

THE

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Nathan Pratt.

YOUNG FISHERMAN:

OR, THE

CRUISER OF THE ENGLISH CHANNEL.

A STORY OF THE OLDEN TIMES.

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BY F. CLINTON BARRINGTON. *pseud.*  
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## THE YOUNG FISHERMAN.

### CHAPTER I.

#### CASTLE VANE—A YOUNG FISHERMAN.

On the shores of the Sussex, there is no object that fills with a deeper interest the eye of the tourist, both on account of its picturesque aspect and its historical associations; than Castle Vane. At the present time it is a stately ruin, but yet majestic in decay. Time, while rending its massive towers, has also bound them together with strong net-work of vines of ivy and creeping plants, so that they stand like venerable age supported by the entwining arm of charity and filial love.

The prospect from the eminence on which stands this noble ruin is varied and wide-extended. Northwardly, the green vales and pleasant uplands of "Merry England" retire away till softly lost in the dissolving distance. To the east and west are seen turreted towns and ports with anchored shipping and defending fortresses. To the south is outspread the shining blue waters of the channel, broad and mirror-like, and bounded in the far southern horizon by the faint azure-gray line of the coast of Normandy. The glimmering sheen of the sun-lit channel is

spotted with innumerable specks, some white as snow-flakes, others black; as they presented their illumined or shadowy side to the eye. There are vessels of all sizes and characters, steering every one on a different course, some on errands of commerce, others bearing messages of war. Here and there among them goes a dark, mastless craft, trailing a long cloud of opaque smoke after her along the air, and passing ship after ship with a speed that mocks them.

Such is the present aspect of the scenery visible from the cliff on which stands Castle Vane, on any bright morning in summer. But at the period of our tale, its features were somewhat different. No steamers then ploughed the channel, and fewer vessels were seen dotting its expanse; while Castle Vane, instead of being a ruin, lifted its walls and towers and bristling battlements as high and proudly as any lordly castle in the land of England.

Almost overhang by the castle was the small fishing port of Brightelmston, a hamlet of threescore huts, where dwelt a rude, but honest

class of men, who subsisted by fishing in the channel. From the terrace of the castle one could toss a penny into the chimney tops of two or three of the nearest cottages, though the dwellings were generally some distance apart, following the windings of a street around the curving shore of the cove. There was an air of neatness and thrift about most of the habitations, each having a small garden patch and a yard in front wherein to dry their nets and fish. If there was any superiority in the appearance of either of these cabins over the other, it was to be claimed by one which stood near the foot of the cliff, and close to the path which wound from the beach to its summit. This superiority consisted in its being whitewashed, and in having vines growing over the narrow doorway in imitation of an arch, beneath which were two wooden benches, from which, persons seated upon them had a pleasant view of the channel with its moving craft. That spot, also, wherein the other fishermen dried their nets, was by the proprietor of this abode made a flower-garden, while on the surrounding rocks were spread his nets and sun-dried fish.

One evening in May, in the year 1650, about half an hour before sunset, a fishing boat came sailing into the cove from the channel, and steered directly for the rude landing in front of the cottage we have described. Its bow was shattered, and it was evidently leaking freely, and kept from sinking only by the extraordinary exertions of a young fisherman, who was its sole occupant, and who was bailing out water constantly as he approached the shore. At length the smack touched the beach, and with an exclamation of satisfaction the young man leaped on shore.

The danger in which the boat had been was apparent to more than one in the village, and encouraging shouts had been sent to the young man's ear, to keep up his strength and not lose his courage. Therefore, on reaching the land in safety, he found himself in the midst of some score of a group, composed of the fishers' wives, of maidens, and of such old men as had given over active service. They looked at the shattered bow of the boat with surprise, and while some congratulated him with having got safely to land, others eagerly inquired how he had got so badly wrecked.

"It is of no consequence, friends," answered the young man, as he secured the boat to one of the posts of the pier, "accidents will happen at sea, you know."

This was said with a pleasant laugh; but his mother, who drew near to welcome him after the danger she conceived he had been in from drowning—for he had been seen by her a league at sea, struggling to save his boat, which he had so gallantly brought in—knew that the smile was forced and unnatural to his usually frank and open face.

"There is something in this," she said shaking her head and turning to two of her particular gossips, "there is something in this matter more than Guilford sees fit to tell."

The young man, having secured the craft high up on the beach and furling the sails, shouldered a pair of oars, and with a flushed brow, and a proud, defiant air, strode up towards the cottage, without regarding his friends, whom he left examining the boat and wondering how it could have been so shattered unless it had been run into.

"That is it," asserted an old fisherman, who had carefully examined the broken sheering "she ha' been run into, an' by a heavier craft than hersel'."

The young fisherman, having deposited his oars in the becket above one of the cottage windows, on the outside of the house, instead of going in, began to pace up and down in the little shell-covered walk before it. His eyes were restless and fiery, his attitude erect and warlike, and his heavy step seemed to fall to the sound of a trumpet. Something evidently had occurred to rouse in the bosom of the young fisherman all the pride, independence, and haughty resentment of the man; for beneath the fustian jacket may beat as much pride and sense of honor as beneath the ermine of a born noble.

The appearance of the young fisherman was superior to that of young men of his class and occupation. This superiority did not consist in dress, for his clothing was as coarse and rude as that of any of his fellows; nor in the symmetry of his person, for there were in the hamlet as well shaped young men as he; but it was in the noble expression of his whole form and face. He looked like one, born rather to command those with whom he daily associated, than to be merely their equal. This innate power in him they recognized, though it was never demanded by him, for he seemed wholly unconscious of a superiority of which all others in the hamlet were instinctively conscious. His face was handsome, and perhaps not less so for being browned by the sea winds till it was almost as

dark as the Arabian. His eyes were black, and filled with intelligence and courage. As a seaman he had no equal on the Sussex coast, of his age, all men acknowledged. As a fisherman he was skilled in the craft, in all its details, so that no one ever surpassed him in success. If other boats came back empty, Guilford Graham's was sure to contain some fruits of his skill and patience. In trials of strength and agility in those holiday sports which the youths of the hamlet used to indulge in, challenging to competition some inland village, he always came off victor. For filial obedience in supporting a widowed mother, for manly protection of his beautiful cousin, Anne Graham, for his fast abiding as a friend, and his reverence for holy things, Guilford was an example to all the young men on the coast. His popular manners, his constant cheerfulness and good nature, made him a general favorite; and many a pretty maiden sighed in her heart for the love of the handsome Guilford.

"What aileth thee, my son?" asked his mother. "Something hath gone across thy temper, and made thee vexed,—tell me what is the matter with thee?"

He stopped in his fierce walk, turned, and taking both her hands in his, he pressed them with affectionate respect, and looking her in the

face, would have spoken; but some strong emotion rising, checked his utterance, and tears filled his eyes and ran down his cheeks. He released her hands, dashed the glittering drops from his face, and would have walked away, when she gently held him.

"Nay, Guilford, you must come and sit down in the porch and tell me what has happened. Tears in my brave boy's eyes! Ah, something heavy has pressed upon thy soul this day, to force tears from thee!"

"Come and sit down, mother, and I will tell thee," he said, after a moment's internal struggle. "You are wise and discreet, and may be able to advise me. But you will not despise me when you shall know all my rash folly?"

"You must first prove to me that you have been rash or foolish, who were never known to be so," said his mother, who, though humble in station and poorly attired, seemed to be, as he had said, a wise and discreet woman; being a person of that plain common sense, so much oftener found in low conditions of life, than in the more artificial circles of society; and to her influence was owed, doubtless, his superiority,—for it is the woman that forms the character of the growing man, and her plastic hand leaves its impression on every moral outline.

## CHAPTER II.

## A NARRATIVE OF INTEREST.

THE young man had led his mother to the wooden bench beneath the green arch that spanned the humble doorway, and there, sheltered by the growing foliage, he said to her:

"Mother, when you have heard what I have to say, give me your wisest counsel. If I were to act, led only by my own impulses, I can see plainly that I should do a greater evil than has been done to me. You remember with what buoyancy I left this morning to go on my daily fishing cruise?"

"Yes, and spoke of it to Anne before she went to the castle. Methinks I never saw you look handsomer or appear happier."

"And well might I have looked happy, dear mother; I had just seen and spoken with Lady Catharine!"

"Yes, it always makes one cheerful to see her sunny face, boy."

"Ah, dear mother, you know not how the sunshine of her face penetrates to and warms my heart. In her presence I feel a joy—a bliss—a happiness, that I experience at no other time. The sound of her voice thrills to my inmost soul. I feel that I could worship her, and adore the very flower crushed by her footstep."

"You should not speak thus, my boy; it is a sin to worship only God."

"And the Virgin?"

"That is not so certain, my boy," she said, gravely but doubtingly; "but if we may worship the blessed Mary, we may not worship earthly maidens."

"I can see no harm in adoring one so fair and good as the Lady Catharine, dear mother," answered the young fisherman, with enthusiasm.

"You should not think of her, my son, for your words and looks make me fear."

"No evil can come of honoring and delighting in Lady Catharine, dear mother. She always speaks to me so graciously. The day, you remember, when I succeeded in saving the nobleman who were driven on the coast in a French barque, she told me she only wished that she could have had a brother who could have done this; and ever since then, although it is a year ago, she has always seemed to speak to me with a peculiar kindness."

"One of them that you saved was her uncle, Sir Harry Vane, and she feels grateful. My son, do not think of the great; their words are air, and their smiles deceit and guile. If you go on thinking so much about every smile and word a noble lady gives you, you will do some foolish thing. Forget the Lady Catharine, boy, and if you must think of fair maidens, which is natural enough for a youth of four-and-twenty, let it be of those of thine own station."

"There are tales of noble maidens being loved and won by lowly youths, mother," answered Guilford, with a certain light of hope and daring speaking in his fine eyes.

"And only in tales are they won—never in reality and truth, my son."

"We will not talk of this now, mother. Hear what I have to say to thee touching what hath happened to-day."

"That is what I would most listen to."

"After I had embarked this morning for the channel grounds to fish, and when I had got out to the rocks over which we cast our lines, I lowered my sails and proceeded to fish as usual. It was a cloudless day, and the fish swam too deep for my hooks, and so I lay back listlessly in my boat, and amused myself, as I love to do when I am rocking alone in my boat out on the bounding sea, with gazing about me. A hundred craft similar to my own were riding gently upon the undulating waves, and here and there could be seen a tall ship with triple towers of white canvas, crossing from England to France or from France to England. But those objects soon wearied my eyes, which very shortly rested upon the cliff and lordly tower that soars above our little hamlet. Its castellated angles and battlements were figured in strong, dark lines against the blue sky, and it seemed the proper home of the noble lord who dwells there."

"You speak of our Castle Vane, my son."

"Yes, mother. As my eye rested upon it, I could not but recall its fairest inmate; for I never behold it that I do not think less of every one it contains than of the Lady Catharine. To my imagination she seemed the only dweller there. Nay, do not frown, mother. As I was gazing on the castellated pile, I recalled, not only the lovely face and form of Lady Catharine, but the time when we first met. Do you remember it, dear mother?"

"Nay, I do not mind such little matters. It was so long ago thou shouldst scarce remind it."

"I shall never forget it. It is a delight for me to recall it, and a joy to talk of it. It was five years ago only. I was then nineteen, and it was my birth-day fete; and on that occasion you had presented me with a new jacket, and cousin Anne had brooded for me a gay cap."

"Ah, well do I recollect the jacket and cap; and how gallant you looked in them my boy."

"After supper I was going to a dance at Tim Dowlin's, in honor of his pretty daughter Peggy's marriage, when, as I was crossing the road that

leads from the bench round by the mill, in order to reach Tim's before dark, I saw a horse coming towards me at full speed along the old Sussex road. On it was a young girl, who had lost all command of the animal, who, with the reins flying, was evidently running away with her. She did not shriek, nor speak a word, but as she approached me she cast on me such looks of appeal for succor, that, regardless of danger, I threw myself with both hands upon the horse's head, and dropping to the ground, let him drag me several yards before he could be checked. At every leap forward he made, I expected to feel his iron hoofs crushing into my chest; but the beauty and imploring looks of the lovely girl, which seemed to appeal to me as her last and only hope of life, gave me courage, and strength; and at length I brought the horse's head and knees to the ground, and held him with a power of muscle that I have never felt the possession of since, until she got from the saddle unharmed. I then released my hold of the horse, who furiously bounded away like the wind. My next thought was of the young girl I had been instrumental in saving. She sprang towards me; grasped me by both hands in the warmest manner, and with eyes filled with tears, and smiling with gratitude, she said with emotion:

"How can words thank you! How can anything I can express, young stranger, recompense you for the risk of life you have run for me!"

"I need no thanks, lady," I said to her, "the consciousness of your safety is all the reward I can ask or wish for."

"As I made her this answer, I looked, dear mother, with wonder upon the extraordinary beauty of her face. I had never imagined there was such loveliness on earth. She was about fifteen years of age, but with the charming richness of form of one two or three years older. Her eyes were a soft azure, that rivalled the bending blue of a summer sky on the sea. Her hood was thrown back, and her golden tresses dishevelled by the swiftness with which her horse had sped with her in his mad flight, and I was completely bewildered with the glory of her beauty."

"Will you tell me," she said, in tones that have never ceased to echo musically in my soul, "to whom I am indebted for saving me from a painful accident, or perhaps a dreadful death?"

"It is no matter, lady; my name is nothing; it is humble, and if spoken, will be forgotten by one so noble as thou art."

"Dost thou know me, then?" she asked, with a smile of surprise. "I have not been here, before since I was a very little child."

"I do not know thy name, lady, but I see that thou art one of the high born of the land. I would, for thy sake, that he who has served thee to-day had been thy equal. Shall I remain near thee, as it is growing late, till thy party comes up, I asked of her, something gloomily, too, I fear, for I then, for the first time, my mother, felt what it was to be born of low degree. To gaze upon one so fair and good, and so made to be loved, and feel that I could never be more to her than a common hind—this—this made my cheek kindle and my very heart sink."

"Guilford, thou art too ambitious; be content to be what thou art, or thou wilt be a miserable man. Thou canst not change thy nature. Nobles are born nobles—fishermen are born fishermen. Do thy duty in what thou art."

"It is well to talk, mother, but that does not make one's wretchedness and consciousness of debasement the less."

"Go on with thy story, for I never heard all this before."

"No, nor other ear, save that of my cousin Anne; and she listened to it with but little interest to what thou dost, mother."

"Who was this maiden? am I right in guessing to be the Lady Catharine, on the day she came up to the castle from London, where she had lived, since she was a child?"

"Yes, mother. When I at length told her my name, she answered that hers was Kate Vane."

"Lady Kate, you mean?"

"No. She said plain Kate Vane; and this, with the pretty way she spoke it, made me like her. I saw she was not proud, although I told her I was a fisherman; for when she asked me to show her the way to the castle, and we walked on together, she asked me a great many questions about the sea, and the fishes, and the way I caught them; and said, of all things, she should like to go out some day in my boat, fishing with me. Well, after half an hour's walk—the pleasantest half hour of my life, we reached the castle gate. The day had already closed, and the moon was shining brightly. The castle was in a scene of confusion and distress, and, just as we entered, several persons with torches, on foot and on horseback, were coming forth, talking so loudly that we understood from their

words that the horse which Lady Kate had ridden had reached the castle, and that it was supposed she had been thrown and killed. But when she was seen and recognized, who shall describe the joy. I was quite overlooked in the first outburst of the surprise and delight of all, and instantly withdrew. As I descended the path, I heard my name called by some one from the gate who had been sent for me, doubtless after Lady Kate had time to tell them to whom she had been indebted for her escape; but as I had no wish to be thanked by any other than Lady Catharine, I quickened my pace, and soon reached the road on the beach. Instead of going home, I continued my original route to Tim's; and as I passed the spot where I had stopped the horse, I paused to recall the scene, her face and voice. As I did so, my eyes were attracted by something which sparkled in the moonlight. I picked it up from the ground, and with pleasure discovered that it was a broken ring. It had evidently been broken by her strong grasp upon the bridle, and dropped in two pieces from her finger when she alighted. It was a diamond set in a circle of pearls. I pressed it to my lips—"

"Daring boy!" said the mother, half pleased at his gallantry, yet half disapproving, knowing as she did the dangerous tendency of such emotions, when once awakened in the bosom of a lowly born youth towards a high-born maiden. She sighed while she smiled; but the smile passed, leaving a troubled air upon her calm and sensible face. "You returned the ring, of course, Guilford?"

"When next I saw her; but she bade me keep it, or rather offered me one in its place, as she saw I valued it as a memento; but when I told her I would prefer the broken one, found on the spot where I had first the happiness of seeing her, she told me I might keep it if I would wish to."

"And when and where did you meet her, my son?"

"Only the next week after. I was coming in from the channel, and steered my boat closer under the castle than usual, for I thought I saw the form of a young girl on the white beach. I was not deceived. It was the Lady Kate, gathering shells. Upon recognizing me sailing past, she beckoned to me to land. I did so, for I wished to return the ring. She at once began playfully to chide me for leaving the castle so abruptly, without waiting to be thanked by her

father and brother, and her friends, for what I had done. I told her I did not wish to be thanked at all; but if any one was to thank me, one word from her was a world of thanks. She then told me that she had been riding with her elder brother, who was an Oxford student, then at home on a visit, ahead of her party, when a shot fired by him from his saddle at a heron, had caused her horse to take fright and run off with her. "My brother," she said, "followed me, but as I turned to the left, while he took to the left, he missed me; and but for you I should have been killed, for I could not have kept my saddle three minutes longer, as I was fast losing all presence of mind. You must come up to the castle and let my father know you," she added. But I told her that I was too lowly to be noticed by nobles, and that I was too proud to be compelled to feel their superiority. At this, she looked at me with a stare of beautiful surprise, and shaking her head she said archly:

"I fear you will be too proud to speak to me by-and-by."

"O, no, you don't understand me, lady."

"Yes I do, and what is more, I respect you for your feelings," she added. "I can conceive how one like you must feel when you are compelled to endure the superiority of others, who

may, in reality, be your inferiors. But you will not find my father such a nobleman. He knows how to appreciate merit; and as for my brother, I heard him say that he should find you out to thank you."

"I then offered to her the ring, which, as I said, she permitted me to retain. Seeing that she liked the beautiful shells which were scattered on the beach, of which she had a basket full, but of indifferent value, I offered to bring her others from the king's rock beach, where they are to be found of such rare colors. I then sailed to the beach and landed to take her basket, for our conversation had taken place while I was standing in my boat, about ten yards from the land, when a young man, clad as a hunter, followed by a couple of dogs, came round a jutting angle of the cliff. He was of the middle height, well made, with long flaxen hair flowing on his shoulders, a brown moustache, and a fair, red and white complexion. He was exceedingly handsome, but an air of angry surprise which he put on upon discovering us, increased the disagreeable impression his naturally haughty bearing made upon me. I saw at a glance that he was a noble, and the exclamation of Lady Kate, 'my brother!' told me who he was without further introduction."

## CHAPTER III.

## A HAUGHTY INTERRUPTION.

"The young nobleman," resumed Guilford, continuing his narrative to his mother, in the green embowered porch of the cottage, "stood for an instant regarding first one and then the other of us without a word. He then strode up and said haughtily:

"Who and what are you, that are so familiar as to hold converse with this lady, and with thy cap on, fellow?" With these words he struck off my cap to my feet, and one of his dogs taking it up, carried it off, tearing it with his teeth.

"Lord Wilmot, how can you be so rash!" exclaimed Lady Catharine, with a mingled expression of pain for me and anger against him. "This is the young man, Guilford Graham."

"And who, pray, is Guilford Graham?" he repeated, sarcastically.

"Have you forgotten the name of the brave youth, who, at the risk of his own life, saved mine?"

"How should one remember every hind's name? So, young man, you are the clown that risked your life and broke the jaw of the best horse in my father's stud; for the horse came to the castle with his jaw broken as with a sledge-hammer, and we had to shoot him. You have a hand like Samson. But you did the thing well, thought it cost a horse worth a thousand guineas."

"Brother, how can you speak of such a trifle, when my life was at stake?"

"True, but a discreet person should save one and not destroy the other. There, fellow, are four guineas! I dare swear thou hast not seen so much gold together before, and that it would take a year's fishing to give thee in hand the same amount."

"As he spoke, he threw the gold at my feet. I did not notice it. I had felt insulted by his manner, as well as by his words, and by this act. I did not deign to glance towards him; but I looked in the face of Lady Catharine. Her eyes were alight with just resentment. She felt that I had been insulted, peasant as I was."

"Wilmot, why do you reward courage in such a strange fashion? One would fancy you had found in this young man a foe, rather than one to whom you owe a debt of gratitude."

"Gratitude to one like him!" answered the young Lord Vane, with a contemptuous glance at the coarse apparel of Guilford. "I have paid him for his service in gold. What fault can he find? By the rood! it would seem, from the familiar manner in which I found him holding converse with you, Kate, that he presumed more than becometh a hind. Fellow, get into thy boat and begone; and think not, because chance hath made thee the mean instrument of saving

a high born lady's life, that thou hast gage therefrom for speaking to her."

"He did but offer to collect shells for me, brother," said the Lady Catharine, reproachfully, "I called to him. He is in no ways to blame."

"Then it is you who are to blame, to descend to speak to a youth like this, who will boast in the ale-houses among his fellows that he has held tryst with the Lady Kate Vane."

"At these words, the eyes of the maiden flashed fire, but instantly filling with tears, she said:

"You are ungenerous, Rudolph."

"In the meanwhile," said Guilford, addressing his mother, "I stood amazed and burning with indignation; and I really believe that if he had not been the brother of the fair Lady Catharine, I should have struck him to the earth for his insulting words to her. But finding that my presence only made him more bitter towards her, and fearing a collision, which might render it necessary for me to strike him in self-defence, I got into my boat, but taking the basket with me, resolved to redeem my promise to bring it to her on some more auspicious day, filled with the shells she so greatly admired. I therefore made sail and left them on the beach at the foot of the castle; but soon I saw them together making their way up the path to the gate-way at the round tower."

"And then you made an enemy of young Lord Vane forever."

"It may be so. He soon afterwards left for Oxford, where he has remained the most of the time until three days ago, when he returned."

"Did you receive and take away the gold?"

"No; I saw him stoop and gather it up after I had sailed away. The obligation to me, therefore, on his part, remained in full force as at first."

"And hast thou seen the Lady Catharine since then, my son?" asked his mother, earnestly.

"Often and often, dearest mother; for it was not many days afterwards that I left for her upon the beach, while, from the terrace of the castle she was looking down and saw me, the basket of shells, which I soon beheld her descend and take up. I have met her in the forest path; I have seen her at the castle on gala-days; I have encountered her on the snowy beach by moonlight."

"You meet the Lady Catharine by moonlight? You say what oversteps the truth, I fear."

"Nay, mother, we have often met, and walked and discoursed together upon the glorious works

of nature, the majesty of the sea, the mystery of the stars, the delights of friendship, the bliss of heaven, and upon everything good and beautiful. Ah, mother, it has been to me as if for the three years past I had been permitted to have companionship with an angel of intelligence and love. O, how she has elevated my soul, expanded my mind, enlarged my views, purified the gross in me, and cultivated the virtues, which knew not how to grow aught. If I am superior to what I then was, if I am called by the villagers wiser and better than others, it is to her sweet teaching in those stolen hours which we have consecrated together to friendship."

"Guilford! you fill me with amazement. I tremble at what I hear you utter! Can all this be so? Yet it must be; you could not deceive me; and besides, I have now in my mind numerous little circumstances which the revelation on your part gives me a full explanation of. How wonderful it all is! You, my son—the son of a humble fisherman, the chosen friend and confidant of a noble and high-born maiden, the daughter of a lord! It is difficult to believe it. But it is said woman's heart, when it chooses, looks not to title, nor rank, nor dress, but for a kindred heart; and perhaps that, though one is born in the castle and the other at the foot of the castle, the same spirit may be animating your bosoms. But the Lady Kate is young; she has seen but little of the world. She is hardly conscious of the impassable gulf that lies between you and her own high station. This romance, sweet and pleasant as it has been to you, must be broken. Her hand will be asked by some proud noble, and she will give it to him, and then she will be ashamed that she has been so foolish as to descend to your level. Trust me, my dear boy, this wild dream must be broken. Let me advise you to see her no more. Better for your own feelings that you withdraw now from an intimacy that cannot be perpetual, which is so extraordinary, than wait to be cast off with infamy. She is now nineteen, and what pleased her at fifteen, may disgust her now."

"You do not know her, my dear mother," answered the young man, his generous face lighting up with generous warmth in defence of Lady Kate. "She feels no differently towards me now than at all other times. She will never give her hand to any noble of them all."

"This is a bold speech. Wouldst thou bind her to thyself, Guilford? If, in the innocence



and frankness of her nature, she has given her regards to the humble youth to whom she feels she owes her life, are you so ungenerous as to take advantage of her gratitude, which, it would seem, is ready to give herself with it, in order that you may have the selfish pleasure of feeling that you are loved by a high-born maiden?"

"Mother, you do me injustice. You do not understand either me or the Lady Catharine. I have bound her by no pledges. I have dared to exact no promises from her. I have not thought of any happiness or consummation of our pure friendship, beyond the sweet bliss of the present hour."

"You are then both rash and imprudent. You are wasting a generous heart upon one who can never be more to you than she now is, and she

is wasting upon you affections which can never find their fruition; for the natural tendency of such attachments as it appears exist between you and Lady Catharine, is a union by marriage, and to this result the opposite ranks you occupy in society must forever put a bar. You, therefore, are doing her irreparable injury, and endangering the wreck of her whole life's happiness, by encouraging by your continued presence in her society, a passion which can only end in sorrow, tears, and wretchedness to you both."

"I see—I see, dear mother! Your words have opened my eyes. I behold my position as you behold it, and am conscious that it is a false one. Mother, I will see her no more—no more—no more!"

## CHAPTER IV.

### A MOTHER'S COUNSEL.

THE young fisherman ventured the last word in a tone of sadness, and with his forehead bowed down upon his mother's hand, upon which hot tears dropped, one after the other, like rain.

"Thou hast spoken well; thou hast spoken like a man. Heaven give thee strength to abide by thy words," she said, impressively.

"No more!" he repeated, in a tone of unutterable anguish. "I see that I shall destroy her hopes, her happiness, her future, if I suffer this mad dream of bliss to go on. But it will rend my heart!"

"Nay, be strong in a sense of rectitude and manly consciousness of acting right. Thou wilt not hesitate to sacrifice thyself for her, if thou lovest her."

"Love her!"

"Then reflect that it is for her whom you love you make this sacrifice of never beholding her more. As it is, she can never marry in her own rank, as becomes her; for thou hast her heart, for which, nevertheless, thou canst give her no return."

"No return!—true, true. I can give her only my heart again. I have no rank, no castles, no place at court, no historic name, no wealth, no power, to return to her. Mother, you are wiser than I—far wiser. The dream is past; I will see her but once more!"

"Nay, not that once."

"Can I steal from her away, dear mother?—shall I cease my interviews with her without a word of explanation? Shall I add to our separation the barb of suspicion that I have done aught that makes me ashamed to see her, or that she has given me aught of offence? Nay, it is becoming that we meet once more—to part forever."

"Perhaps you are right, my son. I will trust to your good sense that this interview be so conducted as to release you both from any indiscreet pledges of fidelity into which you may both have unadvisedly fallen. When will you have this interview?"

"This very night."

"The sooner the better for you both. Now, my boy, explain to me what you began to do when you sat down here—how your boat came so dreadfully wrecked."

"I deserved it, I see, since we have had this talk together. I will explain in a few words. You know, perhaps, that young Lord Rudolph has returned to the castle within a few days?"

"I heard so from your cousin Anne."

"Anne?—yes; she knows everything that goes on at Castle Yane."

"Anne speaks of the Lady Catharine in the warmest praise."

"How can any one do otherwise? All love her who approach her; and alas, all may approach her hereafter but me. I alone am to be exiled from her sweet presence: But hear what I have to say touching the injury done to my boat." While I was listlessly rocking on the swell, waiting for the fish to take the hook, and gazing upon the towers of the castle, and thinking of Lady Catharine, I fell asleep and dreamed. I dreamed that I had won her hand, and that I led her up to the high altar in Westminster Abbey, where a mitred archbishop united us in holy marriage. I recollect that the king was present and all his nobles, and—

"The king!" exclaimed his mother, with surprise; "you know we have no king—the judges have put him to death."

"I know it, mother; but in my dream I saw the king, or a king, and he seemed to smile on me, and give me honor with the proudest of his nobles; and I thought I was clad in the robes of an earl, and wore an earl's coronet."

"These dreams are nothing, my son."

"But this made a deep impression upon me when I awoke; but I must confess my heart sank within me when my opening eyes fell only upon my coarse fishing clothes and poor fishing boat, with a few lines, and hooks, and tubs, that constituted all my earthly wealth."

"A fit gift to bestow upon a noble bride, Guilford," said his mother, in a slightly ironical tone, quite unusual to her. "Take a lesson from your dream, and let your common sense see that you are never likely to exchange your poor estate as a fisherman for the regal splendor you beheld in Westminster Hall."

"You are right, mother. I will try and impress the lesson upon my heart. It was past noon when I awoke, and I found that the flood tide had swung my vessel close in under the land, and that Castle Vane was towering high in the air above my head. As the day was still cloudless and unfit for fishing, I landed and roamed along the beach, and endeavoring to detect traces of the small footstep which had the evening before wandered there by my side. I also gathered every pretty shell that met my eye for the grotto which Lady Catharine was making in the garden of the castle. In this pleasurable occupation the afternoon wore away, and at length I returned to my boat. But imagine my joy when I beheld the Lady Catharine seated in it, engaged in sketching the castle and rock!

"I saw your boat," said his mother, Guil-

ford, she said, smiling in that captivating way which almost made me lose my senses. 'I at first stood on the large stone half surrounded by the water there, but the tide coming in, I was afraid I should be caught by it, and so I exchanged it for the boat. I see you have some beautiful shells.'

"Yes, Lady Kate," I answered, with that trembling of the voice without which I never could speak to her. "I have some here we have never seen. But you do not get a good view of the castle so nearly under it; let me push out further from the shore, so that you can embrace the whole at one view."

"She thanked me; and getting into the boat, I pushed from the beach, and hoisting the sail, ran out a hundred fathoms, and there brought my little vessel to, and sat down and watched her, as with taste and skill she transferred the outlines of her father's castle to a leaf of the portfolio before her. While she drew we conversed, I know not about what; but the time flew by unmarked. She had finished her sketch, and was admiring its faithfulness, when a flaw of wind suddenly struck us from the gap in the cliff, and blew so hard that I was compelled to run before it for ten or twelve minutes. But after getting an offing of half a league, it decreased so much in strength that I was able to lay up to it, and prepared to return to the foot of the castle rock. But Lady Kate, seeing the danger was passed, and delighted at finding herself so far out in the channel, entreated me not to return immediately, but sail farther out and let her try and catch a fish or two with me. To this I consented, and reaching the fishing-ground, I was soon engaged in teaching her how to catch the fish, which now began to take the hook freely. While we were thus engaged, my whole thoughts full of the happy consciousness of her presence, we were suddenly startled by a loud shout. Looking up, I beheld a green, gilded yacht, of about twenty tons burthen, standing towards us at a rapid rate, hauled close on her wind. At her helm I recognized the haughty figure of Lord Rudolph, whose face was livid with fierce passion. There were half a dozen other persons on board, four of whom were the crew. He steered straight for me, and I saw that his intention was to sink me. He called me by all manner of opprobrious epithets as he came near, and I perceived that he was bent on equally destroying both Lady Catharine and myself. My sails were brailled up, and I had no

time to get out of the way; but seeing he was aiming to strike me amidships, I succeeded with an oar in turning the bow of my boat so as to receive the shock there. The moment of collision, two of the crew, by his previous order, sprang on board, and taking the Lady Catharine up, regained the yacht with her. The shock drove the bows of my boat in, and she began to fill. The yacht, recoiling from the contact, glided past across the bows, and as Lord Vane saw me making efforts to keep my boat from going down, he laughed like a fiend, and then deliberately aiming a short gun at me, discharged it. I should have been killed by the ball if I had not thrown myself upon my face.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

"The next moment the yacht was far to leeward, and I was left alone with my sinking boat! What a moment of shame, disappointment, and bitterness was that to me! What an hour of happiness had been suddenly interrupted! I now turned my whole attention to saving my boat and my life. But my ears were rended by the cries of Lady Kate to her brother, not to let me perish. But I could hear his scornful laugh only in reply.

"By great exertions, my dear mother, I reached the cove as you saw; but if I had been half a mile further out, I should certainly have been lost. Now, mother, you know all. I have unfolded to you the secret of my life. You are my only confidant. Perhaps I have done wrong in encouraging this sweet friendship on the part of Lady Kate. But should I dash the cup of bliss to the ground? I was not wise enough to know that it was charged with sorrow to us both. I can now look on all with your eyes. I see that I have been in the wrong, and that I have been inflicting a positive injury upon her whom I would die to serve. I see it—I see it all! I cannot so much blame Lord Vane for wishing to break off a friendship that was laden with so much future evil."

"I am glad to see you take this view of it, Guilford. It shows me that you are still as good and generous and just as I have always believed you to be. No doubt that Lady Catharine loves you; but do you think—now hear me put the question with calmness—do you think she would listen to you with anything less than with surprise and scorn, if you proposed seriously for her hand?"

Guilford shook his head, but made no reply.

"I fear that such a proposal from you would

open her eyes, which seem to have been strangely blinded, and lead her to see the true position in which you stood to each other. It would break the spell effectually. Doubtless she, as well as yourself, has never asked of her heart and judgment where all this would end."

"I will see her once more, and then we part forever—unless—" Here a certain proud light shone in his fine eyes, and he rose to his feet.

"Unless what, Guilford?" asked his mother, with anxiety, fearing all his resolutions were to be turned into thin air.

"Unless I can render myself worthy of her, mother!"

"Worthy of her! Indeed, so far as truth and honor and manly comeliness are concerned, you are worthy the love of any maiden, methinks, Guilford; but these count nought in the sum of qualifications which he who would wed a lord's daughter must bring to his aid."

"I may yet make myself worthy of her, mother. In the books of history which she has loaned me, and which we have read together, are accounts of lowly-born youths having risen to thrones, and to wed kings' daughters. Nothing is impossible to love and ambition!"

"That was in the days of Romaunt, long ago, my boy. Such things do not happen now."

"No one knows. What is enacting now?—who is President of England, and who sits in the seat of the long line of descended kings? Is it not Oliver Cromwell, who rose from the ranks of the people? Even Lord Rudolph Vane must lift his cap to this man of humble origin."

"True, my son, the people have the power."

"Yes, and the nobles hold their castles and their coronets at the will of the Lord Protector. Because I am a fisherman now, shall I of necessity always be one? Thanks to the teachings of the Lady Catharine, I have knowledge and learning, and know how to hold such place as my good fortune may perchance elevate me to. From this day I doff the fisher's jacket, and go and offer my services to the admiral of the fleet, now in the Thames and preparing to sail against the Dutch. There all grades are open to talent and aspiration; and with the star of Lady Kate's love shining ever above the horizon of my future, I shall yet win some place worthy of her!"

