of them; but she remembered why she was there, turned around, and hastened to where the Pangerang sat, fell upon her knees at his feet, and cried, while lifting supplicating arms towards him,

“O my Lord Sultan, be merciful! be merciful to a miserable woman! In the name of your mother I supplicate you, grant me the life of my poor husband! Behold my mortal anguish; behold my tears, listen to my moans! O magnanimous Sultan, mercy! mercy!”

The Sultan seemed at first very much surprised to see a white woman thus kneeling at his feet, and a lightning glance of pity shone in his eyes. He asked her what she wished.

“My Lord Sultan,” said the Portuguese interpreter, “this is the Dutch commander’s wife. She pleads for mercy for her husband.”

While the prince fixed his eyes irresolutely on the woman who held out her hands in supplication, the panghonlon approached and spoke to him for a few moments in low tones. The Sultan called to the Portuguese and communicated to him the answer he was to make from him to the Captain’s wife.

The Portuguese turned towards Madame Van den Broeck, and said to her in pretty good Dutch,

“Rise, madame. The Sultan of Jacatra will par-

don your husband if he consents to sign the order for relinquishing the factory. Endeavor to bring him to this determination. The Sultan allows you some few moments. If you do not succeed in your efforts, if the Captain turns from this only hope of safety, he will be put to death before you, and his head, placed on a bamboo cane, shall be given to the birds of prey as food. Go; and may God give strength to your words, for your position is a terrible one!"

The poor woman gave a cry of joy, as if the only hope left her was for her unexpected happiness. She rose hurriedly and ran towards her husband. She sat beside him, leaned her arm upon the block of wood which encircled his neck and shoulders, and drawing towards her that beloved head, she kissed it tenderly while weeping more violently.

"Alas! unhappy woman, what have you done?" said Van den Broeck, in an altered voice. "Through love of me you have delivered yourself up to these assassins. You come to be present at my death! This is to make me die twice! O my God, why did you not spare me this ordeal?"

But she placed her hand upon his mouth and stifled these painful cries. A wild laugh contracted her lips, and she said,

"Van den Broeck, you cannot die; I will save you. I promised it to Adelaide; she awaits my return. Ah, were I obliged to tell her of your death, her soul would take flight with a last sigh of agony! Sign the surrender of the factory."

The Captain, with his eyes fastened on the ground, shook his head in the negative.

"Oh, you would refuse!" cried the wife, moving her hands about in despair. "This is not possible. If you are only guided by your heroic and intrepid courage that you should die, I understand; you are a man; but that at the same time you should so coldly deal a death-blow to your wife and child—no, no, you will not do this! You remember, Van den Broeck, do you not, you are a father? You will take pity on your poor daughter and me? Do not remain inexorable. We cannot at any rate preserve the factory, and our death will avail our country nothing. I beseech you, sign this treaty."

"Poor wife, sorrow has unsettled you!" said the Captain. "Alas! what an effect agony and suffering must have had upon you, for one usually so firm and courageous to counsel my being guilty of an act of cowardice!"

"An act of cowardice! Oh, say not so, Van den Broeck," she exclaimed in tones of despair, clasping her hands. "Do not be severe upon my mother-heart. You see me on my knees before you; what I beg for is not my life nor yours, it is that of my child!"

"There can be no hesitation in deciding between honor and infamy," said the Captain, in tones of inexpressible pity. "Listen to me calmly. If as a soldier of the Netherlands I remain faithful to my duty, some day my country will recall my name with gratitude, and after my death will sur-

round you and our child with care and consideration. If, on the other side, my courage gives way before the threats of our enemies, if I give up New Batavia and its brave garrison into the hands of the Javanese, my name will be forever execrated as a type of treachery and cowardice. Where should I hide, having to bear such opprobrium? Where escape it? You yourself would no longer respect a soldier who, guilty and disgraced, had bartered the honor of Holland against the uncertain hope of retaining his life. It would be horrible. Cursed by my companions whom I had betrayed, reddening with shame before my wife and child whose name I had dishonored. And I would seek to save such a life with treachery! I would make you and my daughter endure such an existence by an act of weakness and cowardice! Your heart is noble and magnanimous, my beloved; be you the judge."

The unfortunate mother carried her hands to her eyes, while sobbing violently, and remained silent.

"I knew it well," muttered the Captain, with a look of prond satisfaction. "A Netherlander's heart beats in your breast, wife."

"My child, my poor child!" exclaimed the mother in heart-rending tones.

"The Lord in heaven will protect our child," said the Captain. "Walter Peterson will console her, and in the noble and loyal behavior of her father she will find the strength to bear the blow which will have struck her. We must all die, wife,

some day, but we have not all the power to choose a glorious death."

She wound her arms once more around her husband's neck, giving him a warm kiss, and with eyes radiant with enthusiasm she said,

"How I admire you, Van den Broeck! You are indeed great and noble in my eyes. No, no, be not guilty of cowardice; remain worthy of the blood of the Netherlands which courses in your veins. Ah! may the God of a grateful country protect our child! I will leave you no more; I will sustain your courage, and be your faithful companion until death!"

His beloved wife's resignation agitated the Captain terribly; he also wept bitterly, and, as if his heart were bursting in his breast, he bowed his head and said in agonizing tones,

"Oh, this is dreadful! it is dreadful!" The Portuguese interpreter approached them and said,

"Well, madame, has the Captain made up his mind to surrender the factory? The Sultan has sent me to warn you that in a few moments he will give the fatal order. What shall I say to him?"

He awaited a reply, but the terrified woman did not dare say a word which she felt would hasten her husband's death.

"What am I to say to the Sultan?" repeated the Portuguese.

"Tell him," replied Van den Broeck, "that a Dutch soldier does not sell his country."

The Portuguese appeared sorry and shook his head compassionately.

"I admire your courageous and heroic resolution," he said, "and I deplore the necessity that makes me the instrument for executing so barbarous a sentence. But do not blame me, I beg of you. Accident alone brought me as a merchant to Jacatra, and I have taken no part in the treachery of which you are a victim. I should have been glad to announce to the Sultan your submission to his will, but since you reject his proposals I am compelled to repeat the words that will be the signal for your death. May God have mercy on your soul!"

Returning to the Sultan, the Portuguese said the Captain's wife had not been able, until now, to persuade her husband, the Dutch commander persistently refusing.

This news seemed to annoy the Pangerang greatly, and it was perceptible that he had trouble in resolving to give the definite order for the death of the Hollanders. When the Javanese, by deceitful overtures of peace, had brought the Dutch commander to their camp and had treacherously made him a prisoner, it was not with the design of putting him to death, but to oblige him by threats to surrender the fortress. His unexpected resistance disconcerted all their plans.

The Pangerang, before giving the signal, caused the Dommagon and the Grand Panghonlon to approach, and said to them with displeasure,

"So, these well-concocted plans and all the trouble we have given ourselves have come to nothing?"

The prisoner is as inflexible as a *djati*. All threats are exhausted; nothing therefore remains but that we shall give the order for them to die."

"We could still try another means, a powerful and an almost infallible one, my Lord Sultan," replied the Panghonlon. "Let us say to the Captain that we will begin by putting his wife to death before his eyes. This threat will break his heart, and he will sign the treaty, be assured of it."

"Do you believe it?" asked the Sultan, doubtfully. "What he did not do to save his own life will he do for the love of a woman?"

"White men never have but one wife, my Lord Sultan," replied the Panghonlon, "and they love them as much as their children. Have the woman cast upon the ground, and let the klewangs glisten above her head, and the dog of a Christian will yield, believe me."

"Your advice may be good," said the Pangerang. "At all events, we will try this means; and if it does not succeed, let them make haste to bring it to an end."

At this moment all lifted their heads with surprise and gazed into the distance as if they heard unlooked-for sounds.

In truth the resounding of gongs and tijas was suddenly heard a little way off.

"Here comes the Dommagon of Bantam with his two thousand men," said the Sultan. "We will await his arrival. It is not well that he should reach us through blood that has been spilled. I am

surprised he comes in so unlooked-for a manner. Why did we not hear these gongs sooner? It would seem as if he wished to surprise us."

Hardly had these words been spoken than large bodies of orang-kays, with cric and klewang in hand, reached the square. Their number was so great, and they took so much time to collect, that in a short while they covered it entirely, concealing the Sultan from the sight of his own army. The King of Bantam's brother marched at their head. In one hand he held a glittering cric, and in the other a casket covered over with a mantle of yellow silk.

The Sultan understood by this mantle that the bearer was going to deliver a letter to him from the sovereign of Bantam, yet the movement of these new troops seemed to surprise and inspire him with some fear.

The Bantamites, standing together as firm as a stone wall, advanced towards the Sultan, and seemed to endeavor to draw him within their ranks. Finally their battle-line reached to the prince's very seat. The Dommagon ascended the mound; advanced towards the Pangerang, who had risen; took the letter from under the yellow mantle and handed it to him.

But hardly had the sovereign of Jacatra cast his eye upon it than the pallor of death spread over his face and he trembled visibly.

Without giving him time to reply, the chief of the army of Bantam said in a menacing voice,

"You thought to betray my brother and Sultan,

but he has discovered your perfidious machinations and has sent me here to punish you. You made us believe that the Dutch fortress should be razed to the ground, and you have already secretly sold it to the English. You promised us the half of the riches of the Dutch, and only dreamed of keeping all to yourselves. Your country is confiscated; you are no longer Pangerang or Sultan. This very day I shall have you conducted to Bantam."

