

Tucholsky Wagner Zola Scott
Turgenev Wallace Fonatne Sydon Freud Schlegel
Twain Walther von der Vogelweide Fouqué Friedrich II. von Preußen
Weber Freiligrath Frey
Fechner Fichte Weiße Rose von Fallersleben Kant Ernst Richthofen Frommel
Engels Fielding Hölderlin Eichendorff Tacitus Dumas
Fehrs Faber Flaubert Eliasberg Eliot Zweig Ebner Eschenbach
Feuerbach Maximilian I. von Habsburg Fock Ewald Vergil
Goethe Elisabeth von Österreich London
Mendelssohn Balzac Shakespeare Rathenau Dostojewski Ganghofer
Trackl Stevenson Lichtenberg Doyle Gjellerup
Mommssen Thoma Tolstoi Lenz Hambruch Droste-Hülshoff
Dach Thoma von Arnim Hägele Hanrieder Hauptmann Humboldt
Karrillon Reuter Verne Rousseau Hagen Hauff Baudelaire Gautier
Garschin Defoe Descartes Hebbel Hegel Kussmaul Herder
Damaschke Wolfram von Eschenbach Darwin Dickens Schopenhauer Bebel Proust
Bronner Campe Horváth Aristoteles Voltaire Federer Herodot
Bismarck Vigny Gengenbach Barlach Heine Grillparzer Georgy
Storm Casanova Lessing Tersteegen Gilm Gryphius
Chamberlain Langbein Schiller Iffland Sokrates
Brentano Claudius Schilling Kralik Katharina II. von Rußland Bellamy Raabe Gibbon Tschchow
Strachwitz Gerstäcker Raabe Gleim Vulpius
Löns Hesse Hoffmann Gogol Morgenstern Goedicke
Luther Heym Hofmannsthal Klee Hölty Kleist
Roth Heyse Klopstock Puschkin Homer Mörike Musil
Luxemburg La Roche Horaz Kraus
Machiavelli Kierkegaard Kraft Kraus
Navarra Aurel Musset Lamprecht Kind Kirchhoff Hugo Moltke
Nestroy Marie de France Laotse Ipsen Liebknecht
Nietzsche Nansen Lassalle Gorki Klett Leibniz Ringelntz
Marx vom Stein Lawrence Irving
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The Wizard of the Sea A Trip Under the Ocean

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Contents

- I. INTRODUCING OUR HEROES.
- II. A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.
- III. THE GREAT FIGHT.
- IV. ON THE ROAD.
- V. HOKE UMMER'S TREACHERY.
- VI. OUT ON THE BAY.
- VII. A LIVELY ENCOUNTER.
- VIII. MONT IS PUNISHED.
- IX. DOCTOR HOMER WODDLE.
- X. THE SUBMARINE TERROR.
- XI. ON THE BACK OF THE MONSTER.
- XII. INSIDE OF THE "SEARCHER."
- XIII. THE OWNER OF THE SUBMARINE MONSTER.
- XIV. THE ATTACK.
- XV. PRISONERS.
- XVI. THE MYSTERIES OF THE "SEARCHER."
- XVII. THE DEVIL FISH.
- XVIII. MONT IS LOST.
- XIX. MONT'S PERIL.
- XX. THE WRECKS.
- XXI. ON LAND ONCE MORE.
- XXII. FIGHTING THE SAVAGES.
- XXIII. ELECTRIFYING THE SAVAGES.
- XXIV. A PEARL WORTH A FORTUNE.
- XXV. THE MAN OF MYSTERY.
- XXVI. THROUGH THE EARTH.
- XXVII. THE ESCAPE – CONCLUSION.

[1]

THE WIZARD OF THE SEA.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING OUR HEROES.

"Hip, hurrah! Hip, hurrah!"

"Well, I declare; Mont Folsom, what is the matter with you?"

"Matter? Nothing is the matter, Tom, only I'm going to a boarding school—just the best place on the face of the earth, too—Nautical Hall, on the seacoast."

