

HENTY GEORGE ALFRED

A JACOBITE EXILE

George Henty
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G. A. Henty
A Jacobite Exile / Being the Adventures
of a Young Englishman in the Service
of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden

Preface

My Dear Lads,

Had I attempted to write you an account of the whole of the adventurous career of Charles the Twelfth of Sweden, it would, in itself, have filled a bulky volume, to the exclusion of all other matter; and a youth, who fought at Narva, would have been a middle-aged man at the death of that warlike monarch, before the walls of Frederickshall. I have, therefore, been obliged to confine myself to the first three years of his reign, in which he crushed the army of Russia at Narva, and laid the then powerful republic of Poland prostrate at his feet. In this way, only, could I obtain space for the private adventures and doings of Charlie Carstairs, the hero of the story. The details of the wars of Charles the Twelfth were taken from the military history, written at his command by his chamberlain, Adlerfeld; from a similar narrative by a Scotch gentleman in his service; and from Voltaire's history. The latter is responsible for the statement that the trade of Poland was almost entirely in the hands of Scotch, French, and Jewish merchants, the Poles themselves being sharply divided into the two categories of nobles and peasants.

Yours sincerely,
G. A. Henty.

Chapter 1: A Spy in the Household

On the borders of Lancashire and Westmoreland, two centuries since, stood Lynnwood, a picturesque mansion, still retaining something of the character of a fortified house. It was ever a matter of regret to its owner, Sir Marmaduke Carstairs, that his grandfather had so modified its construction, by levelling one side of the quadrangle, and inserting large mullion windows in that portion inhabited by the family, that it was in no condition to stand a siege, in the time of the Civil War.

Sir Marmaduke was, at that time, only a child, but he still remembered how the Roundhead soldiers had lorded it there, when his father was away fighting with the army of the king; how they had seated themselves at the board, and had ordered his mother about as if she had been a scullion, jeering her with cruel words as to what would have been the fate of her husband, if they had caught him there, until, though but eight years old, he had smitten one of the troopers, as he sat, with all his force. What had happened after that, he did not recollect, for it was not until a week after the Roundheads had ridden away that he found himself in his bed, with his mother sitting beside him, and his head bandaged with cloths dipped in water. He always maintained that, had the house been fortified, it could have held out until help arrived, although, in later years, his father assured him that it was well it was not in a position to offer a defence.

"We were away down south, Marmaduke, and the Roundheads were masters of this district, at the time. They would have battered the place around your mother's ears, and, likely as not, have burnt it to the ground. As it was, I came back here to find it whole and safe, except that the crop-eared scoundrels had, from pure wantonness, destroyed the pictures and hacked most of the furniture to pieces. I took no part in the later risings, seeing that they were hopeless, and therefore preserved my property, when many others were ruined.

"No, Marmaduke, it is just as well that the house was not fortified. I believe in fighting, when there is some chance, even a slight one, of success, but I regard it as an act of folly, to throw away a life when no good can come of it."

Still, Sir Marmaduke never ceased to regret that Lynnwood was not one of the houses that had been defended, to the last, against the enemies of the king. At the Restoration he went, for the first time in his life, to London, to pay his respects to Charles the Second. He was well received, and although he tired, in a very short time, of the gaities of the court, he returned to Lynnwood with his feelings of loyalty to the Stuarts as strong as ever. He rejoiced heartily when the news came of the defeat of Monmouth at Sedgemoor, and was filled with rage and indignation when James weakly fled, and left his throne to be occupied by Dutch William.

From that time, he became a strong Jacobite, and emptied his glass nightly "to the king over the water." In the north the Jacobites were numerous, and at their gatherings treason was freely talked, while arms were prepared, and hidden away for the time when the lawful king should return to claim his own. Sir Marmaduke was deeply concerned in the plot of 1696, when preparations had been made for a great Jacobite rising throughout the country. Nothing came of it, for the Duke of Berwick, who was to have led it, failed in getting the two parties who were concerned to come to an agreement. The Jacobites were ready to rise, directly a French army landed. The French king, on the other hand, would not send an army until the Jacobites had risen, and the matter therefore fell through, to Sir Marmaduke's indignation and grief. But he had no words strong enough to express his anger and disgust when he found that, side by side with the general scheme for a rising, a plot had been formed by Sir George Barclay, a Scottish refugee, to assassinate the king, on his return from hunting in Richmond Forest.

"It is enough to drive one to become a Whig," he exclaimed. "I am ready to fight Dutch William, for he occupies the place of my rightful sovereign, but I have no private feud with him, and, if I had, I would run any man through who ventured to propose to me a plot to assassinate him. Such

scoundrels as Barclay would bring disgrace on the best cause in the world. Had I heard as much as a whisper of it, I would have buckled on my sword, and ridden to London to warn the Dutchman of his danger. However, as it seems that Barclay had but some forty men with him, most of them foreign desperadoes, the Dutchman must see that English gentlemen, however ready to fight against him fairly, would have no hand in so dastardly a plot as this.

"Look you, Charlie, keep always in mind that you bear the name of our martyred king, and be ready ever to draw your sword in the cause of the Stuarts, whether it be ten years hence, or forty, that their banner is hoisted again; but keep yourself free from all plots, except those that deal with fair and open warfare. Have no faith whatever in politicians, who are ever ready to use the country gentry as an instrument for gaining their own ends. Deal with your neighbours, but mistrust strangers, from whomsoever they may say they come."

Which advice Charlie, at that time thirteen years old, gravely promised to follow. He had naturally inherited his father's sentiments, and believed the Jacobite cause to be a sacred one. He had fought and vanquished Alured Dormay, his second cousin, and two years his senior, for speaking of King James' son as the Pretender, and was ready, at any time, to do battle with any boy of his own age, in the same cause. Alured's father, John Dormay, had ridden over to Lynnwood, to complain of the violence of which his son had been the victim, but he obtained no redress from Sir Marmaduke.

"The boy is a chip of the old block, cousin, and he did right. I myself struck a blow at the king's enemies, when I was but eight years old, and got my skull well-nigh cracked for my pains. It is well that the lads were not four years older, for then, instead of taking to fisticuffs, their swords would have been out, and as my boy has, for the last four years, been exercised daily in the use of his weapon, it might happen that, instead of Alured coming home with a black eye, and, as you say, a missing tooth, he might have been carried home with a sword thrust through his body.