The Sultan endeavored to stammer some excuse, but the Dommagon of Bantam placed his cric upon his breast and exclaimed,

"Give yourself up as a prisoner, or I will run you through the heart as truly as that my brother, the Sultan of Bantam, is living!"

The Pangerang of Jacatra bowed his head and said, with tears in his eyes,

"Mahomet has abandoned me! Do with me as you will."

The Dommagon of Bantam turned towards the orang-kays and the panghonlons, silent and dismayed, and cried out in a voice of thunder,

"Those of you who yield submission to the Sultan of Bantam will find favor in his sight. Those who do not bend their heads beneath his power will from this time feel the steel of our crics within their breasts!"

All the orang-kays and panghonlons who were near by prostrated themselves humbly upon the ground and murmured, in tones of absolute submission,

“*Cahoela sampejan*. We are slaves prostrated at your feet, Lord Dommagon.”

“It is well,” replied the chief of Bantam. “The Sultan, my brother, will know how to recompense your good-will. I do not see the English here. Bring me at once the principal ones among them. Let them go after them.”

The orang-kays of Jacatra, desirous of pleasing the new master, showed themselves willing to go to the English bastion to satisfy his wishes. At a sign of assent they hastened their steps across the square and disappeared behind the trees.

Already the Dommagon of Bantam had delivered up the deposed prince as prisoner of war to some faithful orang-kays. With arms crossed upon his breast, eyes full of tears, and head down, the Pang-erang found himself upon the square amid the glistening cries of his guards.

While this was occurring, the Dommagon of Bantam had entered into conversation with the pang-houlons, and was probably receiving information as to the state of things in Jacatra; they doubtless spoke to him of the Dutch prisoners, for from time to time he cast his eyes in the direction where they were, still wearing their shackles; but the heavy ranks of warriors hid them and did not allow the Dommagon to see them.

Some moments after, the orang-kays reappeared on the square with four English merchants whom they brought before the Dommagon, who cast a haughty and angry glance upon them and said,

“My brother, the Sultan of Bantam, has permitted you to fight and destroy on the sea Dutch vessels, but he has forbidden you to take up arms on Javanese soil. You have misunderstood his wishes, since, in the hope of possessing yourself of the Dutch factory, you have erected bastions on this spot, and have placed cannon thereon taken from your ships. I am here at Jacatra with sufficient forces to insist upon obedience. You will at once return the artillery to the ships, and quit the soil of Java. If you oppose my brother’s will but by a word, he will confiscate your factory at Bantam and all you possess there besides, and if need be cast every Englishman into prison. Go, and let me hear you no more spoken of.”

The English exchanged some words among themselves in a low tone that they might come to an understanding as to what it were best to do. So much importance was attached to the preservation of their factory at Bantam, that they replied by an immediate assent, inclining their heads and leaving the square. The Dommagon of Bantam followed them with his eyes for a few moments, and gave his orang-kays the order to see to the immediate removal of the English artillery.

While these events were occurring, the Dutch were still stretched upon the ground, the block of wood around their necks, back of the troops from Bantam. The executioners had lowered their klewangs, for they were aware a new Sultan had become their master. Madame Van den Broeck,

kneeling near her husband, lifted her supplicating gaze to heaven. A smile of hope illumined her face. Any event, any change in their destiny, might be to their advantage.

The sjahbandar approached Van den Broeck slowly, and said to him,

“Arise ; you need not fear death now. Perhaps, Commander, you have accused me in your heart of complicity in the treachery. You are mistaken. What I am witness of since yesterday makes me indignant and sorrowful. I have spoken in your favor, but what could I do? My counsels were unheeded. I am like a stranger amid my compatriots.”

“I am not accusing you, Lord Sjahbandar,” replied Van den Broeck. “But tell me, I beg of you, what is taking place on this square.”

The sjahbandar inclined his head to one side and muttered,

“What is taking place? Fraud, treachery, and ambuscade. Our Sultan wished at the same time to deceive the sovereign of Bantam and the English ; the English wished to deceive the Sultan of Bantam and ours ; and as a last result it is the Sultan of Bantam who deceives his two allies. This is the way things work in Java. Wherever courage disappears, it is supplied with cunning and fraud.”

“And what do you suppose we may hope for?”

“I do not know. The Sultan of Bantam covets what coveted the Sultan Wydurk-Rama,—that is to say, your factory with the riches and the money

it contained ; but that he should have recourse to the same means for gaining the same end, this is what no one can know but himself. It would be easier to discover the trail of the serpent upon the rock than the secret intentions of our Pangerangs."

The ranks of the warriors of Bantam opened before the Dutch, and one orang-kay advanced towards the prisoners, ordered them to appear before the Dommagon of Bantam, and accompanied them to the mound where he was seated.

Madame Van den Broeck knelt, held out her hands in supplication to the Dommagon and implored mercy.

The Dommagon stepped down towards her, raised her up, and spoke some kindly words to her that the poor woman did not understand, it is true, but which nevertheless filled her heart with joy and hope.

"Let the blocks be taken from the prisoners," commanded the Dommagon.

When this order had been fulfilled and the Dutch found themselves unshackled standing before him, he said in the Malay language to Van den Broeck,

"You are the commander of the Orang-Wollanda, and you refuse to give your men the order to abandon the factory. Yet I have come to take your fortress by the power of strength, and nothing can prevent me. I have seen the treaty which was offered you ; it seems reasonable enough to me. I ask you again will you sign it of your free will, yes or no ?"

"Lord, I should be very glad to testify my good-

will in some other way," said Van den Broeck, "but while replying to this demand by a refusal, I only fulfil the imperious duty which is imposed upon me as a soldier of the Netherlands. I do not sign the surrender of the fortress."

"Is this your final answer?"

"This is my final answer and my irrevocable resolution."

Madame Van den Broeck again clasped her hands as if to implore the clemency of the chief of Bantam.

"Is this woman your wife?" asked he of the Captain. "Tell her she has nothing further to fear for your life. Let her be consoled by knowing no one will molest you."

The Captain hastened to convey to his wife this reassuring intelligence. Madame Van den Broeck, almost beside herself with joy, began to cry, and exclaimed in ecstatic ardor,

"May thou be blessed throughout all eternity, my God, who hast granted my prayer!"

And seizing the Dommagon's hand, she bathed it with her tears, while words of gratitude fell from her lips.

"No, you shall no longer be maltreated, nor have a block fastened to you," said the Javanese chief; "but this very day you shall be escorted to Bantam with your companions as prisoners of war. As to that woman, my wish is that she returns to the fortress whence she came. Tell her so. I have other matters to attend to, and no more time to give

to you. Let your wife be told. The order to conduct her away from the camp shall be given to my orang-kays."

When Madame Van den Broeck learned she was to be separated from her husband she gave piercing shrieks and besought the Dommagon, in a language he did not understand, to permit her to go to Bantam also; but the Javanese chief made the Captain understand that a woman prisoner was not always sure of being respected. Van den Broeck recalled Adelaide to her and spoke of how happily every thing had turned out, begging her to remember she had been rescued by Providence from almost certain death. At last the woman, half consoled, seemed to be somewhat reconciled to the thought of this separation. Still weeping, she embraced her husband several times, and in a short while, accompanied by her servant Congo, she followed the orang-kays who were to escort her to the factory. .

Van den Broeck and his companions were strongly guarded and taken to the dhaln.

CHAPTER X.

THE Dutch had learned, through the Captain's wife, of the arrest of the Pangerang of Jacatra, and, as the Dommagon of Bantam seemed better disposed towards them, they flattered themselves that they would soon be enabled to open new and fairer negotiations with them. But the day after they observed an unusual stir in the enemy's camp, and saw that they worked with great activity in gathering together large bamboos, probably to construct ladders for assault. They did not then any longer doubt that the Javanese would soon attack the factory with fury under the command of their new chief.

The certainty of such an attack filled the officers and the Dutch soldiers with anxiety. It seemed to them truly impossible that they could resist an assault made by six thousand of the enemy if the Javanese were led by a chief who had resolution and courage. It is true they could count upon their greater number of guns, but the fortress only contained sufficient powder to sustain one single attack,—that is, if it were not protracted too long. And supposing the first assault was repulsed, they would find themselves deprived of every means of holding their own against a second, and the factory with the

entire garrison would infallibly fall into the hands of the cruel and perfidious Javanese. Yet, however menacing was the situation, the Dutch soldiers did not lose courage. With the full consciousness of the perils they incurred, they determined to give testimony until death upon the soil of New Batavia of the power of the Netherlands and the bravery of her sons.

Though the despair of Adelaide and her mother had drawn tears from the eyes of Walter Peterson and filled his heart with sadness, the knowledge of danger once more lifted his soul to the most ardent heroism. It was he who by his eloquence and example inspired his men with intrepid ardor. He awakened and kept within their hearts the resolute determination to die gloriously in the struggle rather than surrender.

Means were hastily taken to repulse the enemy, or at least to make them buy their victory as dearly as possible. All the servants were given arms; the women and children, even, were to take part in the defence: while the men upon the ramparts would combat the assailants with musket and pike, the women would fan the flames beneath caldrons filled with boiling oil, carrying it afterwards to the walls, where it was to be poured upon the half-naked Javanese below. The cannon were loaded with grape to their very mouths. The musketeers no longer quitted the rampart, and, whether sitting or standing, held their lighted matches in their hands, their eyes fastened on the enemy.