"Ah, my son, you do not reflect that a successful officer under Cromwell's power would be an unsuccessful wooer for the hand of a daughter of so proud and royal a noble as Lord Vane. Dost thou forget how these nobles hate the Protector?"



"True, true, I should only defeat my aim," he answered, gloomily, as the sunshine of hope faded away into the shadows of his darkening destiny; "and what is more true, I am in heart a king's subject. I have been taught by you and my father to honor the king, and to look upon Cromwell as a usurper. Nothing but the hope—now dashed to the ground—of winning Lady Kate through honors gained under the Protector's flag, would have suggested to me the idea of offering myself to him. My heart is with the exiled and hunted young King Charles; but to share his fallen fortunes I should be no nearer my ambitious hopes. Mother, advise me;—I know not what to do. I can never forget Lady Catharine. I must love her while life endures; and while I live, it must be with the faint, far-off hope that kind fate will one day smile upon my love, and with the sunshine of joy dissipate all the clouds that now hang around me."

"My advice is, my boy, to remain where you are, and try and forget the Lady Catharine, as much so as if she were dead and buried."

"Be it so; I will try," answered Guilford, in tones scarcely audible to his mother's ears. He

then suffered her to embrace him, to breathe a word or two of consolation into his heavy heart, and then entered the house.

It was already twilight, for the sun had gone down behind the blue Hampshire hills while they sat in the green porch, holding the conversation we have above recorded.

In a few moments he came forth, and was passing out of the gate.

"Leave no room, Guilford, for a second interview," whispered his mother, impressively.

"It shall be the last," he answered, with deep emotion modulating the sounds of his voice.

At the gate he met a fair young girl of eighteen, clad in a neat chintz gown, and coarse but becoming straw hat.

"Good even, cousin Anne," he said, as he passed her.

"Good even, Guilford," she responded.

"Aunt, what makes Guilford so sad?" she asked, looking after him.

"He has a heavy sorrow at heart, child," answered the mother, in a tone of sympathy;—

"Heaven hold him strong under it!"

## CHAPTER V.

### COUSIN ANNE GREY—A SURPRISE.

THE maiden who betrayed this interest in the young man was Anne Grey, his cousin, and the adopted child of her aunt, his mother. She was a beautiful girl of eighteen, with dark brows and eyes, and handsome cheeks and lips, and a neat figure, buoyant with the elasticity of health. She had daily employment at the castle by Lady Vane, who gave occupation to several maidens of humble degree in the art of embroidery, a pursuit then much in vogue with the high-born dames of England.

Every morning for two years past, Anne had gone to the castle, to pass the day in the large hall or working-room, where the lady of the castle, seated in the midst of her half-score of maidens, either taught them difficult figures in the pattern by her own example, or passed from one to the other, giving directions.

"Have you completed that battle-piece of Hastings's field yet?" asked dame Graham of Anne, as the latter seated herself by the frugal supper prepared for her and Guilford, but which the latter had left untouched.

"Not yet, aunt; we expect to complete it by June. We have been already twenty-one months upon it. We had to wait three weeks for the arrival of the young lord before we could finish his figure."

"What, does my young lord figure in the tapestry?"

"Yes, as one of the king's youthful knights. He has taken a good many sittings, and the portrait is to the life; but Lady Vane draws and works in the features herself, while we only work the surtout and armor."

"What think you of my young lord?"

"Something bold and free, methinks."

"So I fancied, if he be like other nobles of his degree. I hope, child, he hath not noticed thee."

"I like not his looks at all, aunt. He hath twice spoken to me in a manner that has made my cheek burn. I would gladly find some excuse not to go up to the castle until he shall be gone back to London."

"Tell not thy cousin Guilford of this."

"Nay, he would care little. He careth not for me," she answered, changing color.

"Ah, and is it this way blows the wind, my child?"

"Which way, aunt?"

"I see thou lovest Guilford more than thou shouldst as a relative."

"I did not say so, aunt. Yet who can help liking him? Does not every one like him?"

"Nay, I have heard the fair Lady Catharine

speak of him to me with passing commendation. But Guilford never thinks of me or any other maiden."

"And how like you Lady Catharine?"

"She is fair and good as an angel. We all love her. She is nothing like Lord Rudolph, her brother; and methinks he is something harsh towards her betimes, as becometh not a brother."

"So I hear."

"And what aileth Guilford to-night?"

"He is ill at ease. I warrant me he'll be better and wiser to-morrow. But here comes in some neighbor. See who it is."

Anne rose up, and advancing to the door, started back with a cry of surprise, as she beheld stride in two of Cromwell's soldiers, armed with harquebus and broadsword, and wearing the well-known badge of the parliamentary army. Instantly dame Graham, with that instinctive sense of propriety and self-possession which never forsook her, though she trembled in her inmost soul at beholding the shadows of these two men crossing her threshold, advanced and said civilly:

"Enter, friends, and refresh yourselves. We were just at supper. If you will take seats, you shall cheerfully have whatever our poor larder can furnish."

The soldiers sat down without ceremony, as if they felt perfectly at home and were accustomed to the civility which they met with. One of them was a tall, thin, cadaverous man, with dark, angular brows, sallow cheeks, and straight, black hair for a beard, while that upon his head was cropped short like that of a modern convict. He was armed in a formidable manner, and was altogether a formidable-looking person—a sort of cross between a Puritan saint and a robber of the Rhine. His comrade was shorter by the head, girded full twenty inches more by the waist, had a bald, bullet-head, and no beard. His eyes were small and twinkling, and the corners of his mouth, which naturally were inclined to turn laughingly upwards, were drawn down in a sanctimonious curve, that each moment required his attention to keep so. The names of these two worthies were respectively "Strait-gate" and "Broad-way." The first five minutes Strait-gate occupied in saying a long grace, to which Broad-way responded an unctuous amen. They then fell to work upon the fish and ashes cakes before them; and having taken off the edge of their appetite, they began to use their eyes now in scanning the room, then the face

and dress of dame Graham, and lastly, but more lingeringly, the pretty countenance of Anne Grey, who sat aloof in the window, trying to withdraw as much from close observation as she could.

"So, dame, thou seemest to subsist by the travail of fishing? Verily, it is a good trade, and thou shouldst thrive. This comely maiden is thy daughter I do peradventure?"

This was spoken by Strait-gate.

"My niece, your worship."

"Come hither, maid, and let me see if thou art well-favored," said Broad-way. "They do say that much eating of fish doth improve the complexion."

But Anne, as soon as she saw that she was particularly noticed, quickly tripped out of the cottage.

"Verily and yea, the maiden hath fled. She hath no need to fear the soldiers of the Lord and of Gideon. We war against kings, and not against women."

"And how fares my Lord Cromwell, gentlemen?"

"Marry come up! how should he but do well who is next to King David in power, and Solomon in wisdom? Nevertheless, thou showest thy reverence for him, good dame, by asking, Where is thy husband?"

"Dead, this seven years, sirs."

"Hast thou no man about?" asked Broad-way, cocking his half-shut eye at the oars and sails that stood in the corner.

"I have a son, a young man of four-and-twenty."

"Where is he, dame?"

"He has gone forth on some affairs of his own."

"Very well; when he comes back we shall doubtless see him—for, by your leave, we will quarter with you a few days."

"Such poor comforts as my humble roof affords are at your service," answered the dame, thankful that there were but two of them when there might have been more.

After the men had well eaten, and quaffed strong waters from well-filled flasks which they carried at their belts, they walked forth, saying they would ere long be back to stay for the night. They had not been five minutes departed, when a man entered with the familiar air of a village gossip. He was dressed in a patched and torn doublet, hose down at the leg, a coarse tunic, and slouched hat. Moreover,

his fiery-red nose showed that he was much given to ale-house potations.

"Ah, dame, how be it all wi' ye? How is the pretty lass Annie? Where is Master Guilford? Strange news come to town. Hope you haven't heard of it first. Stirring times these—stirring, piping-hot times! Thank the Lord I was born in these stirring times!"

With this, the new-comer rubbed his palms together, and spoke with great volubility, like a man over-earnest to be the first to turn the fasset of a barrel of news.

"Why, what hath happened, Master Digby?" asked the dame.

"Then you've not heard it? Good!—you'll soon know, for they'll be upon you. Why a whole company o' parliamentary soldiers marched down into the port just at sunset, and have stacked their arms at the Whale and Gudgeon. There they are, drinking and singing psalms, and looking as warlike as Gog and Magog. O, it's terrible to see their long broadswords and open-mouthed harquebuses, at the end of every one of which hangs a true man's life!"

"We've had two of them here already," said the dame.

"What!—you don't say they have been here?"

"There is where they have eaten but ten minutes ago. They say they are going to quarter here."

"Dear, bless us, what stirring times! But did they tell you what they came here for? I warrant me I have that piece of news for you yet."

"We did not ask them, and I did not care to be too inquisitive."

"Just like you. Well, I know. Listen, Miss Anne. The king's son, Prince Charles, has made a break from some place where they had him penned in, away off in the Scot's country, a-north; and the Protector's got certain news he's trying to fly across the seas. So, you understand, he has sent vessels to every port where he could, to keep watch and to examine every boat that puts off; and here, on the south of England, he has sent troops to guard the coast, and especially every place where there are fishing-boats. So at this moment there is not a chance for the prince to get out of England without being seen and taken. All along the coast Cromwell's soldiers are quartered, and are to keep strict watch. All this I learned from one of the troop, who used to be an old crony of mine when the old king was alive."

"Poor Prince Charles!" replied the fisherman's widow; "he is, I fear, destined to fall into the hands of his enemies."

"We must speak low when we mention his name, dame," answered Digby. "But good-night!—I must go, for I've got to tell the news to a good many. Stirring times—stirring times! Good night, fair Miss Anne!"

With these words, the village news-bearer hastened from the cottage.

"I do really hope they will have their labor for their pains," said Anne. "Poor Prince Charles has been hunted till he has no place left to hide his head!"

"It is to be hoped he may escape."

"Aunt, there is some one looking in upon us at the back window!" suddenly exclaimed Anne.

The dame turned her head, and as she did so, the window was raised, and a man stepped into the room. His appearance struck them with surprise and curiosity. He wore a plain peasant's dress, soiled and travel-worn, an old fur-cap, that covered his eyes and nearly concealed his features, which were pale and well-shaped. There was an air of superiority about him that led dame Graham to suspect that he was some one of the nobles in disguise, who were lurking about England in considerable numbers, with prices set upon their heads. He seemed ready to sink with fatigue, as, supporting himself on the edge of the table, he said faintly, but in a voice of singular courtesy:

"You are a woman—you are compassionate—give me a few hours' shelter. I am pursued, and throw myself on your mercy!"

"Come, follow me," quietly said the dame, speaking with decision and promptness. "Anne, place that food in his hands."

A plate of provisions from the table was handed to him by the maiden, and he followed dame Graham out of the room like one accustomed to ask and find shelter in this manner. There was a ladder in the adjoining apartment which led to a loft.

"Ascend this and you will find a bed and security. Make no noise. As soon as my son comes we will seek a more secure place of shelter. There are two of the parliamentary soldiers quartered in the house, but they shall not suspect your presence. Who you are I ask not; I only wish that it were the prince, save that I should be grieved to see any prince so hardly driven by his foes."

He pressed her hand gratefully, and ascended the ladder, which, at her direction, he drew up after him. He then closed the opening, so that no sign of the trap was apparent from below. She then returned to Annie, whom she impressed with the importance of keeping the secret of the presence of the fugitive from every one.

"Have you any idea who it is, aunt?"

"I have my guess. It is either the prince himself, or one of his friends."

"O, that it were the prince, and we could get him safe across the channel!" exclaimed the beautiful girl, with warmth.

"This is sooner said than executed. I sincerely pray that it may not be the Prince Charles, for I do not see how we could protect him. These soldiers will doubtless pry into every nook and corner of the house. But Guilford will soon be in, when I will consult with him."

## CHAPTER VI.

### A CONCEALED GUEST.

THE good dame then went to work to prepare some drink of ale and French brandy, which latter article the fishermen on the south coast, from their nearness to France, had always cheaply and in ample quantities in their households. Having made the potation hot, and seasoned it well with spices, she sent Anne with it to give it to their concealed guest, while she herself remained to watch the entrance to the cottage that no one might come in unobserved. Anne, on entering the back apartment of the hut, carefully locked and bolted the door between, and then, drawing a rough table beneath the trap, she got upon it and knocked lightly with the end of a broom upon the ceiling above her head.

"Sir cavalier!" she said softly.

"What, maiden?" asked the voice of the concealed fugitive, speaking through a crevice in the floor.

"Open, and take this warm negus which my aunt hath prepared for thee. We know you must suffer from thirst and fatigue; for we have heard of the great hardships the friends of Prince Charles have gone through to keep from being observed."

The trap was carefully lifted and the arm of the wanderer was thrust down for the flagon which the maiden reached up to him. As he took it he tapped her hand with his fingers, in token of his gratitude, and said, in a voice which had become habitually subdued to the lowest undertone,

"Thanks and blessings upon thee and thy good aunt, maiden! Heaven surely directed

me hither. Are you confident that I can be concealed here?"

"At least till my cousin Guilford can think of some other place; and he will soon be in."

"And who is thy cousin Guilford?"

"The son of my aunt; and though but a fisherman's son, and himself a fisherman, he is a true friend to the prince, and prays for his safety, as well as do I and my aunt."

"Thanks, thanks, maiden! This beverage will revive me and make me forget my day's fatigues."

"Quick, sir cavalier, shut the trap down!—I hear voices."

The stranger immediately closed the boards, and leaping to the floor from the table, the maiden removed it against the wall, and unbolting the door, returned to the front room. Voices of men in loud talk were still heard outside.

"Didst give it to him?" asked her aunt, in an under-tone.

"Yes, aunt, and he was so grateful, and so civilspoken; and his hand, as he reached it down, was as fair as a born lady's."

"Without doubt; these court cavaliers do nought of work, being rich, but aid the king with their heads, in council. How fortunate it was he did not come in when the soldiers were here!"

"Perhaps he was watching outside the window till they were away."

"But it was bold in him to come in when they had so lately left."

"Poor gentleman, aunt! Perhaps he had no other chance for safety. I have heard a story of a hunted deer after being pressed from every covert, at length fly for shelter beneath the horse of the hunter. But here come the men."

"Now, Anne, let not our looks or manner or words betray to these soldiers that we have a secret to keep."

While the good woman was giving this piece of caution to her niece, the two parliamentary troopers came in, making noise enough with their heavy boots and jingling swords, for half a score of modern dragoons.

"Well, mistress, we have been taking a survey of thy premises around, walking about thereof, as the Israelites circumvented the walls of Jericho; but verily, not seven times, for we had no desire that thy walls should fall down, considering that we look for them to give us shelter to-night. Here, maiden, take the sword of the Lord and of Gideon!"

With this, Broad-way, who had seated his unwieldy form upon a bench by the table, unbuckled his huge sword and handed it to Anne, who took it, though it required no little strength to lift it, with its iron scabbard, and hung it upon a wooden peg near the window.

"And take thou this fiery sword, lass, and put it safely on yonder beekets," said Strait-gate, with a solemn, nasal drawl. "Phuf!—verily, brother Broad-way, I smell the savor of strong waters, spiced with fragrance as the incense of Aaron, that flowed down his garment skirts unto."

"Yea, the flavor thereof ascendeth to my nostrils, like the odors of the lily of the valley of many colors. Dame, whence ariseth this delectable odor?" asked Broad-way, snuffing the air of the room about him like a bull of Bashan; while Strait-gate, erect and thin-visaged, in his chair, rolled his eyes on all sides to discover whence came the fragrance which had so captivated their virtue.

"It is but the fumes of a negus which I have been making. My son will be in soon, and as the night is something chilly, and as he has gone out without his supper, I would give him some refreshment when he comes in."

"Verily, thou art a mother in Israel," answered Broad-way. "Suppose thou regardest me as thy son in Jacob and thy posterity in Abraham, and give me of the negus even, verily, as Jacob gave to Esau of the pottage when he was a-hungry."

Dame Graham rose at once, and taking from a small cupboard an earthen mug, which held about a quart, she poured from it into two cups all that she had reserved for Guilford of what she had made for the concealed guest.

The two soldiers had no sooner inhaled and tasted the potation, than they manifested their approbation of her skill in concocting agreeable potations.

"Verily," said Strait-gate, "this is richer than the wines of Judea and the dew of the little hills of Hermon."

"Yea, verily, it is the dew of Lebanon," answered Broad-way, with unction.

"The good dame must fill up the quart measure once more; for verily, with such strength as this giveth to the arm of a servant of the Lord, we shall overthrow our enemies and discomfit them!"

"Verily, brother Strait-gate, verily, till not a dry bone standeth in the valley of Ajalon. Come hither, maiden, for thou art fair and comely to look upon—come hither and sit upon my knee, that I may discourse to thee touching the wiles of the devil and the temptations of this world of vanities."

"Nay, brother, the maiden will do better to sit where she is; for thou shouldst not put thyself in the way of evil, seeking to save others from perdition."

"Anne," said the good dame, "come hither and take this pail and go to the spring and fill it with water, that I may make more negus for these sons of Jacob."

Anne very willingly complied, and was not a little gratified when her aunt whispered to her as she gave her the bucket, "Remain without until thy cousin returns. These men will be rude to thee in their cups. There is water enough in the house without that thou art sent for."

"But they will be rude to thee."

"No, I fear them not, child. Keep thou away from them all thou canst."

"Marry, come up, maiden!" said Broad-way, as she passed him, "stay and let me give thee a holy kiss!"

"Yea, a kiss of peace, verily, maiden!" chimed in Strait-gate, with a hypocritical twang through his nose. "Dost thou not remember the Scripture records that Isaac kissed Rebecca? Come hither, and let us kiss thee and talk to thee gravely of the vanity of youth and the perils of comeliness."

But Anne, blushing and terrified, bounded past the pious covenanters and gained the outside of the door. But she fled from the arms of the men of war to fall into the arms of a fine-looking youth of her own station, who was in the act of knocking for admission as she opened the door.

"Why, Robin!" she exclaimed, as she withdrew her form from his arms, which had inclosed her almost of necessity, so completely she came into them.

"And you, Anne! Whither with such haste? O, I see, you have the bucket. Let me fetch the water for thee."

"Nay, speak low, and come right away from the door. If you must talk, talk at the spring. There are two of those dreadful troopers in the house."

"What, Cromwell's brigands?" repeated the young fellow, in tones that rung like a Damascus blade.

"Hush!" she cried, pressing her small hand against his mouth to stop his words. "If you are overheard you are lost. Come with me quick, and I will tell you all that has happened."

He took the pail from her, and followed her light step across a stile and into a remote corner of a paddock, where, beneath a clump of alders, bubbled a sparkling spring, with an abundance of water, which, overrunning, sought its way in a brooklet to the sea, five hundred yards off.

"You seem disturbed, Anne. Have these troopers been insolent?" demanded the young man, who was plainly of a fiery temper, and had a profound regard for the maiden.

"When did you ever hear of these soldiers being beneath a roof that they were not insolent? Beshrew me! they would have kissed me if I would have suffered it of their ugly, great, hairy mouths!"

"I will kill them both!"

"Nay, Robin, that would be to the death of three men; for assuredly thou wouldst be the third. They did not kiss me, however, for I ran away."

"The hounds! To presume to think of what I hardly dare dream of—pressing thy sweet lips!"

"Nay, Robin, don't talk of love now. You may stay here and keep me company till Guilford comes home, if you will be sure to behave yourself."

"Ah, Anne, you are ever so cruel to me. Why do I woo and sue, and woo in vain?" said the young man, seating himself by her side on

the stone bench that half encircled the spring.

"Do not compel me to sigh for you, and love you, and live only with your thought, while you treat me so disdainfully."

"I love you, Robin; but I do not love you yet well enough to be your wife. If I ever marry any one but—it shall be you."

"But who? whose name fills the space you only breathed?"

"Do you not guess?" asked the ingenuous girl.

"I can think of no one but Guilford."

"You are right. It is Guilford who alone keeps me from loving you as you ought to be loved. I have nothing against you; I am grateful for selecting me out of all the maidens of the hamlet; but I love Guilford."

"Only as a cousin."

"I wish it were only as a cousin. I fear I love him with all my heart."

"Happy Guilford! He is my best friend—he destroys my happiness. Does he love thee? But why do I ask the question? Who can help loving thee, Anne, that knows thee?"

"Frankly, then, I fear he loves me only as a cousin, and has no suspicion of my attachment for him. That makes me wretched. I fear his heart is pre-engaged."

"Would that it were!"

"It would then break the dream of my life, and I should perhaps awake, Robin, to the realities of thy love. You see I am frank and open-hearted with you. Your long attachment for me demands frankness and the absence of all mystery."

"You are goodness itself! If, then, Guilford should be discovered to have given his heart to another, may I then hope, dearest Anne?"

"Yes; for there is no one next to him I think so highly of as you."

This undisguised expression of her feelings filled the young man with joy. He pressed her hand to his lips with devotion and ardor, and she could see that his features were animate with hope and joy.

As they sat by the spring they heard the voices of the two tipsy troopers singing through their noses a long-winded psalm, the sounds of which reaching the ears of other soldiers quartered about in other huts, inspired them also with devotional psalmody, and soon the whole village was roaring with a confused noise of singing, which came louder from the village inn than from any other quarter.

## CHAPTER VII.

### A FUGITIVE'S ESCAPE.

WHEN Guilford left the threshold of the cottage to take his way towards Castle Vane, in order to obtain a final interview with the beautiful and high-born maiden who had given him the preference of her pure affections, he walked for some minutes at the quick, impetuous step which his agitated feelings prompted. But after losing sight of the gate of the hut, and he had come upon the white sand beach, on which the moonbeams shone like silver, and upon the hard, marble-like floor of which the sparkling waves unrolled themselves like countless blue scrolls edged with pearl, the sweet influences of the scene carried quiet and comparative serenity to his soul. Gradually his footsteps slackened, and at length he came to a full stop and looked off and upward.

"Why should I let a storm rage in my bosom when all nature is so peaceful? The blue skies are soft and fair, and the stars sparkle in them like celestial eyes, looking peace and joy on earth, while the heavens of my soul are clouded, and not a star of hope is glimmering in their wide horizon. Why," he mused—"why should I let mere feelings torture me so that I am more like one bereft of reason at the idea of losing Lady Catharine, than a sane man? Let me borrow peace and calmness from the ocean, the sky, the stars, the whole repose of nature. I will

be calm! I will reflect upon all this which has come upon me with firmness and honesty of conviction. My mother is right; I am doing the Lady Catharine wrong by thus holding her affections. My mother is right; she can never look upon me as her husband. She is infatuated. We have both been blind. I will be the first to break the spell. She will respect me the better for it. I will act as becomes a man of honor. She shall never have reason to despise me. But," he added, as he paced slowly along the glittering beach, and mechanically picked up a shining shell for her, "how shall I obtain an interview with her without encountering her brother? Not that I fear him; but my hand would shrink from a contact with one so nearly related to her. No doubt he would not hesitate to slay me on the first sight, and therefore did I bring weapons with me; but I shall use them only in self-defence."

He now proceeded along the beach for two hundred yards further, when he came to a jutting part of the cliff, on which the castle stood, which, advancing across the beach some yards into the water, stopped further progress on foot; but on the other side of this projecting wall of the precipice, the beach was continued, broad and white as before, for more than a league, and was the common way taken by the inhabitants along

the coast from one hamlet to the other. But as the projecting cliff would have broken off all communication between the two parts of this beach pathway, two small boats had been immemorably kept there, one on one side and the other on the opposite side, for those who passed that way to row themselves round the spur of the rock.

As the path by which Guilford usually visited the garden of the castle lay around the cliff, he now approached the little skiff, which had painted on its stern, "Castle Vane," it being the property of Lord Vane, he suddenly heard a loud shouting of numerous voices in the direction of the hamlet in his rear, and one or two discharges of arquebuses. The voices continued to advance, and looking back with surprise, and wondering at the cause, he saw far distant a single man running along the beach at his fleetest speed. His dark form was distinctly relieved against the white, moonlit sand. The next moment, not a hundred and fifty yards behind him, came two others, who seemed in hot pursuit. Guilford had already placed his foot in the boat, and held the oar in his hand; but he remained motionless, watching the advance of the fugitive, who each moment was gained upon by his pursuers. He now began to feel an interest in him, as every generous mind will instantly take part with the weakest; and this interest was not lessened when the pursuers increased to seven men, who shouted:

"The sword of the Lord and of Gideon! Death to the son of Anak! Slay the son of Belial!"

"They are covenanters in chase of a loyalist," said Guilford, biting his lip. "If he reaches here in good time, I will agree to save him at all risks."

At this moment he saw the fugitive stop, as his nearest pursuer was not twenty yards off, turn round, and deliberately fire at him. The man fell, and the fugitive once more bounded on his way. This bold and cool act elevated him not a little in the estimation of so brave a spirit as that of Guilford, and he watched the approach of the hunted loyalist, as he supposed him to be, with the deepest solicitude. A second pursuer coming too near, shared the fate of the first; but a horse-trooper coming at spur-speed on the beach, gained so rapidly on him, that Guilford felt, that unless the man had another shot left, he would be taken. That he had not, Guilford saw very clearly by the almost superhuman

efforts now made by the man to escape from the horseman.

"I have a pistol!" cried Guilford, with admiration. "These troopers are our natural foes. Shall I stand here and see a brave man taken, and perhaps slain before my face? It may be the prince himself for aught I know. I will give him all the aid I can, whosoever he be!"

He then pushed the skiff a little out from the beach, and placed the oars so that they could be used instantly, and then hastened to meet the fugitive, who ran heavily, as if he had nearly lost his wind.

"Courage, my friend!" shouted Guilford. "I have a shot for the trooper! Run a little further, and there is a boat to escape in."

The sound of the encouraging voice of the young fisherman seemed to give new spirits to the pursued stranger, who waved his hand, and came forward at a more vigorous pace. The horseman also increased his speed, and when the fugitive had got within twenty fathoms of the boat, the trooper was alongside of him, with his broad claymore sweeping around above his head, ready to descend upon the neck of the royalist. Guilford was not near enough to aid in warding off the blow, which the fugitive could not do, having, as Guilford perceived, no sword, and but one hand; and the young fisherman brought his huge pistol to bear upon the broad chest of the trooper, and fired it. The man received the ball in his heart, and tumbled from his horse upon the beach, with the sword which he held aloft ready to aim the blow, lying broken under him in the sand.

"Gallantly done, young man!" cried the fugitive. "You have saved my life." And he pressed Guilford's hand to his bosom.

"We have not a moment to lose, my lord," said Guilford. "Quickly, into the boat!"

"I need no urging, my brave fellow," answered the stranger, stepping into the boat, which Guilford in a few seconds rowed out from the land and around the rock, behind which he disappeared as two more horsemen came up to the fallen body of their companion. One of them, with reckless hardihood, spurred his horse into the sea, and compelled him to swim out, as if his rider were resolved to let no obstacles prevent him from capturing the fugitive. But the weight of the man, who was gigantic in size, and the terror of the animal, after a short distance brought on a terrible struggle between life and death; and in vain attempting to ex-

tricate himself from the saddle and stirrups, the man sunk with his horse and disappeared forever.

At this tragical result the other troopers paused on the shore, and as the cliff presented an insurmountable barrier to their further progress, the escape of the fugitive was effectually secured.

"They cannot come after us here," said Guilford, as he drove the boat against the beach beyond the rock.

"And to what brave young man am I indebted for my safety?" asked the stranger, who pressed the hand of the young fisherman with strong emotion.

"I am but a fisherman, my lord, who lives in the hamlet from which you came, and by good fortune having an errand this way, was enabled to afford you the assistance I have done."

"And good aid it was, and gallantly well lent to me; for you have as steady a hand and as true an eye with a pistolet as any king's cavalier of the guards. What is thy name?—for I would befriend thee, if some day I have it in my power."

"Guilford Graham, sir cavalier," answered Guilford, who could see by the dress and bearing of the stranger that he was a man of very different stamp from the Roundheads. As the moonlight shone full upon him, he could see that he was a well-made man, of thirty-seven or eight years, with long, black locks, floating to his neck, his air proud, and his bearing bold and resolute. But his curiosity was awakened to know how he had lost his right hand. This curiosity was perhaps apparent in his looks, for the stranger said:

"I suppose you would like to know who I am? You ought to know; but in these days it is not safe always for men to carry their appellations posted on their breast-plates. You say we are safe here. It may be that you are; but as for me, I am not safe on any foot of England's soil on the Sussex coast. Look you! Hast thou seen any sail in the offing towards the sun-down?"

"Methinks, my lord—"

"Nay, how dost thou know me?"

"I do not, my lord. I did give thee but the chance title of respect."

"Drop it, lest it be not over safe. Call me captain, and thou wilt have a handle to my name. What didst thou see?"

"Far in the south and west I thought I saw

the upper sails of a brigantine, standing coast-wise; but I was too much taken up with my own affairs just then to give it or its course especial heed."

"You shall know enough of me, young man, to know that I am expecting a vessel in this night from the channel to take me off. Pull out a bit from the shore, if thy own business be not too pressing, and let me look about. I shall feel more secure with an acre or two of broad seawater lying between me and the main. Any moment these troopers may circumvent us by the castle road and pounce upon us."

"That is true. I will row out with you a mile or two, and if you see nothing of the craft you look for, captain, I will land you on such safe part of the coast as you may name, if it be not so far off that I cannot return hither by midnight."

"An affair of love thou hast on thy hands, I'll be sworn for you," answered the captain, laughing; "but I will not keep thee long. If I see nothing of the boat I look for in an hour, I will put back with you, and trust to you to find me a hiding place for another day."

Guilford was so captivated by a certain frank, chivalrous manner of the stranger, and he seemed to place such unsuspecting confidence in him, that he resolved, even if it should defer his interview with Lady Catharine to another night, to give this night to securing the safety of his new friend. That he was some flying cavalier he was well convinced in his own mind; and he ran over in his memory the names of several of the most distinguished of whom he had heard as having been banished, or against whom sentence had been declared, with the probability that this stranger might be one of them.

"I will go out with you, sir," he answered, "cheerfully; and if you do not see your vessel, and your head is in danger on land, I think that I can manage to run you across to the French coast in a fishing smack to-morrow night."

"Parbleu, mon ami!" exclaimed the captain, with a laugh. "The land of monsieur will burn my feet as badly as the land of John Bull. No, no; I am safe only on the deck of my own ship."

"Then you have a ship, sir?"

"Ay, have I, and a better keel cuts not the waters of the channel. It is she that I am waiting for. Now we are clear from the shore again I can breathe more freely. Pull out steadily a mile or so, and then we will look about us."



## CHAPTER VIII.

## A STARTLING ADVENTURE.

GUILFORD rowed out from the beach straight into the channel. As they got far enough from the shore to look round on the other side of the rock, they saw the troopers retiring, bearing off the dead bodies of their comrades who had fallen in the pursuit.

"Did you ever kill a man before?" asked the captain of Guilford, who had drawn his attention to the scene on shore.

"No, sir."

"You could hardly do so in a better cause. If you had not shot that fellow, he would have cloven me to the earth. I was never harder beset in my life, and yet I have not always passed my days in a lady's boudoir."

"One would not think so, sir, to see you. I dare say you lost your hand in some famous battle?"

The brow of the stranger, naturally black, became suddenly dark as night. He was silent for a few moments, and then answered in tones that thrilled the very heart's blood of the young fisherman:

"No, sir—on the scaffold!"

"On the scaffold!" repeated Guilford, with a start and a look that betrayed his surprise; and in his excitement he ceased rowing and regarded the stranger with a new and strange interest.

"Do not cease to row, my young friend. I

would gain a good sea-berth. Your eyes are sharp. Look, and tell me what you see in the south. I fancied I caught a flash of fire in that quarter, just west of the moon's path."

"So did I, sir. There are three lights burning, one above another. They are small, but I see them distinctly."

"And so do I," answered the captain, springing to his feet, and speaking with animated joy.

"That is my boat. It was to row in from the ship, which was to remain in mid-channel, and every ten minutes, as she pulled towards the little port of Blithelmsstone, was to display three lanterns upon an oar. By being out here half a league from land I shall save them the trouble of going farther in, and you the time—which I know you are generously giving me—from the trysting tree. I know it is unfair to rob a lover of one moment of such heavenly moonlight as this."

"Nay, sir cavalier," answered Guilford, who each moment felt more drawn out to like the man whose life he had saved, and to confide in him; "it needs but little light for a lover to take his last adieu of his lady love."

"What!—Is it so? It must be, from thy tones, and the tremor of thy lip. What, a quarrel?"

"No, my lord. Do not ask me more."

"Nay, but thy happiness shall be in my keeping. Thou shalt tell me thy tale on board my ship. It may be I can serve thee where thou little thinkest."

"Thanks, captain; but no one can aid me. It is settled without charge."

"I will judge of that when I have made thee tell me thy love story. See! there shine the lights again nearer. The rogues are pulling in towards the land, little guessing their master is so near them. If they had been a-land two hours earlier, I should not have been exposed to be hunted like a fox as I was. Pull a little across the course of the boat, so that we can meet her."

Guilford could now plainly see, not a quarter of a mile off, a black, four-oared barge, pulling steadily in towards the land. No lights were now visible on board, but every few minutes three round, swinging lanterns had been displayed for a moment and then removed. As the boats drew near each other, the barge was stopped suddenly, and there was distinctly heard the clicking of steel against flint.

"My merry men are regular devils to be on the alert," said the captain. "They would hammer their flints if they saw a pair of gulls sailing near on a rotten spar. They will challenge us, and if we are not quick to give a satisfactory response, they will give us, without shrive or shrift, a couple of pounds of arquebus balls in our ribs."

Scarcely had the stranger spoken, than there came sternly across the water the sonorous hail:

"What boat is there?"

"The prince!" responded the cavalier, in a loud voice.

At this the crew of the other boat gave a hearty British huzza; and the oars falling into the water, the barge came bounding across the intervening space of water like an arrow. The next moment the two boats were side by side and stationary. Guilford had been struck with amazement when he heard the stranger's answer; and, believing that it was indeed the prince in person, though he had believed him to be a more youthful-looking man, he sprang forward to kiss his hand and declare his devotion to him even in his exile.

"Nay, my brave friend," said the stranger, raising him up, "I am not the prince; but I wish I were, for thy sake and his own; for I fear me he has not the good fortune to be so well out of England as I am. The answer I gave is but

the name of my ship, and the sign of my presence to my men. I am glad to meet you again, my trusty hearts!" he now said, turning to the crew; and at the same time he exchanged friendly salutations with a young officer who commanded the barge, and who seemed exceedingly happy to see him.

"And where is the ship, Edward?" he asked of him.

"To the south-west about four miles."

"Are all well on board?"

"All, my lord."

"And any news? You have been late."

"We would have been in earlier, but a yacht was hovering about us till night, and kept us from advancing; and at length it became so close a watcher that the count fired a gun, and brought her to, and captured her. He feared they would run in and report the ship."

"He did right. Whose yacht was it?"

The answer was spoken in so low a tone that Guilford did not hear it; for the young officer seemed to speak with constraint before him.