"It was, to my mind, entirely the fault of your son. I should have blamed Charlie, had he called the king at Westminster Dutch William, for, although each man has a right to his own opinions, he has no right to offend those of others—besides, at present it is as well to keep a quiet tongue as to a matter that words cannot set right. In the same way, your son had no right to offend others by calling James Stuart the Pretender.

"Certainly, of the twelve boys who go over to learn what the Rector of Apsley can teach them, more than half are sons of gentlemen whose opinions are similar to my own.

"It would be much better, John Dormay, if, instead of complaining of my boy, you were to look somewhat to your own. I marked, the last time he came over here, that he was growing loutish in his manners, and that he bore himself with less respect to his elders than is seemly in a lad of that age. He needs curbing, and would carry himself all the better if, like Charlie, he had an hour a day at sword exercise. I speak for the boy's good. It is true that you yourself, being a bitter Whig, mix but little with your neighbours, who are for the most part the other way of thinking; but this may not go on for ever, and you would, I suppose, like Alured, when he grows up, to mix with others of his rank in the county; and it would be well, therefore, that he should have the accomplishments and manners of young men of his own age."

John Dormay did not reply hastily—it was his policy to keep on good terms with his wife's cousin, for the knight was a man of far higher consideration, in the county, than himself. His smile, however, was not a pleasant one, as he rose and said:

"My mission has hardly terminated as I expected, Sir Marmaduke. I came to complain, and I go away advised somewhat sharply."

"Tut, tut, man!" the knight said. "I speak only for the lad's good, and I am sure that you cannot but feel the truth of what I have said. What does Alured want to make enemies for? It may be that it was only my son who openly resented his ill-timed remarks, but you may be sure that others were equally displeased, and maybe their resentment will last much longer than that which was quenched in a fair stand-up fight. Certainly, there need be no malice between the boys. Alured's defeat may

even do him good, for he cannot but feel that it is somewhat disgraceful to be beaten by one nearly a head shorter than he."

"There is, no doubt, something in what you say, Sir Marmaduke," John Dormay said blandly, "and I will make it my business that, should the boys meet again as antagonists, Alured shall be able to give a better account of himself."

"He is a disagreeable fellow," Sir Marmaduke said to himself, as he watched John Dormay ride slowly away through the park, "and, if it were not that he is husband to my cousin Celia, I would have nought to do with him. She is my only kinswoman, and, were aught to happen to Charlie, that lout, her son, would be the heir of Lynnwood. I should never rest quiet in my grave, were a Whig master here.

"I would much rather that he had spoken wrathfully, when I straightly gave him my opinion of the boy, who is growing up an ill-conditioned cub. It would have been more honest. I hate to see a man smile, when I know that he would fain swear. I like my cousin Celia, and I like her little daughter Ciceley, who takes after her, and not after John Dormay; but I would that the fellow lived on the other side of England. He is out of his place here, and, though men do not speak against him in my presence, knowing that he is a sort of kinsman, I have never heard one say a good word for him.

"It is not only because he is a Whig. There are other Whig gentry in the neighbourhood, against whom I bear no ill will, and can meet at a social board in friendship. It would be hard if politics were to stand between neighbours. It is Dormay's manner that is against him. If he were anyone but Celia's husband, I would say that he is a smooth-faced knave, though I altogether lack proof of my words, beyond that he has added half a dozen farms to his estate, and, in each case, there were complaints that, although there was nothing contrary to the law, it was by sharp practice that he obtained possession, lending money freely in order to build houses and fences and drains, and then, directly a pinch came, demanding the return of his advance.

"Such ways may pass in a London usurer, but they don't do for us country folk; and each farm that he has taken has closed the doors of a dozen good houses to John Dormay. I fear that Celia has a bad time with him, though she is not one to complain. I let Charlie go over to Rockley, much oftener than I otherwise should do, for her sake and Ciceley's, though I would rather, a hundred times, that they should come here. Not that the visits are pleasant, when they do come, for I can see that Celia is always in fear, lest I should ask her questions about her life at home; which is the last thing that I should think of doing, for no good ever comes of interference between man and wife, and, whatever I learned, I could not quarrel with John Dormay without being altogether separated from Celia and the girl.

"I am heartily glad that Charlie has given Alured a sound thrashing. The boy is too modest. He only said a few words, last evening, about the affair, and I thought that only a blow or two had been exchanged. It was as much as I could do, not to rub my hands and chuckle, when his father told me all about it. However, I must speak gravely to Charlie. If he takes it up, every time a Whig speaks scornfully of the king, he will be always in hot water, and, were he a few years older, would become a marked man. We have got to bide our time, and, except among friends, it is best to keep a quiet tongue until that time comes."

To Sir Marmaduke's disappointment, three more years went on without the position changing in any way. Messengers went and came between France and the English Jacobites, but no movement was made. The failure of the assassination plot had strengthened William's hold on the country, for Englishmen love fair play and hate assassination, so that many who had, hitherto, been opponents of William of Orange, now ranged themselves on his side, declaring they could no longer support a cause that used assassination as one of its weapons. More zealous Jacobites, although they regretted the assassination plot, and were as vehement of their denunciations of its authors as were the Whigs, remained staunch in their fidelity to "the king over the water," maintaining stoutly that his majesty knew nothing whatever of this foul plot, and that his cause was in no way affected by the misconduct of a few men, who happened to be among its adherents.

At Lynnwood things went on as usual. Charlie continued his studies, in a somewhat desultory way, having but small affection for books; kept up his fencing lesson diligently and learned to dance; quarrelled occasionally with his cousin Alured, spent a good deal of his time on horseback, and rode over, not unfrequently, to Rockley, choosing, as far as possible, the days and hours when he knew that Alured and his father were likely to be away. He went over partly for his own pleasure, but more in compliance with his father's wishes.

"My cousin seldom comes over, herself," the latter said. "I know, right well, that it is from no slackness of her own, but that her husband likes not her intimacy here. It is well, then, that you should go over and see them, for it is only when you bring her that I see Ciceley. I would she were your sister, lad, for she is a bright little maid, and would make the old house lively."

Therefore, once a week or so, Charlie rode over early to Rockley, which was some five miles distant, and brought back Ciceley, cantering on her pony by his side, escorting her home again before nightfall. Ciceley's mother wondered, sometimes, that her husband, who in most matters set his will in opposition to hers, never offered any objection to the girl's visits to Lynnwood. She thought that, perhaps, he was pleased that there should be an intimacy between some member, at least, of his family, and Sir Marmaduke's. There were so few houses at which he or his were welcome, it was pleasant to him to be able to refer to the close friendship of his daughter with their cousins at Lynnwood. Beyond this, Celia, who often, as she sat alone, turned the matter over in her mind, could see no reason he could have for permitting the intimacy. That he would permit it without some reason was, as her experience had taught her, out of the question.