Congo, the Captain's negro, had buckled on a large sword and carried the very same halberd with which Walter Peterson had effected such prodigies of valor after the naval engagement.

The poor slave seemed happy in being able to fight like a freeman for the honor of the Netherlands under the eye of the lieutenant. His innocent pride and the warlike expressions which he unceasingly dropped were even at that critical moment a subject of amusement and pleasantry for the soldiers of the garrison. Nevertheless Congo did not become irritated with their jokes, and his only answer was to cry out,

"Let the yellow men come. We will see, we will see."

The Netherlands did not long await the dreaded moment. The third day, after the sun had risen, the Javanese were drawn up in front of their camp to the number of six thousand, ready for the assault. Many among them carried bamboo ladders, and other instruments of assault which distance prevented from being discernible. A formidable din of gongs resounded on the plain, and a dull, confused murmur like that of an enormous beehive soared over the enemy's heads.

Within the factory walls clouds of smoke ascended to the skies; the women and children were there assembled around over twenty boiling caldrons. Those whose presence near these caldrons was not necessary held themselves ready to take

part in the struggle with all their might, and determined to die rather than bate an inch.

In a short time the enemy's immense line of battle was in motion, and advanced slowly towards the plain. The Dutch did not fire at first, and allowed the Javanese to approach to within a half-range of the cannon, but then, perfectly assured of the correctness of their aim, they fired all their pieces at once. The effect of this first discharge was tremendous, and blood flowed copiously. Forty mouths of fire, carrying death and destruction among the Javanese, demolished entire ranks before the eyes of the Dutch.

Stricken with terror at this sudden loss, the enemy hesitated for a moment, taking a few steps backward. During this time the Dutch reloaded their pieces and discharged them several times, always with a like terrible result.

It seemed as though the Javanese did not know what to decide upon. The garrison beheld the leaders running in every direction to encourage the men to the assault; they heard meanwhile the discharge of artillery, and the gongs redoubling their uproar; but it would seem that the Javanese warriors were not inclined to face the Dutch guns, for spite of every effort of their chiefs they remained immovable in the plain, allowing themselves to be overcome by hundreds. This lasted until such time as the Dutch commanders, fearing that the powder would not hold out, gave an order to cease firing, and thus allowed the enemy to recover

themselves and concert better measures for a plan of attack.

Soon a wonderful silence prevailed in the enemy's ranks. The gongs were hushed, the noise ceased; and while they carried the dead and wounded to the rear, the chiefs were moving about in all directions giving orders to the different corps, which were probably only preliminary to a decisive assault.

The Dutch had their eyes fixed on the enemy's forces. The ravages caused by the cannon in the Javanese ranks had filled their hearts with the hope of triumph, and it was with a smile of irony upon their lips that they exchanged jokes upon the stupidity of their adversaries.

All at once a frightful tumult broke over the battle-line of the Javanese,—thunder wherein were compounded a thousand cries, a tempest of human voices and of gongs,—and like a wall pushed forward rapidly by an invisible power, the enemy's forces came towards the Dutch fortress.

Before the Javanese could reach the foot of the fortifications the artillery showered a cloud of deadly grape twice more into their lines; but, as if a blind courage had suddenly possessed them, nothing could daunt their enthusiasm. Filling the air with tremendous cries of victory, they reached the intrenchments of the fortress and fastened their ladders to the walls, while they swarmed like bees, endeavoring to scale the enemy's

stronghold; the Dutch all the while riddling them with balls and overturning boiling oil upon their bare shoulders.

Fearful burns drew from the Javanese frightful cries; they were seen to bound backward, roll upon the ground, and writhe in terrible convulsions, while roaring with pain. At several points the enemy withdrew terrified; elsewhere, on the contrary, they succeeded, after considerable loss, in scaling the walls and penetrating into the interior of the factory.

For a long while they struggled violently at the very top of the ramparts. The Dutch understood fully that for them it was a question of life or death. They fell upon the enemy with fury, encouraging each other by a thousand cries, knocked the Javanese down with the butt end of their muskets, hacked them and pierced them through with their pikes and halberds, and fought with an energy that appeared like folly or despair.

Walter Peterson, with some portion of his intrepid men, accompanied by the negro Congo, pushed forward towards that point on the ramparts where the Javanese were for a short while difficult to overcome. The Dutch soldiers had been driven back bodily, beneath the walls, but the heroic Peterson's arrival averted the danger that was imminent; he and his brave companions took so many prisoners and shed so much blood that the Javanese withdrew in terror, they themselves driv-

ing back their comrades who could not reach the ramparts. Congo performed great feats of valor; and though a Javanese klewang had wounded him deeply both in shoulder and breast, he still remained beside Walter, roaring with fury, and astonishing even the most intrepid by his courage.

Yet the Dutch cannon still hurled their grape-shot into the thick of the Javanese ranks that yet remained upon the plain. At those points where the enemy had not succeeded in scaling the wall they continued to spread the boiling oil, and the musketeers fired their weapons with such precision that nearly every shot told.

Spite of having held out with such resolution, it was evident the garrison would be obliged to surrender; for now that the enemy had penetrated within the factory, the struggle was that of man to man, and whatever the number of the foe Walter and his brave companions might overcome, the crowd of assailants was so great that it was inevitable the Dutch soldiers would have to succumb one by one in this unequal struggle. But an unexpected circumstance came to their relief at the very moment when they saw nothing before them but absolute though glorious death.

The greater number of the Javanese who thronged at the base of the walls, trying to erect their ladders for an assault, were repulsed several times. The cannon upon the projecting bastions, placed at the angles of the fortress, belched forth on both sides a hail of grapeshot in the direction of the wall,

which struck the mass of the enemy in the rear. The boiling oil ran in streams from the top of the parapet, causing the besiegers to recoil on each occasion. Finally, the howls of those whom the burning liquid had reached, and the frightful moans of the dying, filled the Javanese with inexpressible terror. Some soldiers of the highest rank fled far from the walls. Their example demoralized the rest; in a few moments the panic extended itself, and all took to running in great disorder until they had gone beyond the reach of the guns. When the Javanese who were engaged in a desperate struggle on the top of the ramparts perceived that their army had given up the assault and allowed them to pursue the combat alone without help, they also precipitated themselves, one upon another, from the summit of the wall into the plain below.

The Dutch soldiers acknowledged this unexpected victory by a fervent cry of gratitude to God; their "Hurrah! Batavia! Batavia!" rose up towards heaven. But this prayer of gratitude and these cries of triumph did not escape honestly from their oppressed bosoms. In the tone of all those voices thanking God and proclaiming victory there was a something impossible to describe, heart-rending and sad, as if their deliverance was a joy shadowed by sorrow and mourning.

And indeed, now that the enemy had ceased their assault and were exhausted by a heavy loss of men and retired to their camp, the Dutch soldiers let their looks wander around upon the spectacle before

them, and counted with mournful sorrow the corpses of the faithful companions which the struggle had cost them. If the rampart in all its extent was covered with the bodies of the Javanese who had fallen, many Dutch, too, still held their pikes and muskets in their stiffened hands, lying, overthrown forever, among the bodies of their enemies.

Shut up within the narrow walls of a small fortress, living with the same hopes and fearing the same dangers, all these heroes, almost without distinction of grade or rank, had become the friends of one another, and a common bond of friendship and sympathy united them all. Those who, with the pallor of death, lay bathed in their blood were well-beloved brothers. Each one who had happily escaped groaned in spirit, with eyes bathed in tears at the sight of the gallant friends who had been felled by the cold steel of the Javanese. Among the dead slept Captain Dircksz, the calm but intrepid Netherlander, and not far from him was extended the body of the poor black slave Congo, who, through gratitude alone for Walter's country, had combated valiantly until the loss of blood had caused him to fall deprived of consciousness.

The lieutenant, without considering his rank nor the humble position of the negro, had thrown himself on his knees beside him, placed the slave's head upon his arm, and endeavored to recall him to life, while sprinkling him with water. At the end of a few moments the negro moved his hands and slowly opened his eyes, but he was so weak and exhausted

that these signs of life soon passed away. A cry of joy, however, had escaped the lieutenant, and, perfectly happy, he lifted the poor slave up himself, took him on his shoulders, and carried him beneath the ramparts to the spot where the physicians were already employed in dressing the wounds.

After Van Ray had given some orders for the men who were the least fatigued to remain upon the ramparts to protect the fortress from an unexpected return of the enemy, he convoked a council of war. At this meeting they weighed seriously the great gravity of the losses they had just sustained, and recognized with a degree of terror that the ranks of the soldiery had been thinned by the enemy's last attack, and in the event of a second one it would be necessary to abandon even the remotest hope of safety. If they had possessed more powder they might possibly have repulsed another attack, but all that remained in the fortress would not have sufficed to load the cannon twice.

Van Ray raised the question as to whether it would not be better to make propositions of peace to the enemy. They would at least by this means gain time and be enabled to await the return of the fleet and the promised succor. They resolved to have recourse to this method, and to open the negotiations on the occasion of burying the dead; for it was not to be doubted that the Javanese would send that very day orang-kays to ask permission to carry off their dead. It was further resolved that the command of Captain Dirksz's company should be

confided for the time being to Lieutenant Walter Peterson, and that for the future he should have a seat in the council of war.

As was expected, towards mid-day there appeared on the road to Jacatra some orang-kays bearing a white flag fastened to the end of a bamboo cane, and when a sign was made them that they should be received without any difficulty, they presented themselves at the factory door and asked permission to bury their dead. This permission was given them at once on the condition that all the bodies should be carried away before night and taken some distance from the factory.