"Ah, do not fear my friend here, Edward. I owe my life to his courage. You must know, I was seated in the village inn, quietly waiting for the night, after having by a miracle got away from London, when all at once the tap-room was filled by as truculent a set of Cromwell's worthies as you ever chanced to meet with. Well, I had to put a bold face on the matter, and pretended to take no notice of them. I soon found they were despatched to guard the coast, to prevent Prince Charles from getting out of England; for Oliver has sent guards from Land's End to Newcastle, to keep him within the island; but Heaven grant him a safe escape from his toils and a triumph over all his enemies!"

"Amen!" said Guilford, in so hearty a tone, that the youthful seaman who had been called Edward grasped him by the hand, and said, enthusiastically:

"Whoever you are, you are my friend, since you pity the prince."

Guilford returned the pressure with delight, and the captain resumed:

"My wits were now set to work to find some way of getting out of the inn without attracting the particular notice of these suspicious Round-heads. But the first movement I made to rise to settle my bill and leave was observed by two of them; who came near and said, impertinently and in their sanctimonious whine:

"Brother, thou needest not depart. Thou



shalt abide and sup with us, and we will drink to the health of the Joshua of the Lord."

"By this I knew they meant Oliver their master, and I swore internally that I would have my tongue cut out before I would lift a cup to my lips in his honor. So I resolved, before I drew the notice of more of them upon me, that I would bolt at once, and trust to my good fortune; for if they were by chance to discover who I was, I knew my fate was sealed. So, without more ado, I seized a settle, and swinging it broadly, knocked my two civil friends to the floor, and clearing my way, I gained the outside of the hostel, and then ran for it. It was some seconds before they fully understood the matter who were outside; but no sooner did the idea take them that I was not running for a wager, but for my head, than they were not backward in making sail after me. Instinctively I made for the sea-side, where I hoped to see my boat, for it was the hour I looked for her appearance to take me off to my ship. But no boat was to be seen, and I followed the beach at life-speed, followed by my pursuers, who gave race after me like a pack of hounds. I shot two of them as they came after me; but a third, who was mounted, would have cut me down but for this brave fellow, who knocked him out of his saddle with a pistol shot, and then got me off in his boat, which was close at hand. So you see I have had a narrow escape; and if you and my merry men love me, Edward, you will think much of this bold youth, Guilford Graham."

"We are friends from this hour," answered the elegant young sailor, whom Guilford thought handsome enough to be a woman, and laying his hand affectionately upon his shoulder.

"We will now pull to the ship," said the captain; "but, my brave fisherman, wilt thou not go on board with me? I wish to show thee my brave craft and my true men all, every soul of whom will be thy friend for what thou hast done to-night. Come, do not hesitate. I will have thee and thy boat put adrift by sunrise, if thou likest, near enough to the coast for thee to row in half an hour."

"I will go on board, if coming nearer the shore of England at dawn will not put thee in peril on my account."

"Not a bit, my good friend; I care not, when I am on board, how near I run in and snap my fingers at Cromwell's clumsy war ships. Give way, my men; we will take the boat, to which I in part owe my safety, in tow."

Almost in opposition to his own real wishes, Guilford found himself consenting to visit the ship. The captain had fastinated him, and he felt that he should be content to unite his fortunes with his, after he should have taken farewell of Lady Catharine. Indeed, from the first, when the stranger hinted mechanically that he had a ship, a wish was born in Guilford's heart to sail with him and win a name upon the seas. It was mainly under the impulse of this scarcely-formed idea that he yielded to the invitation to go on board.

"I will, at least, see for myself," he said within himself, musingly; "and if I find that here is a career open before me for honor and fame, I will embrace it, if this brave captain will take me into his service."

In half an hour after he had consented to be taken on board the ship, she was seen looming up about a mile distant, darkly and indistinct, like a huge floating castle with gray towers. A single blue light was placed over the quarter as a guide to the boat, in order that it might not mistake another vessel for it.

"She is a very large vessel, sir," remarked Guilford, as she grew larger and larger on the vision of his eye as they approached the place where she majestically rose and fell upon the long swells of the quiet sea.

"Yes; we have not less than three hundred men on board, and some thirty cannons at her sides, besides two swivels in each top."

"It must be a very fine thing to command so brave a ship as that, sir captain."

"That is as a person's ambition may measure. Some particular friends of mine, young man, would hardly be content with less than a channel fleet."

"I am sure I should consider my fortune made for life, sir, to command a single ship half the size of this. How grandly she towers upward, like Castle Vane seen from the beach!"

"Castle Vane?—that is Lord Charles Vane's residence, and was near where we embarked?"

"The very castle, sir, that was on the cliff."

"So I supposed. Is Lord Vane at home, canst say?"

"The young lord is, sir captain."

"Ay—is he? A young man that I do not much fancy."

"Nor I, my lord," answered Guilford, speaking without reflection from the feeling of the moment.

"Ha! has he crossed thy path, then, young man?"

"I like him not well, my lord."

"Common report hath it that he hath a fair sister. Hast thou, living so near, by chance seen her? If so, canst thou bear witness to her comeliness?"

"She is very fair, my lord captain."

"Thou hast seen her, then?"

"Yes, my lord," answered Guilford, blushing, and both pleased and annoyed at having Lady Catharine the subject of conversation. To him she was something consecrated to his most secret thoughts, and the idea of whom he could share with no one.

"She will be one of the proudest peeresses in the realm if the young king comes to the throne."

Many a knight and noble, and I wot princes too, will be suing for her hand. But here we are, discovered and failed."

Guilford's heart was swelling. Hope was dying in him at these last words of the captain. He felt that he was mad longer to think of her. He now saw more vividly than ever his rashness and folly. He, the poor fisher, to cope with knights, nobles, and princes! He felt like dropping into the deep, deep sea, and putting an end forever, thought he, to this wild hope, his ambitious madness, his despair, and all the future of misery which he saw before him on earth.

## CHAPTER IX.

### A THRILLING SCENE.

JUDGING from the captain's reception on board his ship, Guilford entertained the highest notions of his authority and popularity. The scene which the long, warlike decks presented to his eyes, lighted up by rows of battle lanterns, was novel and stirring to the blood. Three hundred men were arranged in orderly ranks to welcome their returned chief, and the red glare of the lanterns falling upon their features, lent to their countenances and picturesque costumes a romantic character that did not fail to impress the lively imagination of young Guilford. There were at least a dozen officers also assembled on the quarter deck, some of them men with gray beards, others young and ardent. They were each and all handsomely attired in gold-laced coats and rich chapeaux with plumes. The whole appearance of the ship, with its tiers of cannon, its crowds of fighting men, armed with long pistols and cutlasses, and its chivalrous looking group of officers, who all seemed gentlemen born, struck Guilford in the most favorable manner.

While he was casting his eyes about him, and filling them with the new scenes thus suddenly opened before him, the captain, who was plainly dressed, and in travel worn costume, placed his hand on his shoulder and said to his officers:

"Messieurs, to this young fisherman I owe

my life. I was hotly pursued to the coast by a score of Cromwell's hounds, and this young man shot down the leading trooper and got me safely off in his boat. This is enough for me to say to place him on the proper footing with you all."

At this, several of the officers advanced and shook Guilford by the hand, and especially the young men were enthusiastic in their congratulations. Guilford's feelings may be guessed at, but hardly described. His heart bounded with joy, for he felt that through this fair reception might be opened a way for his advancement.

The captain now descended, or rather walked aft into his state-cabin, which was an elaborately carved house, built over the stern of the after twenty feet of the deck; for, like the ships of that period, the stern rose very loftily, so that a person standing upon the top of the poop, had his head very nearly on a level with the mizen top.

At the invitation of the captain, Guilford followed him into the first apartment—for there was a room within a room. Before the door of the farthest state-room stood a sentry.

"What, how is this?" he asked of his first lieutenant, seeing the soldier.

"My lord, here are the written reports of all that has transpired since we landed you three weeks ago, at Hastings, to go to London," said

that officer, handing him a book. "You will find in it that last night we brought to a yacht, and have detained the parties, one of whom is a lady, and at the present time occupies the inner state-room."

"Yes, yes, Edward said something to me about it," answered the captain; "but as I am now on board, there can be no harm in letting them depart. Where is the yacht?"

"It is alongside, my lord."

"How many persons did it contain?"

"Seven. A gentleman and young lady, one passenger, and a crew of four men."

"Bring the gentleman before me."

"My lord, shall I leave?" asked Guilford, who saw that this was to be a private interview.

"No; remain where you are, my friend. I want to talk with you by-and-by."

The next moment the lieutenant returned, conducting Lord Rudolph Vane into the state-cabin. His face was pale, and his eye had a tremulous light of fear in it. Guilford instantly recognized him, but not caring to be recognized in return, he withdrew into the shadow of one of the gilded columns that supported the deck overhead. But the eyes of Lord Rudolph were fixed only on the dark, noble, commanding face and form of the captain.

"I am sorry, sir, that my officer, in my absence, was under the necessity of detaining you. You are at liberty to depart at any moment. May I know whom I have the honor of entertaining as my guest?"

"Lord Rudolph Vane, of Castle Vane," answered the young man, haughtily; for, finding that no danger was to be apprehended, his native insolence and audacity returned.

"Ah, my lord, indeed! I have heard of you," said the captain, with a darkening brow; "and what I have heard gives your honor not over much credit."

"Do you insult me, sir?" demanded Rudolph, fiercely.

"Be calm, my lord. Your ire here will do you no good. You are in my hands, and if you knew who I am, you would expect the next moment to hear me give the order to have you hanged at my fore-yard-arm."

Lord Rudolph shuddered. His face became as pale as marble.

"Who—who are you? What have you against me? You dare not harm me."

"No man dares me, Lord Vane. Last night, without knowing who you were, my officer in

charge, seeing you hover about the ship like a spy, as no doubt you were, captured you. My first order, before hearing your name, was for your release, for anything you can now report on land can do us no harm; for ere twelve hours, we shall be sailing many leagues from here. But since I learn who you are, I wish to show you that I am too far above you to crush such a reptile. Deeply as you have wronged me—base as you are—recreant as you have proved to your oath as a noble, you are too far beneath my contempt to come within the notice of my vengeance."

"Who are you?" demanded Rudolph, with his eyes red with rage and alarm.

"I am the Earl of Villiers," answered the captain, in a voice of thunder.

Instantly Lord Rudolph sunk upon his knees, like a man who has been smitten down by some irresistible stroke.

"Well may you tremble, calf! Ay, I am that nobleman—that friend of the king, who, by your treachery, was brought to the scaffold, and lost my right hand! Look ye?" and the captain held up before the eyes of the terror-stricken young lord, the stump of his wrist. "Under mask of courting my daughter, Lady Jane, you wormed yourself into a loyal noble's house, crept like a serpent into the sacred circle of my domestic hearth, crouched like a toad in the corner of my library and council rooms till you learned that I was leader of a conspiracy to bring Cromwell's head to the block. Then, charged with the news, thou didst mock my daughter's love and leave her, and pour into the protector's ear all thy treacherous intelligence. For this thou wert rewarded with my fair estate as the hire for thy villany, and I and mine exchanged our sweet home for a prison. But thanks to thy sister, who, when she heard all that thou hadst done, and for love of my daughter, with whom she studied her books at common tutelage, my hand and not my head satisfied the usurper, and I, with my child, was exiled beyond sea. Well mayest thou crouch and moan. There is no man on the round earth into whose hands you should so much fear to fall as into mine."

The wretch remained upon his knees, looking the very picture of fear and abjectness. The dread of the death which he felt he richly merited was stamped upon his clammy brow. His lips moved, as if trying to form words to ask for mercy, yet no sound came from them, as if he felt that all petitions would be in vain.

"What hast thou to answer for thyself, thou false and traitorous noble? Shall I not hang thee?"

"For my sister's sake!" he gasped, as if he had caught a faint ray of hope.

"Thy sister! Ah, yes; for her sake I would do much, for I owe to her tears and eloquence with the stern, flinty Cromwell, my head. What of her?"

"She is here! Let her speak for me."

"By the rood, she may speak for thy life and gain it; but thou shalt lose thy right hand this night, as surely as there is justice on earth."

"Mercy! mercy—my lord!"

"Ho there! Lieutenant St. Clair! Call the men together to execution."

"O, you are not going to kill me!"

"If thy sister pleads not for thy life, it is not worth a navaredi to thee; but thy right hand shall be cut off. I have sworn it."

With a shriek, the craven noble fell down in a swoon his full length upon the floor.

A voice from the inner cabin was now heard in earnest implorations. Guilford, who had already divined that Lady Catharine was the female who had been captured with the yacht, now recognized the tones, and he darted impulsively towards the door; but the sentry presented his cutlass, and held him back. He then advanced towards the earl, and said with much excitement:

"It is the Lady Catharine Vane, my lord—it is his sister."

"I will at once speak with her," he answered, and approached the door, which he unlocked. The maiden stood before it, with her toilette considerably dishevelled, her rich hair freely floating upon her shoulders, and her beauty increased by the excitement of her feelings.

"Lady Catharine Vane, I am not your jailer, but your debtor," said the earl, courteously.

"Why are we detained prisoners? What is this I have overheard about the execution of my brother?" she asked, earnestly.

"Lord Rudolph is not to be executed if you ask his life; but he is nevertheless doomed to a punishment that no mediation can save him from. In me, lady, you behold Lord Villiers. This name is enough to show you what I owe to your generous interposition, and what I owe to your brother. Here let me thank you, both for my daughter and for myself, for the life which you were instrumental in saving from the block."

"Then spare my brother! O, he is already dead!" she exclaimed, on discovering him upon the cabin floor, about being raised up and revived by some attendants.

"Nay, it is only a swoon."

"O, spare his life, my noble lord!"

"I will do so, for your sake. And he shall understand that to you alone he owes it."

At this moment, in looking around her, her eyes fell on Guilford, who was standing near, reserved and diffident, listening to what was said. She no sooner beheld him, than she seemed to forget everything else, everybody about her; for, running towards him, she caught him by both hands, and exclaimed, with the artless delight of a child which amid strangers suddenly discovers a familiar face:

"You here, Guilford? Heaven be praised!"

The earl, who saw the act, and observed the expression of pure delight and frankness upon her beautiful face, was not a little surprised; and when he saw this pleasure reflected from the handsome features of the young fisherman, he was not a little perplexed.

"Do not fear, Lady Kate, you are safe, and in the hands of a noble gentleman," said Guilford, encouragingly.

"I hope you are not here a prisoner!—that you are not in any danger?"

"Be assured, Lady Catharine," said the earl, smiling, "that there is not at this moment a more honored person in this ship than this young man, who, I am pleased to see, is also known to you; to him I owe my life. He brought me off to my ship in his boat, and without his gallant aid I should now no longer be alive."

"Thanks—thanks! I am so glad you have been able to serve the earl. Ah, Guilford, my brother has done him great wrong. But, my lord, I beseech thee, forgive him."

"Plead for me, Catharine!" suddenly called out the young noble, who had been brought to his senses. "Plead for me."

"She has done so successfully, my lord," answered the earl, coldly. "She has gained thy life for thee."

"But my hand! You will not cut off my hand?"

"Were an angel to descend from the blue skies and ask me to spare thy hand, I would not do it. It is need and ripe justice that thou shouldst not go unpunished."

"My lord, mercy for my brother!"

"Lady," said the earl, taking a thoughtful

maiden by the hand, and leading her gently into the rear state-room, "do not pain me by compelling me to deny what I cannot grant. Believe me, this is not vengeance, but duty. It is justice that Lord Rudolph should be compelled to suffer what he has been instrumental in inflicting upon me."

"O, my lord, leave vengeance to him to whom it belongeth."

"It is not vengeance. It is punishment. Remain here. Do not leave until I return to you," he said kindly, but firmly. "But for thy presence here, I should have hanged him to the yard-arm; not from personal hatred, but because he is so sleepless a foe to the prince. He even condescends to play the spy in the channel in his own person. The lesson he must have. I will return to you in a few moments."

## CHAPTER X.

### LORD RUDOLPH'S PUNISHMENT.

THE Lady Kate sat upon the ottoman where he had left her with her hands pressed to her eyes, and her face buried in the cushions. She saw that the earl was inexorable; and although her brother had never been otherwise than hostile towards her ever since she had pleaded so successfully for the Earl of Villiers, yet she could not forget that he was her brother; and, although he deserved nothing at her hands, yet she felt that she ought to use all her influence to free him from the disgraceful maiming to which he was about to be subjected.

"But I can do no more," she said; "his fate is sealed. 'I saw by the earl's eye as he left me. Ah, poor, erring Rudolph; thou canst blame only thyself! Horrid! that rolling drum must be the signal for the execution of the inflexible earl's command!'"

When the earl returned from the state-room where he had left the tearful maiden, he found Lord Rudolph, who had recognized Guilford, and with surprise seen that he was regarded with favor, pleading with the young fisherman to intercede for him.

"You are not a prisoner. I know you can forgive me, for you are naturally generous, I have heard my sister say. Speak a word for me. I cannot endure the loss of my hand! For my sister's sake, do plead for me!"

"I have no power, my lord," answered Guilford, who could not conceal his contempt for his cowardly conduct at a time when a truly brave spirit would meet its fate with proud in-

difference. But there was nothing truly great about Lord Rudolph. He could be haughty and cruel in possession of power, but in suffering he showed in its true colors all the weakness and insignificance of his character.

"Will no one intercede for me?" he cried in despair, seeing Guilford turn away, for he well knew that if Lady Kate could not prevail, no word he could utter would be regarded.

"Is all ready?" quietly demanded the earl of the officer who had superintended the preparations for the execution of the sentence.

"All ready, my lord," answered the officer. "Conduct Lord Vane to the deck, unless he will walk of himself."

"Is there no mercy with thee?" screamed the young nobleman.

"Thou mightest as well talk to the axe that is to sever thy hand. Proceed with him, as he is disposed to linger. Nay, do not handle him roughly, for he is of noble birth."

The young lord was then led to the deck. He was borne along rather than went by his own will. The scene was terribly imposing. In the centre of the ship just abaft the capstan, was placed a block. By it stood four men. One of them held a glittering battle-axe in his hand; another a brazen basin; the third and fourth lanterns. A little in the advance stood the surgeon of the ship, with his instruments and bandages, added to which was a seething hot iron, for stopping the flow of the blood. The crew stood around, seven and eight deep, their

bearded faces lighted up by the lanterns that hung in the rigging. Farther aft were the officers, with their swords in their hands.

When Lord Rudolph gazed on this scene, so well calculated to appal his nerves, he gave utterance to an audible groan.

"Take him in hand, executioner," said the earl, "and at the stroke of the ship's bell, do your duty. This man," added the earl, looking about him, "is to undergo a just punishment. By his information I was condemned to the scaffold; but through the intercession of a noble maiden, Cromwell was content with my hand. I have decreed that this young lord shall share the punishment which his master inflicted upon me."

At this there was a general murmur of approbation, and the interest deepened. Lord Rudolph, being led up to the block, was told to take off his coat. But not obeying, it was removed by another, and his arm was then stretched out and bound firmly, in spite of his struggles and shrieks, to the block. The executioner's axe descended upon the wrist, and while a thrilling shriek rent their ears from the victim, the bleeding hand was caught in the brazen basin. The surgeon instantly proceeded to perform his duty, and to staunch the blood, while the stern earl, turning away from the spot, re-entered the state-room.

"This act of justice done, I am more content to be branded as Red Hand, as men, catching up Cromwell's epithet, have called me, far and wide. But the protector shall feel that if one of my hands is baptized in the blood of the scaffold, the other hath power enough in its strong nerve to shake his usurped throne!"

The earl walked up and down his cabin three or four times, under much excitement, which the recent occurrence had naturally awakened in his bosom. He then looked around, as if he were seeking some one.

"What, ho! where is young Graham?" he asked of the sentry who stood by the half open door which led into the inner apartment.

"He passed in, my lord, urging that he must speak with the lady, and as you had left the door open, I did not consider that she was to be regarded as a prisoner."

"Very well; you are released from duty."

The man retired, and the earl advanced to the door, which was ajar. He opened it, and was about to enter, when he arrested himself on the threshold at what he beheld. Kneeling at the feet of the weeping girl, was the young fish-

erman, his hand clasping that of the high-born girl, and his face approaching hers, and expressive of the tenderest and most respectful sympathy.

"It is over now, Lady Kate! Tears are now of no avail! If it would have pleased thee, I would gladly have taken his place, though thou knowest I have little reason to love him. But all who are related to thee are near to me, for thy sake. Let us be content that his life was spared, for it was the captain's certain purpose to have hanged him, but for thee."

"I cannot blame—I cannot reproach. Rudolph must feel the justice of his fate," she said, with sudden resolution. "But how camest thou on board this terrible vessel?"

"I came to bring off the captain, who, being on shore, was set upon and nearly slain by Cromwell's troopers; and although I was on my way, dearest Lady Kate, to the castle to see thee, I turned aside for his safety, and came hither, little expecting to find thee on board as I have done."

"My brother, when he had taken me from your fishing boat, how I chanced to be in which I explained to him, instead of going to land, hovered in the channel till night, and then began to watch this vessel, which he was expecting, for he has been out in his yacht for four nights, waiting to intercept the captain from the land, when he should come on board, as I heard him say to the young man with him, who is one of Cromwell's agents. Do you know who the captain is?" she asked pointedly, and in an under tone.

"The Earl Villiers."

"Yes, but are you aware that this ship is that of the far-famed Red Hand?"

"Of Red Hand the buccaneer?" exclaimed Guilford, starting to his feet with surprise.

"Earl Villiers and Red Hand, of whom I have heard you name the bold exploits, are one and the same person."

"Can this be possible? Are you in the power of this terrible man?"

"You mistake him. It is the common people, the round-heads, who call him a pirate. He is no buccaneer, Guilford, but an exiled noble, who has united with himself many brave spirits like his own, who, in this ship, hover about England, seeking to do all the injury to the usurper's cause that lies in their power, and to have ever ready for the prince an armed ship to take him over the sea when he is driven to the last threshold on

his rightful kingdom. There is not a truer noble breathes in England than Lord Villiers, known as Red Hand. I can forgive him his punishment of Rudolph, for my brother has cruelly caused all his woe. But of this I will talk with you another time."

"And is this Red Hand's ship? Is that captain whose life I saved on shore, the daring channel cruiser who has defied and beaten off four of the protector's ships? Is this the man that I have regarded as the hero of romance, and whose exploits were the wonder of my curiosity? I am glad you have corrected my error with regard to him, Lady Kate. But he is called Red Hand, the Rover, often."

"Yes, the covenanters, who fear him, would frighten their children with his name as with a goblin's. But I know that he is a true and loyal Englishman, and one of the staunchest friends of the crown; and that he does more to keep alive the flame of loyalty by his active and sleepless courage than any of the exiled lords. He alone, as it were, wages war against Cromwell, who has offered vast sums for his capture. All this I have learned from my father, who has the highest regard for him, and who has shed many a bitter tear that he should have had a son who could inflict such injury upon him. Confide in him, Guilford, and he will be your friend."

"Lady Catharine," said Guilford, in a changed and formal tone, while Lord Villiers, who was each moment tempted to enter, but was yet restrained, saw that his face grew pale, and his lips colorless. She looked up into his face, for he was standing by her, with a stare of surprise at this unusual mode of addressing her.

"What is it, Guilford?" she asked, artlessly.

"I told you that last night, when I was so fortunate as to offer assistance to Lord Villiers, I was on my way to the castle. It was in order to see you and have a last interview with you. It was to take leave of you forever."

"Take leave of me, Guilford? Where are you going? or what have I done?" she asked with surprise.

"Nothing. Where I am going, I know not.

But one thing it is proper for me to do, and that is, to break off a friendship which will only continue to embarrass you, when you reflect upon your own position, and my low station. Perhaps, as younger, it was allowable, as you condescended to suffer it; but, Lady Catharine, I cannot expect you, in womanhood, to abide by the friendship of girlhood. Here let me say farewell; for I may have no other opportunity. May you one day be united with one worthy of you in rank and virtue, and I will always pray for your happiness."

With these words he knelt, pressed her hand to his lips, and was retiring precipitately, when he found himself face to face with the earl.

"My young friend, do not be so hasty. I have heard and understand all. You have acted nobly. Your own heart is breaking as a sacrifice to what you believe to be a duty. Lady Catharine, you look puzzled and distressed. May I ask you one plain question?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Are you attached to this brave young man?"

"We have long been friends, my lord."

"Have you any wish to terminate the friendship, as you term it?"

"Indeed,—I was never more surprised,—when—"

"It is because you do not clearly understand him. He feels, and properly, that you and he can never be united as if you had both been noble; and being fully alive to the difficulties that must interpose to bar such a union, he nobly sacrifices himself."

"He then does not understand me, my lord. I have never taken into thought the differences of our rank. I trust, Guilford, you will think of this no more."

"You are too kind and generous, Lady Catharine," said Guilford, casting himself at her feet. "But I must win a name, to make myself more worthy of you. If you waive all rank, I shall try and achieve, instead, merit. It shall be my ambition to make myself worthy of you, and make the world respect him, whom Lady Catharine Vane thus honors."

## CHAPTER XI.

### THE RETURN TO CASTLE VANE.

THE interview with which the last chapter closed having thus happily terminated, the earl, after complimenting Guilford on his spirit, proposed to him, if nothing better offered, to take service with him in his ship.

"We shall not always be wanderers over the sea, my friend," he said; "the prince will one day gain his throne, and then we shall be at the top. As for Lady Catharine's heart, you may be sure that it is in the right place; and I have a higher regard for you than before, since I find you possess qualities to win the attachment of so lovely a lady, who, in the brightness of your character, can discover no obscurity of birth. Now I have one favor to ask of you," added the earl. "and that is, that you will take command of the yacht and convey Lord Rudolph and his fair sister safely back to Castle Vane. He will, of course, be something of an invalid, and must be tenderly cared for. The person who was taken with him in the yacht, is a spy of Cromwell's and I shall take care of him here. If at any time you wish to join my fortunes, you will hear of me, if you will run over in your boat to the French coast, and land on the island of Alderney, off Cape de la Hague. At that little port there is an inn, painted red. The landlord always knows my term of absence when I am away; and any line left there for me will be

faithfully given into my possession when I put in there."

Guilford thanked the earl for his kindness, and answered that he thought he should very soon be compelled to take him at his word and seek service with him.

"Thou shalt be welcome, and although I can do but little for thee under my present fortunes, some day, when I rise, you will rise with me."

"Noble earl, I fear," said Guilford, "that I shall hardly ever rise so high as to be able to offer the Lady Catharine a hand that would not be despised by her proud house."

"Courage, my brave youth. In these toppling times, those who are at the bottom of the ladder to-day, to-morrow may stand on the top round. With a face, figure, health and courage like yours, and above all, with such a prize to win, you have nothing to fear."

"This conversation took place in the outer cabin. The officer of the deck now entered and reported that the yacht was alongside, and her crew on board, and all was ready for her departure."

"That is as it should be. Now, my young friend, you must convey Lord Rudolph and the maiden to Castle Vane. Go on board, and Lady Catharine shall be escorted into the yacht."



Guilford then took a grateful leave of the formidable Red Hand, in whose dread presence he could scarcely realize himself to have been, and descended into the yacht. The moonlight shone brightly upon its low deck, on which, stretched upon a cot, he saw the prostrate form of Lord Rudolph, looking ghastly pale in the face. He advanced towards him, and said, kindly:

"I hope, my lord, you do not suffer a great deal of pain?"

"Pain! I endure infernal torments. Who are you? I see, now. What do you want in my yacht?"

"I am ordered by Lord Villiers to take charge of it, and see you safely to Castle Vane, as he can spare none of his men."

"Where is Tennett?"

"Who, my lord?"

"The gentleman who came with me."

"I heard the earl say that as he was a spy of Cromwell's, he should put him in irons. My lord, I have no desire to undertake this duty, but it is the earl's command. I am truly sorry for your misfortune, and will see you to Castle Vane with all tenderness."

"And Lady Kate?"

The answer to this interrogation was prevented by the appearance of Red Hand, conducting the noble girl to the yacht. Guilford sprang forward to receive her and lead her to a seat in the stern; but she stopped short of it, and bent over her brother with affectionate solicitude.

"Now, my noble young friend," said Lord Villiers, "I need not tell you what a valuable freight I entrust to your charge. Farewell, and remember," he added, in an under tone, "Alderny Isle and the inn, if you have need of my poor services. And for you, Lord Rudolph, I wish you a better heart and more true nobility. I have given you a daily remembrance of me, so I will not ask you to bear me in mind. Adieu, fair Lady Catharine. What I have witnessed and learned of the true nobility of your character to-night, has caused me to respect you as one of the rarest jewels among women. You have not," he added to her ear, "lightly bestowed your heart. Believe me, this brave youth will yet cause his name to fill a brilliant page in England's history."

"I feel it, my lord. He is all that is good, and noble, and true."

"Love and cherish him, for women do not always find men to love. I hope, one of these days, your happiness. Farewell; it is

but two leagues to your father's castle. Commend me to him; but do not from me excuse my punishment of his son, for I have performed but a stern and painful duty."

"I know it, my lord," she answered, sadly.

He pressed her hand to his lips, and left the deck of the yacht for his own lofty ship.

The next moment the little vessel was cast off from the huge side of the channel cruiser, and taking the helm, Guilford gave orders to the crew to trim the sails, and with a light, but favorable breeze, he lay the course of the yacht for the main. The ship at the same time squared her enormous yards, and her head swinging round westward, she steered on that track till Guilford could see her no longer. The yacht, in the meanwhile, bounded lightly along on her landward track, and clearer and higher the cliff with its castle rose before him. The lights of the little fishing village at its base appeared one after the other; and from one of the towers one light, brighter than the rest, shone like the lantern of a Pharos.

"That is my father's room, Guilford," said Lady Kate, seeing that he was regarding it. "Doubtless he is seated there at his books, for he has the name of being a great scholar, thou hast heard."

"Perhaps it is to guide thee back."

"Nay, he nor no one is aware that I have been on the sea the last twelve hours. You recollect, Guilford, that my getting into your boat was only the whim of the moment, and after my brother so strangely took possession of me, I had no chance of return. Perhaps my father supposes that I am in my room; for I am so much accustomed to rove about for hours, that unless I am particularly wanted, it is not known whether I am in the castle or abroad."

"I hope you will not have been missed."

"Catharine," said Lord Rudolph in a querulous voice.

"What, brother Rudolph?" she answered, hastening to his side. "You have slept well."

"I wish to exact an oath from you. I see we are near the castle. Swear to me, by your hopes of heaven that you will never reveal to my father nor any other living being the disgrace I have to-night suffered!"

"I will not reveal it, brother, if you desire the secret to be kept."

"Desire it to be kept! It must be kept a close secret! If you do not blab it, and this fishing friend of yours can be forced to be se-

cret, I will manage to hide from my friends the loss of my hand. I could never endure the scornful laugh, the consciousness of a mutilation so degrading."

"But it must be known, brother."

"It is known only to the crew of this infernal pirate, not one of whom will ever dare land in England. If you keep the secret, and this fellow can be made to do it—"

"Guilford Graham is a person who can be trusted, brother," she said with some earnestness.

"So you think. He has fascinated you, girl, by some vile spell. Call him to me. Nay, I will not speak to him, but will leave it to you to exact silence from him."

"I will promise it for him. But you forget the four men, your crew."

"They will not breathe it. They are the minions of my will. Go and see what this Graham answers."

In a frame of mind far from welcome, Lord Rudolph lay upon his couch; for his pride struggling with a fierce sentiment of hatred and craven fear, and mingling with some little degree of remorse, kept up a fearful tempest of passion in his soul. Lady Catharine left him on her message to Guilford, a prey to emotions of perfect torture. However, by an effort stronger than was wont, he checked their sway, and awaited, coolly as he might, the answer of Guilford.

"He says he has no desire to report it," she answered, after going to the helm where Guilford stood, steering the vessel in towards the foot of the cliff.

"I shall take care to keep it myself," he muttered, smiling, as if he heard her words with evident satisfaction.

The yacht now drew nearer the land, and was soon within the black shadow cast by the tall cliff. A few minutes afterwards she came to the stone pier, where the boats of the castle were usually moored. Here Guilford brought the yacht skilfully to alongside the landing steps. The men obeyed his orders in furling the canvas and making her fast; and then taking the cot up on which the young lord was lying, they proceeded to bear him ashore, and convey him up the steep path to the castle. Guilford gave his whole attention to the comfort of the invalid, taking care that the men moved steadily and cautiously, while Lady Kate went on before. At length they reached the gate of the castle, where, after delivering his charge to the warden,

to whom Lord Rudolph said he had been merely wounded in a duello, he left to return to his own home. But he had not advanced ten steps from the portcullis, ere he was detained by the voice of Lady Kate, close at his side.

"Why, Guilford, you do not well to take your leave so quickly, or rather no leave at all. You have not given me time to thank you."

"I did but fear to irritate your brother more if he saw me take leave of thee," he answered, pressing to his lips the hand she placed confidently in his.

"You are too guarded, Guilford. You know not how proud I have been of you this day and night past. I cannot return without expressing my sense of your noble delicacy. I appreciate and understand it all. From this time we know each other, and you will not mistrust me?"

"Mistrust thee, Lady Kate?"

"Nay, that is not the word, exactly. But you will not doubt my regard for you?"

"I cannot; you are too kind, when you know, as I now do fully, how far beneath you I am."

"Love knows no rank. You are worthy of me, or I should never have loved or cared for you. How like you Red Hand?"

"And that noble gentleman and right hearted patriot was the famous sea king I have heard so much of. How difficult it is for me to realize that in the Earl Villiers I saw none other than that celebrated captain."

"Do you not like him?"

"It seems to me I could die for him."

"So do all men who know him, my father says; and he is not the least of his friends. But how shall I forgive him his act of to-night?"

"It was terrible retribution, Lady Kate, but was it not deserved?"

"I cannot deny it. My brother has deeply wronged him; and perhaps it is just he himself should endure something of the suffering he has inflicted upon him. It was a mercy that he spared his life. Now, my noble friend, since we must part, tell me frankly where you are to go—what course you have marked out for yourself, so that one day you may come back and ask my hand of my father; for, as thou hast said thou must achieve somewhat to please him and give thee honor. I will wait thy time, true to thee, even to death, so that thou comest not in life to claim me as thine."

This was spoken with all the truthfulness and sweet confidence of a woman who loves with all her heart.

"I have hardly formed a plan, dear Lady Kate. I will, by to-morrow, decide. But my mind is so full of the Earl of the Red Hand, that I shall probably decide by going to offer him my services."

"That would please me, Guilford. He thinks much of you. Though life is now but the head of a small company, and commands but a single ship under good King Charles the First, he was lord high admiral, and ruled navies by his nod."

"I will follow his fortunes."

"Thou wilt not be led astray? The times are ripening, my father says, for the throne to have its own again. The land is weary of the protectorate and its tyranny. Prince Charles has been defeated, it is true, and is now a fugitive, either in Scotland or England, at this moment; but if he escape over sea, he will then be the rallying point for armies of tens of thousands."

"It was rumored yesterday," said Guilford, "that the prince had been seen in Warwick in the disguise of a pack-man, travelling south. It was also reported that one who had known him perfectly, saw the same pack-man in Berkshire, south of Oxford, two days afterwards."

"We heard of this; and doubtless the reports

are true, and the prince is making his way to the south of England, hoping to find a passage across to France."