Ciceley never troubled her head about the matter. Her visits to Lynnwood were very pleasant to her. She was two years younger than Charlie Carstairs; and although, when he had once brought her to the house, he considered that his duties were over until the hour arrived for her return, he was sometimes ready to play with her, escort her round the garden, or climb the trees for fruit or birds' eggs for her.

Such little courtesies she never received from Alured, who was four years her senior, and who never interested himself in the slightest degree in her. He was now past eighteen, and was beginning to regard himself as a man, and had, to Ciceley's satisfaction, gone a few weeks before, to London, to stay with an uncle who had a place at court, and was said to be much in the confidence of some of the Whig lords.

Sir Marmaduke was, about this time, more convinced than ever that, ere long, the heir of the Stuarts would come over from France, with men, arms, and money, and would rally round him the Jacobites of England and Scotland. Charlie saw but little of him, for he was frequently absent, from early morning until late at night, riding to visit friends in Westmoreland and Yorkshire, sometimes being away two or three days at a time. Of an evening, there were meetings at Lynnwood, and at these strangers, who arrived after nightfall, were often present. Charlie was not admitted to any of these gatherings.

"You will know all about it in time, lad," his father said. "You are too young to bother your head with politics, and you would lose patience in a very short time. I do myself, occasionally. Many who are the foremost in talk, when there is no prospect of doing anything, draw back when the time approaches for action, and it is sickening to listen to the timorous objections and paltry arguments that are brought forward. Here am I, a man of sixty, ready to risk life and fortune in the good cause, and there are many, not half my age, who speak with as much caution as if they were graybeards. Still, lad, I have no doubt that the matter will straighten itself out, and come right in the end. It is always the most trying time, for timorous hearts, before the first shot of a battle is fired. Once the engagement commences, there is no time for fear. The battle has to be fought out, and the best way to safety is to win a victory. I have not the least doubt that, as soon as it is known that the king has landed, there will be no more shilly-shallying or hesitation. Every loyal man will mount his horse, and call out his tenants, and, in a few days, England will be in a blaze from end to end."

Charlie troubled himself but little with what was going on. His father had promised him that, when the time did come, he should ride by his side, and with that promise he was content to wait, knowing that, at present, his strength would be of but little avail, and that every week added somewhat to his weight and sinew.

One day he was in the garden with Ciceley. The weather was hot, and the girl was sitting, in a swing, under a shady tree, occasionally starting herself by a push with her foot on the ground, and then swaying gently backward and forward, until the swing was again at rest. Charlie was seated on the ground, near her, pulling the ears of his favourite dog, and occasionally talking to her, when a servant came out, with a message that his father wanted to speak to him.

"I expect I shall be back in a few minutes, Ciceley, so don't you wander away till I come. It is too hot today to be hunting for you, all over the garden, as I did when you hid yourself last week."

It was indeed but a short time until he returned.

"My father only wanted to tell me that he is just starting for Bristowe's, and, as it is over twenty miles away, he may not return until tomorrow."

"I don't like that man's face who brought the message to you, Charlie."

"Don't you?" the boy said carelessly. "I have not noticed him much. He has not been many months with us."

"What are you thinking of?" he asked, a minute later, seeing that his cousin looked troubled.

"I don't know that I ought to tell you, Charlie. You know my father does not think the same way as yours about things."

"I should rather think he doesn't," Charlie laughed. "There is no secret about that, Ciceley; but they don't quarrel over it. Last time your father and mother came over here, I dined with them for the first time, and I noticed there was not a single word said about politics. They chatted over the crops, and the chances of a war in Europe, and of the quarrel between Holstein and Denmark, and whether the young king of Sweden would aid the duke, who seems to be threatened by Saxony as well as by Denmark. I did not know anything about it, and thought it was rather stupid; but my father and yours both seemed of one mind, and were as good friends as if they were in equal agreement on all other points. But what has that to do with Nicholson, for that is the man's name who came out just now?"

"It does not seem to have much to do with it," she said doubtfully, "and yet, perhaps it does. You know my mother is not quite of the same opinion as my father, although she never says so to him; but, when we are alone together, sometimes she shakes her head and says she fears that trouble is coming, and it makes her very unhappy. One day I was in the garden, and they were talking loudly in the dining room—at least, he was talking loudly. Well, he said—But I don't know whether I ought to tell you, Charlie."

"Certainly you ought not, Ciceley. If you heard what you were not meant to hear, you ought never to say a word about it to anyone."

"But it concerns you and Sir Marmaduke."

"I cannot help that," he said stoutly. "People often say things of each other, in private, especially if they are out of temper, that they don't quite mean, and it would make terrible mischief if such things were repeated. Whatever your father said, I do not want to hear it, and it would be very wrong of you to repeat it."

"I am not going to repeat it, Charlie. I only want to say that I do not think my father and yours are very friendly together, which is natural, when my father is all for King William, and your father for King James. He makes no secret of that, you know."

Charlie nodded.

"That is right enough, Ciceley, but still, I don't understand in the least what it has to do with the servant."

"It has to do with it," she said pettishly, starting the swing afresh, and then relapsing into silence until it again came to a standstill.

"I think you ought to know," she said suddenly. "You see, Charlie, Sir Marmaduke is very kind to me, and I love him dearly, and so I do you, and I think you ought to know, although it may be nothing at all."

"Well, fire away then, Ciceley. There is one thing you may be quite sure of, whatever you tell me, it is like telling a brother, and I shall never repeat it to anyone."

"Well, it is this. That man comes over sometimes to see my father. I have seen him pass my window, three or four times, and go in by the garden door into father's study. I did not know who he was, but it did seem funny his entering by that door, as if he did not want to be seen by anyone in the house. I did not think anything more about it, till I saw him just now, then I knew him directly. If I had seen him before, I should have told you at once, but I don't think I have."

"I daresay not, Ciceley. He does not wait at table, but is under the steward, and helps clean the silver. He waits when we have several friends to dinner. At other times he does not often come into the room."

"What you tell me is certainly curious. What can he have to say to your father?"

"I don't know, Charlie. I don't know anything about it. I do think you ought to know."

"Yes, I think it is a good thing that I should know," Charlie agreed thoughtfully. "I daresay it is all right, but, at any rate, I am glad you told me."