At the same time they delivered a letter to the principal orang-kay for the chief of the Javanese. In this letter the Dutch offered the Pangerang of Bantam peace and friendship, and bound themselves to pay him a considerable sum in money, if he consented to let them remain provisionally in possession of the fortress until the Governor-General's return made it possible for them to open peace negotiations formally, but they declared at the same time that neither force, stratagem, nor privations would induce them ever to abandon New Batavia.

When the dead were all removed, at nightfall the orang-kays returned with a letter from their chief, and said they would await an answer in front of the factory door. The Dommagon of Bantam's letter was couched in very haughty terms. He exacted the surrender of the fortress, with everything within it, without any other condition than that of trans-

porting the Dutch in Batavia to Bantam, and from there to Amboine. The Dommagon gave them to understand he would not attempt a second assault, but have recourse to other means which, according to him, must infallibly overcome the proud obstinacy of the Dutch. He did not mention what these means were, and finally asserted that he would not enter into any negotiations.

The Dutch replied they would defend their fortress to the last man, and that on their side they withdrew their offer of an indemnity, leaving to God and the fate of arms to decide with whom should be the final victory. They sent the orang-kays away with this answer.

As they learned from the very letter of the Dommagon that the Javanese had no further intention of taking the factory by assault, confidence returned to all their hearts. They thought themselves able to hold it some months longer against a regular siege or investment of the place, however narrow it might be, because the storehouses were abundantly supplied with rice and they need not fear a famine. The river Tjiliwoeng descending from the mountains and bathing the feet of the fortress furnished an abundance of excellent water. The victualling of the fortress was therefore assured for some time.

This good news was communicated to the soldiers, to whom they gave out at the same time some Spanish wine. They all again took God to witness that they would not give up Batavia as long as they had the strength to carry a musket or a pike.

Some days slipped by before they learned anything of the designs of the enemy; but then the enigma of their apparent inactivity began to make itself clear.

The Javanese, during the preceding night, had closed the mouth of the river by a sort of dam constructed of thick bamboos, so that the water could filter through, but nothing could be carried off to the sea. All that floated on the river would, during the ebb tide, be stopped by the dam, and at the flow be thrown back in front of the factory, until it reached a second dike erected beyond this one, which in like manner clogged the course of the stream.

At first the Dutch did not understand what hope the enemy founded on this work. They thought it possible their intention was to turn away the course of the river to deprive them of drinking-water; but as it seemed to them ridiculous to wish to stop by means of bamboos the course of an impetuous river, they gave themselves little concern about the work which the Javanese had this night brought to a conclusion.

But they soon realized that the Dommagon of Bantam had invented a powerful weapon against them. At low tide, dead horses, buffaloes, and men came down in numbers from the upper portion of the river, passing slowly with the current before the factory. Later on, the same day, the ebb tide would bring them back, and some hours after they floated in greater numbers than ever, for the third time, under the factory walls.

Under a burning sky like that of Java, and from the effects of the moist heat which prevails along the low coast extending around Jacatra, these bodies soon became putrid and made the atmosphere pestilential, more especially at night, when the fetid vapors reached the furthest point of their habitations and prevented the Dutch, so to speak, from breathing.

When the garrison at the factory saw the danger menacing them in that direction, they essayed to fish up the bodies as they passed along, by means of drag-hooks, that they might burn them during the night at the foot of the walls of the citadel; but the work was so disgusting that it made even the most resolute men recoil, and it was with invincible repugnance they obeyed the orders of their superiors on this subject.

However many were the bodies that were fished up, the river brought them more and more. The Javanese threw into the water all the impurities that came to their hands. To prevent the Dutch from getting the better, spite of colossal energy and activity, of the terrible means that had been employed against them, the Javanese had thrown into the river above the first dam a number of putrifying bodies; so that if the garrison had succeeded in bringing up and burying all the filth which floated before the factory, the water would not less have been tainted. Yet for the want of other drink many had gone on taking the river-water; but a sudden breaking out of sickness came to convince them

they could not slake their thirst at that poisoned source.

Under the impulse of self-preservation they began digging within the factory a number of wells at once; but the water they found was so saturated with sea-salt, and the taste so repugnant, that it appeared as if the putrified matter had there also mingled its deleterious qualities with it.

The ground on which New Batavia was constructed, like the rest of the plain around, was formed of marl or alluvium from the sea, deposited there during centuries, perhaps, at the foot of the mountains, but which, being a mixture of salt, mire, and decayed vegetable matter, still continued to ferment under the foot of man whose habitation was there.

The water from the wells, however, seemed less repugnant to the Hollanders than that of the river, which they looked upon as death giving, not only because of the decayed bodies it contained, but also on account of the venomous sap of the upas.* They therefore slaked their thirst with the brackish water from the wells, and hoped in this way to undermine the cruel machinations of the Javanese, until the arrival of Governor Koen, who, if he encountered no obstacles at sea, would return to extricate the almost exhausted garrison from their perilous position.

* *Antiaris toxicaria*, a tree whose sap is used by the Javanese to poison their weapons.

Alas! the sufferings of these courageous men were not so soon to come to an end. But a few days had gone by, and sickness had claimed many victims; but as the cases were mostly among the women and children, it was hoped the evil would not extend to the more robust portion of the garrison, and that, in spite of all the suffering, they would be able to await the long-expected moment of their deliverance.

Weeks succeeded weeks; that life full of horror and suffering was protracted without the promised help reaching them. A secret and unacknowledged hopelessness took possession of every mind.

Madame Van den Broeck was pining and ill, not because the fetid water had tainted the blood in her veins, but because she was pursued by frightful thoughts, and her sorely tried heart was a prey to the constant pain of heart-rending fear and terrible apprehensions. She had as yet learned nothing of her unfortunate husband's fate; this absence of all news convinced her little by little that the Captain had been put to death by the perfidious Javanese during the trip to Bantam. She said nothing about this frightful idea to Walter or her daughter, but like a canker it consumed her day by day. When Walter, with affectionate insistence, endeavored to console her, she feigned to believe in his friendly assurances, while every word the lieutenant uttered sadly pierced her heart.

Adelaide wept in her unhappy mother's arms; the delicate young girl was losing, under the weight of

this sorrow without hope or respite, all the strength that Walter's presence had so rapidly and miraculously restored to her. She was becoming pale and thin, and her head was inclined towards her breast, as if the misfortune which had happened to her father had taken from her all energy and all desire to live.

Congo, to the surprise of every one, had recovered; his wound had closed, and, though his strength only returned slowly and he yet wore bandages upon his breast and shoulder, he proved himself so courageous and confident in the help of God that the conduct of the poor slave awakened the admiration of all.

The lieutenant went several times a day to the Captain's quarters and tried his best to comfort the two women by speaking before them of a happy outlook; but he did not succeed in softening their grief, and his own heart bled to think that the terrible languor that was sapping the health of his beloved one might have disastrous consequences.

However, Walter yet felt within him sufficient strength to struggle against fate with renewed obstinacy. It was he who reanimated the flagging courage of his companions, and by words of magic force caused the hope of deliverance to awaken in their hearts, when the energy and determination of some among them seemed ready to succumb to the horrors of the situation.

The promised succor was not forthcoming. During still another month the men composing the garri-

son remained entire days on the ramparts, their eyes fixed upon the horizon, looking anxiously towards its misty limits. Did they perceive a sail in the distance, their hearts beat with anxious joy, and a ray of hope illumined their countenances; but all sails went on and disappeared as if none in the world knew that on the shores of Jacatra a handful of men were bravely dying of a slow and cruel death for the honor of the Netherlands.

At last the long absence of the fleet rendered the condition of the garrison truly terrible. The use of salt water had at first caused sickness among the women and children and the weaker men, but soon the trouble spread among the more robust and determined soldiers, and gathered new victims every day. The form it took was that of an intermittent fever, which was succeeded by a cold chill and burning heat accompanied with violent headache, which caused delirium. At times they were guilty of acts of fury and despair, the dreadful sight of which made the strongest shiver with horror and compassion. This fever did not cause death in a few days; those stricken grew thin rapidly, their complexions became yellow, the lips looked like lead, and their eyes were dull and glassy. More and more exhausted by this gradual decline of their vital forces, the unfortunate invalids wandered about the square like living spectres, or remained entire days kneeling upon the ramparts, their eyes fixed upon the sea, arms lifted up to heaven, imploring the Lord for mercy and health.

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If they could have permitted themselves to be touched by the tears of so many unhappy beings, if they had listened to their supplications, they would have been in haste to accept the conditions proposed by the enemy, and by this means the lives of all at least would have been saved; but that portion of the garrison which the scourge had not stricken up to this time, inflamed by the exhortations of Walter Peterson, refused to give up the factory and declared with resolute firmness they would keep their word and hold New Batavia for Holland until the last man should fall exhausted upon the soil.

Weeks elapsed. The fever attacked great numbers of the best soldiers. Scurvy, that other ill that saps all strength, laid low a portion of the garrison. Some were victims of dysentery; one of the first was Rosalie, Madame Van den Broeck's maid. She succumbed at the end of three days. Her death would probably have inspired the Captain's wife and daughter with fears for their own safety, if another sorrow had not rendered Adelaide and her mother indifferent to the preservation of their lives.

With whatever perseverance the eager gaze of the besieged interrogated the horizon and sought to penetrate its depths, from the first rising of the sun until nightfall, the days passed in suffering and despair, without the arrival of the fleet.