"Heaven grant that he may reach France in safety, and foil all his foes," said Guilford, with warmth. "But Cromwell is so vigilant, his emissaries are so numerous, his spies so vigilant, that every person who cannot give a satisfactory account of himself, will be placed under arrest."

The lovers had now reached the point in the path down the cliff where it became precipitous. Here they stopped, and Lady Kate, taking Guilford by the hand, looked him earnestly in the eyes, and said:

"You are going to seek your fortune and win a name. But remember, I do not ask either from you; but they are your own voluntary wish; and never forget that, if after all, you should return unfortunate, and without the success you hope for, you will be received by me with the same affection with which I now part from you."

The lovers now took leave of each other, and Guilford hastened down the precipitous path without trusting his eyes to look back and take another look of the fair form which he knew was lingering to gaze after him.

## CHAPTER XII.

### SURPRISING INTELLIGENCE TO GUILFORD.

THE way by which he now left the castle was not that which descended to the beach, where the boats usually were, but a path that led northward down the hill towards the country-side, and which conducted persons who left the castle for the interior, to the main road a mile off. Upon reaching the deep glen at the foot of the eminence, Guilford struck into a broader cart-way that went in the direction of the village. He walked onward, lost in his own thought, and thinking upon the chances of the future. He had emerged from the little dale, and had the village roofs in sight, when the voices of singing and bacchanalian carousing reached his ears. He stopped, surprised at what he heard, and then hastened forward to ascertain the cause of such unusual sounds. He had gone but a few steps further, however, when he saw a man seated by the roadside, groaning in a most pitiable way. He approached him, and recognized Digby, the well-known village busybody and gossip.

"Up, man, up! What aileth thee, Digby?"

"What, is it thee, Master Guilford?" asked the man, starting to his feet and hugging the young fisherman with great delight. "I am glad to see thee!"

"What hath happened? Thy clothes are torn half off thy back, and thou hast blood on thy cheek."

"Marry have I? Blood shed for the prince. You must know that I did but fill a cup in the inn yonder to the Prince Charles, when these Cromwell troopers set upon me, and would have slain me outright, but for Dame Bess, the hostess, who took my part, and told them roundly I was but a poor innocent, and meant nobody no harm, and wouldn't hurt a fly, as thou knowest, Master Guilford."

"What have Cromwell's troopers to do in the inn?"

"Cromwell's troopers? What, hast thou not heard the news? This is a godsend, then, if thou hast not heard what I supposed every man, woman and child in all the village had heard. Why, if there is one trooping roundhead in the port, there is two hundred and fifty of the shaven crowned, psalm-singing rogues."

"What are they doing here? When did they come?" asked Guilford, with surprise; for having left the village just before their arrival the evening before, he knew nothing of the object of this new invasion of the covenanters, though that a party of them were in the town he was aware, from their chase of the captain. But he was ignorant of the particulars.

"They came galloping in about sundown, and what could not find quarters at the inn, dispersed over the hamlet, till there was not a



house that has not a brace of them to kiss the lasses and eat out the larders. As for what they ha' come for, it is to keep watch that Prince Charles don't find shipping at our little fishing town and get safe over to France."

"This is news, indeed, for our quiet town, Digby. I knew some had been here, but supposed they had left. Dost thou know whether there are any of these roundhead rogues at my cabin?"

"Marry, come up, I verily believe that the two most truculent fiends among 'em, the two Gollaths of Gath, are making themselves at home there."

"Then I ought to be there at once," said the young man, hurrying forward.

"But, be discreet. I would advise thee entreat them civilly."

"I shall be discreet, you may rest assured. I shall take care not to propose Prince Charles's health to a brace of covenanters," he added, laughing.

"Nay, take me with thee. Let me keep under the protection of thy valiancy, good Master Guilford. When I got my head broke, I went to thy house first, but the good dame told me thou hadst taken the way to the castle last; and although after midnight I came this way to wait for thy coming, and I will not leave thy back while a roundhead varlet hath footing in the town. There is nothing like courage to defend a man against dangers; and if a man have it not himself, he must seek it elsewhere; and marry, I know thou hast enough for thee and me. Hark! hear the arrant hypocrites sing their long winded Old Testament verses. There was one chap of them who had a beard like a lion, who did nothing but sing over a chapter of proper names, as 'Moses begat Boaz,' and by the way he rolled his eyes up, one would have fancied he got great grace from the employment."

Digby went on talking after this fashion, until they came to a lane turning towards the water from the main street, on which the hamlet was built. At the foot of this lane stood his own cottage. At the corner of it he was challenged by a trooper mounted on a black horse.

"Who goes there?"

"A fisherman."

"Advance, and let me see if thou smelles fishy," answered the man, in a coarse manner.

Guilford approached him, and taking off his bonnet, showed him his face.

"Where dost thou live?"

"There!" he answered, pointing at his house.

"And what art thou doing abroad so late, for it is well to two o'clock in the morning?"

"I have been a trysting."

"So I guessed; but, young man, beware of the lusts of flesh, and the pride of life, and the allurements of Sathanas. And who is that with thee?"

"A poor wretch whom I take to fish with me at times."

"Let me look at thee closer, thou poor wretch, for a king's eye might hide itself under the shadow of a beggar's cowl."

With this the trooper extended the point of his long sword, and catching the cap of Digby upon its end, raised it into the air. He then made him approach close to his stirrup, and looked keenly into his round, pug-nosed, bloated visage.

"By the beard of Herod, thou art the prince of ale-pots, and must have too much dread of water to think of crossing it. Thou wilt never cross over to France and drink sour wine, while thou canst grow lusty on good ale in England. What is thy name, Sir Rubicund?"

"Digby—David Digby, your highness," answered the gossip, with humility.

"Thou shouldst be called Balaam," answered the trooper, who, at this moment, seeing another person running down the street, left Digby and spurred towards him.

"By my head, this fellow would as lief eat me unsodden, as he would a hare, Master Guilford. Didst mark his teeth?"

Guilford, however, had taken the opportunity to walk on toward the gate of his house, and he was about opening it, when he perceived two persons seated within it upon a little wooden settle, which, of an evening, was a common family resort.

"It is Guilford!" exclaimed one of the persons, springing up on seeing him.

"What, Anne? Up so late? It is near morning."

"I know it, cousin, but—but—one could not sleep with two soldiers within; and besides, they have my bed; and moreover, Aunt Betsy bade me wait without and watch for your return."

"Guilford, you do not know me here in the shadow."

"What, Robin? Is it you?"

"I have been keeping thy cousin Anne com-

pany, waiting for thee. I would not leave her and your mother alone during your absence, with two troopers in the house."

"You are very kind, Robin. I know not how to thank you. But," he added, smiling, "I suppose you have not been without your sweet reward, from what I saw as I interrupted you."

Robin colored, and Anne held down her head. "Not the least sign of jealousy does he show," she said to herself, with disappointment. "He does not care for me, or love me as Robin does. I will never let him know I have loved him, since he is so cool and indifferent about it."

"Where are these men, Robin?" asked Guilford.

"One is asleep, with his head laid on the table; the other is stretched on the bed in boots and sword, and snoring away like a swine."

"So much the better. Where is my mother?"

"She is in the back room," said Anne; "But I have a—"

"Have what?" asked Guilford, seeing her hesitate and draw back, after seeming about to make some important communication to him.

"I forget. Nothing."

"You remain here with Anne, Robin, until I return," said Guilford. "I wish to speak a few words with my mother. I have then something I wish to say to you."

"I will stay with Anne with pleasure," answered Robin. "Now, sweet Anne, what did I tell thee? Did I not say he loved thee only as a cousin? Thou seest he cared not a stiver for my being with thee so many hours of moonlight, whereas, if he had loved thee, he would have shown his jealousy; for beshrew me! suppose I, loving thee as I do, should ha' come home late at night and found thee up with a young fellow in a bower, his arm about thy waist, and thy hand in his; should I not have

taken fire, and had a quarrel with thee on the spot? To be sure. Love would act no other-wise. But what does thy cousin Guilford do? He thanks me for keeping thee company as quietly as if thou wert his sister, and now marches into the house, bidding me keep thee company a little longer. Does this look as if he loved thee, thinkest thou?"

"I am satisfied now, Robin," answered Anne with tears in her eyes. "I see that he cares nothing for me."

"Then why wilt thou not care for me? I love thee with all my heart! I will try and make thee happy. You will never find a truer heart than that I offer thee."

"I will be thine, Robin. I know you love me. I will think no more of my cousin Guilford."

At hearing this, the happy Robin caught the fair girl to his heart, and imprinted upon her lips the seal of betrothal. The kiss was strangely echoed, as if a person had thrust his finger into his cheek and drawn it out quickly, causing a popping sound. Both looked up and beheld Digby.

"That's what I like to see," he said. "Nothing like loving one another. Well, I'll let the whole village know of it to-morrow; and when you are married you must invite Digby. You can't have a wedding without Digby. Nothing goes on right without Digby. Where's Master Guilford gone, Miss Anne?"

"In the house," answered the maiden, blushing and laughing. "O, you eavesdropper! Come hither, Digby. If you will say nothing about this, I will give you a silver sixpence next Saturday night, to drink the prince's health."

"Well, I won't, blame me if I do," answered Digby, as he stretched himself upon one of the settles to sleep.

## CHAPTER XIII.

## AN INTERESTING COMMUNICATION.

GUILFORD found the door of the cottage ajar, and pushing it softly, he entered the small, plainly furnished front room. A lamp filled with fish-oil burned upon the table, with a huge "thief" upon the wick. By its light he saw the two troopers. Upon a small truckle-bed in the corner lay one of them, sleeping off the potations of negus with which he and his comrade had been abundantly plied by the good dame, who desired to get them in a state of quiescence as soon as possible; a result in which she had admirably succeeded. Sleeping heavily, and with a loud, sonorous breathing, the other trooper sat by the table, his head among the cups, and resting on his thickly gloved hand. His black beard lay out upon the board like a mop, while the light shone upon his round, closely shaven head, giving it the appearance of a porcupine rolled up into a ball. By the side of his head lay his pistol, the grasp of his hand holding it loosely in his sleep. The two men reminded Guilford of two wild beasts he had once seen crushed and reposing in a cage.

Having surveyed the scene, he stepped across the threshold and passed lightly into the room. He stood for an instant looking at the sallow face of Strait-gate, who lay on the bed, and wondering that so wicked a countenance could have a soul quiet enough to sleep. As for Broadway, he saw in him one of those half devils, half highwaymen, so common in Cromwell's army,

who, with a few scraps of the Old Testament on their lips, passed for pious covenanters, and under the cloak of religion, did all sorts of enormities.

"Let them sleep; I have no wish to disturb them," said Guilford, passing on and opening the inner door of his mother's room. "I have already placed one of their number in the sleep that knows no waking." And with this recollection of what he had done the evening before, came over his mind for the first time the thought that he might possibly be recognized by some of the party who had been nighest when he shot the soldier, though it was moonlight and not broad day, and no one came within twenty yards of him, save the horseman who was drowned in trying to swim his horse round the promontory.

Upon hearing the door open, his mother looked up from her needle, and seeing him, uttered an exclamation of joy, and going towards him to meet him, made at the same time a gesture of silence and warning.

"I am so glad you have returned, my dear son," she said, as she led him to a seat. "You have been gone full eight hours."

"It has been an eventful eight hours to me, my dear mother."

"I have been trembling lest you should have come into collision with Lord Rudolph, at the castle. Did you see the Lady Kate, my boy?"

"Yes, mother, and all is as I would desire.

I will tell you by-and-by, when we are alone. Those men in the other room must have annoyed you not a little."

"They did at first, but they soon drank themselves to insensibility. But where is Anne, that she did not come in with you?"

"She is at the gate with Robin."

"Yes. He loves her, and I wish she could return his attachment. She had best come in, now you are at home; but I sent her out, as the soldiers got to be something rude of speech towards her."

"They had best keep their tongues under civility," answered Guilford, "or I will show them that there are men in England besides Cromwell's myrmidons."

"Hist, Guilford! They will hear you. As it is, they do not suspect us of being opposed to the government. But listen to me; I have something of moment to communicate to thee; and for this I have been so anxious to have thee come back."

"But first hear what will please you, my dear mother. My interview with Lady Kate resulted in her refusal to permit me to cease to think of her, and it is decided that I am to seek my fortune in the world, and some bright day come back to ask her hand."

"Ah, my boy, fortune is fickle. But the Lady Catharine shows a truly noble nature."

"I have no doubt that I shall be able to win some name that will make me less obscure, and more worthy to ask her hand of her noble father. Would she wed me to-morrow, I am too proud to become her husband as I am—a poor young fisherman. I will win rank and name, and lay them at her feet. Because she loves me in my humble state, shall I willingly consent that she shall wed one so lowly? Shall I thus reward her generous love?"

"Thou art noble in mind, my boy," said his mother, "and deservest her."

"Mother, thou hast heard of Red Hand?"

"O, Red Hand, the noted sea warrior, whose very name strikes such terror along the coast! What of him, Guilford?"

"Dost thou know his history?"

"Nay, I do recollect that it is said he was one of King Charles's nobles, and that, when he was to have been executed, he placed his hand beneath the axe instead of his head, and with the other wrenched the weapon from the headsman's grasp, and with it cut his way to the water-side and escaped in a ship."

"This is partly true."

"I know Cromwell has a reward for his head, and therefore—"

"You fancy he must be a pirate."

"I know not what he is. Men say he is greatly to be feared. He has burned full a score of castles and towns on the sea coast."

"These were those places in which Cromwell's minions dwelt—places, which, by falsehood and wrong, they had robbed loyal nobles. I have seen this sea king, and spoken with him, mother."

"Spoken with Red Hand?"

"Yes; I have been on board his vessel, which to-night was not two leagues from the land, opposite the village. He is a proper gentleman. He is the Earl of Villiers, a true-hearted nobleman, and friend of both the late king and Prince Charles."

"Speak lower, for there are strange ears near us."

"The two brutes are asleep, and I pray they may not wake till morning. Yes, mother, Earl Villiers is a true English gentleman. He commands a ship because he cannot command a fleet. His wars are made only against the usurper. His ship is the only remnant of the true British navy, and he the only British admiral, as Charles, the wanderer prince, is the only British king. But these things will not always be so. In a few days I shall, if nothing more favorable turns up, offer myself to this admiral of the Red Hand, and win fame under his flag."

"If this terrible captain be a true earl, who only seeks the rights of his king, I do not say aught against this, Guilford, save that I shall be grieved to have thee leave my roof and my side. But mothers cannot always hope to have their boys with them; and I hope to see you yet distinguish yourself."

"You will not be alone, mother. Anne will remain, and if she marries Robin"—

"Marries Robin? I wish she would, indeed."

"There is little doubt of it from what I saw to-night. They are lovers, or lovers never were."

"That is good news at last. I knew she need never look to you."

"Look to me, mother! Who?"

"Anne. Bless me, how odd you have never seen it in her eyes. She has loved you better than cousin ought to love, Guilford."

"I was not aware of it. But now you speak

of it, I do recollect some things that make me think you are right. But Robin will make her far happier. They will marry and live with you, and you will hardly miss me. I will have my boat repaired to-morrow, and give it to you. Has there been any excitement in the village to-night, early in the evening? Have you heard anything about any of the troopers having been shot?"

"Surely I did. Fuss enough was made about it. The troopers here heard firing, and went out, and after a long time came back, and swore dreadful oaths, and said some smugglers had shot three of their party who were pursuing a loyalist. They made great talk of it in their cups, and swore dreadfully how they would on the morrow have vengeance."

"Smugglers they said, did they, mother?"

"I believe so; but do not raise your voice so loud; for I dare say we've been overheard in half we've said by the poor gentleman, if by chance he's awake."

Here the good dame cast her eyes up at the trap in the ceiling.

"What poor gentleman? What do you mean, mother?"

"Hush! the troopers'll hear you, and then it's all up with him, be he peasant or prince, gentle or simple. There is a man hid up in the hemp loft!" she added, whispering close in his ear, and then clapping her fingers across his mouth. "Not a word. I fancy he is a loyalist. Don't speak, and I'll tell you all about it, for I want your advice to know what to do with him."

"If he is a loyalist, I will aid him to the best of my ability, mother. But when and how did he come here?"

"That I will tell you. You see, after you went out, and had been gone a little while, the two soldiers came in and invited themselves to take up their quarters for the night. After eating their supper and drinking, they got up and went out, as they said, to make a search of the premises, to see what out-houses, boats, hiding-places and such things, for concealing and escaping in we had."

"The prying devils!"

"Hist! They had not gone out scarcely, before I saw a face looking in upon me at that window. Before I could make out who it might be, the window was raised, and in stepped a stranger. He came so lightly to the floor, looked so beseechingly and suffering-like, and had al-

together such an appearance of weariness and flight, that I at once felt my charity warm towards him kindly; and knowing how many good men there are who are wanderers in their own, or what is worse, foreign lands, I bethought me this man might be one of them. The idea that he was a robber or a criminal never once entered my mind. He asked me in a voice that was courteous and respectful, if I would conceal him before the soldiers came back."

"Then he knew they were quartered here?" said Guilford, who had listened with the deepest interest to her words.

"Yes; for he had plainly been watching their departure; and, as they went out one way, he came in another way, as I told you. I instantly closed this door, dropped the curtains, that no one might see into the room, and pointing to the ladder, told him to conceal himself at once in the loft. He obeyed at once, and having given him food and drink, I removed the ladder."

"Have you spoken with him since?"

"Not a word. He is as quiet as the grave. I think he must be asleep; for he looked ready to drop. You should have seen what a white hand he had."

"How old a man is he?"

"About thirty; but he looked pale and haggard, and might not have been so much."

"How was he dressed?"

"In a sort of grayish black, plain and coarse, and much worn and road soiled. His hair was jet black, and so were his eyes; and his manners were those of a gentleman; that I saw at once."

"I would like to know who he is, mother," said Guilford, who had listened to all she had said with the liveliest attention. "He is without doubt one of the prince's friends, who are now hunted like wild beasts throughout the kingdom."

"What if it should be the prince himself?" whispered the good dame, with a wistful look.

"It can hardly be; yet it is clear he is expected to seek the coast, and should he do so, he is likely to come pretty much as this stranger has presented himself to you. Whoever he is, he needs our protection, and his life may depend on our care and discretion."

"What can be done?"

"That must be reflected upon, dear mother. It will not be safe for him to remain where he is. If a search of the house should take place, the loft will not escape their eyes. I must, however, first see him and know what he would have."

## CHAPTER XIV.

### GUILFORD'S PLAN FOR ESCAPE.

Thus speaking, Guilford returned into the front room, where the two men still slept heavily as before, and in the same postures. He then looked out of the door, and seeing Robin and Anne seated beneath the arbor, quite oblivious, apparently, of the passing time, he softly regained the room where his mother was, and bolted the door which led between the two apartments.

"Now, my dear mother, I want you to take a seat against this door, and if the soldiers either of them should wake and attempt to come in, tell them that it is your private room, and they cannot be admitted. On no account suffer them to enter; and if they force the door, I will shoot them down. I am going to have an interview with this stranger, whose misfortunes have driven him for shelter to our roof."

Thereupon Guilford replaced the ladder to its usual place beneath the trap-door, and ascended it. He tapped lightly upon the ceiling, and was answered by another tap equally low.

"Are you asleep, sir?" asked Guilford.

"No," answered the voice; and the trap was cautiously raised. "I know you are come to me as a friend, for I have overheard your conversation with your mother. I therefore let you up without suspicion. I am inexpressibly thankful to find myself in the house of two such

loyal friends as I find you and the good dame are."

These words were spoken in an under tone, but with a cadence that pleased Guilford's ear, and attracted him at once to the stranger before beholding his face. Asking his mother for a light, he ascended with it, and bidding her remove the ladder, he closed the trap and stood face to face with his guest.

The countenance he beheld was wholly unknown to him, but answered to his mother's description as that of a pale, harassed looking young cavalier of thirty, with black hair and eyes, and an intellectual expression.

"Whosoever you may be, sir, you are a welcome guest beneath our humble roof," said Guilford. "What can I do for you? for I presume you are one of the prince's friends."

"Yes, my dear young man, and I have sought the sea-coast with the forlorn hope of obtaining passage in some fishing-boat to the French coast. But I find that the coast is vigilantly guarded, and in this very house are quartered some of Cromwell's troops."

"Yes, two drunken rogues, shaven like monks and bearded like Turks, now sleeping off their potations in the room below."

"This would be a favorable time to elude them if a boat could be had. Are you not a fisherman?"

"Yes, sir cavalier, but my only boat was today, or rather yesterday, stolen, and is not fit to push off."

"I will give thee all the gold I have, which is one hundred louis, to purchase another for me."

"Thou wilt need all thy gold, sir cavalier. I can obtain another boat of a comrade, but"—

"But what, my young friend?" asked the stranger, who seemed to hang on his words with nervous eagerness.

"The difficulty is to get off from the coast unseen. There are not only troops placed in our houses, but they are posted as sentries along the streets, and have the beach in full view for miles. It would be almost impossible to get a boat off with any chance of success."

The stranger clasped his hands together with an expression of anguish.

"So near liberty, and yet not to be able to obtain it!"

"Does thy life pay the forfeit, sir, of thy capture?" asked Guilford, whose heart was deeply moved by his acute distress.

"Assuredly, my friend."

"And thou art a true friend of the prince?"

"He has none nearer."

"Then I will save thee if it be possible, by aiding thee to reach the French shore. But the prince, where is he? Hast thou any tidings of him since he was seen last in Scotland?"

"He still wanders. Like me he seeks to find shelter in France. Suppose I were the Prince Charles himself, what couldst thou do for me, if I told thee I was really in thy hands?"

"I would save thee or perish!" answered Guilford; "and I will do all I can for one who loves him and suffers for him. Here it is not safe for thee to remain till morning."

"Young man," said the stranger, "if thou savest me, the prince will not fail to reward thee."

"I ask no reward, sir cavalier, save success. I will ere long return to you. I will go and see how I can best secure your safety."

With these words Guilford took leave of his guest, deeply interested in him, and opening the trap-door, dropped lightly to the floor.

"Mother, he is a cavalier, and friend of the prince, and his life is forfeit if he be taken. He brings no other news of Prince Charles than that he is a wanderer like himself. Now I must get him out from here, and to the sea-side. I have resolved to try and get him across the channel."

"You will risk your own life, my son."

"Do not think of me, mother. I shall do nothing rashly. Give me thy brown long gown, and shawl, and hood."

"Here they are. What wouldst thou with them?"

"To hand them up to our guest to put on."

Guilford suited the action to the word, by rolling the articles in a bundle and passing them up to the fugitive.

"Put these on, and wait till I knock thrice on the trap, and then come boldly down. Now, mother," he added, as the trap-door was once more closed, and the ladder carefully removed, "I want you to put on your other shawl and hood, and walk out with me."

"Whither?"

"It matters not, dear mother. Do not ask me questions that I perhaps can't answer; but if you will kindly do as I say, we may save the young cavalier."

"I will be guided by you in everything, my son," said she, putting on her shawl and hood.

"That is right, mother. These barbarians of Cromwell's are still snoring. They sleep sound as moles."

"I drugged their negus to make them sleep and keep them quiet," answered his mother.

"That accounts for it. It is the more favorable to us. Now take my arm and come with me."

The good dame placed her arm in his, and crossing noiselessly the room where the troopers were, they went out by the gate of the cottage. Here they met with Robin and Anne, who hardly realized how the night they had so lovingly passed was wearing towards morning. They both started consciously as they saw dame Graham and Guilford.

"You've come at last, Guilford," said Robin, not knowing anything else to say.

"Yes; and I warrant me you were not over weary waiting for me. I want you, Robin."

"Anne, you had best go softly in and remain in the back room; if the troopers should wake up, you can bolt the door."

"Let Anne wait here by the gate, mother. You will not be away five minutes. Robin, go to your boat; place secretly three days' provisions in it, and put off as expeditiously as you can, as if on a fishing cruise. Soon as you get out half a mile, lower your sails and row back in the direction of the beach rock, landing beyond it on the castle side. There you will find me to take me on board. Do not delay, and be

discreet and cautious; for the least imprudence will create suspicion among the coast guard."

Robin signified his readiness to do as his friend Guilford had directed, and immediately left the cottage gate and walked towards his own cabin, a quarter of a mile further east, along the shore-curved street of the little port. He was stopped by two troopers, who, satisfying themselves that he was a fisherman, and not a prince in disguise, let him pass. At the door of his own hut he found three of the guard seated drinking ale, and eating rolls and dried fish. He adroitly got them into conversation upon the comparative speed of boats and horses, and drew them down to the cove, fifty paces off, where his own smack lay, and got them to examining it, he the while descanting upon its speed. He then proposed to show them with what rapidity he could row it, saying: "As it is near day, it is time I should get ready to go out to fish; but first I will show you her mettle."

He then went in for his oars, and at the same time filled a bag with fish and bread, and took a beaker of fresh water with him. These he placed in the boat before their eyes, trusting to their absence of all suspicion that he had any second purpose in view. At length, having got all prepared, he loosed his boat and got to his oars, and was about to row her out, when a fourth, in the uniform of a sergeant, came up and demanded what boat was putting off.

"A fisher's lad going off to cruise the day in the channel catching fish," answered a trooper; "and he has bet a hundred mackerel that his boat, with two oars, can beat the best hunter in England."

"He is a braggart," answered the sergeant. "But who has been in the boat and seen that there is no Prince Charley hidden in the cuddie. By the beard of Cromwell, it would hide two men!"

"No one has searched," answered one of the troopers.

The boat was detained and the cuddie carefully examined, when, as nothing was discovered like a refugee, and Robin being clearly the only person on board, he was suffered to put off. His bungling rowing to and fro, however, as he knew it would be, was laughed at by the soldiers, and having acknowledged that his craft was not in trim, he hoisted sail, and told them that when he had caught the hundred mackerel, he would not fail to pay his bet. He was soon rapidly leaving the shore behind, and the forms of the soldiers soon blended with the indistinct

objects on the land. When he had gained half a mile from the beach, he lowered his two sails, and taking to his oars, pulled towards the point nearly a mile westerly, where Guilford had promised to be found.

We now return to the young fisherman who was so generously about to attempt to save his guest from the power of the usurper. When Robin took leave of him to go on the mission we have seen him accomplish so successfully, Guilford, with his mother leaning on his arm, walked along the village street in the direction which led towards the castle. They soon came to two troopers, who were standing in the street acting as guards. The moonlight shone full upon them, and in one of them Guilford recognized the soldier who had before challenged him. As the young man and his mother drew near, one of the men stepped across the way and presented his broadsword.

"What, pray, is this, my fine couple?" he said, with a laugh.

"This is my mother; and, as for me, I told you who I was some while ago," answered Guilford, firmly.

"Yes, I recollect thee now; but we must see thy face. We must not let any nose pass us under cover. A woman's hood, before now, has hid a man's beard."

Dame Graham put back her hood and showed him a dignified, but pale, matronly face, that abashed his insolence.

"Pardon us, ma'am; but we must be strict."

"Can we pass on?" asked Guilford.

"Whither?"

"To the castle. There is a sick person there who suffers, and your orders are not so strict as to prevent passing to and fro on the land."

"No; it is the sea we are to watch."

Guilford then went on a few steps, and when beyond ear-shot, he said quickly to his mother:

"Pretend that thou hast forgotten the lint, and go back as for it; but instead of coming back thyself, send the guest, telling him I wait here, and that he must join me and take my arm without a word, in your place. They will not a second time lift the veil."

"I now understand all," said his mother.

"Sir soldier, my mother would return a moment to the house for something," he said, returning where the two men stood. "Be quick, dear mother, and I will remain talking with these brave soldiers."

The good dame hastened towards her house, leaving Guilford with the troopers.

## CHAPTER XV.

## SUCCESS OF GUILFORD'S MANŒUVRE.

"Thou art a tall youth to be under thy mother's eye still, young man," said the trooper who had been chief spokesman. "Fishing must be fool's pastime for a brave spirit as thine should be by thine eye. Why wilt thou not enlist in the troop, and follow the fortunes of a soldier?"

"My mother has only me, and if I should fall in battle she would be desolate."

"We should be better weaned than to think of mothers when our beards are grown, young fellow. A man's mother is his country, and he rightly obeys her when he takes up arms to defend her against tyranny." A pause.

"Come to the inn in the morn, where our captain is, and thou shalt put thy name down and be paid two gold nobles, and the horse and armor of the man who was shot early to-night by one of the smugglers, shall be thine."

"I will see thy captain, it may be, and think of this. I would rather have a wider field than this to act my part in."

"Ay, that thou oughtest, man. To-morrow we are going on a fancy party to ferret out these smugglers or what not that rescued the loyalist last night, and shot that 'lion of the desert,' even the brave trooper 'Despise not Prophecies.'"

"What loyalist?"

"That is not known for certain. That he

was one is clear, for he refused to drink to Oliver's health; and he fought like a tiger when he was set upon, and ran like a dromedary when he could fight no longer against odds. We would have had him had he not been rescued by a party of smugglers, as some say they were, who got him off safe. Our captain swears he was the famed Red Hand, the channel cruiser, because his right hand was missing. But, for my part, the blood of one royalist is as red as that of another."

"Dost thou expect to find smugglers on the coast to-morrow?" asked Guilford, whose eyes were anxiously turned towards the gate of the cottage.

"That may be as it turns out. A little brush with the rogues and a good deal of booty would enliven these dull times."

At this moment Guilford's eyes were gladdened by the sight of a female figure clad like his mother, issuing from the cottage gate. He knew at a glance that it was not she, and his heart bounded with hope and fear in contemplating the advance of the disguised royalist. The walk was wholly unlike that of his mother, and by no means as graceful; but he hoped the soldiers, who had never seen her but once, would not mark the difference.

"Good night, gentlemen; I see my mother

has got what she went after, and is returning," said Guilford, walking forward to meet the disguised guest.

"You will not forget the gold nobles and to see the captain at the inn?" called one of the soldiers.

"No. I hope to meet you there also."

By this time he met the loyalist, and taking his arm beneath his own, whispered:

"Walk more softly, and keep hooded. There is no danger if you do not speak."

It was a thrilling moment when Guilford came up again to the two men in order to pass them. He was, however, perfectly cool and self-possessed.

"We must stop again, mother, for doubtless these brave soldiers will have to make thee show thy face a second time, to see that no beard hath grown on it within the last five minutes."

"Nay, young fellow, thou and thy mother may pass when thou wilt," answered the nearest soldier, laughingly. "When thou gettest to be a trooper, thou wilt then learn to obey orders."

"I blame thee not, sir trooper," answered Guilford, as he walked on slowly, in order to keep, at feminine moderation the tendency of his companion to make rapid strides of it along. At every yard which separated him from the two soldiers his heart beat lighter and his breath drew freer. At length, after walking on about five minutes, and when he could scarcely distinguish the forms of the two men from the black posts to which the fishermen secured their boats, he said, in a tone of joy:

"Now, sir cavalier, you may speak. We are safe, at least for the present. You can look out of thy hood."

The cavalier, whom dame Graham had so promptly and skilfully put in her own place, then threw partly back her hood, and looked around him, but not before pressing the young fisherman's hand in both of his, and saying:

"Heaven reward thee! Thou hast done this well and faithfully, and with remarkable courage. I was never in more imminent peril of capture, and yet, under thy managing guidance, with so little reason to fear. What lofty castle is this?" he asked, as his eye fell upon the elevated towers and battlements of Castle Vane, beneath the shadow of which he was walking.

"It is Castle Vane."

"Well do I know the family. Never was a more loyal subject than Lord Vane. But rumor says his son is Cromwell's tool."

"Yes, so I have heard," answered Guilford, whose glances were continually scanning the water, searching for Robin's little bark, which yet did not appear in sight.

The cavalier also turned his eyes wistfully on the sparkling waves, and paused to contemplate them for a moment.

"O, road to liberty—yet a more insurmountable walk than if thou wert built of adamant, high as heaven!"

"Do not stop, my lord. We must still hasten forward; for though the last guard of troopers has been passed in this direction, yet our stratagem may be detected, and pursuit made."

"I need no inducements to move on, my true and faithful deliverer," answered the royalist; "but I am something wearied, having walked for many days, and laid abroad of nights, and had little food."

"I pity thy distresses, sir."

"I hope fortune will one day enable me to reward you," answered the stranger, with a grateful tremor in his tones. "But I am solicitous lest harm should happen to thy mother for the part she has taken."

"No; it was known to no one that you were in the house; and I instructed her not to suffer herself to be seen until after sunrise, lest indeed, by chance, the two troopers should question her how she got back unseen, and so place her in a dangerous position."

"That was judicious and thoughtful in you. I will therefore not suffer my fears to be awakened about her. But when I know that upon whomsoever aids me I am bringing danger, I sometimes feel like giving myself up to my fate before I will involve any more kind and noble hearts in assisting me to escape. We have here a barrier! How shall we surmount it?" he suddenly demanded, upon finding the beach terminate.

"Here is a boat, my lord," said Guilford, who gave the stranger this title of respect, judging from his manner; and that he was a partizan of the prince, that he must be noble; "we will enter it and row around it."

Upon their reaching the other side Guilford with an exclamation of pleasure, pointed seaward.

"A boat! O, that I were so happy as to be on board of it, with its head pointed towards France!" was the exclamation of the wanderer, with clasped hands.

"I think it is the boat I ordered to be found."



and meet us here," answered Guilford. "When it gets a little nearer I can tell."

"And you have perfected your plan so far as to provide a boat! Ah, this is more than I hoped. When I saw this cliff, I believed you were seeking some secret cavern wherein to conceal me; and my heart was heavy with the thought of more delay and confinement and anxiety before I should kiss the blessed sands of France!"

"It is Robin's boat. I know it now by the white tops to its masts."

"And is Robin's boat that you sent for to embark us in?"

"Yes, my lord. Robin is a youth, and supports himself by fishing. He is my truest friend, and can be trusted."

"I know it, if he is thy friend. It seems a brave, strong boat, with sails."

"It has crossed the channel in the wildest weather, my lord."

"Then my hour of safety seems to have come at last. This little skiff, which holds but two, and scarce floats for leaking," he added, pointing to the small boat in which they had paddled round the rock; "this I would have ventured in, rather than not have attempted it. To die exerting one's self for liberty, is better than to live as I have lived the past fifty days. O, young man, you know little of the sufferings I have endured. But the sight of this bounding bark makes me forget all!"

"I trust, my lord, that before noon you will be safe where you wish to be."

"Thanks, thanks, my friend. I pray that if this blessing be granted me, it be given soon to the poor friends and wanderers I leave still behind."

"Thou meanest the prince, and the four or five nobles who hold to him."

"They did hold to him till they were compelled, for his safety to leave him, and each seek a different route to the coast."

"If, after I safely place thee in France, I can return unsuspected, my lord, I will do all in my power to get the rest over. In particular would I be happy to be the instrument of saving the prince."

"And wherefore in particular, my young friend?" asked the noble, who was seated on a rock, watching the advancing fishing boat.

"Frankly, my lord, I will tell thee. Thou didst overhear my conversation with my mother, and now not be told that I love a high-born

maiden—even the daughter of the lord of this castle."

"And I would swear thou art worthy of her."

"I am too proud to offer her a fisherman for a husband. If I could aid the prince, perhaps he would take me into his service."

"But he is poor, and has nor men nor arms, coffers nor coin, young man."