"You won't tell your father?" she asked eagerly. "Because, if you were to speak of it—"

"I shall not tell him. You need not be afraid that what you have told me will come out. It is curious, and that is all, and I will look after the fellow a bit. Don't think anything more about it. It is just the sort of thing it is well to know, but I expect there is no harm in it, one way or the other. Of course, he must have known your father before he came to us, and may have business of some sort with him. He may have a brother, or some other relation, who wants to take one of your father's farms. Indeed, there are a hundred things he might want to see him about. But still, I am glad you have told me."

In his own mind, Charlie thought much more seriously of it than he pretended. He knew that, at present, his father was engaged heart and soul in a projected Jacobite rising. He knew that John Dormay was a bitter Whig. He believed that he had a grudge against his father, and the general opinion of him was that he was wholly unscrupulous.

That he should, then, be in secret communication with a servant at Lynnwood, struck him as a very serious matter, indeed. Charlie was not yet sixteen, but his close companionship with his father had rendered him older than most lads of his age. He was as warm a Jacobite as his father, but the manner in which William, with his Dutch troops, had crushed the great Jacobite rebellion in Ireland, seemed to him a lesson that the prospects of success, in England, were much less certain than his father believed them to be.

John Dormay, as an adherent of William, would be interested in thwarting the proposed movement, with the satisfaction of, at the same time, bringing Sir Marmaduke into disgrace. Charlie could hardly believe that his cousin would be guilty of setting a spy to watch his father, but it was certainly possible, and as he thought the matter over, as he rode back after escorting Ciceley to her home, he resolved to keep a sharp watch over the doings of this man Nicholson.

"It would never do to tell my father what Ciceley said. He would bundle the fellow out, neck and crop, and perhaps break some of his bones, and then it would be traced to her. She has not a happy home, as it is, and it would be far worse if her father knew that it was she who had put us on our guard. I must find out something myself, and then we can turn him out, without there being the least suspicion that Ciceley is mixed up in it."

The next evening several Jacobite gentlemen rode in, and, as usual, had a long talk with Sir Marmaduke after supper.

"If this fellow is a spy," Charlie said to himself, "he will be wanting to hear what is said, and to do so he must either hide himself in the room, or listen at the door, or at one of the windows. It

is not likely that he will get into the room, for to do that he must have hidden himself before supper began. I don't think he would dare to listen at the door, for anyone passing through the hall would catch him at it. It must be at one of the windows."

The room was at an angle of the house. Three windows looked out on to the lawn in front; that at the side into a large shrubbery, where the bushes grew up close to it; and Charlie decided that here, if anywhere, the man would take up his post. As soon, then, as he knew that the servants were clearing away the supper, he took a heavy cudgel and went out. He walked straight away from the house, and then, when he knew that his figure could no longer be seen in the twilight, he made a circuit, and, entering the shrubbery, crept along close to the wall of the Muse, until within two or three yards of the window. Having made sure that at present, at any rate, no one was near, he moved out a step or two to look at the window.

His suspicions were at once confirmed. The inside curtains were drawn, but the casement was open two or three inches. Charlie again took up his post, behind a bush, and waited.

In five minutes he heard a twig snap, and then a figure came along, noiselessly, and placed itself at the window. Charlie gave him but a moment to listen, then he sprang forward, and, with his whole strength, brought his cudgel down upon the man's head. He fell like a stone. Charlie threw open the window, and, as he did so, the curtain was torn back by his father, the sound of the blow and the fall having reached the ears of those within.

Sir Marmaduke had drawn his sword, and was about to leap through the window, when Charlie exclaimed:

"It is I, father. I have caught a fellow listening at the window, and have just knocked him down."

"Well done, my boy!

"Bring lights, please, gentlemen. Let us see what villain we have got here."

But, as he spoke, Charlie's head suddenly disappeared, and a sharp exclamation broke from him, as he felt his ankles grasped and his feet pulled from under him. He came down with such a crash that, for a moment, he was unable to rise. He heard a rustling in the bushes, and then his father leapt down beside him.

"Where are you, my boy? Has the scoundrel hurt you?"

"He has given me a shake," Charlie said as he sat up; "and, what is worse, I am afraid he has got away."

"Follow me, gentlemen, and scatter through the gardens," Sir Marmaduke roared. "The villain has escaped!"

For a few minutes, there was a hot pursuit through the shrubbery and gardens, but nothing was discovered. Charlie had been so shaken that he was unable to join the pursuit, but, having got on to his feet, remained leaning against the wall until his father came back.

"He has got away, Charlie. Have you any idea who he was?"

"It was Nicholson, father. At least, I am almost certain that it was him. It was too dark to see his face. I could see the outline of his head against the window, and he had on a cap with a cock's feather which I had noticed the man wore."

"But how came you here, Charlie?"

"I will tell you that afterwards, father. Don't ask me now."

For, at this moment, some of the others were coming up. Several of them had torches, and, as they approached, Sir Marmaduke saw something lying on the ground under the window. He picked it up.

"Here is the fellow's cap," he said. "You must have hit him a shrewd blow, Charlie, for here is a clean cut through the cloth, and a patch of fresh blood on the white lining. How did he get you down, lad?"

"He fell so suddenly, when I hit him, that I thought I had either killed or stunned him; but of course I had not, for it was but a moment after, when I was speaking to you, that I felt my ankles

seized, and I went down with a crash. I heard him make off through the bushes; but I was, for the moment, almost dazed, and could do nothing to stop him."

"Was the window open when he came?"

"Yes, sir, two or three inches."

"Then it was evidently a planned thing."

"Well, gentlemen, we may as well go indoors. The fellow is well out of our reach now, and we may be pretty sure he will never again show his face here. Fortunately he heard nothing, for the serving men had but just left the room, and we had not yet begun to talk."

"That is true enough, Sir Marmaduke," one of the others said. "The question is: how long has this been going on?"

Sir Marmaduke looked at Charlie.

"I know nothing about it, sir. Till now, I have not had the slightest suspicion of this man. It occurred to me, this afternoon, that it might be possible for anyone to hear what was said inside the room, by listening at the windows; and that this shrubbery would form a very good shelter for an eavesdropper. So I thought, this evening I would take up my place here, to assure myself that there was no traitor in the household. I had been here but five minutes when the fellow stole quietly up, and placed his ear at the opening of the casement, and you may be sure that I gave him no time to listen to what was being said."

"Well, we had better go in," Sir Marmaduke said. "There is no fear of our being overheard this evening."