One morning they saw some orang-kays leave the Javanese camp, taking the road to Jacatra, accompanied by an individual who appeared to be dressed

as a European merchant. They could not conjecture what the approach of this personage portended; but situated as the Dutch were, every event, every incident, every change was a source of hope. Their hearts beating with joy and expectation, they came down from the rampart and ran to the door towards which the steps of the embassy were directed; even the invalids, who, escaping from the stifling heat of their quarters, were stretched upon mats beneath the cocoanut-trees under the shadow of the warehouses, dragged themselves along the ground to learn the sooner the news which was perhaps to bring them deliverance.

As soon as the door of the factory was thrown open, the orang-kays took the road back to Jacatra. The merchant entered the fortress alone, and was surrounded at once, not only by the members of the council of war, but by the men constituting the garrison, and by the sick, who, holding out their arms beseechingly towards him, seemed to beg for some happy news. This merchant was a Hollander named Abraham Van Uffelen. He had been living at Bantam for over four years, and had charged himself with a message from the Sultan, and a letter from Captain Van den Broeck for his wife. When at his request the commander of the fortress had been pointed out to him, he delivered a folded paper to Captain Van Ray, who hastened to read it, while every eye was anxiously fastened upon him. The captain's face darkened as he learned the contents of the letter. Finally, utterly disappointed in

his hopes, he struck his feet angrily, showing pretty clearly the letter had brought him no good news.

Overwhelmed with questions as to its contents, he replied sadly to those around him,

“Ah, my friends, the demands are extremely unfavorable. They know how terrible is our position; they consider that we are cast down for the want of water and with sickness, and they ask if we are finally willing to surrender the fortress. They only promise to transport us to Bantam.”

Sorrowful cries of despair escaped from the breasts of the sick, and sombre murmurs arose from the ranks of the soldiers. Many declared that, after holding out so long, they preferred awaiting death than violating their oath. Many even replied to the enemies' proposition with the war-cry, “Hurrah! Batavia! Batavia!” But it no longer echoed the enthusiasm of the early days, and was scarcely responded to.

Van Ray conversed a short time with the Sultan's envoy, and after asking him many questions, begged him to assist at the meeting of the council of war which was about to be held for deliberation as to the reply that was the best to be made to the Pangerang of Bantam. The merchant said he must first speak to Madame Van den Broeck, because his conversation with her would certainly exercise some decisive influence upon the deliberations of the council. They permitted him to begin with delivering his message to the Captain's wife.

Walter Peterson, who had partly heard all that

had just been said, wished to accompany the merchant; but the commander ordered the lieutenant to go with himself and the other members of the council of war to the hall where they met.

There Captain Van Ray made known the contents of the Sultan's letter, which contained no new demand, indeed, but exacted, as before, the surrender of the fortress with the merchandise, silver, and arms which it contained; but what surprised them in the letter was that they had transported Captain Van den Broeck from Bantam to Jacatra, to permit of his speaking with the officers of the garrison. If they would be willing to send some among them to Jacatra, said the letter, they would receive from him the order to do what the Sultan wished.

They deliberated as to this last proposal. They said it could only be another stratagem of the Javanese to draw within their nets more men, and that it would be imprudent to expose themselves anew to further treachery, of which they had already once been the victims. They furthermore did not believe that Captain Van den Broeck would counsel the surrender of the factory. Perhaps, by subjecting him to the cruel torments the Javanese were accustomed to impose upon their prisoners, they had succeeded in crushing him; but, however this might be, those now in charge of defending the factory had only to listen to the voice of duty and their responsibility towards their country.

At this moment a servant came to say that Congo

wished to speak at once with Walter Peterson. The lieutenant was to go to Madame Van den Broeck without delay, as she had something very important to say to him.

Having obtained permission to leave the assembly, Walter Peterson went out of the room, and found the negro in the vestibule in tears.

"What has happened, Congo, that you should weep in this manner?" asked the lieutenant, anxiously.

"Come, come quickly," said the negro, sobbing and pulling him by the hand; "my poor mistress will die of grief. Mademoiselle Adelaide is tearing her hair. It breaks one's heart to see her writhing in despair."

"Is the Captain dead?" asked Walter, in tones of distress.

"No, no; but things are scarcely better. I do not exactly know what news was brought to my mistresses, but I understand from their lamentations that you alone could save my unfortunate master. Come, come."

The lieutenant entered the Captain's quarters; but hardly had he appeared in the doorway than the two women held out their arms towards him, pitifully imploring his aid. Upon being closely questioned, Madame Van den Broeck handed him an open letter, exclaiming,

"Take it; read, read, and take pity upon us!"

The lieutenant, who was already overcome with emotion at the sight of Adelaide's heart-rending sor-

row, cast his eyes over the letter, reading the contents. In the beginning a look of great commiseration overspread his countenance; then his features were darkened by overwhelming sorrow, and finally he became as pale as death, as if a sudden fright had stopped the beating of his heart. His eyes were fixed with mute agony upon the fatal letter, while the two women tremulously awaited his answer.

The entire letter was but a sorrowful wail, an agonizing cry of distress written by Van den Broeck to his wife and daughter, and above all to Walter Peterson. In this tearful epistle the Captain concisely and vividly depicted the sorrows, outrages, and torture that he had endured since he was made a prisoner, to constrain him to give the order that the factory should be surrendered. They had buried him in a deep dungeon, where he was left for many weeks lying upon the damp ground, a prey to filthy vermin; he had been allowed to suffer from hunger and cold, and when exhausted with much pain had been dragged anew to Jacatra, to advise the surrender of the factory to the garrison. If this last effort bore no results, he was to be put to death the next day by making him endure frightful torments. The Captain showed it was impossible to hold the fortress, and called it guilty obstinacy to sacrifice the lives of so many unfortunate women and children through a useless and profitless sentiment of honor to their country, to say nothing of his own life and that of his wretched companions.

He besought his wife to come to his relief, and conjured his daughter in heart-rending terms to have recourse to all the powers of love and pity to move the soul of Walter Peterson and save her father from a cruel death. For, he added, he knew that Walter was all-powerful with the officers and soldiers, and a single word from him would suffice to induce the garrison to surrender the fortress.

The letter was lengthy. The lieutenant remained silent, with his eyes fastened upon it, and the women thought he still read it. With beating hearts they watched his face while awaiting the answer which was to give life or death to the unfortunate Captain.

Suddenly a nervous chill ran through the young man's body; the letter fell from his hand, and he said in a hoarse voice,

"I! I, Walter Peterson, deliver up Batavia to the enemy! Will all this blood have been uselessly shed? I betray Holland! Never!"

The two women gave a cry of despair. Adelaide fell upon her knees, and in heart-rending tones asked mercy for her unfortunate father. Madame Van den Broeck had taken one of the young man's hands, watered it with burning tears, and supplicated him in such despairing accents that her words pierced Walter's heart like so many dagger-thrusts.

Terrified at finding the influence exercised upon him by the two women's supplication, the lieutenant fell back a step or two; but Adelaide, all bathed in tears, dragged herself after him, her hands extended, imploring his pity.

The young man, overcome by his sorrow, sank into a chair and murmured, in a voice altered by his deep despair,

"Pity, pity! Ah! why do you not feel pity for me? Why do you wish me to be guilty of cowardice? It is frightful! Fate casts me unarmed between treachery, love and hope, between cruelty, infamy and crime. What shall I decide upon? To give up Batavia and remain eternally under the ban of dishonor and bending beneath my country's curses? Repulse your prayers, like an executioner without heart or soul, to see your tears flow and condemn your poor father to death? My God, my God! why subject thy servant to *a* trial beyond his strength?"

Tears of despair sprung into his eyes, and he hid his face with his hands.

The merchant Abraham Van Uffelen, who was in the room, now approached the young officer and made him a long speech, wherein he tried to convince him that the surrender of the factory, far from being looked upon as an act of cowardice, was one of prudence and devotion to his country. It was, he said, the sentiment of all the prisoners and every Dutch merchant at Bantam. The factory could not be held. Certain news had been received that many more weeks and perhaps several months would go by before the Governor-General could reach Jacatra with the promised succor. Not only would the Sultan of Bantam increase his army by additional reinforcements, but the *Soesoehoenan*, or Emperor

of Mataram, would join the besiegers with some thousands of men. It could therefore not be doubted that the garrison of the fortress, exhausted with sickness, must fall at the first assault, and be massacred to the last man. The women and children would endure the same fate. Now, it was still possible to save so many precious lives, and it was truly cruel and foolish to persist further in such fatal obstinacy.

Walter made no reply to the merchant's long exhortation; a hoarse sound escaped from his throat, and his breast rose and fell painfully.

Madame Van den Broeck had at first nursed the hope that the lieutenant would listen to her prayers and those of her daughter. She saw him shake his head in token of refusal. This cruel disappointment drew from her a cry of pain. That she might make a last appeal to the inflexible soldier, she also cast herself on her knees before him and cried,

"O Walter! God himself destined you to become my son. He who asks for his life through your generosity is your father, the father of your affianced. You wish him to die! Will not his innocent blood rise up and become an everlasting barrier between his child and you?"

"Walter! O my well-beloved Walter," cried Adelaide, "be not unmindful of our tears! Do not refuse me the life of my poor father! Infamy, you say? But I, Adelaide, will love and venerate you as a benefactor, the saviour of him to whom I owe my life. I will not only be your betrothed,

but your servant, your slave until death! Oh, mercy!"