"He will one day, I am confident, sit on the throne of his martyred father. He is too deeply seated in the hearts of the English people to remain long out of the seat of the kingdom."

"By the rood! thou speakest like a prophet!" exclaimed the noble, starting to his feet, and gazing with admiration upon the young man.

"I pray that thy words may come true. And if the prince come to his own, thou shalt not be forgotten. He who has served one of his friends serves him. I will take care that thy good service to me this night shall not be forgotten. Would that England had ten thousand young men with hearts and hands as loyal as thine."

At this crisis the little bark drew so close that Guilford recognized Robin, who, shipping his oars, steered the boat with what impetus his rowing had given it, directly alongside the rock.

"Thou hast well done, Robin, and in good time; for I see the dawn is breaking. Now, my lord, step into the boat, and the next land thy foot touches shall be that of France."

"Amen, my friend," answered the noble, as he leaped into the boat and stood in the stern. "Farewell, poor England! One of these days thou wilt take to thy bosom gladly the children that thou now drivest from thee."

Guilford saw that tears came into his eyes, and this emotion endeared him still more to him: for he saw that he possessed all the sensibilities that became a man. He now assisted Robin in hoisting the sails, for there was a six knot breeze from the northwest, and taking the helm, while Robin was entrusted with the charge of trimming the canvas, he steered away from the castle rock and lay his course at first south by west, in order to keep from being seen from the village when they should clear the rock.

When they had got out about fifty yards, and were sailing along smoothly, the nobleman was seen by Guilford to sink upon his knees and remain some minutes in prayer. He then rose, and embracing his deliverer, he called Robin and said:

"Let me take thee by the hand. I owe thee much also, and must owe thee more before I

reach France. I am told thou art the friend of this brave young man."

"I love Guilford as a brother," answered Robin, with honest warmth.

Suddenly a voice called to them from the shore—an eager but suppressed voice, its tones being doubtful and yet thrilling, as if fear and hope impelled the speaker.

"The boat! Art thou fisherman?"

"Yes," answered Guilford, as he discerned the figures of two men in the mouth of a sort of gorge that was at the westward of the castle rock.

"Come to the shore and take us on board, and we will pay thee well."

"I fear that it is a lure," said Guilford.

"I think I recognize the voice," said the stranger. "Hold! Let me speak."

"Nay, my lord, you may betray yourself. I will hail them. Who are you, and where do you wish to go?"

"Land, and we will tell thee," answered another voice.

"I know them!" cried the stranger to Guilford, in earnest excitement, laying his hand on his shoulder. "They are two of the prince's friends. Will you take them?"

"Willingly. Think you the prince is one of them?"

"We may hear from him through them, my young friend. Steer at once to where they stand,

for delay may be fatal to them with so many enemies about."

Guilford at once ran the smack to the little cove in the land where the two men stood. On coming near he saw from their torn apparel and haggard air that they were fugitives. They were so impatient to quit the land, that the boat had hardly touched the rock before they both sprang on board.

"Take us across to France, and we will repay you well, for we have gold," they said, talking like men who had life at stake.

The stranger, who still wore the female dress, and who had purposely concealed himself behind the sail, was now seen by them. They stared at him, and then took their seats, as if too weary to stand. They then looked earnestly at Robin and Guilford.

"You are fishermen, then?" said the eldest of the two, inquiringly.

"Yes, sir."

"Will you take us over to Normandy?"

"It is a dangerous trip, sirs, but as I am going over, you shall have passage."

"How fortunate. We will give you gold."

"I am well paid, gentlemen."

"But will you take this woman over?"

"Yes," answered Guilford; and would have added, "she is a fugitive disguised also," but for a pressure upon the arm by the stranger, as a hint from him to keep his secret.



## CHAPTER XVI.

## WHO THE FUGITIVE WAS.

WE now see our youthful hero, Guilford, once more setting sail for the French side of the channel, with three royalists. It has been an eventful twenty-four hours to him, and has done more to develop his true character than all the previous events of his life. All at once he felt that he had merged from the obscure and humble village fisher, to be a person of no little consideration, if he was to be judged by the part he had played. But he was not elated. He secretly hoped that this turn in the tide of his affairs was to lead him on to fortune.

When the smack, which Robin had named the 'Pretty Anne,' had got out a mile, the day had begun to brighten up so clearly in the east that the moonlight paled before it. Soon the light of the broad morning filled the air, and when they were a league from the land the sun rose in dazzling splendor out of the waters. Cheerfulness sat upon the haggard faces of the two fugitives as they saw receding the shores of England, and the distinct blue line of France grow more distinct.

"Young man," said one of them, whose beard and locks were mingled with gray, "you will be remembered by us to the latest hour of our lives. We must take your names, that our friends may know them, and love the two fisher's lads who aided us to escape from death to safety."

"I knew, my lord," said Guilford, "that fugitive friends of the prince were expected on the coast, in a short time, and knew you to be of them."

"Yes, doubtless, for we carry our fortunes in our rags and visages. But it is surprising and providential that we should have found a boat so soon, and one that would receive us. O, that the prince could be as fortunate."

"Hast thou heard of any royalist escaping in a boat within a day or two?" asked the younger cavalier, who was a fair young man, with a blue eye and a Scottish physiognomy.

"There was a brave man escaped yesterday from the village after great peril. It was at sunset or a little after."

"Ah, it must have been the prince," exclaimed the elder; "for he must have reached the coast about that time."

"No, it was the Earl Villiers, whom they call Red Hand," answered Guilford.

"The Earl Villiers!" exclaimed the stranger in a tone that, coming from the woman's hood, made the two cavaliers start with surprise, and stare with doubt both at Guilford and his disguised passenger.

"We are betrayed!" cried the young Scot, with a flashing eye, as he drew a long, glittering knife.

"There is no treason here," said Guilford. "This person is also a fugitive in disguise, whom I was taking over when you hailed me. If he wishes to conceal himself from you, I cannot prevent it. But I trust you are well known to each other."

"There needs no more disguise or concealment, my friends, all," exclaimed the stranger, throwing back his hood, and extending a hand to each of the fugitives. "Algernon, welcome! Catesby, I embrace you again!"

"My prince!" cried the elderly noble, kneeling and kissing the hand extended to him, while Catesby pressed his knees and bathed his hands with tears of joy.

"Heaven be praised! Once more we meet, and in safety!"

"I would have made myself known to you, my trusty friends, but I wished to defer it until landing, that I might then take my young friend by surprise, and let him know that he had indeed saved Prince Charles! This is a happy meeting for us after all our sufferings together."

"Too much joy! too much joy! That we should find thee in the very boat in which we have taken shelter. This day Cromwell's hatred has forever lost its victim."

Guilford had witnessed this revelation of the prince to his partners in dangers and flight, with amazement. He stood beholding him without power to utter a word. A half formed idea that all his hopes were now in the budding, and that Lady Kate would yet be his, danced bewilderingly through his mind. Robin stood with open mouth, in wonder and delight.

"Nay, my friends," said Prince Charles, "you must not be shut out from being partakers of all this joy. You have, you find, had your wish gratified, and have 'the prince' in your boat."

"And I will save thee or die, my prince!" exclaimed Guilford, kneeling and kissing his hand. "This is the happiest and proudest moment of my life."

Robin also came forward and saluted the excited monarch, and all was joy and intense excitement.

While the little vessel with its precious freight was dancing on its way, Guilford directed Robin to bring up the provisions from the cuddy, and the prince and his two lords made a royal feast of it, with such appetites as long fasting invariably lends to both king and peasant.

The sun was an hour high when they had all got through their morning's repast, and then

Guilford urged the prince to take some repose in one of the berths in the small cabin.

"This is well proposed, my young friend," he said; "for I have had little sleep for the week past."

Leaving the helm in charge of Robin, Guilford went into the cuddy and arranged as well as he could the cot of dry sea-weed for the prince, and when he would have apologized for its roughness, the latter said cheerfully:

"Do not say one word, my dear Guilford, for I have learned to sleep as hard as the poorest of my subjects. I am used to rough fare and rough lodgings. But keep good watch, and do not let any large vessel come too near us. Call me if any war-ship is seen in any quarter."

Guilford, having seen Prince Charles lie down to rest, returned to the deck. The faces of the two exiles beamed upon him with grateful smiles as he re-appeared.

"You are the happiest and most to be envied Englishman that this day lives, young man," said Lord Algernon, smiling; "for you have under your charge the prince on whose safety depends the fate of England."

"I am happier than I can express," answered Guilford, resuming the helm, while he gave an order to Robin to trim the sheets. "As we are now a full third of the way across the channel, my lords," he added, "will you say what part of the French coast the prince would like to be landed upon?"

"To the east of Cape de la Hague, and as near the Cherbourg landing as may be," answered the Scottish lord. "We have friends there in waiting for many weeks."

"The wind is not exactly fair for making Cherbourg," answered Guilford, looking at the sails and then at the sky; "but by tacking and running west by north four or five miles, we can then go about and make it towards night."

"Is there no danger that we shall be interfered with by the channel ships of war that are hovering on the coast to watch against the prince's escape?" asked the grey-bearded earl, with some solicitude, as he cast his eyes about him and saw four or five sail of vessels at various distances, some of them between them and the distant line of the coast of France, and one directly astern, as if in chase.

"Are there ships cruising on the watch, my lords?" asked Guilford, changing color. "I did not imagine danger save from the coast guard on shore."

"There is great danger yet," answered both noblemen. "An order has been sent to all the captains of the vessels of war to be vigilant in bringing to and examining every boat that crosses the channel."

"I did not know of this," answered Guilford.

He then stood up in the stern of the fishing vessel, which being but five tons burthen, did not elevate him but three or four feet above the level of the sea, and with a keen nautical eye scanned carefully the encircling horizon, commencing north and returning to the same point.

"What do you make out these vessels to be?" asked Lord Algernon Dudley, the old noble, trusting to the skill of the young sailor in matters of which he himself had little experience.

"The vessel astern, my lords, is a ship, that has just come out of Portsmouth. I saw her an hour ago, between the Isle of Wight and the main, standing down. She is a Norwegian trader by the shortness of her yards and square make of her bows."

"You observe closely," said the young Scottish lord.

"Yes; we fishermen, passing our lives on the channel, and accustomed to the sight of vessels of all nations, soon discern the difference between those of one country and another, and are able to tell them a long ways off."

"Yes, I can understand it," said Lord Cates-

by; "for in the highlands the shepherds on the hills can often tell men of different clans at a distance long before they can distinguish the plaid of their tartans. What vessel is that to the west? It looks large, like an armed ship."

"It is a ship of war of large size," answered Guilford; "but she is standing northward, and is bound into Portsmouth. She will hardly trouble us."

"Then this vessel at the east, which seems to be standing directly down to us?"

"That I am more doubtful about. She is too far off to be well made out, and as her masts range in a line, I can't tell whether she is a ship or brig. But from the squareness of her yards and the way she settles in the water, I am afraid she is an armed cruiser."

At these words the two nobles looked very naturally anxious, and watched her with close attention. There were two other vessels visible in the far south-western board, but at too remote a distance to be made anything of, save that Guilford was positive they were large, three masted vessels.

The wind was blowing a five knot breeze, from W. S. W., and the little vessel, kept close-hauled, went steadily on her way, steering as near as possible for the Cape of the Hague, now forty miles distant, in a south by west direction.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### A DESPERATE STRATAGEM FOILED.

LEAVING the little fishing smack, which held the destinies of England, to dance along over the waves of the channel on its way to the coast of Normandy, we will follow the adventures of another one of the characters of our story.

When Red Hand the earl had regained his own ship, and, after the severe execution of the sentence upon Lord Rudolph, had dismissed the yacht, he gave orders to his lieutenant in command to steer westward until sunrise, and then call him.

"I have not had one hour's sleep since I left London," he added to the officer, "and I must have a little rest."

He then went to his state-room, where he found Edward, the useful and handsome officer already introduced to the reader, engaged in copying papers. Upon the entrance of the earl, the youth looked up and fixed upon the earl his large dark eye, which had as much light in it as a woman's, and said:

"My lord, I know not how to contain my joy at your safe return once more to the ship, knowing, as I alone did, the perilous errand on which you went."

"I had a narrow escape of it more than once, Edward," answered the earl, throwing himself upon a cushioned settee.

"And what success, my lord?" asked the

youth, in a tone that slightly hesitated, as if he feared he ventured too far to make so open an inquiry.

"Cromwell's head is still on his shoulders, and he is free to ride on England's neck till a more lucky day for us. Would you like to hear the particulars?"

"Yes, my lord; I will first copy these two remaining lines of the letter you have written to the Duke of Orleans, to be left at Cherbourg."

The youthful secretary then busied himself a minute till he had completed the task allotted to him, and then placing his pen by his side on the polished Bragiban table, placed himself in an attitude of listening. This young man, whose beauty, as we have said, was almost feminine, was about twenty years of age, slight in figure, but tall, and gracefully made. A brown moustache was just beginning to darken his well cut upper lip, and his rich and shining brown locks curled short about his circular and snow-white neck. His brows were also brown or hazel colored, like his hair, and exquisitely arched over a pair of large, well expanded eyes of the clearest gray. His nose was Persian, straight, and with thin nostrils—generally a mark of high birth. When he spoke, rows of even teeth, as dewy and translucent as pearls, were visible. His hands were as symmetrical as nature could have

moulded them, and his whole air and tone were striking and distinguished. There was an expression of sadness upon his face that seemed to be abiding, and to derive itself from a source deeply hidden in the heart. With all his beauty, there was a total absence of consciousness of it, and with all his womanly elegance there was no lack of the proud and manly bearing of his sex. Between him and the earl there appeared to exist a friendship equal and confidential, and which seemed to take no count of the difference in their years. The attire of the young secretary was a suit of black velvet, with here and there a plain gold button, and a silver hilted sword, worn in a polished Arabian belt at his side.

"The night on which I landed at Hastings," said Red Hand, "twenty days ago to-day, I found the three men ready with horses to take me to London. I was nearly two days reaching the city, not wishing to ride too fast, lest I should draw attention. I wore my disguise as a Puritan conventicle preacher, and had much honor paid me at several times, by Cromwell's people. At length, safe in London, I put up at the house in the Strand where Lord Layton and Germain were lodged. They received me warmly, and asked where I had landed and where left my ship. I told them that I had left my vessel off Hastings, but that, by my orders, she was to run to the coast of France and hover about Germany until the twentieth, when she was to stand over the Sussex side and wait my orders, or take me on board, as you have done this night."

"You have read the report of our cruise, my lord, during your three weeks' absence?" observed the young lieutenant.

"Yes, I have looked it over, and find you have had too many handsome fights with Cromwell's vessels; but one of these I heard of before I left London, and I assure you it made me proud of my gallant friends on board, and my noble vessel. One would have thought, by the way the Londoners talked about your sinking the parliament ship Nestor, that I had been a Moorish buccaneer and lived by pirating on the world. But Cromwell would have all true loyalists branded as pirates and robbers. There are no honest men in England now-a-days, but those who have cropped crowns and pray by the league. But to my story. After I had been a week in London we had all our plans laid. Under the disguise of a coal heaver, I had more than once stood within ten feet of Cromwell, as

he passed through the palace yard, where I was heaving coal, having managed to get employed there for this purpose. Under the disguise of a baker, I entered the palace, and, as a postman, I placed letters in his very hand. All these opportunities I sought to see him and learn his habits and hours, that we might know what day and hour to fix upon our plan for carrying him off. At length I discovered that every Tuesday and Saturday it was his custom to embark on the Thames to sail up to — palace, there to be present at a council which he had convoked for the purpose of settling upon a new code of justice for the commonwealth, it being his intention to adopt the Justinian code, if possible, over the common law. We resolved that we would have everything ready to lay hands upon him when he should return from one of these excursions, which we ascertained would be towards twilight.

"I had already obtained a swift barge with two masts and eight oars, and had placed over her a deck that would conceal twelve men. This barge we had placed under a warehouse that belonged to a trusty loyalist. The eight oarsmen were selected by me from a score of the young nobles who are living in London in disguise and poverty, ready to enter upon any enterprise that may bring back the king, by destroying the usurper. The twelve men concealed in the deck were all born lords and barons, half Scotch and half English."

"Each equally anxious to share the peril and the glory!"

"Yes. At length the afternoon, four days ago, arrived. One by one, by different routes, the lords and gentlemen reached the rendezvous, entered the boat and concealed themselves, with arms in their hands, under the deck. I was the last person there, and went accompanied by the French lieutenant, whose ship was waiting off the mouth of the Thames to receive us. At four o'clock I saw the protector embark in his state barge, rowed by twelve men. He sat in the stern, surrounded by six or seven of his court, for he holds court and carries state like a crowned king. In the bow were eight soldiers of his body guard, armed with harquebuses. At about half an hour before sundown I saw his barge half a mile off, descending the river. It was returning earlier than we expected, but on consulting with the lords, we decided to attack it in open sunshine, and trust to the swiftness of our barge to escape down the river with our prize."

"It was a very bold enterprise, my lord."

"One must do a bold thing who would attempt to make Cromwell prisoner. Standing upon the pier, I watched the descending barge until it had come nearly opposite our lurking place, when, lowering myself into my boat, I said:

"My friends, now is our time! Oars, all give way and launch out into the river."

"The next moment we shot out from beneath the arch of the old pier, and steered with foaming bow and leaping oars straight for the state galley. The helmsman of it, seeing us about to cross his bows, hailed us and ordered me to back the oars! But not heeding him, I directed my boat's bows obliquely, so as to strike the barge about half way between her beam and cutwater. The shock, as I ground along her sides, mowing down the whole bank of oars, was so great as to stave in the bows of the galley and break the forward knees of my own boat."

"To arms and board!" I shouted, in a voice of thunder.

"The next moment my deck was alive with armed men, who leaped into the galley and swept her forecabin. Sword in hand, I pressed aft, with lords McDonald and McFergus, to where Cromwell stood, calling upon his soldiers to rally and fire upon us. His own sword was in his hand, and as I approached, he threw himself into an attitude of a lion at bay.

"You are my prisoner, Oliver Cromwell!" said I, leaping towards him. "Give up your sword!"

"He who would have my sword must take it!" he answered, with a firmness that made me respect the man's bravery.

"I did not wait a second time to be invited, but crossing blades with him, was on the eve of getting the mastery, for I once had his sword entangled in the folds of my coat, when his friends, recovering from their panic, fought in his defence like good fellows, and his harquebuses did such good service, that we were finally compelled to retreat to our own boat, half of us wounded, and abandon the enterprise upon which so much time and talent had been expended. I should have rallied my party and renewed the attack, but for the sight of three barges of troops which I saw pulling to the protector's aid from the shore. So we got off and made the best of our way down the river, chased by two of the barges. We should inevitably have been taken, if night soon coming on had not befriended us. Under

cover of it we mingled among the numerous boats plying up and down the river, and landing on the south side of the Thames, about four miles below London, we found our way to an inn, kept by an old king's man, who gave us cheer and lodging, and bound up the wounds of those who had been hurt. Here I remained until the next night, when, hearing that Prince Charles had certainly been seen in Mid-England, making his way in disguise towards the Sussex coast, I resolved to regain my vessel and watch to give him succor. Leaving my poor lords discomfited but not in despair, and with a second plot fairly hatched out before I left the inn, I took my way across the country on foot, for I had learned from our host that our daring, open attack upon Cromwell, had filled all London with amazement, and that the protector had given strict orders to guard all the roads, and look out especially for the outlaw Red Hand, the pirate earl."

"He knew you then, my lord?"

"He had reason to know me well. Besides, I shouted my war cry, 'A Villiers! A Villiers!' as we charged him on his barge. I had, therefore, to be very cautious in crossing from London to the coast, and travelled chiefly in the night; and when by day I walked, I kept low the hills far away from the roads. At length, last night I reached the little fishing port of Brithelmene, and famished and thirsty, and deeming myself out of reach of all danger, in that obscure place, I entered the inn to refresh myself. But as I have told you, a swarm of Cromwell's locusts soon came in, and I had to make my escape the best way I could. To young Guilford Graham I owe my life and present security, and if it is ever in my power to serve him, may I lose my other hand if I forget to do it."

"What an unfortunate result, my lord, of your well-planned scheme to take the usurper," said Edward Percy. "If you had succeeded, Prince Charles, instead of flying from England, would have entered London in triumph."

"Yes; but we will bide our time. The young king will yet sit in his father's throne. Of this I feel as sure as if it had been made known to me by a revelation from heaven."

"My lord, I feel so. There seems to be a seventh sense in us which scholars do not take note of in their philosophies. It is that sense of being assured that a certain thing yet in future will come to pass."

"I understand you. It is so."

"When the noble marquis, my father, was led to the scaffold, I had a feeling that he would not be executed then; and after he was remanded to prison and had his second trial, I then felt all the dread certainty that he would die. The result verified my sensations."

"The same feeling which you describe I have experienced. Even now I can say with a certainty as positive as if I were inspired, that Prince Charles will not fall into the hands of his foes, but ere long reach France in safety. Nay, I have a presentiment that it will not be long ere you and I shall behold him in security."

"I earnestly pray, my lord, that your wishes may be fully realized."

"You mean that my eighth sense may not deceive me," responded the earl, laughing. "But my dear Edward, I have a rare romance to tell thee."

"Ah, my lord!"

"Yes. This young Guilford Graham, with his handsome face and fine eyes, has captivated no less a personage than the fair Lady Catharine Vane."

"Impossible, my lord."

"Nothing more true, Edward. And as to its being impossible, there is nothing more possible, when two young hearts come together and are found to be of kindred mould. How he managed first to win her heart, is to me a mystery; but as he lives at the foot of Castle Vane, I doubt not they have been thrown together in some way very naturally, and what with his reverence for her rank and respectful homage, and her admiration of his person, and perhaps gratitude for rustic civilities, they got to losing their hearts to each other. But be that as it may, they are lovers, and she loves quite as enthusiastically as he does."

"I like the young man—I am grateful to him—I respect his courage—but for him to aspire to—"

"Tut, tut, my dear Edward! The days of chivalry are filled with such real romances of life. A humble lover and high-born maiden are the theme and burden of half the ballads."

"That is true. But—"

"I have however, something to add that will make you like the young man's honor. It would seem he has lately awakened to the practical view of his romantic attachment, and last night he was on the way to see the lady to release her from all love vows, and tell her that he felt that they never could be united, holding such opposite

positions in society. It was on this errand he saw me beset and gave me such good aid. And, oddly enough, on board my ship he finds the Lady Catharine. They had an interview, which I chanced to overhear, which resulted in a refusal on her part to listen, like a noble girl as she is, to any such sacrifice of his happiness on his part, and to her consenting to wait for him until he shall achieve a name and fame that will give him some pretensions to sue for her hand."

"And this compact stands?"

"Yes. And be assured that we shall yet hear of this young man in some honorable and daring exploit. He has it in him, and he has a prize to win that will nerve his arm and carry him to his object through every danger."

"I like him well, my lord! He is certainly deserving of her if she loves him."

"I knew you would like him, and therefore I have told you this. It is my intention to seek him out at an early day, as soon as the prince shall have got safely to France, and then give him employment in charge of the vessel and expedition which is planned for another attempt to get possession, if possible, of the person of Cromwell."

"I was in hopes, my lord, that in this new expedition I should not be overlooked."

"I did promise to give you some opportunity of distinguishing yourself, Edward. But you are too useful to me. I would have you near me; and besides, I wish from Cherbourg to send you with a message to St. Lo to my fair daughter."

Here the young secretary blushed and looked pleased.

"Besides, wilt thou not, for love's sake, give my young friend Guilford a chance of winning a name that will give him the prince's favor, and thus open a way to his advancement in the world?"

"I gainsay it no further, my good lord," answered Edward, with a cheerful smile.

"Hast thou finished those despatches for Paris?"

"Yes, my lord."

"Seal and address them. But first let me see the letter to the French king; for it is important that there be no error in it."

The earl took the paper and began reading in a low, audible tone, as follows:—

"Your most christian majesty will be pleased to learn that our august Prince Charles, since

the disastrous defeat of his forces near Worcester, forty days ago, has hitherto eluded the efforts of Cromwell to take his person captive. I have certain information to convey to your majesty that he is hovering near the English south coast, and will embrace the first safe opportunity for embarking across the channel to find that safety in your dominions which your majesty, through me, has so courteously offered to him. It is to be ardently hoped that the prince will reach the French coast ere many days."

The earl continued to read on for a few lines further, but in a less audible manner, and then immediately returning the letter to the secretary, he said:

"It is correctly copied and fairly writ. Seal."

"You have forgotten to sign it, my lord."

"True."

The Earl Villiers then took a pen in his left hand and made a capital V, after which he placed a seal that, he took from his sword hilt, upon some wax that Edward had previously placed for the reception of it. It was a shield, on which was a three-masted ship, and for a crest was a hand severed at the wrist.

"I wear this seal and badge till Cromwell loses his usurped throne, and then I resume my arms. I will yet make him wince the more, as men say he does at hearing of Red Hand, his deadly foe! Now I would have thee pen a letter to my fair daughter, at the convent St. Lo. It is four weeks since she wrote me the sweet missive which pleased me so, and I have deigned it no reply. Come, sir, thou art my right hand, and I would have thee write to a lady as I would have done in my younger days. Let the script be smaller than that in which thou hast writ to the French king, and by no means so large as that wherewith thou writest to our English barons. A handwriting for a lady's eye, let me teach thee, young cavalier, should be graceful in shape, neat in all its parts, of a cunning and pleasing fashion, and without mar or blot. I like well the Italian script for this business. Dost thou know it?"

"Yes, my lord; I have cultivated all styles of Spain, of France, of Italy, and of Germany."

"Let us have that of Italy."

"I am ready, my lord."

"Then say these words with thy own finish; for, by the rood! I am better skilled in ropes and ships than in the art of penmanship. Now to thy task:—

"FAIR DAUGHTER JENNY:

"Thy sweet billet came duly into my hand, and was read with pride and satisfaction. It pleases me that thou art so happily content with thy present abode, and that the abbess doth her best to give thee such entertainment as becometh thy goodness and my daughter. Thou wilt pardon this long delay between my answer and thy letter; but this is a busy season since the mishap to the prince's army, and I am compelled to keep astir, and mostly on the sea, for I am hoping to give the prince the opportunity of getting off from the coast in my ship, which would be the proudest event of thy father's life to aid his prince in escaping from his enemies. Thou hast heard how he has been hunted in Scotland; but getting into England, he is now wandering near the coast, and must soon either fall into the hands of his enemies or get safely over to France. If he reach Paris, I shall not fail to go there to give him my homage, in which case I will pass St. Lo and take thee with me; for thy education is by this time well on to its close; and what thou lackest in thy head, thy face's beauty will make up. Edward Percy telleth me that thou hast grown wonderfully fair. He will be the bearer of this, and I would fain commend him (here there lurked a smiling expression in the corner of the earl's eye) to thy courtesy and attention, for he hath my confidence and love. Heaven bless thee, fair daughter Jenny, and soon place thee in the arms of thy loving father,

ARTHUR, EARL OF VILLIERS."

This letter having been duly penned by the youthful secretary, Red Hand settled himself upon his couch and gave himself up to the proposed sleep which he so much needed, while Edward continued at the escritoire writing and sealing packets addressed to various exiled noblemen in France.

At length the day broke, and the earl, rising, went to the deck. His keen eye surveyed the horizon. Three or four vessels were in sight, one of which, far to the eastward, was made out to be a brig-of-war, but as she showed no colors, her nature could not be made out; though as she was near the French coast, she was supposed to be a vessel of that nation. Some dozen fishing vessels were also seen running about. Upon all three Red Hand directed the long, heavy telescope of that day, and then, having swept the French coast near which he was sailing, he suddenly gave orders to put about; for up to that

time, since Guilford had left her in the yacht during the preceding night, she had been steering nearly west. The island of Alderney lay about two leagues distant abeam, when they tacked ship.

"Lay her course E. N. East," said Red Hand. "We will run up the channel and keep cruising between Normandy and Sussex, for we may be so fortunate as to fall in with some of the fugitives crossing who will give us news of the prince. Keep a close watch on all the fishing boats, and run close to each of them, so that if any of the prince's party be in them, we may take them on board."

The ship now stretched eastward under all her

canvas, for the breeze was light from the south and south by west, and every sail had to be set to get six knots an hour out of her. The men, after they had breakfasted, were called to quarters and trained to the guns, to keep them in constant practice; for they were surrounded by hostile vessels, and might at any hour find themselves engaged in mortal conflict with some of Cromwell's ships. In this manner, closely examining every craft, the royal cruiser of the channel kept on her course, the sight of her causing many an English trading vessel to up helm and fly for shelter towards the nearest land on the British side.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

### AN EXCITING SCENE.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the ship commanded by Red Hand came nearly opposite Cape La Hogue, the land lying about five miles from her to the south, on the starboard beam. The wind had been light and baffling all day, and she had made but little progress since the morning, not having placed more than fifteen miles between her and the place where, at sunrise, she had put about to steer eastward up the channel.

The vessels which had been visible from her deck in the morning had now all disappeared in their several directions, but others were in sight. The brig-of-war, which they had supposed to be a French vessel, had suffered the "Prince Charles" to come near enough for her to make out her character, when, without waiting for a more intimate acquaintance, and trusting to her heels, she hoisted the British flag and ran for Portsmouth. Several fishing vessels, but chiefly Norman, had been brought too in the course of the fifteen miles run, but there was no one on board save the ordinary crews. Nor from two English fishing smacks which Red Hand brought to, could he learn anything of any fugitives having been seen on the coast, or having crossed to France.

About half past three in the afternoon, as the earl was about to give orders to alter the course

of his ship and run into Cherbourg, the lookout aloft called lustily from his perch:—

"Sail ho!"

"Where away?" demanded the officer on the deck, making use of the same nautical phraseology, which for more than two hundred years has been customary in the English navy.

"Three points abaft the larboard beam."

The earl glanced over the quarter, and saw a vessel, at some distance yet, but the appearance of which caused him to call quickly for his telescope. When it was handed to him, he rested it upon a rattlin' of the mizzen rigging and levelled it upon the stranger. There were a dozen other vessels in sight in other directions, but they were all made out to be either traders or coasters or fishermen, save one, which was to the north and east, which could not be made out, being too remote, but which seemed to be coming down hand over hand, bringing a fine topsail breeze along with her.

"What do you make her out, my lord?" asked Edward, who stood near the earl, assisting his one arm in keeping the glass steady.

"A confounded large ship, and with iron teeth enough to eat two such mouthfuls as we are."

"A ship of the largest class, my lord?"

"Yes, and one of Cromwell's bull-dogs. I

know her well, by her stump topmasts. It is the Leviathan, and is twice our metal. She has a breeze with her, too, and seems to be steering dead for us."

"You may be sure, my lord, she knows who we are."

"Without doubt. We have boarded craft enough since morning to report us in that quarter."

"My lord," said the quartermaster, who had been for some minutes inspecting the ship in the northern board.

"Well, Claypole, what now?"

"The chap there a-weather is coming down with a bone in his teeth. He has an ugly look about the muzzle."

"If he comes too near, we will spoil his muzzle for him, if that is the case," said the earl, cheerfully; for he was one of those chivalrous natures that take delight in the accumulation of dangers. "The fellow off the quarter has also a breeze, while we lay as quiet here as if we were at our anchors. Have supper for the men early, and then have all hands to quarters," he called out. "We shall hardly get away from these two inquisitive gentlemen who are coming down this way to look at us, without a brush."

At hearing this, the whole quarter deck was in excitement. The officers smiled and exchanged congratulations with each other at the prospect of a battle, while the rumor flying forward among the men, infused a spirit of beligerency into their bosoms that completely changed the whole aspect of things. One would have thought that the happiest intelligence had reached them, instead of the report that two large, armed foes were coming down upon them, probably to attack them, and possibly destroy them and their vessel. But if the faces of the officers and men brightened, the countenance of their chief, Red Hand, shone with courage and warlike anticipation. Already, in numerous instances had he met the ships of the usurper and conquered them, though inferior in strength to them. And so frequent, bold and successful had been his assaults upon ships, castles, and even towns on the coast, that in proportion as people held his name in awe, his own confidence in his invincibility had increased.

Cape de la Hague, opposite which the ship of the earl lay, scarcely in motion for want of wind, has two horns, and in the bay between them lies the town of Cherbourg. This port

was in full sight, not two leagues distant from the ship,—while astern and ahead, but a league to leeward, lay the two capes. To the northward the faint blue line of the coast of Sussex and the Isle of Wight were visible, forty miles off. A little astern, and about seven miles distant, was the larger ship, the Leviathan, coming down on the wind, and steering as if running quietly for Cherbourg. Forward of the beam, in the northern board, also was to be seen the other ship, steering also for Cherbourg, though as this was a French port, there was no probability of their being bound there; but as the Prince Charles lay directly in the track to the port, this vessel was very clearly the object at which they were aiming. There were some half a score of small craft in sight, and far distant two or three English fishing-boats.

The men at length had their supper, and the officers also, so that the after cabins, with the bulkheads removed, were soon turned into open decks with men at the guns. At length, about four o'clock, the Leviathan came so near as to show her ports to the naked eyes of the men on the channel cruiser; but the wind had got ahead of her, and Red Hand was able to manage his vessel under motion with a five-knot breeze.

The ship which was coming from the coast of England, was now near enough for her guns to be counted; but instead of keeping on for the Prince Charles, she suddenly hauled her wind and stood six or seven points eastward.

"That is a new manoeuvre," exclaimed Red Hand, as he saw it; and catching up his glass, he directed it towards her. "She is in chase of a fishing smack!" he cried. "I see the smack about two miles ahead of her to the south, and evidently flying from her. They are wetting her sails and using their oars. There must be something more than usual in the wind, for a frigate to turn out of her course to chase a fishing-vessel! Crowd every stitch of canvas upon the ship, sir!" he ordered, in tones of unusual animation.

"The smack is making for the French coast as fast as she can make speed," said the quartermaster, with his eye to his glass.

The whole attention of every one on board the cruiser was now directed to the frigate and the fugitive fishing-smack. If there had been any doubt in the minds of any one as to the object which had turned the English vessel from her course, it was now removed by her firing at long shot at the escaping little craft.



"Crowd on all! every yard of sail!" shouted the earl. "We must cut the frigate off from her chase. Ten to one, there is some one of the prince's friends in her, and the glass of the captain of the frigate has detected him."

All on board was now intense enthusiasm. Every nautical art was brought into use to increase the ship's velocity, and enable her to cut off the fishing-smack. The latter had full five miles yet to sail before she could reach the French shore. She was aiming for the little fishing port of Feschamps, beyond the cape. On her starboard quarter, not two and a half miles distant, and pressing all canvas after, and firing at intervals, was the frigate we have spoken of, and from the rapidity with which she gained on her, there was every prospect of her capturing the prize for which she seemed to be straining all her nerve.

The cruiser Prince Charles was about a mile and a half from the fishing-smack, and so had a mile advantage of the frigate for cutting her off; yet, as she had to run all this distance to intercept herself between them, it was feared by Red Hand that the smack might be destroyed by the shot of the frigate. He therefore, as soon as he came within range, opened his larboard battery upon her in the most spirited cannonade. This, as he expected, drew the fire of the frigate upon him, but she did not cease to crowd sail in chase of the boat, nor to send balls after her from one of her bow chasers.