"Charlie, do you take old Banks aside, and tell him what has happened, and then go with him to the room where that fellow slept, and make a thorough search of any clothes he may have left behind, and of the room itself. Should you find any papers or documents, you will, of course, bring them down to me."

But the closest search, by Charlie and the old butler, produced no results. Not a scrap of paper of any kind was found, and Banks said that he knew the man could neither read nor write.

The party below soon broke up, considerable uneasiness being felt, by all, at the incident of the evening. When the last of them had left, Charlie was sent for.

"Now, then, Charlie, let me hear how all this came about. I know that all you said about what took place at the window is perfectly true; but, even had you not said so, I should have felt there was something else. What was it brought you to that window? Your story was straight-forward enough, but it was certainly singular your happening to be there, and I fancy some of our friends thought that you had gone round to listen, yourself. One hinted as much; but I said that was absurd, for you were completely in my confidence, and that, whatever peril and danger there might be in the enterprise, you would share them with me."

"It is not pleasant that they should have thought so, father, but that is better than that the truth should be known. This is how it happened;" and he repeated what Ciceley had told him in the garden.

"So the worthy Master John Dormay has set a spy upon me," Sir Marmaduke said, bitterly. "I knew the man was a knave—that is public property—but I did not think that he was capable of this. Well, I am glad that, at any rate, no suspicion can fall upon Ciceley in the matter; but it is serious, lad, very serious. We do not know how long this fellow has been prying and listening, or how much he may have learnt. I don't think it can be much. We talked it over, and my friends all agreed with me that they do not remember those curtains having been drawn before. To begin with, the evenings are shortening fast, and, at our meeting last week, we finished our supper by daylight; and, had the curtains been drawn, it would have been noticed, for we had need of light before we finished. Two of the gentlemen, who were sitting facing the window, declared that they remembered distinctly that it was open. Mr. Jervoise says that he thought to himself that, if it was his place, he would have the trees cut away there, for they shut out the light."

"Therefore, although it is uncomfortable to think that there has been a spy in the house, for some months, we have every reason to hope that our councils have not been overheard. Were it otherwise, I should lose no time in making for the coast, and taking ship to France, to wait quietly there until the king comes over."

"You have no documents, father, that the man could have found?"

"None, Charlie. We have doubtless made lists of those who could be relied upon, and of the number of men they could bring with them, but these have always been burned before we separated. Such letters as I have had from France, I have always destroyed as soon as I have read them. Perilous stuff of that sort should never be left about. No; they may ransack the place from top to bottom, and nothing will be found that could not be read aloud, without harm, in the marketplace of Lancaster."

"So now, to bed, Charlie. It is long past your usual hour."

Chapter 2: Denounced

"Charlie," Sir Marmaduke said on the following morning, at breakfast, "it is quite possible that that villain who acted as spy, and that other villain who employed him—I need not mention names—may swear an information against me, and I may be arrested, on the charge of being concerned in a plot. I am not much afraid of it, if they do. The most they could say is that I was prepared to take up arms, if his majesty crossed from France; but, as there are thousands and thousands of men ready to do the same, they may fine me, perhaps, but I should say that is all. However, what I want to say to you is, keep out of the way, if they come. I shall make light of the affair, while you, being pretty hot tempered, might say things that would irritate them, while they could be of no assistance to me. Therefore, I would rather that you were kept out of it, altogether. I shall want you here. In my absence, there must be somebody to look after things.

"Mind that rascal John Dormay does not put his foot inside the house, while I am away. That fellow is playing some deep game, though I don't quite know what it is. I suppose he wants to win the goodwill of the authorities, by showing his activity and zeal; and, of course, he will imagine that no one has any idea that he has been in communication with this spy. We have got a hold over him, and, when I come back, I will have it out with him. He is not popular now, and, if it were known that he had been working against me, his wife's kinsman, behind my back, my friends about here would make the country too hot to hold him."

"Yes, father; but please do not let him guess that we have learnt it from Ciceley. You see, that is the only way we know about it."

"Yes, you are right there. I will be careful that he shall not know the little maid has anything to do with it. But we will think of that, afterwards; maybe nothing will come of it, after all. But, if anything does, mind, my orders are that you keep away from the house, while they are in it. When you come back, Banks will tell you what has happened.

"You had better take your horse, and go for a ride now. Not over there, Charlie. I know, if you happened to meet that fellow, he would read in your face that you knew the part he had been playing, and, should nothing come of the business, I don't want him to know that, at present. The fellow can henceforth do us no harm, for we shall be on our guard against eavesdroppers; and, for the sake of cousin Celia and the child, I do not want an open breach. I do not see the man often, myself, and I will take good care I don't put myself in the way of meeting him, for the present, at any rate. Don't ride over there today."

"Very well, father. I will ride over and see Harry Jervoise. I promised him that I would come over one day this week."

It was a ten-mile ride, and, as he entered the courtyard of Mr. Jervoise's fine old mansion, he leapt off his horse, and threw the reins over a post. A servant came out.

"The master wishes to speak to you, Master Carstairs."

"No ill news, I hope, Charlie?" Mr. Jervoise asked anxiously, as the lad was shown into the room, where his host was standing beside the carved chimney piece.

"No, sir, there is nothing new. My father thought that I had better be away today, in case any trouble should arise out of what took place yesterday, so I rode over to see Harry. I promised to do so, one day this week."

"That is right. Does Sir Marmaduke think, then, that he will be arrested?"

"I don't know that he expects it, sir, but he says that it is possible."

"I do not see that they have anything to go upon, Charlie. As we agreed last night, that spy never had any opportunity of overhearing us before, and, certainly, he can have heard nothing yesterday. The fellow can only say what many people know, or could know, if they liked; that half a dozen of Sir Marmaduke's friends rode over to take supper with him. They can make nothing out of that."

"No, sir; and my father said that, at the worst, it could be but the matter of a fine."

"Quite so, lad; but I don't even see how it could amount to that. You will find Harry somewhere about the house. He has said nothing to me about going out."

Harry Jervoise was just the same age as Charlie, and was his greatest friend. They were both enthusiastic in the cause of the Stuarts, equally vehement in their expressions of contempt for the Dutch king, equally anxious for the coming of him whom they regarded as their lawful monarch. They spent the morning together, as usual; went first to the stables and patted and talked to their horses; then they played at bowls on the lawn; after which, they had a bout of sword play; and, having thus let off some of their animal spirits, sat down and talked of the glorious times to come, when the king was to have his own again.