Suddenly the lieutenant rose from his seat and said, with wonderful calmness,

"The frightful struggle is over; I yield to pity and to love. Yet I love my country; but I bend under a hard destiny. Let me go, Adelaide; the sacrifice shall be accomplished. I will renounce glory, honor, greatness of soul, to live only for your love. Remain here; be at rest. Walter will save your father,—alas, at what a cost!"

With these words, he went hurriedly towards the door, and crossed the square with a quick though faltering step, until he reached the commander's residence, where he entered to take his place again in the council of war.

A short time after he reappeared on the square with the members of the council. All faces were darkened by sorrow and humiliation; their heads were bent upon their breasts, and they were sad and low-spirited. Walter carried a piece of white stuff rolled up under his arm; it was probably the flag which was to acquaint the enemy with their acceptance of the peace propositions and willingness to give up the sactory.

By order of Peter Van Ray, a drum beat "to arms;" and as the soldiers and sick awaited the decision of the council on the square, in a very few moments all the population of the factory had assembled at the general point of meeting.

The commander made the garrison form in a cir-

cle, and announced to the wondering and surprised soldiers that Walter Peterson would communicate to them, in the name of the council of war, a sad resolve which had been imposed by absolute necessity. The sight of the white flag carried by Walter under his arm gave the sick a presentiment of what was to happen. The thought that the hour of their deliverance was at hand restored hope ; they stood on their toes behind the soldiers, or pushed their heads between them to hear what was said.

It was with a pallid brow that the lieutenant spoke to his audience. If he endeavored to make his words appear calm and resigned, his voice betrayed the reverse of this tranquillity of soul, for it trembled so terribly as to seem more like the moan of one dying than the firm speech of a chieftain.

“Friends, brave comrades,” he said, “the council of war has delegated me to make known to you a grave determination. Our commander could upon his own responsibility have ordained what he thought just and reasonable ; there would then have been nothing for us to do but obey like faithful soldiers. But the commandant thought, the members of the council thought too, that your courageous and heroic conduct has given you the right to take part in the determination which shall decide the fate of this fortress, so long and lovingly defended. The council of war thinks that enough Netherland blood has flowed in this corner of the earth, and that its soil covers bodies enough belonging to our brothers, and that sickness and privation, with discouragement,

would not fail to increase the number of victims. He moreover recognizes there is no reason still to hope for the speedy arrival of the promised succor, and in consequence a longer resistance would only bring about for you all certain death. By my advice—my advice alone—the council has adopted the resolution to raise this very day the white flag and to surrender the factory. Oh! I beg you, bring your hearts to make this act of painful heroism! Have pity upon your poor wives and children, your sick companions and captive brothers; upon our unfortunate commander who is in agony at Jacatra, under the lifted sword of the executioner, and holds out his hands to you imploringly for help.”

“Yes, yes! peace! deliverance!” exclaimed the sick, who pressed forward behind the soldiers.

The greater part of the soldiers sadly lowered their heads, gazing upon the ground in silence; others, and they were those particularly of Walter’s company, testified by strong murmurs of disapprobation that they were not disposed to consent to the surrender of the factory, and cast upon their young chief looks full of reproach, as if the sudden change of opinion appeared to them like treason.

This mute reproach made the lieutenant shudder from head to foot, and in a louder and more accented tone he cried,

“O my brothers, I read in your eyes what you do not dare say! If you knew, however, what painful thoughts fill my heart! if you could know how sad this heart is at this moment when I fulfil my

painful mission ! Believe me, the greatest good God could have granted me upon this earth would have been to die for the Netherlands. But doubt troubles my soul ; so great a responsibility terrifies me. If we are masters as to whether we shall shed the last drop of our blood, God has not given us the right inhumanly and perhaps uselessly to sacrifice the lives of our unfortunate brothers,—and for what ? To persevere to the end in a rigid determination.”

He went towards his men, took the bravest by the hand, and, with tears in his eyes, said,

“Ah ! you know me. I never set you an example of cowardice. My heart also bleeds with pain ; despair causes my mind to wander and be troubled. But I give up and bow to destiny. Come, friends, do this out of compassion for me. Give your consent. I will be as grateful to you as for the greatest good you could do me. If there be any dishonor, let it fall on me. I will myself raise the white flag, and will assume, in respect to my country, the responsibility of all that is done. But no, nothing will be laid to our charge. What we have suffered, what we have done, will attest that we only bow beneath the weight of a crushing necessity. My God, how I suffer ! Why did I not die one day sooner ?”

While pouring forth these sad complaints, he tore his hair and wept like a child, and seemed to have lost his mind.

Those soldiers who were the least easily touched were affected. All agreed that, as matters could not

be different, they would accept with resignation things as they were. They affectionately grasped the hand of their beloved chief, endeavored to console him, assuring him at the same time that he had lost nothing of their respect and esteem. Walter did not reply, but with trembling hands unfurled the white flag, directing his steps towards the ramparts. A large number of the soldiers and the sick followed him, not so much to see him hoist the flag as because they feared some calamity might happen from his being so utterly overcome with emotion.

The lieutenant's limbs tottered like one under the influence of drink; while climbing up to the rampart he even fell beside the parapet. It was not difficult to see he wished to hasten the accomplishment of the sad task; but his strength failed him, and he could only drag himself slowly towards the pole from the top of which the tricolored flag of the Netherlands had so long and so gloriously floated. Having reached the spot, he was about to fasten the white flag to the pole; but, as if something had suddenly diverted his attention, he stood motionless, fixing his eyes steadily upon the sea.

The horizon on this day was overcast, and nothing beyond half a league from the coast could be seen on account of a thick fog. The young man, pale, breathless, having lost all sense of the situation, had fixed his eyes on this cloudy barrier. Suddenly a red light pierced this curtain of fog. The discharge of cannon resounded in loud echoes upon the surface of the sea. There was a second flash of

light—a third—a fourth. The air was disturbed ten times, at least, by the discharge of cannon. It was a fleet,—but which?

A cry of mingled hope and fear escaped from every breast. Walter fell upon his knees at the foot of the pole, and lifted his hands up to heaven. All followed his example, and these wretched beings poured forth a fervent prayer to God who reigns on high, and had finally taken pity on them.

They did not long remain uncertain. All of a sudden appeared, rounding one of the numerous islands scattered within the Bay of Jacatra, a ship's launch, carrying a number of oars. Near the prow of the boat stood a man who raised the Dutch flag, and the sailors waved their hats in token of friendly salutation.

Then the joy of the soldiers and invalids knew no bounds. They wept warm tears; they sobbed with happiness, embracing one another; and the cry, "The fleet, the fleet! Hurrah! Batavia! Batavia!" floated towards heaven like a hymn of gratitude.

As one struck with madness, Walter tore the white flag in pieces, and fell upon the ground, overcome by the excess of his joy.

The cry, "The fleet! the fleet! Batavia! Batavia!" resounded at all points within the factory.

CHAPTER XI.

SOME hours after about a thousand Dutch soldiers and sailors were ranged in battle array upon the shore, and the launches continued to land the crews of the seventeen ships composing the fleet. The sick, the women and children, went and came towards the soldiers, testifying their joy with cries and gestures. Those whose want of flesh and debility would have assuredly prevented them the day before from standing upon their feet, even they jumped and danced around some tuns of fresh, sweet water that had been brought from the ships to slake their thirst. Not a living being remained within the factory; all had fled from those narrow walls wherein they had suffered so long and so much. At this moment every evil was forgotten. They thanked Heaven for giving them the strength to endure to the end the painful tests to which he had subjected them.

Amid all this population transported with joy, two persons alone could scarcely contain their tears. They kept apart from the others, solitary, with heads bent towards the ground. And when at times they exchanged a few words in a low voice, their expressions were bitter and sad, as if for them alone the arrival of the fleet had been a sorrow rather than a benefit.

In fact, the Javanese had offered Captain Van den Broeck his freedom on condition that the factory should be surrendered. If the Dutch did not at once consent to the surrender, the unfortunate Captain was to be put to death. The arrival of the fleet was therefore his death-sentence! Perhaps his blood had already flowed in the Javanese camp! And if he still lived, the enemy seeing all their hopes fade,—would they not revenge their disappointment upon the unfortunate prisoner? To what cruel torments would they not subject him!

These were the terrible thoughts that tortured the heart of the Captain's wife, while, sad and alone, she and her daughter remained outside the factory door and saw her late companions in misfortune giving themselves up to every demonstration of happiness, and shouting with joy.

Already Governor-General John Peter Koen had approached them and had a long conversation with them, endeavoring by his kindly words to offer some consolation to their wounded hearts; but the mother and daughter had shed torrents of tears on hearing the Governor's sympathetic words, and this sight had so touched him that he turned his head towards his men as if a sudden thought had struck him.

The Governor-General had no intention of making any demonstration against the Javanese on that day, though the ships' crews, indignant at the recital of the sufferings to which the garrison had been subjected, cried loudly for permission to pre-

cipitate themselves at once upon the enemy ; but when the Governor had conversed with Madame Van den Broeck, and sounded the mortal agony eating her heart out, he thought, too, that by taking the enemy unawares they might still save the Captain's life. As the crew desired it so ardently, and in all cases they would be sure of victory, there was no danger in attacking the town of Jacatra without further delay, and destroying it by fire to its very foundation.