"I will soon put an end to this double game," said the earl; and bringing his ship into the wind, he opened broadside after broadside upon her so effectually, that she had enough to do to take care of herself and return it. In the midst of the battle, which every moment grew hotter, Edward, who had kept his eye upon the smack with the telescope, exclaimed:

"She has been hit, my lord, and the fishermen are trying to keep her from sinking. But ho! my lord! There is the woman we saw, who has thrown off her gown, and now is working in a man's dress. It is a man, my lord!"

"Then, by the mass! it must be a disguised exile. Let me see!"

The earl took the glass and levelled it at the boat, which had her mainmast shot away, and which was filling fast with water.

"You are right. There are five men now, and no woman! That was a disguise. How know we but the fortunes of England are in that sinking boat! Square away the yards!" he

shouted, "and let us go to the succor of the boat, so that if there be any one in her of note, we can give him aid. Keep your batteries playing lively, my lords," he called to his officers. "We have knocked the frigate's quarter railing to pieces, and crippled her foremast; but she is doing her best to come up with the sinking smack. But we will be ahead of her!"

Red Hand now took a position on the bow of his ship, and earnestly kept his glass upon the smack. Both vessels are now about half a mile distant from each other and from the fishing-boat, and drawing nearer under constant firing, to the point at which both aimed.

"It is the prince!" shouted one of the officers, who had been for some moments looking at the smack, which, having been cleared from water, the persons in it were once more pulling towards the French coast.

"Who? where?" demanded Red Hand, to whom he stood near on the bows.

"The man at the smack's helm, steering. Look well, my lord! He has his hat off, and I can clearly distinguish his features, and his long black hair, and his very figure and air, too."

The earl, himself, now took the spy-glass. He looked through it a moment, and then cried, with emotion:

"It is he! It is the prince! We must save him! Blow this infernal frigate out of the water! Double shot your guns, my men! The prince! our king! is in yonder sinking bark, trying to escape for his life and crown! Fire red hot shot! Make your iron-throated guns roar! See how the frigate gains! Blow her into the air, or they will seize our king from our very grasp!"

The ship reeled, and seemed rent in every seam by the terrible discharge of the whole of her broadside at once into the frigate at scarcely musket shot range. The iron storm that rushed through the air seemed to be obedient to the fierce mandate of the chief. One of the red hot shot must have penetrated to the magazine, for scarcely had the roar of the discharge ceased, when it was followed by an explosion more appalling than human ears ever heard. The very surface of the water vibrated and swang from side to side, and the whole heavens seemed rent, while spars, bodies and limbs of men, and even cannon flew through the air, which was filled with shrieks and groans of anguish too horrible for description.

Every man on board the cruiser stood petri-

fied and amazed. Not a word was spoken, not a gun fired, not a foot was moved for full a minute, till the last fragment had fallen into the sea, and the ruined ship, with a painful lurch, descended, a huge coffin of dead and dying, beneath the surface of the sea.

"That was the most fearful thing I ever witnessed," said Red Hand, who was the first to break silence. "But it is the fate of war. Come, men! Do not stand stupified! It has saved our prince! Behold the royal Charles himself standing at the helm and steering that fishing-smack yonder. In a few minutes we shall have him safe on board! His life is cheaply purchased by the five hundred disloyal lives that have now just been sacrificed to his safety."

We will now return to the smack, on board which we left the prince asleep, while Guilford, at the helm, was guiding his little vessel with skill and speed across the channel. At one period both the nobles laid down in the bottom of the boat and slept also; so that the smack was for several hours wholly under the eye of Guilford and Robin. Not long after the two noblemen had fallen into repose, a small trading lugger passed them, standing towards the Sussex coast. Its owner was well known to be a smuggler, and Guilford, though he knew him well, as he belonged to Brighthelmston, had never any intercourse with him. This man steered his lugger a little out of her course, in order to pass close to the smack, which Guilford perceiving, tried to prevent; for he did not wish to have the two fugitives who were lying in the bottom of his little vessel, asleep, discovered by him. The lugger, however, kept away for him, and came close under his bows.

"Hilloh, master Guilford!" he hailed; "what luck to-day? Methinks you keep well over to the French coast, when at this tide thou shouldst know thou wilt find the fish plentiest off the Isle of Wight."

"How dost thou know but that I am bound as thou hast been, to France, to get a cargo of French brandies?" replied Guilford, in no good humor.

"Ah, by my head, it would be an honest errand; ay, an honest one, may be," added the man, standing up and stretching his long neck to look over into the smack, for he had brought his lugger almost dead into the wind's eye as he was talking; "honest! than smuggling over king's men. I see thou hast a pair! Rare birds, my lad. How many golden louis dost this day's fishing bring thee?"

"Go thou and mind thy own business, man," responded Robin.

"That will I, and thine, too," responded the man, with an evil light in his eyes. "It will be hardly safe for thee to land foot again on Sussex shore, if I get there afore ye."

With these words of menace he let his main sheet fly, and before the wind went on his way towards the English shore.

"That man will do as he says, Robin! It will be hardly safe for either you or I to go back at present."

"That it wont, Guilford. But I hope no harm will come upon Anne and thy mother."

"No," answered Guilford, thoughtfully, "they will scarcely dare harm them for our acts. Let us hope for the best."

"And fear the worst for Anne."

"It is but a poor courage, Robin, that is ever looking on the dark side. What we wish and believe will almost always come to pass. Let us believe and hope all will be safe with those we love."

"How unlucky we should fall in with that bad man, Guilford!"

"It is all for the best."

"I wish I could think about things as quietly as you do. But the fellow can't do us any harm, for we shall get the prince across before any one can be sent after us."

"Yes, I hope so. If he should fall in with any of the channel watch-ships, which we have so fortunately eluded, he will give information, and we shall be pursued. But as we are half way across the channel, I have little fear."

"I don't like the looks of the ship astern," said Robin. "She has ports, I am sure."

"I can't well make her out, but she can hardly notice us; and besides, she can't be in chase of us, for she came from the Portsmouth direction."

Guilford, however, was in the wrong, for once. The frigate was a *guarda costa*, and had been all the day overhauling fishing-boats and examining them, and had seen the smack with other boats some time before. But being spoken by the lugger, the skipper of which pointed out the fishing-vessel, then a league ahead of the ship, as having two fugitives on board, the frigate rewarded the man for his information and crowded on all sail in chase.

When she had been running on this course some half an hour, the captain of the frigate made out Red Hand's vessel, and recognized the ship. Upon making known who she was,



his officers were by no means anxious to come in collision with the formidable captain, and proposed that the course of the frigate should be changed. To this, however, the commander firmly objected. The disastrous results of the chase, the reader has already seen.

When it began, Guilford had called up the prince and made known the exact danger they were in. Prince Charles then manifested the self-possession which always characterized him. Having closely observed the two vessels, both of which were standing towards him, and both of which he supposed to be enemies, he promptly gave directions for the management of their escape. By his suggestion, Guilford, Robin, and the two noblemen rowed with the four oars, and he himself took the helm, and at the same time kept the sails wetted by throwing water upon them with a long-handled scoop which the smack carried for this purpose.

"She gains on us, your majesty," said Guilford, whose practised eye could note with more accuracy than theirs the least variation of distance on the water.

"Which of the two, master Guilford?" asked the prince, now looking at the frigate astern and now at Red Hand's ship, both of which were equally distant from the smack.

"Both of them I see now gain. But the ship to the west is, I believe, a friend, my prince!" suddenly exclaimed Guilford.

"A friend! Then welcome to her! But, by the mace of King Cole, master Guilford, there is but poor chance of a fugitive like me finding a friend in a Cromwell ship."

"I do believe, your majesty, it is the Earl Red Hand's channel cruiser."

"Earl Villiers!" cried the prince, with animation. "The good angels grant it be. But I fear you are mistaken."

"No, my lord—I mean your majesty"—

"Let my majesty alone, good master Graham," said the prince.

"Nay, shall I not call thee my prince?"

"If thou wilt. Art sure of the vessel? for the stout earl is one of the staunchest friends I and England have at this dark day."

"I can't be mistaken, my prince," responded Guilford, with animation. "I recognize the poop and the castle on her bows; for I was on board of her only last night."

"True. The good stars of my house now aid me. Blow, sweet winds! But nay! The same wind that giveth her to us bringeth our foe."

"Your majesty," said Lord Algernon, the gray-bearded noble, "that must be the Earl Villiers, for that is not the English flag which he has just hoisted."

"It is a blue flag with a red hand in the centre!" cried the Scottish lord, with a kindling eye. "It is the earl's ship."

"Then there is hope for us yet! But there comes an iron ball after us," added the prince, as a jet of smoke belched from the bows of the frigate which had the English cross flying at her mast head, and a shot came bounding over the waves, dashing the spray upon them as it whizzed past.

Another, and a third shot followed, and then they beheld the ship of the earl come to the wind and open her cannonade. The scene to the eyes of the prince and all with him was so intensely interesting, as they gazed upon the fierce battle between the two ships, that for a moment they forgot to row. But they were reminded of their duty by a shot from the frigate, which struck their boat just forward of the beam, on the bulge of the bow, and cut her down to the water's edge. Instantly they became aware of their peril, and as the boat began to fill, Guilford sprang towards the prince, and placed in his hands a thwart, saying that "it would buoy him up if the boat went down."

"Thanks, my brave friend; but what will become of thee?" said the prince, seeing that the two lords held the other planks.

"I will take care of myself. If thou art saved, my prince, my poor life will be well offered for thy safety."

"That may not be. Can't we save her?"

"Yes, perhaps we can float, if the noble cavaliers will aid to bale out with their hats."

"That we will all do," responded the prince; and throwing off the gown, which till now he had worn, he set the example. Robin, in the meanwhile tried to stop the rush of water in, by throwing his body into the gap, an expedient which was successful; for soon the little vessel began to rise from the flood and float with more buoyancy. But all their efforts were for a moment suspended by the terrific explosion, which freed them from their enemy astern in the awful manner we have already described.

"Merciful heaven assoilzie their poor souls!" reverently ejaculated the prince, as he saw the brave ship plunge headlong beneath the sea with its mass of life. The swell of the sea that followed the immersion of so large a bulk tossed

the smack wildly about, and it required all their united aid to keep her from going down. On all sides were seen the black heads of swimmers, who were calling for aid; for at least six score of the crew were thrown by the explosion unhurt into the sea.

"We cannot aid thee, wretches," said the prince, "for we are in a strait equal to thine. All our hopes depend on the present approach of the earl's ship."

This vessel was now within five hundred fathoms of the smack, which could be scarcely kept afloat. Upon her bows stood Red Hand, calling out manfully to the prince:

"Keep up heart, my royal master! A few seconds more and we will reach you! Down with the boats, but first for me!" he added.

The warlike, castellated ship now got within her length of the smack, when the earl sprang into a boat alongside, and pulled by a dozen strong arms, the next moment had the prince's hand in his, and drew him from the foundering fishing vessel into his own barge. Instantly he dropped on his knee before him, and with tears in his eyes kissed his hands.

"O, my prince! my escaped, my beloved and royal Charles!" The air at the same time was

rent with huzzas for Prince Charles, and for a few moments it seemed as if every man in the boats and on the ship were beside themselves. Some shouted, some wept, some huzzaed, some danced over the decks, others embraced, and all was joy and glad uproar.

Escorted by the earl, Prince Charles ascended the side of the ship, and then every officer pressed around him, knelt before him, and embraced him, weeping like children. Charles himself could scarcely see for the emotions that blinded his own eyes with tears. He recognized this one and that one, and called them by name, and kissed on the cheek some of those whom he had once known most intimately.

"Now, your highness," said Red Hand, whose war-worn cheeks were wet with tears of delight, "let me lead thee to my cabin."

"Nay, not till I have presented to thee and all my friends the brave young man to whom I owe my escape from England. Where is he?"

The prince then looked around for Guilford, and also for Robin, but was told they were in the smack, which some of the sailors were aiding them in saving from sinking. He then called to him to leave the boat and come on board.

## CHAPTER XIX.

## A NEW DANGER—RED HAND'S DEVOTION.

WHEN Guilford, in obedience to the command of the prince, came over the ship's side, and the eyes of the Earl Red Hand fell upon him, the latter exclaimed with surprise and pleasure:

"What! dost thou owe thy secure flight from the shores of Britain to this young man, your majesty?"

"Yes; and never will I forget my obligations to him. Advance, master Guilford, and let me present thee as my deliverer to these my noble friends."

"By the rood, sir Guilford!" said the earl, as he warmly grasped his hand, "thou art in luck. Thy star is in the ascendant. Thou art the most fortunate man born! Come, thou shalt tell me how it has been thy fortune to be of such service to England's king."

"My lord," said Edward, who had already exchanged a grasp of the hand with Guilford, "the men in the boats wish to know if they shall save the poor devils who are swimming about the ship?"

"What," exclaimed the prince, "the wretches thrown into the water by the explosion of the frigate?"

"Yes, your highness," answered Red Hand.

"By all means! pick them up to a man, and be diligent! They are all my British subjects. You have room for them, my good Villiers?"

"Yes, your majesty, as prisoners," answered Red Hand, with a slight cloud upon his brow. "But I have little favor towards the villains who have placed my prince's life in jeopardy."

"Let that pass! We must be humane, my dear earl. But what ship have we standing down so bravely this way?"

"That is a parliament war vessel, your majesty," answered Red Hand, who had been so much occupied with the rescue and reception of the prince as to be heedless of the approach of this vessel, until now she was within a league, and booming down upon them under all her enormous spread of canvas.

Red Hand, having escorted the prince to his cabin, and ordered refreshments at once to be placed before him and the two noblemen, hastened from his presence, and ascending the highest part of the stern, called Edward to his side.

"Place the telescope in rest here, and let me have a sight at this monster, for I begin to fear that the prince, now that he is on board of us, would be safer anywhere else."

"There is great danger, my lord," answered Edward. "She is certainly coming on us fast since we stopped to take the prince on board."

"Yes, that she is, and she is already training her guns upon us. Make all sail!" he shouted,

like the tones of a battle trumpet. "Every man to his post! Boats, aboard! If there are any more men to be picked up, let the ship astern look after them. Cast overboard a dozen spars for the miserable wretches to float on! Sail all! We must save the prince from capture!"

At the sound of his ringing commands all was activity from stem to stern. The boats were hoisted up, and Robin had the regret to see his smack, to which no repairs could be made, drop astern, and at length slowly disappear beneath the tide.

But all that the good ship could do, she could not make her way beyond the reach of the Leviathan's long guns, one of which was now fired upon her at the farthest range. The shot fell astern a quarter of a mile; but the second shot, which soon followed, dropped into the ship's wake.

"The game is up," said the earl. "It will not do for the prince to say half an hour longer on board, for that ship will blow me out of the water, unless I can work to windward, and then it is doubtful if we can get away from her."

This was spoken to a group of officers whom he had called around him on the deck, while the prince was regaling himself with the wines and acceptable fare he had placed before him.

"We are caught in this bay of Havre de Grace, and must either run ashore or fight."

"It would be madness, my lord, to fight such a ship, twice our size," said his officers.

"I know it. My mind is made up. We must let the prince go. There is the little village of Feschamps under our lee, not five miles distant. And there flies a French fisherman straight into the port. Fire a gun forward, and bring the boat to."

The order was no sooner given than obeyed, and a small fly-sail boat, with one mast, which was darting over the water, landward, like a swallow on the wing, suddenly lowering its triangular sail, waited the approach of the ship. In the meanwhile, the earl entered the cabin where the prince was at his repast with his two friends.

"This is a feast, my dear earl, fit to set before a king," said the prince, laughing. "I have not dined so well in many a day. By the rood! if you keep us so well here in your castle of the sea, we shall be induced to be long your guest."

"Gladly would I have your majesty my guest as long as it may please you to honor my poor

vessel with your royal presence. But I regret to say that I have come, your majesty, to warn you that you are not safe even here, though you are surrounded by brave hearts and loyal; but these may bleed for you, but they cannot protect you against the foe that menaces your safety."

"What now? Have I to fly again so soon, my dear earl?" said the prince, with a slight shade of discontent on his brow. "I was indulging the hope that for a day or two I should find here repose and quiet."

"So I hoped, your highness. Please cast your eyes out of the stern window, and you will see one of the largest of Cromwell's ships in chase of us. It will be impossible for me to cope with so formidable an antagonist; and I have come to beg your majesty to take refuge on board a French fishing vessel now alongside."

"I am in your hands, my dear earl and my lords," answered the prince rising. "But to whom am I to entrust myself?"

"Two Frenchmen,—an old man and a boy, your highness."

"I will take with me my two trusty English friends, Graham and Robin; with them I shall feel secure."

Upon reaching the gangway, the prince asked Guilford if he would still accompany him, and see him safely on French ground.

Our young hero very joyfully complied with the prince's wish, and at the same time with the prince, the two lords who had come with him, got into the fishing boat. Edward also made one of the party, laden with the packets with which the earl had entrusted him.

"Now farewell, my brave earl, and my lords and gentlemen. I hope, if any of you come to Paris, you will not fail to call on me; and I trust Heaven will one day send us all better fortunes."

With this courteous parting speech, the prince raised and waved his chapeau to the officers and also to the men, who crowded the rigging and bulwarks to see him depart. The earl lingered on board the French boat the last of all, and having embraced the prince, he extended his hand to Guilford.

"I see you need no aid from me, my brave young friend. If the prince comes to his own, you will go up with him,—that I can prophecy, without being a prophet."

The fishing boat was now cast off from the side of the ship, and Guilford, by the command of Prince Charles, took the helm from the old

Norman fisherman, who had all the while regarded with a sort of bewilderment this summary disposition of his little vessel.

"Where will you land, my prince?" asked Guilford, as he took the helm.

"What village is that in the bottom of the bay south of us?"

"Feschamps, your majesty!"

"Good! I will land there. We can reach it in an hour, think you?"

"Yes, your majesty! The wind is fair and free."

"And so are the shot, it would seem, from yonder huge war ship," responded Charles, as a heavy iron missile from the double-decker flew above their heads with an appalling roar.

The earl, who had seen the shot pass his own vessel to windward, at once gallantly steered his ship so as to place her in line between the fishing vessel which contained the prince and the enemy; for he saw that they were directing their fire towards it, as if they suspected it contained some important personage.

When prince Charles saw this manœuvre, whereby the ship completely protected the boat from the double-decker's guns, he said, with emotion:

"What a true heart that brave Arthur of the Red Hand, as men term him, has in his manly and loyal bosom! He is ready to receive the whole fire of the formidable foe to protect his prince. It is worth the dangers and privations I have undergone for me to learn the devotion of my friends. Everywhere I have found trusty confidants, and in no instance have I been betrayed."

The fishing boat now bounded merrily over the water, nearing the land each moment; but the sense of escape and safety was modified on the prince's part by the danger in which he now saw the courageous earl placed. Without attempting to run away from his enemy, but only trying to keep his vessel as a shield to cover the prince's retreat, the earl held his ship in the wind, and received in his hull a shower of iron balls that were hurled upon him from the Leviathan, which kept stalking on, belching forth fire and smoke like a moving volcano.

At length, when the earl saw that the fishing vessel was beyond the reach of the double-decker's guns, and close under the land, quite beyond all danger of capture, he proceeded to fight his vessel out of the dangerous situation in the best manner he was able. But after firing

three broadsides, which had no effect upon the double-decker, which drew nearer every moment, he called his officers about him.

"My lords and loyal gentlemen! You need not be told of the imminent peril we are in. The fate of our noble ship is sealed. It is impossible for us to save her. Our only hope for our own safety is to square away and run for the French coast, and strand her and set her on fire. We have saved the prince! Already he is within hail of the coast where he will find an asylum and protection. With this let us be content! If we lose our ship, we shall have the proud consciousness of knowing that we sacrificed her for our beloved prince's safety. There remains now but a choice between captivity and the capture of our vessel, or her destruction by our own hands, and our safety on French soil. I shall, therefore, with your consent, give orders to steer straight for the land."

The officers were all of the earl's mind, and the next moment the gallant ship, already greatly crippled by the Leviathan's heavy targeting, squared her yards and drove straight for the beach, which extended out in front of the town of Cherbourg. The earl would gladly have landed her near Feschamps, but a reef running but in front of that place, would have caught the ship half a mile before she could reach the main land, while at Cherbourg they could run directly under the walls of the fort.

The Leviathan no sooner found the ship was making for the land, than she came into the wind, and gave her first one and then another broadside. But through the storm of iron the brave ship held her way, though her spars were splintered, her rigging cut, her timbers wounded, and her scuppers running blood from her slaughtered crew. Onward she held her course, till at length she had only her foremast and single foresail remaining. Yet with this squared to the wind, she drove forward, staggering and helpless, while the shores of Cherbourg were thronged with citizens, who, by their shouts, encouraged those on board. The Leviathan came to about a mile from the town, for want of sufficient depth of water, and lowering a fleet of boats, sent them in after the ship, which could scarcely creep along for her wounds. But at length she struck the shore, and a score of boats from the land came off to land the crew. They were soon filled, but Red Hand remained last with a dozen of his men.

"We will give them a parting salute," he said, quietly.

The guns on the larboard battery had been previously shotted, and as the ship in grounding had swung beam on the land, her battery bore directly on the flotilla of boats. The latter were pulling in with a perseverance and boldness that showed their determination to take the ship, though she was in a friendly port; but in those days the privileges of neutrality were not so sacredly regarded by nautical men as they are at the present day.

When the boats of the parliament ship had got within half a mile, Red Hand gave the signal by touching off the after gun with his own hand. The others were discharged in rapid succession, and the earl, amid the smoke, after setting fire to his ship, left her to her fate.

The effect of the broadside upon the advancing boats was prodigious; so that it was said that Red Hand had slain more men in the last hour of his command on the channel, than in all his fourteen years' cruises. Out of nine boats, but three reached the Leviathan, the others having been destroyed by the final fire of the Royal Charles.

The earl stood upon the shore and witnessed with a sad heart the conflagration of his fine ship, as in the dusk of evening she shot up tongues of lurid flame to the sky, illuminating town and port, harbor and shore, sea and clouds with a brilliant flame, and night closed over a scene of appalling interest and excitement.

## CHAPTER XX.

### THE PRINCE'S STAR IN THE ASCENDANT.

THE earl and his officers were hospitably entertained that night by the citizens of Cherbourg, who, when they learned that Prince Charles had safely landed in France, illuminated their city with joy; for the French of all classes had a great horror of Cromwell, and although they knew little of Prince Charles, the fact that he was the legitimate heir to the British throne was enough to bind to him the sympathy of the loyal, and, in that day, king-loving people.

The next day the earl, whose renown made him no inconsiderable mark of curiosity, quitted Cherbourg for St. Lo, where his daughter, the fair Lady Jane, was placed for security and education. He was accompanied by several of his officers, who from thence were to accompany him to Paris, where they hoped to meet the prince, of whose safe landing at Feschamps the earl had heard through Edward, who had joined him at Cherbourg.

"And what became of my brave friend Guilford?" asked the earl.

"He accompanied the prince, by his request, to Paris. I saw them depart, with the youth, and Robin, mounted on horses furnished by the mayor of Feschamps. Lords Algernon and Catesby also accompanied his majesty; and they hoped to reach Paris in eighteen hours."

At St. Lo the earl received his daughter, who joined the cavalcade, and riding more especially under the care of the youthful secretary, she was escorted to the metropolis.

The subsequent events connected with the arrival of the prince in France, and his retiring and establishing a court in Holland of the nobles who had followed him, are such common matters of history, that we need not dwell upon them in our story, but carry our narrative forward to the period when the sun of his fortunes once more rose above the horizon and lighted him to the throne of his ancestors.

Cromwell, after an unparalleled usurpation of nine years, at length died, contrary to the expectation of his enemies, peacefully upon his bed, and naming his son Richard as his successor. But this person possessed none of the ambition, or statesmanlike talents, or warlike spirit of his father; and after a brief exercise of the power bequeathed to him, resigned it into the hands of a parliament. England was now without a head; and all hearts were turned to the youthful Prince Charles, who still remained in Holland, where he surrounded himself by a brilliant court. To him a messenger was despatched by the parliament, offering to reinstate him on the throne of the realm, on certain conditions.

The prince, when the parliament's courier was announced, was dining at a table at which were seated a score of his nobles, among whom were Lord Algernon, the Scottish lord, Catesby, and last, not least, Arthur of the Red Hand, Earl of Villiers.

When the prince received the packet from the hand of Lord Rudolph, who was the messenger, his brow darkened as he perused it, the expression of his face being all the while closely watched by his friends, who forgot the banquet in their anxiety to learn the news from England. But when he came to the close of it, a smile curled his lip.

"News from London, my lords! You will excuse me while I withdraw to give a response. My lord," he added, addressing the Earl of Villiers, "you will please retire to my cabinet with me."

He also named four other noblemen, and then rising, he took his leave and departed from the banquet-room. Upon reaching his cabinet he closed the door, but first gave orders to have Lord Rudolph Vane, the courier, hospitably entertained with all honor.

"See to it, Guilford!" he said, turning to our hero, who had left the table with him at his command, and now followed into the cabinet.

"Your majesty could perhaps hardly appoint a less acceptable host to Lord Rudolph," answered Guilford with a slight color of embarrassment.

"True—true! I had forgotten! My Lord Granville," added the prince, "I pray you take care of Lord Vane's comfort. We must not treat discourteously our parliament's messenger."

"I obey your majesty," answered the nobleman, retiring.

"Now, my lords," said the king, "Hear our words. The brave and loyal General Monk, who seems to be standing just now in Cromwell's shoes in England, writes me, that now Richard, the son, has resigned his power, he is ready to offer me my father's throne, provided that I will submit to and put my signature to certain conditions—the very conditions which will make me recreant to my royal father's memory, and be, as it were, an endorser of the justice of his murder. By the soul of the Confessor, I will bind myself to no conditions to regain that which is lawfully mine! My lords, I will nevertheless advise with you."

"May it please your majesty to read to us

such passages of General Monk's letter as may enable us to advise your majesty?"

"Listen!"

"Your majesty's restoration is the wish of my breast. That achieved, I am prepared to lay down all power and retire to private life. I am at the head of an army of ten thousand men. I am encamped near London. I have power to wield the parliament at my will. As yet they do not suspect my intentions, which alone I now reveal to your majesty. If your majesty will consent to the conditions herewith enclosed, I can safely invite your majesty to London, and ensure you a public reception that will surpass any public entry of a monarch since the days of the Conqueror. These conditions I know the parliament will insist on, and therefore I would get them from your hand in order that when I propose your restoration to this body, I may be able on the spot to shut their mouths to all objections. I despatch my friend Lord Vane as the special bearer of this missive. Do not delay a reply, I entreat your majesty; and I pray do not refuse to comply with conditions, without which I fear the restoration can never be effected. The hearts of the people are with your majesty."

"Now, my lords, here are the conditions."

The prince then read from a paper enclosed in the letter the conditions, which history has made familiar to every reader.

"You perceive, my friends," he said, when he had concluded, "what chains they would shackle us with."

"Nay, your majesty," said the earl, "but rather with what rivets they would strengthen your throne."

"Ha! think you that way, my lord?"

"I do, your majesty. The people no doubt would receive you without conditions, but the parliament must be humored."

"I will truckle to none of them!"

"Nay, your majesty, but something must be yielded on account of the disjointed state of the times and the imperfections of men's loyalty."

"Well, you no doubt counsel wisely. Guilford!"

"Your majesty," answered the young fisherman, who stood near an escreteire, a little in the rear of the king. He was dressed in a handsome suit of plum-colored velvet, richly embroidered, a silken vest, and laced doublet, and his hair flowed long and waving upon his shapely shoulders. In the interval of two or three

years since we last parted with him, a change has been made, not only in his appearance, but in his position. The prince had become personally attached to him from the day he had assisted in effecting his escape from England, and gave him a position near his own person, as his private secretary, a situation of responsibility, which Guilford's talents, address, and—thanks to his mother's good education—enabled him to fill with credit and honor. At length he became so useful to the prince that the latter could hardly bear his absence; and he always consulted him on all matters before bringing them before his nobles; and after any council, at which Guilford was ever present as secretary, he would talk over with him the debates, and search his opinions upon what had been discussed. By this means our hero not only made himself signally useful to the prince, but as he always had his ear, he held an influence in the eyes of the nobles which gave him a consideration that even rank would not have gained him. If any lord had any suit to prefer, any scheme to forward, Guilford was first made a confidant, with the request that he would bespeak the prince in favor of the applicant. The agreeable person, the engaging and unaffected manners, and the elegant address of the young attendant of the prince made him a universal favorite; and even envy was silenced, when it was remembered that the young secretary was only receiving in this favor of his prince his just reward in having brought him from England to France and saved him from his foes.

Robin, who had no talents for a court, and who had no high aspirations, after remaining a few months in Paris, and hearing that the smuggler who had seen him in the smack had been shot, returned to Brighthelmstone, where he made the heart of the widow glad by the intelligence he brought of Guilford's prosperity and favor with the prince. Soon afterwards he married the pretty Anne, and taking up his abode in the cottage, pursued the same occupation as formerly, and sometimes even going in his fishing trips quite to the coast of France, to convey and receive letters that passed between the prince and his friends in England. There were letters, also, which were not strictly of a political nature, of which he was the bearer, inasmuch as they were handed him by the Lady Catharine, and addressed to "The Rt. Worshipful Guilford Graham, Secretary to His Majesty Prince Charles."

"Guilford," now said the prince, after having got the mind of the nobles, "sit thee down and write to the gallant General Monk these words: 'We, Charles Rex, having received your fair letter, give you thanks from our heart for the loyal spirit which hath prompted thee to make the offer of your aid to restore us to our throne. But, inasmuch as our subscription to the terms you lay down, which are the same in defence whereof our august father lost his head, we cannot subscribe to them in full; but will arrange these conditions when we come into England, to the satisfaction of our parliament. We pledge ourselves, however, and here witness our hand, that we will do nothing contrary to the constitution of our realm. If this pledge be satisfactory, we will, on hearing from you to this effect, let nothing delay our return to England.'

(Signed in presence of our council of lords).

CHARLES R."

"Well, my lords, will that suit you?" asked the king, looking round upon each face, and finally resting his dark eyes full upon the face of Earl Villiers of the Red Hand.

"It is as much as becomes your majesty to say," answered the lords.

"Then it shall go! Seal and direct it to General Monk, Guilford. Now, gentlemen, we will return to the banquet-room."

The king's cheerful countenance as he re-entered the hall, gave all hearts hope; and then he said, to cheer them; "It is good news, my friends; the star of our fortune begins to brighten. Within three weeks, if nothing happens, I hope we shall see merry England once more."

Upon hearing this the whole company of noble exiles started to their feet and made the hall ring with three loud British hurrahs.

The banquet was once more about to be resumed, when Lord Rudolph, who was invited by the king to be seated on his right, seeing the Earl Villiers seated next to him, rose and drew back, clapping his left hand upon his sword hilt.

"What, so! How is this?" demanded the king.

"I have a feud of blood with the Earl Villiers, and cannot sit by him," answered Lord Rudolph, with a fierce countenance. "Your majesty will excuse me. I will at my hotel await your answer to General Monk."

With these words, he quickly strode out of the hall.

## CHAPTER XXI.

## LORD RUDOLPH'S DASTARDLY ACT.

THE abrupt departure of the fiery noble caused a momentary excitement. The prince looked displeased. The earl smiled haughtily, and young Edward Percy, recently become Earl of Percy, stole out after the noble.

But he had no sooner reached the vestibule, than he saw Lord Rudolph draw his sword, and with the flat of it strike Guilford, who at the moment was walking across the corridor. Our hero had remained a few moments in the cabinet to seal and address the letter to General Monk, and when he was returning to the hall, he met Lord Rudolph face to face. The latter, the way being narrowed by two columns, on recognizing him cried:

"Stand aside, dog!"

Guilford's sword was in his hand, but recollecting that he was the brother of Lady Kate, he suppressed his rising resentment, and was passing him, when, as we have said, Lord Rudolph struck him in the face.

"Now, by the rood!" said young Edward Percy, as he beheld the blow, "if Guilford stand this, he hath catiff's blood in him indeed."

Guilford, however, kept his sword point down, and would have gone by him, when Rudolph spat upon him, accompanying the act with an epithet of derision.

The forbearance of our hero was now at an

end. He forgot Lady Kate's brother in his own insult. Throwing himself upon him, he took his sword from him and broke it upon the pavement, and then, with the eye of a lion, he glanced upon him with contempt, and was going into the hall, when the prince and several nobles rushed forth, having heard the scuffle.

"What means this? What is this drawing of swords in our very presence? The person of an ambassador is sacred. Guilford, you are under arrest!"

"Your majesty," said the young Earl Percy, "Guilford is not to blame. Lord Rudolph insulted him, and he bore it; he then struck him, and yet he bore it; he then spat upon him; and your secretary took his sword from him and broke it under his feet, as you see there!"

"Then it is Lord Rudolph Vane who hath done this discourtesy," said the prince, reddening with anger. "My lord, I supposed thou hadst come hither to us as a messenger of peace, not a maker of brawls."

"I shall not give account of my conduct to one who has neither the right nor the power to exact it," answered Lord Rudolph, haughtily.

"This to the prince's face!" exclaimed Earl Percy, with a flashing eye.

"Nay, Edward! We can forgive this rudeness."

"I would punish it, your majesty, but that he hath but one hand, and it would not be taking him on fair terms," answered Edward.

Lord Rudolph had kept his right arm wrapped in his cloak, a custom which he had followed ever since his recovery from his wounded wrist. He now thundered back, forgetting that Red Hand was present:

"Thou liest!"

"What! But we will make thee show thyself a liar!" retorted Edward, and suddenly tearing open his cloak, he exposed the handless wrist. There was a shout of surprise from all around; and Lord Rudolph, with his left hand, caught Edward's sword, and made a thrust so deadly at the young earl, that he would have run him through the body, but for the interposition of Guilford, who received the point of the blade in his sleeve, at the imminent risk of having his arm pierced by it.

"This must be stopped, by our head!" cried Prince Charles. "Arrest Lord Rudolph!"

But before he could be obeyed, the savage young noble bounded from the corridor, and leaping into his saddle, spurred away at full speed, followed by the cries of derision and scorn of the assembled nobles.

"Now, by our halidom, my friends," cried the prince, "this unfortunate matter, if reported with distorted tongue in England, will do us a mischief and mar our fortune. He must not be suffered to embark and bear his own tale until I have forwarded my message with the despatches. After my letter reaches our general's hands, Lord Vane can do no mischief, whatsoever he may say. Guilford!"

"Your majesty?"

"Prepare to proceed at once to London."

"I am ready, your majesty."

"Then leave at once. You will find passage easy across the channel with the help of gold. Here is my purse. You have the packet. Go, and Heaven speed thee, and bring thee safely back to us with good tidings. My Lord Villiers, please you see that this hot-brained Lord Vane does not take boat till Guilford hath been full twenty-four hours in his advance."

"I will see to it, your majesty," answered the earl, who at once quitted the prince's presence.

In another hour, Guilford was on his way to the sea-side, mounted on a fleet steed, the letters of which he was the bearer being tied about him beneath his belt, which also held his well-filled purse of gold.