Late in the afternoon, Charlie mounted his horse and rode for home. When within half a mile of the house, a man stepped out into the road in front of him.

"Hullo, Banks, what is it? No bad news, I hope?"

And he leapt from his horse, alarmed at the pallor of the old butler's face.

"Yes, Master Charles, I have some very bad news, and have been waiting for the last two hours here, so as to stop you going to the house."

"Why shouldn't I go to the house?"

"Because there are a dozen soldiers, and three or four constables there."

"And my father?"

"They have taken him away."

"This is bad news, Banks; but I know that he thought that it might be so. But it will not be very serious; it is only a question of a fine," he said.

The butler shook his head, sadly.

"It is worse than that, Master Charles. It is worse than you think."

"Well, tell me all about it, Banks," Charlie said, feeling much alarmed at the old man's manner.

"Well, sir, at three this afternoon, two magistrates, John Cockshaw and William Peters—"

("Both bitter Whigs," Charlie put in.)

"—Rode up to the door. They had with them six constables, and twenty troopers."

"There were enough of them, then," Charlie said. "Did they think my father was going to arm you all, and defend the place?"

"I don't know, sir, but that is the number that came. The magistrates, and the constables, and four of the soldiers came into the house. Sir Marmaduke met them in the hall.

"To what do I owe the honour of this visit?" he said, quite cold and haughty.

"We have come, Sir Marmaduke Carstairs, to arrest you, on the charge of being concerned in a treasonable plot against the king's life."

"Sir Marmaduke laughed out loud.

"I have no design on the life of William of Orange, or of any other man," he said. "I do not pretend to love him; in that matter there are thousands in this realm with me; but, as for a design against his life, I should say, gentlemen, there are few who know me, even among men like yourselves, whose politics are opposed to mine, who would for a moment credit such a foul insinuation."

"We have nothing to do with that matter, Sir Marmaduke," John Cockshaw said. "We are acting upon a sworn information to that effect."

"Sir Marmaduke was angry, now.

"I can guess the name of the dog who signed it," he said, "and, kinsman though he is by marriage, I will force the lie down his throat."

"Then he cooled down again.

"Well, gentlemen, you have to do your duty. What do you desire next?"

"Our duty is, next, to search the house, for any treasonable documents that may be concealed here."

"Search away, gentlemen,' Sir Marmaduke said, seating himself in one of the settles. 'The house is open to you. My butler, James Banks, will go round with you, and will open for you any cupboard or chest that may be locked.'

"The magistrates nodded to the four soldiers. Two of them took their post near the chair, one at the outside door, and one at the other end of the room. Sir Marmaduke said nothing, but shrugged his shoulders, and then began to play with the ears of the little spaniel, Fido, that had jumped up on his knees.

"'We will first go into the study,' John Cockshaw said; and I led them there.

"They went straight to the cabinet with the pull-down desk, where Sir Marmaduke writes when he does write, which is not often. It was locked, and I went to Sir Marmaduke for the key.

"'You will find it in that French vase on the mantel,' he said. 'I don't open the desk once in three months, and should lose the key, if I carried it with me.'

"I went to the mantel, turned the vase over, and the key dropped out.

"'Sir Marmaduke has nothing to hide, gentlemen,' I said, 'so, you see, he keeps the key here.'

"I went to the cabinet, and put the key in. As I did so I said:

"'Look, gentlemen, someone has opened, or tried to open, this desk. Here is a mark, as if a knife had been thrust in to shoot the bolt.'

"They looked where I pointed, and William Peters said to Cockshaw, 'It is as the man says. Someone has been trying to force the lock—one of the varlets, probably, who thought the knight might keep his money here.'

"'It can be of no importance, one way or the other,' Cockshaw said roughly.

"'Probably not, Mr. Cockshaw, but, at the same time I will make a note of it.'

"I turned the key, and pulled down the door that makes a desk. They seemed to know all about it, for, without looking at the papers in the pigeonholes, they pulled open the lower drawer, and took two foreign-looking letters out from it. I will do them the justice to say that they both looked sorry, as they opened them, and looked at the writing.

"'It is too true,' Peters said. 'Here is enough to hang a dozen men.'

"They tumbled all the other papers into a sack, that one of the constables had brought with him. Then they searched all the other furniture, but they evidently did not expect to find anything. Then they went back into the hall.

"'Well, gentlemen,' Sir Marmaduke said, 'have you found anything of a terrible kind?'

"'We have found, I regret to say,' John Cockshaw said, 'the letters of which we were in search, in your private cabinet—letters that prove, beyond all doubt, that you are concerned in a plot similar to that discovered three years ago, to assassinate his majesty the king.'

"Sir Marmaduke sprang to his feet.

"'You have found letters of that kind in my cabinet?' he said, in a dazed sort of way.

"The magistrate bowed, but did not speak.

"'Then, sir,' Sir Marmaduke exclaimed, 'you have found letters that I have never seen. You have found letters that must have been placed there by some scoundrel, who plotted my ruin. I assert to you, on the honour of a gentleman, that no such letters have ever met my eye, and that, if such a proposition had been made to me, I care not by whom, I would have struck to the ground the man who offered me such an insult.'

"'We are sorry, Sir Marmaduke Carstairs,' Mr. Peters said, 'most sorry, both of us, that it should have fallen to our duty to take so painful a proceeding against a neighbour; but, you see, the matter is beyond us. We have received a sworn information that you are engaged in such a plot. We are told that you are in the habit of locking up papers of importance in a certain cabinet, and there we find papers of a most damnatory kind. We most sincerely trust that you may be able to prove your innocence in the matter, but we have nothing to do but to take you with us, as a prisoner, to Lancaster.'

"Sir Marmaduke unbuckled his sword, and laid it by. He was quieter than I thought he could be, in such a strait, for he has always been by nature, as you know, choleric.

"I am ready, gentlemen," he said.

"Peters whispered in Cockshaw's ear.

"Ah yes," the other said, 'I had well-nigh forgotten,' and he turned to me. 'Where is Master Charles Carstairs?'

"He is not in the house," I said. 'He rode away this morning, and did not tell me where he was going.'

"When do you expect him back?'

"I do not expect him at all," I said. 'When Master Charles rides out to visit his friends, he sometimes stays away for a day or two.'

"Is it supposed," Sir Marmaduke asked coldly, 'that my son is also mixed up in this precious scheme?'

"It is sworn that he was privy to it," John Cockshaw said, 'and is, therefore, included in the orders for arrest.'