"Humph! I didn't know as how a boarding school was such a jolly place," grumbled old Tom Barnstable. "They'll cane ye well if ye git into mischief, lad."

"Will they, Tom? What for? I never do any wrong," and Mont Folsom put on a very sober face.

"Jest to hear the lad! Never do no mischief![2] Ha! ha! Why you're the wust boy in the town fer mischief, Mont—an' everybody knows it. A nautical school, did ye say. Maybe they'll take ye out in a ship some time in that case."

"They do take the pupils out—every summer, so Carl Barnaby was telling me. He goes there, you know, and so does Link Harmer."

"Then you an' Carl will make a team—an' Heaven help the folks as comes in your way," added Tom Barnstable decidedly.

"But we are not so bad, I tell you, Tom," said Mont, but with a sly twinkle in his bright eyes.

"Oh, no, not at all. But jest you tell me who drove the cow into Squire Borden's dining room and who stuffed the musical instruments of the brass band with sawdust at the Fourth of July celebration? You never do anything, you little innocent lamb!"

And with a loud guffaw the old character sauntered down the street toward his favorite resort, the general store.

Montrose Folsom continued on his way. He was a handsome youth of fifteen, tall and square-shouldered, with a taking way about him that had[3] made him a host of friends. He was the only son of Mrs. Alice Folsom, a rich widow.

A moment after leaving Tom Barnstable, Mont reached the home of his particular chum, Lincoln Harmer. Throwing open the gate, he espied Link in the barnyard, and made a rush forward.

"Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

"That settles it, Mont, you're going with me next term!" exclaimed Link, a bright fellow of our hero's age.

"If I wasn't I'd sing a dirge instead of shouting, Link. Yes, it's all settled, and I'll be ready to start with you Monday."

"Your mother has written to Captain Hooper?"

"Yes, and got word back in to-day's mail."

"Good!"

"I'm to buy a lot of things down to Carley's store and then go home and start to pack up. Come on."

Arm in arm, the two chums made their way to the large general store, where Tom Barnstable was again encountered. Here Mont purchased[4] some extra underclothing his mother said he needed. While he was at this Tom Barnstable came close to him.

"When are ye goin' away?" he asked.

"Monday morning, six o'clock."

"Don't fergit the old man, Mont. We've had lots of good times—fishin' an' huntin', ye know."

That was Tom Barnstable, good-natured and willing to do, but an absolute beggar at the slightest chance.

"I won't forget you, Tom, not I," said the merry-hearted lad. "Here you are," and he slipped a shining dollar into the man's hand. A moment later he called one of the store clerks aside.

"Have you any of those April-fool cigars left?" he whispered.

"Yes—just four."

"I'll take them."

The cigars bought and paid for, the boy put three of them in an inside pocket and then turned the fourth over to Tom Barnstable.

"Here, Tom, put the pipe away and have a[5] real Havana to celebrate the parting," he said, and the old man immediately did as requested.

The cigar burnt all right for just half a minute. Then something began to bulge at the end. It kept growing larger and larger, forming into what is called a Pharaoh's serpent, three or four feet long.

Tom Barnstable's eyes began to blaze. He stared at Mont wildly.

"Who—what—what is that?" he stammered. "Great Scott! I've got 'em!"

And, dashing the weed to the floor, he rushed from the country store, with the boys' laugh ringing in his ears.

"He'll remember you now, no doubt of that!" said Link merrily.

The day was Saturday, and it was a busy one for both Mont and Link, with packing trunks and bags, and getting ready otherwise.

The Sabbath passed quietly enough, and five o'clock Monday morning found the two boys on their way to Nautical Hall.

The run of the train was to New York, and here they fell in with their mutual chum, Carl[6] Barnaby, a rich young fellow from their town, and several others who will be introduced as our story progresses.

From the Metropolis the boys took another train directly for the seacoast. At Pemberton they had to change cars, and here they met several more scholars of Nautical Hall.