He had to ride seven leagues before reaching the sea. He knew that he had already the start of Lord Rudolph, who still expecting to take back the prince's answer, had ridden to his hotel. Here he soon learned, by a visit from one of the prince's pages, that another bearer had been selected by the prince. No sooner had he been made acquainted with the fact, than he called for his horse and servants, and was preparing to depart for the coast, when Earl Villiers met him at the door, and said sternly:

"My lord, I am commanded by my prince to detain your lordship for twenty-four hours."

"What! am I a prisoner?" demanded Lord Vane, fiercely, and turning pale.

"That may be as you construe it. You are not to leave the town until twenty-four hours have passed."

"This is unbearable! and you, of all men, my jailer!"

"I see thou lovest me not. But one cannot choose his friends or enemies in this world, my lord. In such cases we must be patient."

Lord Vane looked at the earl as if he could annihilate him, and then returning to his apartments, paced his floor in suppressed rage.

In the meanwhile Guilford spurred forward, and about midnight, by the light of a bright moon, he came in sight of the shining waters of the sea. His road terminated at a small hamlet composed of a few Dutch houses. Not a vessel was to be seen in this harbor save the brigantine in which Lord Rudolph had come over, and which lay off waiting his return. This he was bound to avoid, lest he should be too closely questioned, and after riding along the coast four miles, he saw a lonely hut, and at a little pier near it, a fishing lugger. This he succeeded in hiring of the old man, and soon embarked to cross to England. The wind was light, but fair, and on the fourth day he landed near the mouth of the Thames, and detaining the boat for his return, he hired a horse and rode on to London. He reached the metropolis just as the sun was rising on the morning of the fifth day since leaving the presence of his prince. Putting up at an inn near the Parliament house, he inquired for direction to General Monk.

"What wilt thou list with him?" asked mine host. "It is said he pays well, though his army hath a beggarly look, and not a good wife can keep an egg or a bit of poultry within a circuit of ten miles about his camp. If thou wouldst join him, thou wilt find his headquarters at



Smithfield; but if thou wilt wait an hour thou wilt see him go by here to his house, near St. James's palace, where he does business with the Parliament."

"The Parliament are governed pretty much by the general's opinions, are they not?" asked Guilford.

"No, sir cavalier, for they don't know exactly what they are. The old fellow is secret as a mason! But at heart, we believe he is for our Charley over the water, and would be glad to see the restoration."

"And the people at large, do they wish for the prince?"

"Do they? they would darken the very skies with their caps in the air, if he should come into London, to-day. Ah, he is a brave prince, and we all love him. We dare to say so, now Cromwell's day is gone; but once it was as much as an honest man's head was worth to speak about him."

While Guilford was talking with the communicative and loyal host, there was heard up the street a shouting of men, and then the clangor of a bugle, and a moment afterwards the cry on all sides:

"Monk! Monk! Here comes the general!"

Guilford's blood bounded! He was more interested than all others in his coming, and as he rode past, accompanied by half a dozen field officers and an orderly or two with a body guard of eighty horse bringing up the rear, he could not but regard with deep interest the man who held the reins of the power of England, not for himself, but for the prince, his master.

Without delay he followed the troop of horse, and at length reached a stately mansion, before which he saw General Monk alight and enter. He was about to pass forward to ascend the steps, when he was put back by a dragoon, who said:

"Not so fast, sir cavalier. No one enters here without an order—no they don't."

Guilford looked hard in the man's face, for he thought he recognized the voice. But a huge red beard and a fiery moustache defeated at first his scrutiny. But the man himself aided him in the matter, for, after regarding Guilford attentively, he said in a gratified, chuckling manner:

"What is not this master Guilford Graham?"

"Thou sayest truly," answered Guilford; "but if thou knowest me, do not speak it out so loudly."

"And dost thou not know me? I dare say I look too warlike for you to see through me. I am Digby—your old friend Digby!"

"Toby Digby! Verily, you are no longer like yourself. Thou a dragoon?"

"Marry come up! What would you have a man do? I got my head broke so often by Cromwell's troopers, that I learned the knack o' head breaking myself. So, what with fighting, I got my blood up, and when Monk's sargents came down to our town 'listing, I was one o' the first to enlist. It's a brave life, so long as we don't have any fighting. But, bless us! they say you are with Prince Charles over the sea, and he has made a lord of you!"

"The prince can hardly make lords where he is, honest Digby. I am glad to see thee such a changed man, and doing so well."

"What art thou doing in England, master Guilford?"

"I would see General Monk. Can you let me pass, for old companion's sake?"

"Marry, that will I. Go in; and when thou hast done thine errand, wait till I am off guard, and we'll have a rare gossip o' bygones."

With these words the trooper drew aside, and let Guilford pass. Going by several officers who stood in the hall, he came to an orderly, who stood near an inner door, and said that he desired to have a word of importance with the general.

"Your name?"

"It is of no consequence. Say I have letters to him from France."

Upon hearing this, there was a murmur in the hall, of surprise and expectation from the military men and others in waiting, and Guilford was scrutinized with curiosity.

"A messenger from France! A courier from the prince!" went buzzing from lip to lip.

"His excellency desires to see you," said the orderly, re-appearing after a moment's absence.

Guilford, all travel-worn as he was, entered the apartment of the commander-in-chief of the army. The general bent his eyes upon him as he came towards him, and then said courteously, yet with animation:

"Did I understand my orderly aright? Do you bring letters from France?"

"Yes, your excellency, from the prince."

"From his majesty!" exclaimed the general, with a look of pleasure. "But how is this? Where is Lord Rudolph Vane?"

"He arrived, and placed your letters in the

prince's hands, but when the reply which I now bear, was ready, he got into some altercation with some of the nobles and others, and gave some offence to the prince, who intrusted the letters to me, who hold the place of his private secretary."

"You are then Sir Guilford Graham?"

"At your excellency's service," answered our hero, as he placed the packet, which he had by this time unbuckled from his girdle, in the general's hands.

"I am glad to see you and to know you. I have heard how the prince owes his escape from England to your undaunted courage and constant devotion."

Thus speaking, the general broke the seal of the letter and read it. Guilford, who had been at Paris knighted by the prince, in token of his gratitude, and who also, at the same time, had received from the French king the order of a chevalier, now marked closely each change in the expression of General Monk's countenance. Having penned the letter himself, he knew every line of it, and could clearly distinguish what the sentences were at which he frowned, and those which seemed to give him pleasure. At length he turned towards the secretary, and with a mixed expression of dissatisfaction and pleasure, he said:

"Sir Guilford, do you know the contents of this letter?"

"I do, your excellency."

"I am sorry the prince refuses to sign the conditions, but it cannot be helped. We must do as well as we can with what he says. It may satisfy the Parliament. But how left you the prince?"

"In good health, your excellency."

"And the Earl Villiers, was he well? and the Barons Algernon and Catesby, and also my lord of Percy?"

"I left them all well, your excellency."

"I hope soon to see them with their royal master all in England. What day did you leave the prince?"

"This is the fifth, your excellency."

"You have made despatch. The Parliament is now in session. I am going thither. You must accompany me, Sir Guilford. I will make known to them that the prince has sent a messenger to them."

"Yes, your excellency. There are duplicates of the letter you have, one addressed to yourself, and the other inscribed, as you perceive, to the Parliament."

Here Guilford showed him a letter which the prince had given him in case it should be called for.

"This is very good. The seal remains unbroken, and it is addressed to the Parliament. I will take you with me at once to the hall. Your presence will do a great deal, as a courier from the king."

The general then left the apartment, and passing through the saloon where his staff were, called, "To horse!"

All was now excitement and motion. Every gentleman hastened to his saddle. Digby, who resolved not to lose the opportunity of having a gossip of bygone times with his former acquaintance, had kept a sharp eye on the door for some time. But when he saw him re-appear walking side by side with General Monk, and heard the general order a horse to be brought to him, and saw the deference and honor which the commander of the army paid to him, his amazement was so great as nearly to stupify him.

"What alleth thee, man?" called one of his comrades to him. "Are thine eyes going to quit thy head? Fall in with thy horse into the rank. Dost not hear that we are ordered to fall in and trot?"

Digby mechanically obeyed the order. But he shook his head, and with a downcast look, he said to himself:

"My gossip is all up. Master Guilford has become a great man. I heard he was a lord, and it must be true."

At the door of the House of Commons, General Monk alighted and entered the hall, leaving Guilford in the vestibule. When Monk found that the Commons had still come to no decision, and seeing that all hearts were for the prince, though not a lip dare utter his name, he stood up and said:

"Gentlemen, the time is come when England should have rest. No plan of government has been proposed. I will propose none; but I have just placed in the hands of your president of the council, a slip of paper, on which I have hastily written a line with a pencil. You will please read it aloud, my Lord Annesley."

Every eye was fixed upon the president. All hearts throbbed with anxious expectation. Some thought it would give them the information that the prince was privately in London. Others, that General Monk himself had taken this method to make known his own intentions of assuming the protectorate. The president,

however, soon removed all speculations by reading as follows:

"General Monk desires to make known to the House of Commons that a messenger from the prince arrived in London this morning—"

Here there was such a sensation and demonstrations of satisfaction so loud that the president could not proceed. At length, order and silence being in some degree restored, he resumed:

"The messenger is the private secretary of his majesty, Sir Guilford Graham, and is now at the door of the house, waiting to deliver a letter of which he is bearer to the Commons."

Upon hearing this, there was one universal shout that rose from the members of the House, and cries of "Admit him! Admit him!" were heard vociferously.

As Guilford entered, bareheaded, and walked up the aisle, escorted by General Monk, nothing could exceed the delight and enthusiasm with which he was received. The members, says history, "for a moment forgot the dignity of their situations, and indulged for several minutes in loud acclamations of applause."

Modestly, yet firmly, the youthful baronet, Sir Guilford, walked up to the head of the hall and placed the letter in the hands of the president. The hall was silent as the tomb while the letter was read. When it was concluded, or rather while he was reading the final sentence, all at once the House burst into one universal assent of the king's proposals, and immediately a vote was taken that the letter should be published. A vote of thanks was also passed to Sir Guilford; and as all had heard of him as having been the person who had taken the prince to France, there was a twofold motive for their crowding around him and overwhelming him with congratulations. He was taken home to dine with General Monk and a large party of lords and gentlemen, and bore all his honors with a grace and modesty that won all hearts. The same evening he left London with the answer of the Commons and an invitation to the king to return and ascend the throne. The bearer of such joyful news, he could not obey the impulses of his love to turn aside to visit Castle Vane, and he hastened as fast as spur and wind could carry him, to rejoin his prince, and lay at his feet the triumphant results of his mission. Upon landing from the fishing lugger, which had taken him safely back to Holland, our hero delayed only to reward the owner of the boat, and then

mounting his horse, which had been kept there in waiting for him, he took the road to the town where the prince held his little court.

He had not ridden, however, but a league and a half, when a woman called to him from a wretched house on the roadside, and asked him to come in for one moment and see a man who was dying.

Prompt to obey the impulses of humanity, Guilford dismounted at the low door and crossed the threshold. By the light which came in from a small square window above a miserable truckle bed, he saw to his amazement, Lord Rudolph, lying and in the last extremity of life. Upon seeing him thus prostrate, all resentment fled from Sir Guilford's bosom, and he spoke to him in the kindest manner, and asked what he could do for his repose of mind; for he remembered Lady Kate, and that this was her brother.

No sooner did Lord Vane hear Guilford's voice, than he opened his eyes and fixed them glaringly upon him.

"What art thou come for? Thou, of all men!" he said, gasping. "Bring the Red Hand, and then I shall be well attended."

"My lord, I am your friend! Can I serve you?"

"Who art thou?"

"Guilford Graham."

"Yes. A knave! Thou wouldst rob me of my sister! Thou hast bewitched her—thou and thy mother! Given her love portions! Avaunt! I despise thee! I spue at thee!"

"I am sorry, my lord, to see you lying here in this condition. How has it occurred?"

But the nobleman had exhausted his strength in his last efforts to speak, and lay panting and glaring fiercely at him.

"His servant robbed and shot him near by," said the woman. "We found him bleeding and insensible nine days ago, and brought him in, where he has grown worse ever since, and raves and curses fearfully."

"Yes—I have cursed thee and Lord Villiers! See! One has robbed me of my hand!" and here he held up the inflamed stump of his wrist, and shook it at Guilford; "and the other has robbed me of my sister!"

"My lord, you should cease to think of worldly matters," said Guilford, kindly. "Turn your thoughts heavenward, for methinks that thou hast not many minutes to live."

"And these I will spend in cursing thee, and telling thee how I hate thee. Thou a baronet!

Thou a prince's confidant! Thou take my place as courier to the Parliament. I spit at thee! Go and tell Red Hand the robber that I spent my last breath in cursing him and thee!"

"My lord, I implore—I entreat, for thy sister's sake, make thy peace with Heaven!"

But Guilford paused and said no more. The fallen jaw—the set eyes—the motionless face—all told him that death had claimed his soul.

"Poor man!" said the woman, "he is out of his misery."

"Poor man!" ejaculated Guilford, "I fear me he has but just entered upon his misery."

Then reflecting upon the wonderful train of circumstances that had brought him to be present at the death-bed of Lord Rudolph, he gave directions to the woman about the care of the body, and remounting his horse, galloped on to the next village. Here he laid the matter before the mayor, and left with him gold to have the body properly prepared to send to England. Having performed this duty, which both love for Lady Kate and humanity prompted, he hastened forward on his important mission.

Upon reaching the palace of the prince, his majesty was pacing up and down the corridor, with Earl Villiers in conversation, while several noblemen were lounging near in groups. No sooner was the rapid rider recognized to be Sir Guilford Graham, than his name was repeated by twenty voices, and Charles, stopping in his walk, waited to receive him, with his hand extended in welcome. Passing by the eager nobles, Sir-Guilford reached the king, and dropping on one knee, kissed his hand, and then placed in it the letter of the Commons. The king tore the seal, and first read half through it to himself, when, seeing that it was all good news, he read it aloud:

"Therefore, we, the Commons of England do accede to your majesty's propositions with joy, and do invite your majesty to return to England and ascend the throne of your fathers, and we will ever be your majesty's loyal and faithful subjects, and ever pray for the health and life of your majesty as in duty bound."

"First, let me embrace thee, my trusty friend and welcome bearer of such good tidings," cried the king, with tears in his eyes, clasping Guilford to his heart before all his nobles, while they rent the air with acclamations of joy, such as the Dutch palace and the honest Dutch people had never witnessed before. The earl also embraced Guilford, and so did Edward, Earl of Percy. That day and night were passed in the most pleasurable enjoyment, and in the reception by the king of the congratulations of the authorities of the town.

In a few days afterwards, King Charles and full two hundred lords and gentlemen left the town for the coast in an imposing cavalcade. Here a ship of war, the very Leviathan which had been so near capturing him, but which had now changed masters, was waiting to receive him by the order of the Commons, and bear him to the shores of England.

"On the twenty-ninth of May, 1660, Charles entered London," says the history of that event, "on his birthday. An innumerable concourse of people lined the way wherever he passed, and rent the air with acclamations. The very sky was darkened with the caps of the people, and rent with their shouts of welcome. They had been so long distracted by factions and tyrannies, they rejoiced with unusual enthusiasm to see the king once more seated in security upon his throne."

## CHAPTER XXII.

## LORD VANE AND LADY CATHARINE AT COURT.

THE inhabitants of the little fishing port of Brightelmstone were one morning thrown into no little excitement by the arrival of a brigantine in the port, the sails of which were shrouded in black, and the flag wreathed with crape, while festoons of it hung from mast to mast. At length a boat landed, and from the sailors, after the officer had proceeded to Castle Vane, the good folks learned that it contained the body of Lord Rudolph who had been murdered in Holland, and for whose body the marquis, his father, had sent.

A procession of boats escorted it to the landing below the castle, where it was received by the father of the young nobleman. The same evening it was placed in the family vault, and the ensuing morning, the brigantine, firing a requiem of minute guns, slowly departed seaward.

"This attention to the obsequies of my misguided son, I learn, from a note from Earl Villiers," said the marquis to his daughter, as they sat together in his cabinet, talking of the dead, "we owe to a Sir Guilford Graham, the king's private secretary. Hast thou ever heard of this knight, my child, and knowest thou why he took this pains to honor my son?"

Lady Catharine's heart beat rapidly. She colored, and was about to make some confused reply, when he further added:

"The Earl Villiers further says in his note that the king will hold a grand levee at the palace on the first Wednesday of next month and that he desires that I should be present, and accompanied by thee. But—"

"But what, dear father?"

"It becomes us to mourn for Lord Rudolph.

"Yet we need not enter into the festivities. All the friends of the king are hastening to London to do him homage."

"True; and as Lord Rudolph was of the opposite side, I shall be looked to to make a more particular expression of attachment to the crown."

"You will then go, dear father?"

"Yes. You may have everything ready."

This permission filled the bosom of Lady Catharine with joy. She was young, beautiful and gay, and desired to see something of the world from which she had been so long shut out.

"Besides," said she, "I shall see Guilford in London, for I learn he is in high favor with the king, and honored and loved by all men."

With a happy heart the charming countess left her father to make preparations for the coming visit to court.

At length the eve of the great day of the king's banquet and levee arrived. London was

crowded with the nobility and their families. One spirit of satisfaction and delight pervaded all men's minds.

The Marquis of Vane and his daughter were at the mansion of the Earl of Villiers as his guests. The daughter of the earl, the fair Lady Jane, shone with surpassing radiance above all other maidens save Lady Kate. The two became very intimate, for they had known each other in earlier years.

"And you are to marry to-morrow the handsome Earl of Percy, fair Jenny?" said Lady Catharine to her friend, as she was arranging a circlet of bridal diamonds.

"Yes; and I am told by my father that you are to marry the brave Lord Astley."

"Lord Astley! I never saw him!" answered Lady Kate, with great positiveness.

"Well, that is odd. Both my dear Edward and my father told me to-day that you were to marry the noble Guilford, Lord Astley."

"Guilford, do you say his name is?"

"Yes; but why do you blush so?"

"Did I?"

"Indeed, your face tells the truth. So we are to have a Lady Astley to-morrow at the palace, as well as Lady Percy?"

"I assure you, dear Jenny, it is a mistake. I do not know Lord Astley. I only was surprised at the coincidence of a name."

At this moment Red Hand, the tall and stately earl, came in, and smiling upon his daughter, he asked Lady Kate if she had heard any news from court that day in particular.

"No my lord. I have not been out to day."

"Father!" exclaimed Lady Jane, "did you not tell me that Lady Kate would probably marry Lord Astley to-morrow?"

"Yes, I think I did," replied the earl smiling.

"It is a mistake, my lord. I do not know his lordship."

"But are you not to be married to-morrow, fair lady?" asked Lord Villiers, slyly.

"How did you hear this, my lord?" she answered, in beautiful confusion.

"From Edward, who is an intimate friend of Guilford Graham, who told him, as a great secret, that it was all arranged, and that you were to be married to him before the king's presence, in Westminster, to-morrow."

"My lord, it is true; but not to this Lord Astley."

"But suppose—no matter. I will not tell what I see he has kept a secret. I wish you

joy. You will have a husband so worthy in Guilford Graham, fair Kate, that no nobility can emulate him."

"Thanks, my good lord."

"Ah, I know all your romantic loves. Guilford, to whom I owed my life once, told me the whole story; and a creditable one it was to you. But hither comes Earl Percy. So I will leave him to entertain you; for I have to attend on the king."

"My lord," said the earl, as he entered. "Is it true that the king has appointed you commander-in-chief and full admiral of the fleet?"

"Yes, Edward; he conferred the post upon me yesterday, and next week I go on board my flag-ship at Portsmouth; for we are going to have war soon with Spain."

"What is the name of your flag-ship?" asked Edward.

"The Leviathan, our old friend."

"How fortunes change in this life," ejaculated the young earl.

"Do you know who I have chosen as my second in command?" asked Lord Villiers.

"No. It is likely the Duke of Kent."

"No. Lord Astley."

"What, Guilford! I am overjoyed. Do you hear, Lady Kate? How does it please you?"

"Is it possible, my lords, that I have misunderstood you all this time; and that Guilford Graham and Lord Astley, of whom I hear so much, are one and the same person?"

"Yes; that is it," answered the earl, with a merry laugh. "And it is odd you are the last to know that Sir Guilford was this morning ennobled with the title of Earl of Astley, and the rank of post captain in the navy."

The joy and surprise of Lady Kate were expressed rather by her tears than by her smiles, though both struggled for the mastery on her happy face. She felt that her constancy, as well as the self-sacrificing spirit of Guilford, had been amply rewarded; and that after all she was to give her hand to a man her equal in rank every way, and one of the most popular men in the kingdom, who had the confidence of the king, the friendship of the nobility, and the respect of the people. Well might she say, as she cast herself into the arms of Lady Jane:

"This is the happiest day of my life!"

The next day the palace was the centre of the thoughts of thousands and tens of thousands, of every rank and degree. The nobility flocked thither to banquet with the king and behold him

in state elevated upon his throne. The masses came to see him pass in procession from the banquet hall to Westminster, where the bridegrooms were to take place.

At five o'clock the ceremony of the marriages commenced. First the handsome earl of Percy led to the altar the lovely Lady Jane, daughter of Red Hand, Earl of Villiers. She was given away by her father, and the beauty of the happy pair made a lively impression of pleasure upon the vast assembly.

Next advanced Guilford, Earl of Astley, leading by the hand the charming and constant Lady Catharine. At the sight of this pair a murmur of approbation ran through the cathedral. The history of Guilford was well known, and a thousand eyes sought to rest on the face of one who had risen from a humble fisher's boy to be the confidant of his king and the peer of lords of the realm. In height, in comeliness of air, in commanding person, there was no high-born baron of them all who were present who surpassed him.

The king himself gave away the bride, and at the conclusion of the benediction by the venerable Archbishop of Canterbury, the sacredness of the place did not wholly suppress very animated applause and hearty wishes for their future happiness.

We have now come to the close of our story. For further information of events that followed these times, our readers are referred to the pages of history. As a romancer, we have taken but a page out of its records, in which we have endeavored to show that virtue, honor, probity and courage, rightly directed by laudable ambition, will bring a man to the highest pinnacle of his wishes; and that to succeed in life, it is not necessary to mark our path with guilt, or mar it with dishonesty. The right will always come

right in the end, and ends sought through wrong doings will prove evil instead of good.

If our readers should ever visit the little fishing town of Brighthelmstone, in Sussex, the ruins of the Castle Vane may recall to their recollections this story. If they inquire for the descendants of Lord Vane, they will be pointed to Astley Castle, a mile in the interior, where lives the present Earl of Astley, the lineal descendant of Guilford Graham, the first earl of that name. Over the gateway it will be seen that the arms are a tower with two oars crossed, and the motto "LOYAL EN TOU.".

At the foot of the ruins of Castle Vane is an ancient stone cottage, which any one will tell you, if you inquire, is "King Charles's cottage." If you go to the door and ask why it is so called, a stout fisherman in the yard mending his nets will answer, that many years ago, in "the old Parliament times," the Prince Charles was hid there one night before he got away across the channel. If you ask the man his name, he will tell you that it is Robin Rengivell, and that he is a descendant, in the eighth generation, from Robin and Anne Rengivell, who dwelt there in the Parliament days, and Robin was one who aided the king's escape.

If you go into the little graveyard, you will see a sunken grave-stone in one corner, on which, with difficulty, you may decipher as follows:

"Here lyeth ye body of Toby Digby, who died fighting valliantly for his king and country. Peace to his ashes."

The descendants of Earl Red Hand are still among the noblest of England's aristocracy, and it is an inexplicable characteristic of the race, that every eldest son of the progressive generations is born with a distinct impress of a miniature red hand upon the inside of the left palm.

THE END.

[FROM GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.]

## PEGGY DAWSON.

### A LEAF FROM THE LIFE OF A SEAMSTRESS.

BY GEO. CANNING HILL.

THE little seamstress sat alone in her chamber at the hour of sunset, one summer's day, looking out from her half shaded window over the great green lawn that stretched across from the cottage in which she lived, to the pure white houses that nestled like so many birds'-nests, among the trees and shubbery profusely growing upon the other side.

The hour was the calmest and the holiest in the long summer day,—the only one in the whole twenty-four when Peggy used to lay aside her work, and sit idly by her open window, looking out at the fresh scene before her. Sitting idly, did we say? No, no; her thoughts were busy within her; though she sat there alone, she was never lonely. Her mind would paint for her pictures far exceeding in sweetness and dreamy beauty those before her eyes, and in her rich imagination she lived a life few others know aught of. She entered a world she could call all her own; or if it were peopled, she peopled it with her own fancies. It had greener grass, and sent up sweeter, purer fragrance from its flowers than did the world before her little win-

dow. Its trees hung down their leaf-laden branches nearer to the ground, so that she walked among their cool shadows, and hid her thoughts from the world within the quiet of their atmosphere.

Peggy,—the little seamstress,—was habitually a dreamer. Not that she ever let her fancy run wild with her reason, or suffered an oblivious mist to obscure from her every-day vision the realities that crowded themselves about her; yet she dwelt much in a fabled land they call dream-land, always happiest, and her face always beaming most brightly when she was off in the revels of her imagination.

Yet the workings of her imagination were all gentle, and they threw such a holy light about her generally placid countenance, that people who looked at her as she sat alone at her chamber window just at summer eve, or in the village church, when the harmonies of song carried off her soul to the glories of other realms, felt that she was a different being from them, and that she was almost too pure, too sacred for earth.

Her form was delicate and fragile. She was an orphan, and had for many years been so; and when she tripped gaily along on the fresh, green sward from house to house, or stopped by the garden wall to pluck an ambitious rose that had climbed just high enough to peep over into the street and get a look at the outer world, people all thought, "Ah, how happy we should be, could we only enjoy what little Peggy Dawson does!" No one ever imagined that she could be any the less happy, because she did not have a large surplus of this world's goods of which she might boast; no one ever thought, in thinking of her, that the possession of money, and the longings and cravings after happiness, had aught to do with each other.

For some five or six years, the little seamstress had now been at her occupation. In its rounds she found enough work with which to satisfy her wants, and leisure enough to gratify her most romantic desires. We say romantic, because we mean romantic. In fact, and to conceal the truth no longer, Peggy Dawson was a romantic girl, so far as the estimation of the village was concerned. She was romantic to them, because their optics were not suited to the inspection of her fine nature. Whenever she left her work at evening or intruded some little upon its exactions at early morning, that she might go and perform with her blessed mite some charitable deed among the poor, people generally were too apt to associate her charities in their minds with their own sordid and selfish calculations. They thought she visited the poor that she might possibly be the gainer in the end, by an exhibition of her charities. They set a pecuniary price on her every good deed and kind and affectionate expression, as if she allowed her soul to chaffer in coldness about the commonest charities that so felicitously illustrate the history of some members of the great human family. No—no! none of them understood rightly the heart of the little seamstress,—albeit they all envied her her smiling countenance, her airy walk, and the pure happiness that always seemed to encircle her like a dreamy halo. Little Peggy Dawson was much more of a character in her native village than many—many others, whose worldly circumstances were far better.

The seamstress, we said, sat all alone in her little chamber, on the summer evening to which we have made reference, resting her chin upon the palm of her left hand, and her elbow upon the window-sill, thinking over the good in her

little world that was yet left undone, and trying to project much more kindness that remained to be done, while the slanting rays of the setting sun streamed through the leaves and the shubbery into her room, when she thought she heard a light step at her door.

She had but little company there, and what she did have, were mostly of that kind that called not for any social purpose, but to transact necessary business, or attempt to pry into her secrets.

"Come in!" sweetly called out the voice of the seamstress.

The door slowly and carefully opened, and the lady with whom she boarded entered the room, holding a paper in her hands.

"I thought you might be lonely this evening, just as twilight was about to come on," said Mrs. Gray; "and so I came in to sit a few minutes with you. This is a lovely evening, Peggy, isn't it?"

"O, yes indeed," responded the little seamstress, her eyes ever open to catch the glorious sights of beauty that nature spreads out so liberally before us; "yes, indeed; I enjoy the cool evenings so much; they remind me so much of heaven! There is such a quiet, too, in the air, that I almost breathe more softly, for fear of disturbing the calm thoughts that crowd upon my mind, at this time."

"You enjoy sitting at your window, I suppose," said Mrs. Gray.

"Indeed I do," said Peggy; the little world before it only suggests the thoughts of another world beyond these trees and that line of sky; and I grow more happy in thinking of the clear skies, and cool shades, and gentle winds that will greet me in that other world beyond!"

"Here is the paper from Boston, to-day," said Mrs. Gray; "I thought that perhaps you might like to get a look at it: you know it's a little pleasant to know once in a while, in a quiet little village like this, that there is a world outside of us, where other people live, and labor, and die, all unknown to us."

Peggy's father had been a sea-captain. He had a son and a daughter, William and Peggy. He died, leaving both his children with no money, after his own debts were liquidated, and had given up in fact all hopes, when he lay on his death-bed, that William was then alive.

William went to sea a couple of years before his father's death; and as no tidings had reached his friends concerning him since his departure, it

was the universal belief that he had been lost, at least, Peggy thought that she had not a near relative living in the world. The few letters of his which she had in her possession, were letters he had written her after leaving his parent's roof, and while waiting the approach of the day on which he was to sail. These she treasured like rare jewels, and continually read them, morning and evening, day and night, as if they could afford a gleam of real, heartfelt consolation to the poor, lonely orphan girl.

Mrs. Gray sat some time with Peggy. When she went down again, Peggy took up her paper and commenced glancing it over. All that looked like news, especially shipping news, she devoured with eager interest. Then she looked in the list of deaths, and then ran her eyes over the chapter of accidents and incidents. But no tidings from any one bearing the name of William Dawson; not a single solitary syllable. Had the busy world forgotten him? Had he not a place with other men upon its theatre? Were not his services as valuable as those of other men?—she reasoned to herself. Yes, Peggy; you reasoned rightly, because you only obeyed the human rules of reasoning; you loved a lost brother, and that brother was as dear to you as others' relatives are to their hearts!

Finally the little seamstress came to the column of advertisements headed "wants." Not that she thought that any one in the outer world, away from her quiet little village green, could be in want of services she might better render than any other person; but because only she wished to learn what people were doing, and how they were living, and what their occasional wants might be; as if mayhap they ought, in the nature of things, to be any different from the wants of those who do not live in large cities, but are hedged in by the rows of elms and maples that set the limits to their village, and by the indistinct line of sky that bounds all the practical world with which they have any acquaintance.

As she read and read along, her eyes kindled at reading the following advertisement:—

"WANTED.—Nine or ten active and skillful females, as seamstresses in a large establishment, to whom the most liberal wages will be given, if they can be permanently hired. Apply at once at No. — H — street, Boston."

"Apply at once!" repeated Peggy, after reading it over to herself. "I wonder if I could do any better there than here in this little village. My earnings here are very small, and though, to

be sure, I get myself a living, and have a mite for making glad the hearts of others, still I have a mind to go to the city and see if I cannot do better there. They always say that better wages are paid there; and I do not believe that my expenses would be much more than they are here."

So she mused; and so she was musing with her paper lying in her lap, and her head resting on her hand, while she sat gazing out from her window upon the green, when we caught glimpses of her through the deep shubbery that half-concealed her.

We thought her an uncommonly beautiful girl. The rose was on her cheek, and the light lay hidden in her sparkling eye. Her long, raven locks fell in rich and luxurious ringlets over her fair shoulders, looking themselves surprised that they should be permitted to come in contact with such marble whiteness. There was a classic shape to her head that one could not but observe at first sight. In fine, she was evidently a creature formed for a higher and better destiny than the drudgery of the workshop.

The little seamstress lay awake long after she had retired that night, thinking of the prospects of a city life. Already she had counted up her whole annual receipts, and if anything, a great deal more too, and had gone into a careful arithmetical computation of all her increasing expenditures. She thought that she could do better in the city, and full of the thought, she composed herself for a night's sound sleep. But sleep was a long time coming. Her eyes were never inclined to be wider opened, and her brain never seemed to be so busy with its plots and plans as then. She had pretty much made up her mind, in fact, before she could get to sleep, that on the next day but one after, she would get into the morning stage, and without imparting a knowledge of her errand to any one, would settle the question of moving permanently, by going directly to see the advertiser at his own establishment.

When the morning of the day came on which she was to start, she was stirring early in her little chamber; the windows were wide open, and the room all placed in perfect order long before the hour for breakfast. Her reticule was crammed full of the many small notions for which she thought she might possibly have some use before her return, and her travelling dress never seemed to fit so snugly to her neat little form before.



Presently the sharp crack of the coachman's whip sounded under the old elms on the green, and the coach-wheels were making their marks in the soft sward in front of the door of the cottage. The door of the coach flew open, the steps were pulled down, Peggy with her reticule, was inside, and with another crack of the driver's long lash, all were rolling smoothly away towards the great metropolis.

This was the source of new life to the feelings of the little seamstress,—this riding off at early morning in the mail coach. She had been used to sit all the long day alone, seeing no change, nothing to excite her spirits, having nothing broken or uninterrupted in her prospect to look at. She grew tired with the monotony, or at least she thought she had sometimes felt tired of it, when she looked back at it from her seat in the coach, just as it was, day after day, and week after week, the same constant round of occupation,—no rest,—no change.

How her spirits danced with the motion of the coach, as she rolled swiftly by sweet little cottages, all hedged about with roses and hawthorn, and snuffed up the air that was so deeply laden with the fragrance of the lilac blossoms held out like huge bouquets, by the clumps of bushes that stood in almost every yard! What a different life she thought she was in, and how strangely new looked the faces by the road-side, that she had seen daily in the village, but had thought little of! She became delighted with her ride, and almost wished that she could ride in a good, large, rocking mail-coach every day of her life. She even ceased wondering why it was that so many people travelled about as they did. She for one, in the exuberance of her delight, thought she should like to travel all the time. And so thinking, on she went at a rapid pace to Boston.

She called duly on the person who had inserted his advertisement in the paper for seamstresses, and found, to her surprise, that the wages he offered were even better than she had at first dared to imagine. It took her not long to decide in the matter, and in less than half an hour's time she had engaged herself to the proprietor of the establishment as seamstress in his employ. She was to come to Boston the first of the next week.

When she returned to the village that night, she narrated all her success, perhaps giving it as much of the coloring as a feeling of self-satisfaction generally allows one to give to his or her

narrations, and setting more than one to wondering how she happened to be so successful at the first trial. But no matter. Peggy had procured herself an excellent place, and was to leave all her friends behind her on Monday.

Monday morning at last came. She sat long and silent at her little chamber window on that morning, for it was the last she should spend in the village for she could not tell how long. As she cast her eyes over the neat door-yard, filled up as it were almost with all sorts of beautiful shrubbery, and stretched her gaze over the dew-begemmed lawn, on which, in her innocent childhood, she had sported so many hours, the crystal tears welled their unbidden way up, and obscured as with a liquid veil the entire prospect. She did not think she could have loved any place so well. The people looked dearer to her than ever, as they stepped across the green, although many of them had been wont to pass her windows from day to day, almost unnoticed by her. Then she began to realize what it was to love home.

The next day she was at her work in Boston, trying, by every means, to drive away the sad thoughts of home, that seemed determined to crowd themselves upon her. It was severe work, but she accomplished it. Each day she felt more at ease in her new situation, and was certainly made the happier by knowing that after her week's work was over she could have something laid aside against future disasters.