"Sir Marmaduke did not speak, but he shut his lips tight, and his hand went to where the hilt of his sword would have been. Two of the constables went out and questioned the grooms, and found that you had, as I said, ridden off. When they came back, there was some talk between the magistrates, and then, as I said, four constables and some soldiers were left in the house. Sir Marmaduke's horse was brought round, and he rode away, with the magistrates and the other soldiers."

"I am quite sure, Banks, that my father could have known nothing of those letters, or of any plot against William's life. I have heard him speak so often of the assassination plot, and how disgraceful it was, and how, apart from its wickedness, it had damaged the cause, that I am certain he would not have listened to a word about another such business."

"I am sure of that, too," the old butler said; "but that is not the question, Master Charles. There are the papers. We know that Sir Marmaduke did not put them there, and that he did not know that they were there. But how is it to be proved, sir? Everyone knows that Sir Marmaduke is a Jacobite, and is regarded as the head of the party in this part of the country. He has enemies, and one of them, no doubt, has played this evil trick upon him, and the putting of your name in shows what the motive is."

"But it is ridiculous, Banks. Who could believe that such a matter as this would be confided to a lad of my age?"

"They might not believe it in their hearts, but people often believe what suits their interest. This accusation touches Sir Marmaduke's life; and his estate, even if his life were spared, would be confiscated. In such a case, it might be granted to anyone, and possibly even to the son of him they would call the traitor. But the accusation that the son was concerned, or was, at any rate, privy to the crime intended by the father, would set all against him, and public opinion would approve of the estates passing away from him altogether.

"But now, sir, what do you think you had best do?"

"Of course I shall go on, Banks, and let them take me to join my father in Lancaster jail. Do you think I would run away?"

"No, sir, I don't think you would run away. I am sure you would not run away from fear, but I would not let them lay hands on me, until I had thought the matter well over. You might be able to do more good to Sir Marmaduke were you free, than you could do if you were caged up with him. He has enemies, we know, who are doing their best to ruin him, and, as you see, they are anxious that you, too, should be shut up within four walls."

"You are right, Banks. At any rate, I will ride back and consult Mr. Jervoise. Besides, he ought to be warned, for he, too, may be arrested on the same charge. How did you get away without being noticed?"

"I said that I felt ill—and I was not speaking falsely—at Sir Marmaduke's arrest, and would lie down. They are keeping a sharp lookout at the stables, and have a soldier at each door, to see that no one leaves the house, but I went out by that old passage that comes out among the ruins of the monastery."

"I know, Banks. My father showed it to me, three years ago."

"I shall go back that way again, sir, and no one will know that I have left the house. You know the trick of the sliding panel, Master Charles?"

"Yes, I know it, and if I should want to come into the house again, I will come that way, Banks."

"Here is a purse," the butler said. "You may want money, sir. Should you want more, there is a store hidden away, in the hiding place under the floor of the Priest's Chamber, at the other end of the passage. Do you know that?"

"I know the Priest's Chamber of course, because you go through that to get to the long passage, but I don't know of any special hiding place there."

"Doubtless, Sir Marmaduke did not think it necessary to show it you then, sir, but he would have done it later on, so I do not consider that I am breaking my oath of secrecy in telling you. You know the little narrow loophole in the corner?"

"Yes, of course. There is no other that gives light to the room. It is hidden from view outside by the ivy."

"Well, sir, you count four bricks below that, and you press hard on the next, that is the fifth, then you will hear a click, then you press hard with your heel at the corner, in the angle of the flag below, and you will find the other corner rise. Then you get hold of it and lift it up, and below there is a stone chamber, two feet long and about eighteen inches wide and deep. It was made to conceal papers in the old days, and I believe food was always kept there, in case the chamber had to be used in haste.

"Sir Marmaduke uses it as a store place for his money. He has laid by a good deal every year, knowing that money would be wanted when troops had to be raised. I was with him about three weeks ago, when he put in there half the rents that had been paid in. So, if you want money for any purpose, you will know where to find it."

"Thank you, Banks. It may be very useful to have such a store, now."

"Where shall I send to you, sir, if I have any news that it is urgent you should know of?"

"Send to Mr. Jervoise, Banks. If I am not there, he will know where I am to be found."

"I will send Will Ticehurst, Master Charles. He is a stout lad, and a shrewd one, and I know there is nothing that he would not do for you. But you had best stop no longer. Should they find out that I am not in the house, they will guess that I have come to warn you, and may send out a party to search."

Charlie at once mounted, and rode back to Mr. Jervoise's.

"I expected you back," that gentleman said, as he entered. "Bad news travels apace, and, an hour since, a man brought in the news that Sir Marmaduke had been seen riding, evidently a prisoner, surrounded by soldiers, on the road towards Lancaster. So that villain we chased last night must have learnt something. I suppose they will be here tomorrow, but I do not see what serious charge they can have against us. We have neither collected arms, nor taken any steps towards a rising. We have talked over what we might do, if there were a landing made from France, but, as there may be no landing, that is a very vague charge."

"Unfortunately, that is not the charge against my father. It is a much more serious business."

And Charlie repeated the substance of what Banks had told him, interrupted occasionally by indignant ejaculations from Mr. Jervoise.

"It is an infamous plot," he said, when the lad had concluded his story. "Infamous! There was never a word said of such a scheme, and no one who knows your father would believe it for an instant."

"Yes, sir, but the judges, who do not know him, may believe it. No doubt those who put those papers there, will bring forward evidence to back it up."

"I am afraid that will be the case. It is serious for us all," Mr. Jervoise said thoughtfully. "That man will be prepared to swear that he heard the plot discussed by us all. They seized your father, today, as being the principal and most important of those concerned in it, but we may all find ourselves in the same case tomorrow. I must think it over.

"It is well that your man warned you. You had best not stay here tonight, for the house may be surrounded at daybreak. Harry shall go over, with you, to one of my tenants, and you can both sleep there. It will not be necessary for you to leave for another two or three hours. You had better go to him now; supper will be served in half an hour. I will talk with you again, afterwards."

Harry was waiting outside the door, having also heard the news of Sir Marmaduke's arrest.

"It is villainous!" he exclaimed, when he heard the whole story. "No doubt you are right, and that John Dormay is at the bottom of it all. The villain ought to be slain."

"He deserves it, Harry; and, if I thought it would do good, I would gladly fight him, but I fear that it would do harm. Such a scoundrel must needs be a coward, and he might call for aid, and I might be dragged off to Lancaster. Moreover, he is Ciceley's father, and my cousin Celia's husband, and, were I to kill him, it would separate me altogether from them. However, I shall in all things be guided by your father. He will know what best ought to be done.