"There is Ike Brosnan and Hoke Ummer!" cried Link. "Two of our fellows."

The newcomers were quickly introduced. Ike Brosnan looked a whole-souled fellow and full of fun. Hoke Ummer, on the other hand, seemed of a decidedly sour turn of mind.

"Hoke is a good deal of a bully," whispered Link, later on. "You want to steer clear of him."

"Thanks; he'll not step on my toes," returned Mont firmly. "The first man who tries to haze or bully me will get his fingers burnt."

"Oh, the boys will be sure to want a little fun. You mustn't be too particular."

"I don't mean that—I mean they mustn't go too far," replied Mont.

Little did he dream of all the hazings and larks to be played ere that school term should be over.[7]

The journey to the seacoast was devoid of any special incident. The ride on the train was magnificent, and all enjoyed it thoroughly.

Towards nightfall a landing was made not many miles from Eagle Point. Here at the dock a long stage was in waiting to take them to the Hall. The four boys, along with a dozen others, got aboard, and they moved off rapidly for Nautical Hall, two miles distant.[8]

CHAPTER II.

A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION.

Nautical Hall was a large building of brick, stone, and wood situated at the top of a small hill. In front was a level parade ground, and to one side the grounds sloped down to the edge of a small bay, while at the other they were flanked by a heavy wood.

The institution was owned and managed by Captain Hooper, an ex-army and -navy officer, who looked to the military drill of the boys and left the educational department to an able corps of assistants. With the assistants and the gallant captain himself we will become better acquainted as our tale proceeds.

Mont soon became acquainted with nearly all of the one hundred and odd boys who attended Nautical Hall, and became the leader of a set composed of himself, Link Harmer, Barry Powell, another lively lad, Carl Barnaby, his old-time[9] chum, Piggy Mumps, a fat youth, and Sam Schump, a German pupil, as good-natured as can possibly be imagined.

As soon as the boys arrived they were assigned to their places. Mont was put in the room with the crowd above mentioned. This room connected with another, in which were installed the bully, Hoke Ummer; Bill Goul, his toady, and half a dozen of the bully's cronies.

"This room will get into a free fight with that gang some day," was Barry Powell's comment, after Schump, the German boy, had related how the bully had treated him.

"Dot's it, mine gracious," replied Sam Schump. "Ve vill git togedder an' show dem vot ve can do, aint it!"

Several days were spent in getting ready for the term. Mont was placed in the first class, with twenty others, and he was likewise put in an awkward squad to learn the steps and manual of arms, for the boys had regular military and naval exercises.

As luck would have it, our hero was placed under one of the assistant teachers, and fared very[10] well, but poor Piggy Mumps

was put in a squad under Hoke Ummer, who did all he could to make the fat boy miserable.

"Eyes right! Eyes left! Front!" shouted Hoke. "Why don't you mind, you clown!" he added to poor Piggy, who was in a sweat to do as ordered.

"Vot you say, eyes right an' den eyes left, ven da vos right?" asked Piggy innocently.

"Silence! Eyes right! Eyes left! You clown, can't you twist your eyes, or are you too fat?" roared Hoke.

"Ton't vos call me a clown, you – you unchentlemanly poy!" cried Piggy wrathfully, when without warning Hoke fell upon him and hit him a blow on the neck.

This was too much for Piggy, and he ran out of the line and closed with the bully. But he was no match for the big boy, and Piggy would have been severely punished had not Hoke been caught by the shoulder and hurled backward against a wall.

"Let him alone!" came in the voice of Mont. "You have no right to touch him, Hoke Ummer." [11]

"Haven't I, though?" sneered the bully. "Do you suppose I'm going to be made a fool of by a lump of fat like that? You clear out, or I'll give you a dose, too!"

"You can try it on any time you please," replied our hero quietly.

"A fight! A fight!" exclaimed half a dozen at once, and the awkward squad was broken up on the instant.

"A fight?" repeated the bully. "He'll get a thrashing – that's all it will amount to. Come on down to the woods if you want to have it out."