Her room in her boarding-house seemed the very picture and copy of the one she had left in her native village. Everything within it was arranged with the finest taste and the most perfect skill. There stood her table in the middle of the room; there was her dressing-table beneath the mirror, and with the same bunch of flowers standing in the wine-glass upon it. There hung the miniature of her beloved parents, now gone to their last sleep, and there was the wreath of evergreens against the naked wall,—the same she had arranged for her room in the country. Her books stood just in the position in which they used to, and her chairs stood on either side of them as of old. In fact, had one of her country friends popped into her room, she would hardly have been able to know she was in Boston, save from the sound without in the streets.

The little seamstress was no less benevolent than she used to be. Now she delighted herself with doing deeds of charity before forbidden her by her limited resources. When she had got

through her day's work, she would go into the street, and make trifling purchases of some poor apple woman, or flower girl, as pretext for getting from them passages of their history, and to inquire into their circumstances, in the hope that she might relieve them in some way. Wherever in her neighborhood she learned that a person was sick, and that any attentions of hers would be likely to alleviate the suffering, and smooth the pillow of pain, she was ready to go. She had carried the title with those who knew her, of "the angel of the sick." Her hands were open to kind deeds in every sick chamber. No one ever had to apply to her for consolation, if she knew aught of their distresses.

She was tripping gaily home from the shop one night,—it was not more than a month and a half from the time of her first entering the establishment,—when a little girl came running up to her side, as she went along, and said in an artless voice:—

"Please, ma'am, mother wished me to tell you that there was a sick woman down at our house, and wished you would come over there as soon as you could!"

"Yes, dear," answered Peggy, when she had fully comprehended the place to which she would have her go; "after I have gone home a moment, I will come right down to your mother." And Peggy hastened away to her quiet room, to put up her things and arrange the many articles that would from time to time get out of their places.

In a few moments the little seamstress was at the door of the lady who had sent for her. She was a friend of Peggy, and had often ministered with her to the wants of the same sick. She knew what Peggy was in the sick-room; how handy she was in her every movement; how gentle were her actions; what inexpressible looks of thankfulness the sick had cast on her, while she walked softly about their room; and what an angel people all thought her, who had seen her in the performance of her charities.

The lady led the seamstress into the next room, and motioned to her to approach the bed. "She's asleep now," said the woman, in a whisper.

The sight was that of a woman, lying sick upon a bed in the farther part of the room.

The window was open just a little, letting in only a trifle of the fresh breeze that stopped but a moment to waft on with the snow-white curtain. The sun threw into the quiet room a

stream of his golden rays, that formed bars through the innumerable motes of dust that were floating about above the floor. The hour was the holy and calm hour in which the little seamstress was ever wont to give the rein to her musings. The calm, the sick person in the farther part of the room, her suppressed respiration, the yellow sunset, the feelings that came to the breast only at this sacred time—all made the seamstress peculiarly sad and thoughtful.

"Tell me about her?" said Peggy, addressing her friend.

"I will," answered the woman. "Only day before yesterday, a young looking man came to see me, saying that he was recommended here by a friend of mine, and soliciting me most earnestly to take him and his wife here to board for a short time, or at least, until she should grow better. I asked him if his wife was sick. He answered that she was; and that having brought her by sea all the way from South America—I forget what port he said he sailed from—her sea-sickness had rather increased than diminished the danger of her disease."

"What is her complaint?" interrupted Peggy.

"Her husband said that she had long been laboring under the attacks of consumptiveness before she came here. He married her, I believe, he said, in South America. She is an American lady, and seems rejoiced to have reached her native country again. Fearing that she might not live longer than time enough to bring her here, and have her see her friends once more before she died, he took passage in a vessel direct for Boston, and had arrived only day before yesterday, when he discovered that the voyage had only retarded, rather than favored her convalescence."

"Hush—hush!" whispered the seamstress; "she is uneasy; I wonder if I can do nothing for the poor woman?"

"I do not know," answered the lady; "if anybody can do any good in a sick-room, I know that you can, Miss Dawson."

"Well, I only attempt to exercise the same charity with the disposition of which I was entrusted," answered the good little seamstress.

"I'll tell you what I wanted of you, Miss Dawson," said the lady; "but I fear it will be asking too much of one who has ever been so kind as you have been to the sick."

"What is it?" quickly asked Peggy.

"Why, her husband and I took turns at watching last night, and to-night we have no

watchers. Where to go and get them, I'm sure I cannot tell. Now I thought that if you were willing to sit up the greater part of the night with this woman, it would be rendering me a very great service, indeed; not to speak of the gratification I know your many tender attentions would afford this poor sick woman."

"I'll sit up, certainly," said Peggy, in a moment; "I'd rather do it than not. I'll sit up willingly the whole night, and you need to get no one to watch with me. So depend upon me, and I will be back soon;" and almost in the middle of an intended sentence, she left the room and the house for her own quiet little chamber.

"How much trouble, and trial, and sadness, and sickness, there is in the world," said Peggy, quite aloud, as soon as she had got within her room and shut the door.

Yes, Peggy; there is misery, and penury, and sickness, and suffering enough in this rough, unfeeling world; but few there are, who, like yourself, are willing to condole with the unfortunate and bolster up the sinking spirits of the wretched. God has endowed and trained few such feeling souls as thine.

Evening came. It was quite dusk. The lamps were not lit in the streets, but just after eight of the clock, the full-faced moon lifted its golden circle above the eastern horizon, drawing every traveller's eyes to its incomparable beauty, and lighting up the earth with a bright flood of refulgent beauty.

The little seamstress sat a few moments at her window, watching the steady tide of passers that set in from one end of the street and flowed to the other, and musing upon the old days she now called happy and innocent, which were passed in her native village—when bethinking herself of a sudden of her engagement she had made for the night, she hastily threw on her bonnet and light shawl, and hurried out of the house to the residence of the sick woman whom she called to see just before supper.

She entered the room in company with the lady, and walked up towards the bed. A young man sat by the bedside of the sick person, holding her hand in his own. It was her husband.

"I have asked this lady to watch with your wife, to night," said the lady; "and can answer that the care she will take of her will be perfectly gratifying to your tenderest wishes."

"I thank the young lady very much," replied the young man; "I only hope that I may have it in my power to requite her for her kindness."

"You need hope no such thing, sir," said Peggy, in one of her sweetest tones; "I love to assist the sick at all times; and if I can do anything,—no matter what,—the least thing for your sick wife, until she recovers, sir, I shall be most glad to do so. I hope I really love to do all the good in my power, sir."

"God bless you!" exclaimed the young man, warmly, showing that every syllable he uttered was heartfelt and sincere; "God bless you, indeed," said he.

"Ah, yes!" faintly murmured the poor woman on the bed; "I am weak,—very weak! I know I cannot live!"

"O, Emeline!" said her husband unhappily.

"But, no; I cannot expect to live very long; and I would, before I depart, that God would bless this dear girl, for her proffered kindness to me."

"But I know he will!" answered the husband to his wife.

"Yes—yes!" said the meek and resigned wife.

The little seamstress sat herself down in a rocking-chair, near the bedside of the sick woman, and entered into a conversation with her about almost everything that could possibly interest her, and tend to draw away her attention from her apparently fast sinking condition. She talked of home and its green lawns, and high-climbing rose bushes. She painted, with her words, pictures that had hung up about the walls of her memory for years. She told of her early loves; of her endeared brother; of her sweet sisters, now resting undisturbedly beneath the sod; and seemed most completely happy, when she was calling back to her mind again, the scenes of her innocent, thoughtless, joy-crowded childhood.

In all these matters she found a ready listener, and a warm sympathiser, in the person of the good little seamstress.

Night came on. It was a still, breathless, cloudless, moonlight night. The young husband had retired to his bed with fatigue, leaving Peggy to sit up with his wife, and desiring to be alarmed at any time, when his services should be needed.

O, what a time is night! what a night above all others was this to the little seamstress. There was no one beside her in the room but the sick woman. She had long since talked herself to sleep, and there Peggy sat by her bedside, alone and musing.

The moon shed its placid light upon the floor,

just sweeping, in its entrance into the window, the foot of the invalid's bed. The world without was all still. Not even a cart or a wagon rumbled or rattled along the pavement, by which Peggy might have known that there was a crowded, wakeful, gay world around her. Her thoughts involuntarily leapt up into the sky, and read upon the face of the moon the imaginings with which she delighted her soul. She dreamed herself, though she was awake. Early days, a father and a mother, green grasses, bunches of flowers, blue and unclouded skies,—all these shifted their sweet appearance across her memory, like a moving panorama, and she sat still for a long, long time, giving herself up to the direction of her reflections. The stillness around her drove her thoughts in upon themselves, and sitting just where she did, and at the precise time she did, it is not to be wondered at that she reverted to days long gone by.

She thought, of a sudden, that she heard a scream. She started from her chair, and bent over the sick woman. She leant her ear down to her mouth; she groaned again. Peggy waked her this time, so distressing was the second groan.

"What will you have?" asked the little seamstress, almost in a whisper.

"What?" asked the sick woman, more than half asleep.

"What shall I get you?" again asked the seamstress.

"O, nothing!" she faintly answered, and gasping as if for breath; "I have dreamed that I should be called away in a few moments,—I feel that I am going now! Yes—I know I am! Where's William?" said she, hurriedly; "call William! I must see him once more! O, how hard it is to breathe! I feel as if I was smothering! Wont you open the window, darling? I will thank you so much!"

The little seamstress flew to raise the window, and then without a word or a syllable further, softly stepped across the hall and knocked at the door of the sick woman's husband.

She returned to the bedside of the invalid, and administered to her every little thing that she thought would tend to her comfort. And while waiting but for a moment for her husband, she sat and fanned a breeze of fresh air over the brow and temples of the sick woman, as she lay upon the bed.

When the young man came into the room in his dressing-gown and slippers, and had learned

from Peggy how his wife felt, he went up to her bedside, and taking her hand said:

"Emeline! Do you feel worse?"

"O, yes!" she groaned out, in a single breath. "Yes, indeed! I feel as if I must die, William! Lift up the curtain of that window higher, and let me see the moonlight again, for the sun I shall never look at even once more! Yes, William, I must go soon! I only wished to see you once more, first!"

"Emeline! Emeline!" said her husband, as if he would chide her for her very feelings.

"But I cannot help it, William; I know it! It is so;—yes, yes! Take my hand, William; I am growing blind! The moon has all gone out, hasn't it, William? I cannot see;—tell me!"

"No, no, my dear!" interrupted her husband.

"O, I wish you would lay your hand on my heart,—it beats so! What makes me so dizzy, I wonder! Everything swims to my eyes, yet I know I am not blind, for I can see the moon shine in on the foot of my bed; but it is paler than it used to be, isn't it, William? Put your cheek to mine, now, William; O, mine feels so very cold! Is this death, William? Do they call it death? I wonder if everybody feels so when they come to die?"

"Do not talk so, Emeline!" said her husband.

"I shall not talk long at all, William," said she.

"Emeline! Emeline!" said her husband.

The little seamstress sat on the opposite side of the bed from that on which the young husband stood, bathing the patient's temples with the saturated cloth she held in her hands.

"You'll remember, William!" exclaimed the wife; "you'll remember! I thank you,—I thank you!" said she, turning towards Peggy. "O, William! If I could only have lived till — But it's all over now, almost! The waters look dark, but I can go across safely! I do not fear their roaring, William; I shall soon be on the other shore! Good-by, William! Good—"

The words never were finished. They died in the act of being spoken. The poor woman dropped her lean and pale hands down by her side, as if she were all wearied out with her work, and quietly, and surrounded by a heavenly calm, breathed her last breath on earth.

Her husband and the little seamstress stood for a long time gazing at the lovely expression that wreathed the brow of the corpse, before either spoke.

Then the husband turned his head away, and

gave way to a drenching flood of tears. And the good little seamstress looked out through the window at the midnight moon, and thought how soon she would be called to lay herself down and breathe her life out just as sweetly.

"She is gone!" finally spoke the bereaved husband.

"Yes, she rests!" exclaimed Peggy.

"Who may I thank for the tender care shown her this last night of her existence?" asked the husband.

"I have not done, sir, one half, the good I wish I could have done; but Peggy Dawson is always glad to succor the sick."

"Peggy Dawson!" exclaimed the stranger, in astonishment.

"Yes,—I am she," answered the little seamstress.

"MY SISTER! My own sister!" exclaimed he, rushing to her and folding her in his arms; "I am, I am William Dawson,—your long, long lost brother!"

Brother and sister,—each an orphan,—now embraced each other over the dead body of the young wife, at that calm and holy hour of midnight. It was a strange place for a brother to find his sister, and a stranger scene for a sister to witness—the death of her brother's wife. But that was the spot Heaven had designed where they should again meet after many long years' absence, and weep in united sympathy over the remains of the dead.

This was an eventful leaf in the life of the good little seamstress.

[FROM GLEASON'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION.]

## IVA, OR THE TWIN BROTHERS.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON.

### CHAPTER I.

Two persons, well mounted, were riding through the little town of Kurnbach. Both were young, well formed, and apparently in good circumstances. From their strong resemblance it was easy to perceive that there was some relationship existing between them.

"This must be a lonely place to live in," said the eldest, whom we will call Frederic Raymon.

"Lonely enough," replied his brother Hans. "If I wished to turn hermit, I think I should come here. But there are other parts of Kurnbach more thickly populated than this. We are in the most broken, rugged, and uninhabited part now."

"I know it; but look yonder; upon the most desolate spot of all stands the largest dwelling I have seen in Kurnbach."

"It is probably the residence of some peasant who owns grounds the other side of the mountain," replied Hans.

"If he owns lands the other side of the mountain, why did he not build his house there? Why should a human-creature select such a spot to pass his days on?"

"That I know not; but here is an honest-looking lad, let us ask him to solve our doubts."

"Agreed. Young man, can you tell us what person lives yonder in that large building?"

"He is called George Beman," replied the lad.

"What is his employment?" asked Frederic.

"I do not know."

"Do you not live here?"

"Yes, just over the hill, yonder."

"That being the case, it seems to me that you ought to know what your neighbor Beman does for a livelihood."

"He don't work, sir."

"Don't work?"

"No person has ever seen him do any work since he has been among us, sir."

"Then he's a man of fortune, I suppose?"

"Can't tell you; he keeps his business all to himself."

"What character does he bear among you?"

"He is kind to all, and has been known to assist the poor in the neighborhood. He is rather retired in his habits; and to tell you the truth, sir, we know but little about him."

"He is rather a mysterious personage, then?"

"That's it, sir, exactly."

"Has he any children?"

"One daughter."

"Does he keep servants?"

"Only one."

"Then there are only three persons who occupy that gloomy-looking building. Is the daughter young and fair?"

"She is only seventeen, and the fairest maiden in Kurnbach. All the young men who have seen her have fallen desperately in love with her."

"Then we must have a care that we do not get sight of her," said Hans, laughing.

"I'd advise you to, sir, by all means; for it's not likely she'll take a fancy to either of you!"

"Very flattering indeed! Perhaps you have made an impression on the fair one's heart?"

"I dare say I might, but I don't think I shall try," returned the peasant, gravely.

"Very cool, upon my word," said Hans.

The peasant went his way, and the brothers rode on.

"I almost wish," added Hans, "that some accident would happen to throw me in the way of yonder churl's daughter."

Scarcely had Hans uttered the words, when his horse stumbled, and he was thrown forward over his head. Frederic hastened to dismount and go to his relief. He found him insensible, and unable to stand when he raised him from the ground. Sitting down beside him, and taking his head upon his knees, he chafed his temples and his hands; but he strove in vain to restore him to consciousness.

Finding that his efforts were useless, and that he was losing time, he lifted his unfortunate brother in his arms, and being a strong man, bore him, with little difficulty, towards the dwelling of George Beman.

"He cannot refuse to give me assistance under circumstances like these, be he ever so churlish," said Frederic, as he toiled up the ascent toward the house.

He knocked loudly on reaching the door. The summons was answered by a person so very different in his appearance from what he had pictured, that for an instant he was unable to utter a word.

The man who produced this unexpected astonishment was about thirty-eight years of age. His features and bearing, so far from being forbidding and churlish, were mild, open, and even handsome.

"An unfortunate occurrence has made me intrude myself upon you in this unceremonious manner," said Frederic.

"Heaven forbid that I should refuse to render all the aid in my power to the distressed. Let me relieve you of a portion of your burthen. A fall I perceive—from his horse most likely;—bear him this way."

Hans was soon deposited upon a couch, and receiving every attention, while the domestic was despatched to the village for a surgeon. Under these kind attentions he soon recovered his consciousness. When the surgeon arrived it was found that his arm had been broken, and he had sustained other severe injuries, and that if his hurts healed well, and everything took a favorable aspect, it would be impossible for him to resume his journey under several weeks.

"Give yourself no uneasiness on that account," said Beman to Frederic, whom this intelligence affected considerably. "You can pursue your journey when it pleases you, and it shall be my care that he wants for nothing that can conduce to his recovery."

Finding that his presence could not in the least facilitate the curative process, he resumed his journey on the following morning.

Hans awoke from a deep sleep, which had lasted nearly all day. The first object that met his gaze was the figure of a young female seated near his bed.

Hans rubbed his eyes to clear his vision, and then took a second and longer look. The impressions which he received from this scrutiny were most favorable to the lady in question, who was wholly unconscious at that moment that she was the object of so much attention.

"She's wondrous fair," said Hans to himself. "I think I have never seen her equal. What eyes! what a face! what a figure! If my neck is not broken, I am certainly the most fortunate of men."

Hans attempted to turn to get a better view of his attendant. The effort produced so much pain that he groaned heavily. The eyes of the maiden were instantly directed towards her patient, when seeing his attention so earnestly fixed upon her, she reddened to the forehead, and looked confused.

"You are the daughter of my kind host, I presume," said Hans, driving the expression of pain from his features. "Do not be alarmed at my unmanly groans. I moved my arm incautiously."

"I fear you are dangerously injured, sir; can I serve you?" asked the maiden, timidly.

"It was an awkward fall, but I trust my illness will not be of long duration. A little water, if you please."

"Fairer hands never poured water for a mortal," said Hans to himself, as his gentle nurse filled a glass with the pure, sparkling beverage first used by man.

"Thank you; I think I shall soon be well."

"Shall I call my father?"

Before Hans had time to reply, the person spoken of entered the room.

"How fares my guest to-day?" he asked, with a kindly smile.

"He is doing better than he deserves," said Hans, "and cannot be too grateful for such careful attention."

"The debt of gratitude will not be great. Some day I may take a notion to go into that part of the country where you reside, and break some of my bones, and then it will come all right; though you would in that event, no doubt, be troubled with me longer, for being older, my flesh will not heal so readily as yours. It takes young blood, you know, to heal bruises, fractures and confusions speedily. But I forgot to introduce you to my daughter."

"I shall never be sufficiently grateful to your fair daughter," returned Hans, embarrassed, he knew not why.

"We all have duties to discharge to each other, and I hope I and mine will not be the first to forget our responsibilities in that respect," was the good natured reply.

Days passed on. As Hans's external wounds healed and grew less painful, he was conscious of internal inroads upon his heart, which threatened to baffle all the arts of surgery and medicine. The bright eyes and gentle smiles of Iva had done their work; Hans was enthralled. So far from wishing for a speedy cure of his broken bones, he heartily prayed that they might take their own time, and not force him to leave the dwelling of George Beman too soon.

It was with a feeling of disappointment that he saw his wounds healing by the "first intention."

The time passed very pleasantly with our hero. He had the happiness of seeing Iva every day, and of conversing with her. To his surprise he found that the graces of her mind exceeded, if possible, the graces of her person.

At length his wounds were healed, and there

was no longer excuse for further delay. Believing that his happiness was involved in the state of Iva's feelings towards him, he availed himself of the first opportunity to converse with her on the subject.

"Duty admonishes me that it is time for me to leave this hospitable roof," he said with some emotion. "To-morrow I shall leave you, but once more before I depart, I would attempt to express the grateful emotions which I feel. Iva, you have been to me a ministering angel. The sound of your footsteps in this room has been music to me. When you come and speak, I forget my pain. Your gentle smiles have done more for me than leech or medicament. You have become indispensable to my happiness. How can I go hence and see you no more?"

Hans paused to recover himself, for his voice had grown tremulous.

"Must you go so soon, then?" asked Iva, in a voice that betrayed more than she desired.

"It must be thus. My hurts are quite well, and I can find no excuse for intruding myself upon you longer. But there is something of importance which I must communicate to you, before I bid you farewell. Iva, I love you."

Hans could get no further. He stopped and looked at his fair nurse; she was weeping. Reassured, he sank upon his knees and kissed her hands. It was not long before he had wrung from her a timid confession of her love, and when they parted they had pledged themselves to eternal constancy and truth.

Hans now believed himself the most happy man in existence, and often found himself saying, "what a fortunate thing that my horse stumbled."

A placid moonlight night followed this important event. Hans retired to his chamber, but could not sleep. Putting on his clothes, he walked softly from the house. It seemed to him that his room was not large enough to breathe in since he had become happy in the love of Iva.

Taking the first path that he came to, he soon found himself in the shadow of some large trees, which he remembered often having looked out upon during his illness.

Leaning against one of the sturdy trunks that had defied wind and storm so long, he looked up into the quiet sky. He had stood in a sort of dreamy reverie for about the space of ten minutes, when a sound like that produced by footsteps caused him to glance hastily about him for the cause of the disturbance. He saw distinctly

a figure approaching by the same path he had taken. As it advanced, and become more distinctly defined against the shadowy objects around, he perceived that it was a female form. That it was Iva, he could not doubt; but for what she could be abroad at such an hour, he could not guess. She kept on, and passed within a few yards of him. She did not go far, but drawing her mantle closer about her, stood motionless.

"She waits for some one," said Hans to himself.

It was not long before another figure was visible. This one wore male attire, and approaching Iva, embraced her, while Hans heard her say:

"Dear ——" the name did not reach him—"you have come at last. I feared I should not see you."

"Nothing could have kept me from this meeting, save sickness or death," replied the other; and Hans imagined he saw him salute Iva's lips at the same time.

The parties now walked away out of sight and hearing, leaving our hero transfixed with amazement, and pained to the heart. He walked back to the dwelling he had left with such sensations of happiness, changed in thought and in feature. All his air-castles had tumbled down, and grief, despair and indignation, arose and filled their places. He sat down at his window, and after the lapse of nearly an hour saw Iva return.

Hans threw himself upon his bed, without divesting himself of clothing, and passed the most miserable night of his life. The idea seemed like a mockery of his misery, but for the life of him he could not help exclaiming:

"How unfortunate a thing that my horse stumbled!"

It is thus that circumstances change our views and shape our thoughts.

It was remarked in the morning, by Mr. Beman, that Hans looked haggard and dispirited, as though he had passed a bad night. He ate in silence, and it was a gloomy breakfast to all. The horse whose clumsiness had caused his master so much suffering, was brought to the door. Hans took an affectionate leave of his kind entertainer. With one foot in the stirrup he turned to Iva, who stood very near him, and said in a low reproachful voice:

"Iva, farewell! We meet no more. Last night I saw you leave the house, and witnessed all—enough to prove your inconstancy."

Before Iva had recovered from the surprise which these words occasioned, Hans Raymon was dashing away at fearful speed; but before he was out of sight, he heard a cry from the lips of his fair but false one, and knew that she had swooned.

George Beman took his daughter in his arms and carried her in as tenderly as he had tended her in childhood.

"My poor child!" he said, kissing her forehead. "I should have thought of this. But it is too late now; the mischief is done."

"Has he gone?" asked Iva, faintly, looking vacantly into her father's face.

"Yes, my girl, he has gone, and I would he had never come among us."

"My father, say not thus; he has done me no wrong. But I may not tell you all now. Promise me that you will be silent on this subject for the present."

"I promise."

## CHAPTER II.

We pass over an interval of one month. Hans had completed the object of his journey, and was on his return home. He had about his person large sums of money, which had been paid him by the executor of a deceased uncle's will. It was dark when he reached Kurnbach, and not being well acquainted with the roads, he soon lost his way, and became entangled in a labyrinth of hills, valleys and mountains. At length the moon came up, and he flattered himself that he should be able to find his way again.

While standing irresolute, as to what direction would be a proper one, a man suddenly stepped from the roadside, and taking the horse by the bit, presented a pistol to the breast of Hans and demanded his money.

Hans Raymon was no coward, and felt rather reluctant to part with his *thalers*.

"Let me pass!" he exclaimed, sternly. "I have no money to part with thus idly."

"Your money!" thundered the robber. "Your money without delay, or I swear to you by all that is sacred, I will shoot you through the head!"

"I don't like the idea of giving my money without an equivalent," said Hans, pulling forth a well-filled purse. As he put the purse into the robber's hand, he bent forward to get a view of his face. He nearly fell from his horse with

surprise, when, as he did so, he recognized, as he believed, the features of George Beman.

Before Hans had recovered from the shock of the discovery, the robber had disappeared.

Our hero sat like one stupefied. He forgot his loss; he ceased to lament his *thalers*; he thought only of the terrible secret he had discovered. The words of the peasant lad were recalled: "He don't work, sir. No person has ever seen him work since he has been among us."

"To-night's adventure accounts for it all. His work is done under the dark cover of night. The lad was right; 'he keeps his business all to himself,' in reality. O, that Iva's father should prove to be such a man, and that Iva herself should prove to be such a girl. How unfortunate that my horse did not break my neck when he threw me over his head!"

Filled with these gloomy reflections, Hans suffered his horse to go forward, careless whither he went; for he was in that state of mind when life seems too bitter to be borne.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, in which he was conscious of nothing but misery; upon recovering himself at the expiration of that time, and looking about him, what was his surprise to find himself at Beman's door.

"Unlucky animal!" exclaimed Hans. "Your tendency is always hither, and always wrong."



What new trouble have you brought me to now?"

The dumb creature rubbed his nose against his master's foot without deigning any further reply.

While Hans was making up his mind what to do, he heard some one approaching. He turned in his saddle, and beheld no other than George Beman himself, apparently fatigued with travel, and somewhat excited.

"Ah, my friend Raymon, is it you? Why do you sit in your saddle like a statue? Dismount, and enter," said Beman, in his usual mild and kindly tones.

"I lost my way," replied Hans, as calmly as he could, "and my horse has brought me hither before I was aware of it. I did not mean to tax your hospitality again so soon."

"No apologies, Mr. Raymon. Your brother is already here. He reached here last night," was the reply.

"He set out on his return one day in advance of me. But why this delay?" asked Hans.

"He was robbed on his way hither last night, and received some rough treatment that rendered him unfit to go forward to-day," replied Beman, in a tone of voice betraying no consciousness of guilt, or any embarrassment whatever.

"Cool!" thought Hans, "very cool!"

He met Iva on the threshold. She recoiled a step when she saw him, but instantly recovering her equanimity, extended her hand. Hans shook it coldly, and passed in. Upon scanning the features of Iva more closely, he was surprised and shocked at the change which he beheld. Her cheeks were very pale, and her eyes had lost their accustomed vivacity. Hans sighed audibly, but unconsciously; while Beman regarded him with a surprised and puzzled expression.

"Be kind enough to show me to my brother," said our hero, wishing to be alone for a few moments, in order to collect his scattered and disturbed thoughts, for the calmness and coolness of his late host astounded him. To meet a man who had just robbed him of a large sum of money; to meet him in his own house; to have that man treat him with such perfect self-possession, and apparent forgetfulness of what had just transpired, presented human nature to him in a light so new, that he knew not how to act. He found his brother Frederic comfortably disposed of in a large easy-chair.

"I did not expect to find you here," said Hans.

"I did not expect to be here," replied his brother.

"Our entertainer tells me you have been robbed," added Hans.

"Then he certainly tells you the truth. I was met last night by some gentleman unknown to me, who, with a cocked pistol at my head told me, 'stand and deliver!'"

"I attempted by a sudden effort to wrest the pistol from his hand, but received for my good intention a blow upon the head, which laid me senseless upon the earth. When I recovered, I found my horse near me, for it would seem that the considerate highwayman had fastened the animal to a tree, in order that I might be spared the trouble of a long walk. I attempted to ride; a sickly sensation crept over me, and I sank back overpowered and unconscious. The first idea that dawned upon me after this, was, that there were soft hands upon my head, and breath upon my face. I opened my eyes, and perceived a female form beside me, and was fully conscious that some kind angel was striving to restore me to sensibility."

"What looked she like?" asked Hans, earnestly.

"She greatly resembled the daughter of our host," replied Frederic, unconscious of the pain his words were inflicting.

"Go on, brother! go on!" added Hans, impatiently.

"Well, the unknown female assisted me to arise, making anxious inquiries in regard to the extent of my injuries. She studiously kept her face concealed by a thick veil, the moment she perceived I was regaining my consciousness; consequently I saw her features but imperfectly, but her voice was rich and musical, like the daughter of our host."

Hans beat upon his breast, and paced the floor like one distracted.

"What ails you, Hans? Why this perturbation?"

"Go on! you shall know all in good time."

"The unknown female, with the mellow voice, and the face like Iva's, assisted me to mount she then showed me the way to George Beman's and here you see I am, safe and sound, with the exception of a few bruises."

"And what became of your kind angel?"

"She vanished."

"Did you observe the face and figure of the robber?"

"Let me consider; he was about the height

of our friend Beman, I should think, and the more I recall his features and appearance, the more striking does the comparison seem."

"Fatal coincidence!" exclaimed Hans, bitterly. He then related all that had taken place since they had parted, concealing nothing in relation to Iva and her want of faith, or of the robbery, and his suspicions in relation to the author of the crime.

"An unfortunate affair," said Frederic. "I must confess that there are just grounds of suspicion in relation to Beman and his daughter."

"And it is that which distresses me more than all. You know not how deeply I have loved the fair Iva. O, Frederic, a disappointment like mine is hard to bear. Could I believe that she is innocent of all knowledge of her father's calling, it would deprive this last blow at my happiness of half its bitterness. But the truth comes home to me with overwhelming force—George Beman is the robber, and his daughter is the female who aided you, and if the last be true, then she cannot be ignorant of his occupation."

"That looks reasonable, but all may be made clear yet: a more tangled skein has been untwisted," returned Frederic, in the vain hope of comforting his brother. "I hope it was not Iva who assisted me, for I have thought of the fair stranger ever since, and I really begin to imagine that I am in love."

"Frederic, I shall leave Germany forever. I cannot remain longer amid the scenes of my disappointment. My property I leave in your care, only requiring that you shall remit to me such sums as I shall need to supply the every day wants of life."

"No; it shall not be so. I am resolved what to do; I will accuse George Beman of robbery upon the highway; and let him prove his innocence if he can."

"Frederic, I entreat of you to be silent. I will never consent that the father of the woman I have loved, and still love, despite all that has transpired, be accused of such a crime. No; let darkness and forgetfulness close over a transaction so foul and unfortunate."

"Seek an interview with Iva," said Frederic.

"But what would it avail? Nothing. It would result in pain and mortification to both."

"It can produce nothing worse than the present state of suspense; therefore I say, seek an interview with your false fair one."

"It shall be so," answered Hans, after some reflection.

Firm in his resolve, and true to his purpose, Hans soon stood in the presence of Beman and Iva.

"For important reasons, I crave a few moments' interview with your daughter," said Hans to his host.

"There can be no objection to such a request," he replied, and bowing, left the room.

A painful and embarrassing silence ensued; it was finally broken by Hans.

"When I parted from you, Iva, I did not expect to see you again so soon; but circumstances of a strange character have again thrown us under the same roof. That I have suffered a deep disappointment, you well know; but I will not reproach you. I sought not this interview for that purpose. I will remember you, Iva, as we remember dreams of happiness; and this dream of mine has been as fleeting as any dream, though it was sweet while it held me in its power. I would barter all my earthly possessions to recall that dream for a single hour."

"Then it shall be recalled?" said Iva, wiping the tears from her dark eyes.

"Never! never!" exclaimed Hans, in accents of despair. "I have not told you all—a darker page must yet be read. There have been two—two—robberies within the last twenty-four hours."

Iva's face grew pale as marble.

"Both these robberies have occurred in Kurnbach."

Iva wept aloud.

"I recognized the robber."

"Father of all! how can I exist?" cried Iva.

"I have reasons for believing that you have also seen the perpetrator of these crimes."

"Good heavens! you suspect my own father; but I swear to you on my knees, and in the sight of God, that he is innocent. Iva Beman never knelt to human being before, but now she kneels and begs of you to suspend your judgment for a day, a single hour, even. There is a secret that I may not divulge."

The sobs and tears of the beautiful pleader stopped her utterance. Taking her cold hands in his, Hans wept, and let his tears fall upon them.

"I conjure you to tell the truth."

"I will, Hans; I am innocent, and my father is also innocent. Had you not left me in such cruel haste, I would have explained all. There are some family matters," continued Iva, growing calmer, "which I would fain have kept a

secret; but I feel that the time has arrived when I must speak. You saw me go forth at night and meet a person unknown to you. That person was a female in male attire—my father's brother's child. And now comes the most painful part of my confession. My uncle and my father were twin brothers. The resemblance between them is so marked, that the one is often mistaken for the other. My grandfather was a man of fortune. My father was his favorite child, for the wayward habits of Karl, the twin brother, displeased him. Dying, my grandfather left the bulk of his property to my father. From that hour the tendency of Karl Beman was downward. My father generously advanced him large sums; but his kindness met with ingratitude for its reward. My uncle married a lovely woman, who lived just long enough to see her husband penniless, and abandoned, and her little daughter entering upon her fifth year. Karl loved his child, and my father himself has attended to her education, and supplied all her wants, though he has long ceased to be on intimate terms with my uncle. What has transpired within the last twenty-four hours, leads me to believe that he has added robbery to other sins; but I entreat of you not to bring him to justice. Leave to Heaven the punishment of his many crimes."

"May he who reads men's thoughts forgive me the wrong I have done you, Iva!" cried Hans, sinking on his knees.

"And may Heaven bless her for being a good angel to me and mine," said a husky voice. Hans looked up, and beheld the exact counterpart of George Beman—and recognized in him the man who had previously robbed him of his purse.

"This angel," continued the intruder, "has

told you the truth. I am the guilty man. Recklessness, pride and poverty drove me to the commission of the crime. I am guilty of only two robberies, which I might never have confessed, had it not been for the sake of this fair girl. I restore your money untouched; for my whole nature shrank from the thought of appropriating it to my own or my daughter's use. I shall go to America, and it is probable I shall see you no more. Iva, with you I leave the most precious of all earthly things—my only child."

Karl's voice grew tremulous, and he was obliged to pause.

"My only child! Iva, you will be kind to her. Conceal from her, as you value your soul's happiness, the knowledge of her father's crime."

Karl Beman waited for no reply. He turned on his heel and left the house to return no more. As he passed out of the room, Hans saw Iva's father put a well-filled purse into his hand, gaze into his face a moment, and in a broken voice, say:

"Farewell, Karl. God bless you."

"What a fortunate thing that my horse stumbled," said Hans to himself, on his wedding night.

Frederic found that he was really in love with Karl's daughter, and that that love really had its birth at the moment she had assisted him to arise and mount his horse, on the night of the robbery. Therefore, when he exclaimed on his wedding day, "What a fortunate fall!" the reader will understand what he meant.

When Karl Beman was next heard from, he was serving with great credit in the American army.

Thus ends our tale, leaving all parties prosperous and happy.