They were engaged in concerting measures necessary for the success of the attack. The Governor-General, surrounded by his captains, held a council of war at some distance from the line of battle. Walter was present also. The act that he had advised in the morning still weighed heavily upon his heart ; he spoke little, and kept his eyes lowered nearly all the while as if ashamed. But the Governor-General, who knew how nobly and bravely he had acquitted himself during the siege, often addressed him, and pressed his hands several times to comfort him and renew the courage within his heart.

While the chiefs who were gathered together deliberated upon the mode of attack, the rest of the crew were landed in the boats.

The army was divided into twelve companies ; ten of them were to be scattered over the fields, taking a position at a little distance one from the other, with the intention of assailing the enemy from all sides at once. The Governor-General was to remain upon the plain with the two other companies,

which were to be ready to give help where it would most be needed.

As the Javanese had already abandoned their camp and retired to Jacatra, the attack was to be directed against the town walls. Men provided with lighted torches were to follow the companies, and set fire to the houses as soon as they had succeeded in scaling the walls of the enemy. They had also brought all the ladders from the factory, but thought they would not need them, the walls of Jacatra being very low and broken with many openings.

A few moments after the officers separated, joining their companies to give them the Governor's final orders. The torches were lighted and ladders lifted.

Walter Peterson, after telling his men in a few words the position they were to occupy in the action, passed out behind his company, where stood the negro, and said to him,

"Do your best, Congo, not to become separated from us. I have commissioned ten of my bravest men to watch over your life. Keep up your courage, then. As soon as we have penetrated within the walls of Jacatra, without thinking of anything else we are to run straight to the Sultan's dhaln and seek the prison of your unfortunate master. Do you think you will still remember the way?"

"Trust me, Lieutenant," said the negro; "I could find the dungeon in the dhaln with my eyes shut. Do not be afraid that I shall stay behind. If I cannot yet use my arm, the heart remains all right."

“May God grant us still to find the unfortunate Captain alive!” said the Lieutenant, sighing.

“Yellow men are perfidious and cruel,” said the negro; “but the Lord of heaven is powerful and full of mercy.”

The Governor’s voice was heard on the shore. The roll of the drums gave the army the signal to march. Each company successively faced about on the spot where they were, advancing into the plain until within musket-range of Jacatra.

They beheld the Javanese, armed with bows and arrows, swords and pikes, pressing to the top of the walls in such numbers that they scarcely had power to move. The multitude was so great, and such was the tumult and din, that it appeared as if all the inhabitants of the island had rushed to Jacatra to the defence of the threatened town. The Dutch commander ordered the advance of his five hundred musketeers, recommending them to aim well, commanding the pikemen to hold themselves in readiness to fall upon the town and mount to the assault of the ramparts as soon as the musketry was discharged. A frightful report was suddenly heard, and while a great acclamation of “Hurrah! hurrah! Batavia!” awakened the echoes of the plain, the companies of the Netherlands hastened forward with an irresistible impulse.

Only two hundred men remained with the Governor upon the plain.

Walter Peterson, who had found himself the centre of the line of battle, and in consequence nearer

to Jacatra, was the first to reach the town. Inspired by his example and his words, his men rushed upon the ramparts with impetuosity, and by their daring attack took the Javanese so entirely by surprise that, casting aside their pikes and swords, they abandoned the rampart and fled to the interior of the town in all haste. The lieutenant followed them step by step, and drove them back like a torrent into the streets of Jacatra. Bewildered by terror, the Javanese offered no longer any resistance, and tried to find safety in flight. They could without any trouble have been killed by hundreds, for there were great numbers who, while flying, ran into the side streets within range of the Dutch ; but the lieutenant implored his companions not to allow the desire of vengeance to take possession of them, but to seek in all haste with him the Sultan's dhalm.

After crossing three or four long streets, as pointed out by the negro, the lieutenant reached the vast plain before the dhalm, and he was about to penetrate beneath the *waringas* and enter the palace, when the negro suddenly gave a strange cry of surprise and fright, and, trembling all over, pointed with his finger to a street which led to the other side of the town.

"That way ! that way !" exclaimed Congo. "Quick ! See over there that body of Javanese flying ! They are carrying off the Captain !"

Walter cast his eyes in the direction indicated, and darting forward with a rapid step, he exclaimed,

"Forward ! forward ! A last effort ! I con-

jure you, fly ! The Captain lives ! God is with us ! Oh, could we but deliver him, what a splendid victory !”

And followed closely by his faithful companions, he pressed forward in pursuit of the Javanese. But before he was able to come up with them, they had reached one of the outlets of the town and disappeared under a thick clump of trees. Walter Peterson did not give up the pursuit ; he seemed to have recovered all his courage and strength, and swore he would bring the Captain back dead or alive, were he obliged to go over the entire island. Spite of the dangers he might encounter in the depths of the thick forests, far from the forces of the Netherlands, he rushed on with his men across copse and brushwood, and soon disappeared beneath the foliage.

The rest of the Dutch companies had encountered for a time somewhat obstinate resistance, and in some sort their first attempt at assault had been repulsed in murderous fashion ; but when the Dutch soldiers had scaled the rampart in five or six places, and had commenced to thin the enemy's ranks, the Javanese saw that all hope for them was lost. They threw away their heavier arms, and flew from the ramparts towards the woods and open country on the other side of the town. The Dutch, transported with fury, cut and thrust in every direction, and pursued the fugitives as far as the town, which they soon left behind them, disappearing into the woods.

The greater number of the Javanese were thus thrown in the rear of Lieutenant Peterson, and the

probabilities were that he with his sixty men would be surrounded by some thousands of the enemy thirsting for vengeance. What fate was reserved for these brave men; what heroic deeds would they not perform in the sombre depths of the forest; how many bodies would be heaped around them before the last remaining succumbed,—this their companions would never know.

Pursued by the same thought that guided Lieutenant Peterson, the officers and soldiers belonging to the factory garrison rushed towards the dhaln with the feeble hope of finding the prisoner Captain still alive. They searched the palace in its most secret corners. They sought in the halls and every apartment, calling on the Captain by name, so that he might hear if he were confined in some hidden spot. As the Javanese, in case of assault, had caused the women, children, and the aged to leave the town in advance, they found neither in the dhaln nor anywhere else any inhabitant who could say what had become of the Captain and what had been done with him. The Dutch soldiers would probably long have kept up their search, but that a voice behind them suddenly cried,

“Save yourselves! save yourselves! The town is in flames!”

The Dutch hastened to fire the dhaln and to seek the plain again.

From there they could see clouds of smoke ascending to the sky from every part of the town. The crackling of the bamboos and rattans devoured

by the flames filled the air with strange and sinister sounds, which, however, were dominated by the noise of the drums calling the soldiers from the town. In the plain separating the condemned city from the factory, the Governor-General caused the returning soldiers to take their places in the ranks of the regiments to which they belonged. The sick, with the women and children, remained behind, and beside the wings of the line of battle, who, seeing the flames waving over the city, clapped their hands enthusiastically, and celebrated the victory with songs.

Madame Van den Broeck and her daughter Adelaide, impelled by anxious waiting, had also approached the soldiers. Trembling and with beating hearts they scanned each one who returned; but when there were no more, and they became convinced that the greater number of the men had joined their companies, they could no longer contain their tears. Adelaide placed her arm on her mother's shoulder, hid her face on her breast, and wept and sobbed bitterly. Madame Van den Broeck sought to console her by saying that there was reason to hope as long as Walter Peterson did not return; but Adelaide pointed to the city in flames and lowered her head with a shudder, as if to say that in that burning furnace a double misfortune had perhaps overtaken them.

The fire spread with extraordinary rapidity amid the light buildings which composed Jacatra. The thousand fiery tongues which rose on every side,

being gently fanned by a soft breeze, were soon confounded in one single and immense column of flames, in the midst of which the Sultan's dhaln appeared like a palace of fire. The town resembled a burning sea, over which the smoke whirled impetuously, like a dark storm-cloud. The crackling of bamboos and rattans was so loud that it seemed as though one could hear from the bosom of that burning furnace the discharge of musketry of two armies engaged in battle.

While all eyes were fixed on burning Jacatra, the Governor caused the captains to give him returns of the losses sustained by each company. These losses were not very great, with the exception of a few dead and wounded at the time the ramparts were assaulted, who were removed to the rear of the army lines, not a man was missing among those who had come with the fleet; nor had any one allowed themselves to be surprised by the flames. One thing alone seemed inexplicable, and soon filled all hearts with great anxiety: of Walter Peterson's command not one man had yet returned.

At first the Governor thought that possibly the young man had allowed himself to be carried away by his burning courage and pursued the enemy beyond the town. He hoped to see him after a little while. But Walter's absence became so prolonged that the Governor and other officers began to fear some great disaster. If the victory was to be bought by the loss of an entire company of well-

tried soldiers, there would be greater reason for sorrow than joy.

It was beyond all upon the faces of those that had fought and suffered with Walter in the factory that the greatest signs of distress and anxiety were noticed. So their brave lieutenant, with sixty of their former companions in misfortune, had succumbed! After so much suffering and hard trials, he had perhaps been overtaken by death, the very day of their triumph and deliverance! Their uneasiness and sorrow were soon communicated to the soldiers of the other companies. The very women and children became sad and silent at sight of the despair and dejection that had taken possession of every one. And everywhere each asked the other, with agony in his look, what could have become of the brave lieutenant and his companions.