"I'm willing to meet you," returned Mont, and started along, followed by Piggy, Link, and a dozen others.

But scarcely had the boys gone a rod before the belfry bell rang out loudly five times.

That was the signal for assembly on the parade grounds.

"Hullo, we can't go now!" cried Link. "Boys, you'll have to postpone that mill till later."

"I'll meet you after assembly," growled Hoke[12] Ummer, under his breath, as Captain Hooper put in an appearance.

"I'll be ready any time," rejoined our hero.

"Boys, we are to have visitors in fifteen minutes!" shouted out Captain Hooper. "Attention! The captains will form their companies on the campus and a salute will be fired as the visitors enter the grounds."

Orders were quickly passed, and inside of five minutes the boy cadets were drawn up in long lines, with the officers of the two companies in their proper places.

The visitors were old friends of the captain who had come to the Hall merely out of curiosity. As their carriages approached, a cannon was run out, and Link and several others were detailed to fire it off.

Link chose Mont to assist, and before long all was in readiness to touch her off.

"Here they come!" shouted somebody.

"Stand ready to fire!" sang out Captain Hooper, in true military style. "Steady, boys, now—I expect all to make the best possible appearance. Fire!"[13]

Link touched the cannon off, while our hero and several others stood close at hand.

Bang!

The report was terrific. The old cannon was overcharged, and was blown into a thousand pieces, which flew in all directions.

Both Link and Mont were hurled flat, and while the former was seen to stagger up again, our hero lay as one dead![14]

CHAPTER III.

THE GREAT FIGHT.

"He is dead!"

"Run for the doctor!"

"A piece struck me, too!"

"The cannon must have been overloaded!"

Such were some of the cries which went up after the awful explosion.

Captain Hooper stood close at hand, and instantly went to our hero's assistance.

He caught the youth up in his arms and carried him to a shady spot.

"Bring some water," he commanded, but water was already at hand. With it he bathed Mont's head.

For a minute there was an intense silence. Then, with a quiver, the lad opened his eyes.

"Wha – what – – Did the cannon burst?" he asked feebly.[15]

"Hurrah! He's all right!" shouted Link joyfully, and inside of five minutes more Mont stood up and gazed about him in wonder.

But he was too weak to take part in the review, and while this went on sat in a rustic chair under the oak tree, with several of the lady visitors by his side.

The reception to the guests over, the cadets were dismissed, and the crowd lost no time in dispersing.

Link remained with his chum, and both walked towards the lake.

"How do you feel?" asked Link anxiously.

"Rather faint in the legs, to tell the truth," was the reply. "But I guess I'll soon get over it."

"Ready to do that fighting?" demanded a rough voice at their elbow, and Hoke Ummer ranged up at their side.

"For shame, Hoke, Mont isn't in condition, and you know it," said Link.

"Oh, nonsense!" growled the bully. "That cannon affair was only a fake. He wasn't hurt a bit." [16]

This remark angered our hero, and, stepping up, he faced the bully defiantly.

"I will fight you whenever you say," he said stoutly.

A boy standing near heard the remark, and the news spread like magic.

"A fight between Hoke and Mont. Come on down to the woods."

The schoolboy cadets needed no second invitation. A score started from the campus instantly.

They were about evenly divided as to who would win.

The bully was known to be heavy and strong.

Yet our hero had shown lots of pluck.

In a corner of the grounds, shut out from view from the school windows by a belt of trees, the boys assembled to witness the conflict.

Mont prepared for the encounter, assisted by Link.

Ummer, satisfied of an easy victory, placed himself in the hands of his toady and backer, Bill Goul.

When the combatants were declared ready they faced each other. [17]

As Hoke looked into the unflinching eyes of his opponent the smile of satisfaction he had worn for the past few hours suddenly faded.

He could see he must do his best to win.

"But I'll mash him, see if I don't," he said to his toadies.

"That's right, Hoke!"

"Show him what you can do."

Mont said nothing.

"He's a tough one," whispered Link. "Beware of a foul."

"I'll have my eyes open."

The boys took off their coats and vests.

A ring was formed and our hero and the bully got into position.

"Time!" cried one of the older boys, and the great fight began.

At first Mont was cautious, for he wanted to take his opponent's measure, so to speak.

Sure of victory, the bully rushed at him, and aimed a blow at Mont's nose.

Our hero ducked, and Hoke's fist only sawed the air.

"That was a clean duck." [18]

"Land him one, Hoke!"

"Go for him, Folsom!"

Around and around the ring went the two boys.

Then the bully aimed another blow at our hero.

As quick as a flash our hero warded it off.

Then out shot his fist, and the bully of Nautical Hall got a crashing blow in the chin that knocked him clean off his feet.

What a yell went up!

"Hoke is knocked out!"

"Did you ever see such a blow?"

Wild with rage, the bully was assisted to his feet by several friends.

The blood flowed from his chin and from a cut lip.

"I'll show you yet!" he hissed, and again went at Mont.

But our hero was cool and collected, while the bully was excited.

The bully got in one little body blow, but that was all, while our hero fairly played all over his face.

"Better give it up, Hoke!" [19]

"You are outclassed against Mont Folsom!"

"Let me be!" howled the bully.

With every blow that our hero delivered Ummer's anger increased.

His reputation, he felt, was at stake.

If he was beaten that would be the end of him, so far as bossing the boys was concerned.

At last Mont hit him a stinging blow on the ear that caused him to roll over and over.[20]

CHAPTER IV.

ON THE ROAD.

The bully was knocked out completely, and had to acknowledge Mont the victor of the encounter.

This he did with very bad grace, and a minute later sneaked off with his toady.

"I'll get even for that," he growled. "He'll be sorry he ever tackled me."

"You'll have to watch Hoke Ummer," said Link, some time later, when the crowd had dispersed. "He is a treacherous fellow."

"I'll have my eyes open," returned our hero.

Yet little did he dream of the dastardly way in which the bully would try to get even.

It did not take Mont long to settle down at Nautical Hall. The fight had made him many friends, and established him as a sort of leader among a certain set.

On the following Saturday Link proposed that he, Barry Powell, and Mont take a stroll down to the village.[21]

The others were willing, and soon the party was on the way.

"I'll get some stuff for a midnight feast while I am at it," said Mont.

Soon the school was left behind, and they came out on the village highway.

"Hark!" cried Barry suddenly.

"What is it?" demanded Mont.

Barry was listening intently to a dull, heavy tramping sound, which was wafted faintly toward them on the breeze.

"Do you hear that?" he asked excitedly.

Link and Mont listened, and could distinctly hear a low thud, thud, thud in the distance.

"What does it mean?" Link asked.

"It means that a pair of ponies, or horses, have run away, and are coming along at a tearing gallop."

As if in corroboration of Barry's words, at that moment a light phaeton, drawn by two high-spirited ponies, which were pounding along at the top of their speed, burst round the bend of the road.

The vehicle was rocking from side to side, and[22] every moment threatened to hurl it into one of the deep ditches which lined the road.

As the boys gazed at the approaching carriage Mont's heart seemed to stand still.

"Fellows!" he cried, "there is someone in the phaeton—a lady, I believe."

"So there is!" gasped Link, in tones of horror. "What shall we do?"

"We must stop them."

With his face whiter than usual, and his lips tightly compressed, our hero ran down the road.

"He is courting death," said his chum, beneath his breath, "but we may be of some use."

And both started after their companion.

Mont was running at the top of his speed, for he saw that the occupant of the carriage was only a young girl, and utterly helpless, and that every second's delay endangered her life.

On and on he went, until he was within a score of yards of the maddened steeds.

Then he planted himself firmly in the middle of the road and prepared for a spring.

Fiercely the ponies dashed onward.

Nearer and nearer they came, until it seemed[23] they must inevitably trample him beneath their iron-shod hoofs.

But our hero never wavered.