The Governor and captains sought the presence of Madame Van den Broeck, asking her if she could imagine any reason for Walter's non-appearance. The poor woman tried not to break down under the weight of sorrow, and replied she knew none, except that Walter, from early morning, seemed to be under the influence of terrible despair, and had perhaps sought death in the ranks of the Javanese. The horrible position of these two unfortunate women! Adelaide's moans and tears so affected the officers that they vied with each other in kind words to aid in restoring her courage and consoling her. But of what avail were their friendly words in view of the certainty of the Captain's death?

While they were still making efforts to inspire within the hearts of the unhappy ladies that hope which they themselves had lost, they suddenly saw in the distance appear from a clump of brushwood a Dutch soldier who was lame and dragged himself along with difficulty. He held his hands out and seemed imploring help. The Governor called a sergeant and bade him take some men and go to meet the wounded man.

The general curiosity was strongly excited, and every eye was anxiously fastened on the new-comer. As there was not a single man missing in the other companies, it must indubitably be one of Walter Peterson's companions. They would now at last learn what had become of the heroic lieutenant.

The wounded soldier was brought before the Governor, who asked what had happened to him, and how it was that he alone of all the company had returned.

"Your honor the Governor," replied the soldier, "we were the first to penetrate into the town, and ran straight to the Sultan's palace. Having reached the square in front of it, we saw in the distance some Javanese carrying off Captain Van den Broeck and wishing to escape with him."

"Heavens! my father lives!" exclaimed Adelaide. "He lives, my darling mother!"

"He lives!" was echoed joyfully in every tone.

"Go on, go on," said the Governor.

"The lieutenant tore like a lion in pursuit of the Javanese, and we after him," continued the soldier; "but the fugitives were too far in advance of us, and they succeeded in reaching the fields and woods. I do not know what happened later, your honor, and learn with deep sorrow that my brave lieutenant and my companions have not yet returned."

"But how did you receive this wound?" asked the Governor.

"An arrow pierced my leg," replied the soldier. "When not far from Jacatra, we penetrated into the thick forests, and again caught sight of the Javanese carrying off the Captain. A host of enemies suddenly appeared in our rear. I received an arrow in my leg and fell. As I knew I was not in condition to defend myself, I hid myself in the brush. I heard the lieutenant's voice encouraging his men to struggle with all their might. The war-cry of the Javanese then reached my ear; but after a few moments, silence reigned around me. When I heard nothing more I left my retreat, and while limping and dragging myself along with difficulty, I succeeded in reaching the point where you saw me. This is all I know, your honor the Governor."

The officers remained silent, while painful thoughts asserted themselves. According to the account of the wounded man, they could scarcely hope the lieutenant and his men were still alive. However great was Walter's intrepidity, it was not

to be supposed that with sixty men he could long resist thousands of the enemy. Peter Van Ray said he would not be at all astonished if Walter Peterson, seconded by his brave comrades, had put to death some hundreds of the enemy, and would return towards nightfall victorious; but no one shared his confidence.

Adelaide, whose heart had bounded with joy on hearing that her father was still alive, overcome by fresh anguish and renewed fears, had dropped her head upon her mother's breast.

"Come, Adelaide," she said, her tears falling fast, "let us return to the factory. God has overwhelmed us with sorrow and bows us down with suffering. Let us pray, pray in solitude. Perhaps—who knows? The decrees of God are inscrutable."

She had already taken a few steps towards the factory with her wretched daughter, when suddenly she turned, and, struck by some unusual noise, looked out on the horizon scrutinizingly.

There was heard a sound beneath the trees on the side towards Jacatra, a confused noise which seemed like the happy shouts of a number of men. What could this tumult mean? The question was expressed on every face, and it was with beating hearts that all, officers and men, lent an ear to distinguish this hum, which was rapidly coming nearer, though the shouts, deadened probably by the thickness of the foliage, were still vague and confused.

All of a sudden the triumphal cry, "Hurrah! Hurrah! Batavia!" resounded distinctly through the air not far from the burning town, and, almost immediately after, about forty Dutch soldiers appeared on the spot where the wounded soldier had been seen a short time before.

"Hurrah! it is our lieutenant, our brave lieutenant!" exclaimed the soldiers, waving their hats.

It was in truth Walter Peterson, with the men of his command who had escaped the steel of the enemy.

Adelaide had raised her hands to heaven, and, though she could distinguish none among those men who were running in confusion, her face shone with gratitude and happiness as if a joyful presentiment filled her heart. But when the Dutch soldiers emerged from the brushwood, and the young girl could see them, a great cry escaped from her. Transported with joy, she exclaimed,

"Thanks, thanks, my God! I once more see my poor father! He lives, mother! Walter has saved him."

With these words she ran hurriedly towards the plain, and as light as a fawn flew towards the soldiers, who on their side approached rapidly. Madame Van den Broeck and the officers went forward also to meet them, but were still far away when Adelaide had her arms around her father's neck and bathed his face and shoulders with her tears. In her happy transports she spoke all the

soft caressing words that love, pity, and happiness can inspire. The Captain, mute, beside himself, pressed his beloved child to his heart, and lifted to heaven eyes whose look expressed a fervent prayer of gratitude.

His wife approached in her turn; but when she perceived how sickness and sorrow had altered the expression of her husband's face, when she saw the corpse-like pallor which overspread his emaciated countenance, and the half-closed wounds which upon his brow and cheeks bore testimony to the cruelty of the Javanese, she gave a heart-rending cry and fell sobbing into her husband's arms, who with one embrace pressed both his wife and child to his beating heart. The Governor grasped him by the hand. The captains, his friends, surrounded and congratulated him warmly.

The soldiers were deeply touched by this scene, and, carried away with their own joy, quitted the ranks and stood around the officers. They waved their hands above their heads, giving joyful cries of triumph.

"Hurrah! hurrah! Long live the Captain! Long live Van den Broeck! The victory is complete!" Such were the exclamations that escaped from a thousand breasts, in salutation of the prisoner who had regained his liberty.

Adelaide, up to this time entirely absorbed in her happiness, had thought of nothing but the joy of seeing her father again. She had thought but of giving expression to her love and joy. But sud-

denly her look fell on Walter Peterson, who, with a tender and indefinable smile of happiness, contemplated the touching spectacle of his beloved one's joy. The young girl flew towards him, fell upon her knees before him, and exclaimed, while holding out her hands,

"Ah! thank you, thank you! You have given me more than life! Walter, Walter, how shall I ever repay the debt of gratitude I owe you? Saviour of my father, may you be blessed!"

She was continuing the expression of her gratitude, when the lieutenant drew her up, and the young girl, beside herself, threw her arms around her lover's neck.

Van den Broeck looked upon this touching spectacle for some time with moist eyes, then suddenly coming forward, he said to those who surrounded him,

"My friends and companions, I thank God for my deliverance. I thank you all who have so courageously suffered and fought with me. It is not in my power to testify to you all the liveliness of my gratitude; but yet there is one, the bravest among you, whom I can recompense. Behold my beloved child, my gentle Adelaide, almost losing consciousness with love and happiness, her arms around the neck of the hero who saved me from a most frightful death. Walter, Walter, come to my heart; come, that I may embrace you like a valued son! May Adelaide become your wife, and God bless this holy union!"

While Van den Broeck held the young officer and his daughter both at the same time in his arms, the Governor in his turn approached, and said smilingly,

“There is one thing wanting to complete this marriage.”

And clapping Walter on the shoulder, he added,

“I will fulfil the last condition. You are a captain, Mr. Peterson. Keep the command of those brave men who so seconded you in your heroic enterprise. You are young, but may a captain’s sword always shine in hands such as yours! Be happy, Walter Peterson; you are a worthy son of the Netherlands!”

The young man scarcely dared believe in so much happiness. While Madame Van den Broeck spoke words of tenderness and love to the Captain, Walter fixed on space a look both vague and uncertain, and trembled under the weight of unutterable emotion. He suddenly observed Congo, who, standing a few steps off, looked at him, with joined hands and an expression beaming with hope and fervent prayer.

The young officer at once remembered the entire devotion which the slave had always evinced towards him, and what he, Walter, had promised the poor negro.

He exchanged a few words in a low tone with Van den Broeck, and receiving his assent, hurried towards the slave, took his hand, and said in a voice full of feeling,

“Congo, I have understood you ; you were thinking of my promise, were you not ? I will fulfil it. You have a grateful, faithful, brave heart ; you have shed your blood for the glory of the Netherlands. And why should you not profit by the victory ? Congo, the Captain has just given you to me, and I, my good Congo, grant you your freedom.”

The negro gave a cry of joy, fell upon the ground and tearfully embraced the young man’s knees, while sobbing forth his thanks in a voice that was scarcely intelligible :

“Freedom ! freedom ! But to remain with you, my good master, to remain with you !”


Walter raised him up, and told him he should continue to form a part of his family, promising ever to give him his protection.

At this moment the Governor ordered the return to the factory, and commanded the drums to beat to arms. All the men joined their companies, placing themselves in position. Van den Broeck walked in advance between his wife and daughter, accompanied by the Governor and Walter. The drums and trumpets made the plain resound with the national air of “William of Nassau,” and all, soldiers, women, children, and the sick, commenced clapping their hands and cheering as though they had lost their senses.

During the journey it was scarcely possible to understand anything amid such a confusion of cries ; but when the little army reached the factory door and caught sight of the sign which had been sus-

pended during the unhappy days as an emblem of confidence in the protection of God, all voices were united in one powerful cry of triumph; and while the brave sons of Holland entered the door of the future capital of the Netherlands in India, thundering acclamations rose up to heaven,

“Batavia! Batavia!”



Jan'y 11th, 1900.

THE END.