"It is likely that he, too, may be arrested. This is evidently a deep plot, and your father thinks that, although the papers alone may not be sufficient to convict my father, the spy we had in our house will be ready to swear that he heard your father, and mine, and the others, making arrangements for the murder of William of Orange; and their own word to the contrary would count but little against such evidence, backed by those papers."

They talked together for half an hour, and were then summoned to supper. Nothing was said, upon the subject, until the servitors had retired, and the meal was cleared away. Mr. Jervoise was, like Sir Marmaduke, a widower.

"I have been thinking it all over," he said, when they were alone. "I have determined to ride, at once, to consult some of my friends, and to warn them of what has taken place. That is clearly my duty. I shall not return until I learn whether warrants are out for my apprehension. Of course, the evidence is not so strong against me as it is against Sir Marmaduke; still, the spy's evidence would tell as much against me as against him.

"You will go up, Harry, with your friend, to Pincot's farm. It lies so far in the hills that it would probably be one of the last to be searched, and, if a very sharp lookout is kept there, a body of men riding up the valley would be seen over a mile away, and there would be plenty of time to take to the hills. There Charlie had better remain, until he hears from me.

"You can return here, Harry, in the morning, for there is no probability whatever of your being included in any warrant of arrest. It could only relate to us, who were in the habit of meeting at Sir Marmaduke's. You will ride over to the farm each day, and tell Charlie any news you may have learnt, or take any message I may send you for him.

"We must do nothing hastily. The first thing to learn, if possible, is whether any of us are included in the charge of being concerned in a plot against William's life. In the next place, who are the witnesses, and what evidence they intend to give. No doubt the most important is the man who was placed as a spy at Sir Marmaduke's."

"As I know his face, sir," Charlie said eagerly, "could I not find him, and either force him to acknowledge that it is all false, or else kill him? I should be in my right in doing that, surely, since he is trying to swear away my father's life by false evidence."

"I should say nothing against that, lad. If ever a fellow deserved killing he does; that is, next to his rascally employer. But his death would harm rather than benefit us. It would be assumed, of course, that we had removed him to prevent his giving evidence against us. No doubt his depositions have been taken down, and they would then be assumed to be true, and we should be worse off than if he could be confronted with us, face to face, in the court. We must let the matter rest, at present."

"Would it be possible to get my father out of prison, sir? I am sure I can get a dozen men, from among the tenants and grooms, who would gladly risk their lives for him."

"Lancaster jail is a very strong place," Mr. Jervoise said, "and I fear there is no possibility of rescuing him from it. Of course, at present we cannot say where the trial will take place. A commission may be sent down, to hold a special assizes at Lancaster, or the trial may take place in London. At any rate, nothing whatever can be done, until we know more. I have means of learning what takes place at Lancaster, for we have friends there, as well as at most other places. When I hear from them the exact nature of the charge, the evidence that will be given, and the names of those accused of being mixed up in this pretended plot, I shall be better able to say what is to be done."

"Now, I must mount and ride without further delay. I have to visit all our friends who met at Lynnwood, and it will take me until tomorrow morning to see and confer with them."

A few minutes after Mr. Jervoise had ridden off, his son and Charlie also mounted. A man went with them, with a supply of torches, for, although Harry knew the road—which was little better than a sheep track—well enough during the day, his father thought he might find it difficult, if not impossible, to follow it on a dark night.

They congratulated themselves upon the precaution taken, before they had gone very far, for there was no moon, the sky was overcast, and a drizzling rain had begun to come down. They could hardly see their horses' heads, and had proceeded but a short distance, when it became necessary for their guide to light a torch. It took them, therefore, over two hours to reach the mountain farm.

They were expected, otherwise the household would have been asleep. Mr. Jervoise had, as soon as he determined upon their going there, sent off a man on horseback, who, riding fast, had arrived before night set in. There was, therefore, a great turf fire glowing on the hearth when they arrived, and a hearty welcome awaiting them from the farmer, his wife, and daughters. Harry had, by his father's advice, brought two changes of clothes in a valise, but they were so completely soaked to the skin that they decided they would, after drinking a horn of hot-spiced ale that had been prepared for them, go at once to bed, where, in spite of the stirring events of the day, both went off to sleep, as soon as their heads touched the pillows.

The sun was shining brightly, when they woke. The mists had cleared off, although they still hung round the head of Ingleborough, six miles away, and on some of the other hilltops. The change of weather had an inspiring effect, and they went down to breakfast in a brighter and more hopeful frame of mind. As soon as the meal was over, Harry started for home.

"I hope it won't be long before I can see you again, Harry," Charlie said, as he stood by the horse.

"I hope not, indeed; but there is no saying. My father's orders are that I am to stay at home, if people come and take possession, and send a man off to you with the news privately, but that, if no one comes, I may myself bring you over any news there is; so I may be back here this afternoon."

"I shall be looking out for you, Harry. Remember, it will be horribly dull for me up here, wondering and fretting as to what is going on."

"I know, Charlie; and you shall hear, as soon as I get the smallest scrap of news. If I were you, I would go for a good walk among the hills. It will be much better for you than moping here. At any rate, you are not likely to get any news for some hours to come."

Charlie took the advice, and started among the hills, not returning until the midday meal was ready. Before he had finished his dinner there was a tap at the door, and then a young fellow, whom he knew to be employed in Mr. Jervoise's stables, looked in. Charlie sprang to his feet.

"What's the news?" he asked.

"Master Harry bade me tell you, sir, that a magistrate, and four constables, and ten soldier men came today, at nine o'clock. He had returned but a half-hour when they rode up. They had an order for the arrest of Mr. Jervoise, and have been searching the house, high and low, for papers. No one is allowed to leave the place, but Master Harry came out to the stables and gave me his orders, and I did not find much difficulty in slipping out without their noticing me. Mr. Harry said that he had no

news of Mr. Jervoise, nor any other news, save what I have told you. He bade me return at once as, later on, he may want to send me again. I was to be most careful that no one should see me when I got back, and, if I was caught, I was on no account to say where I had been to."

The farmer insisted upon the young fellow sitting down at the table, and taking some food, before he started to go back. He required no pressing, but, as soon as his hunger was satisfied, he started again at a brisk run, which he kept up as long as Charlie's eye could follow him down the valley.

Although the boy by no means wished Mr. Jervoise to be involved in his father's trouble, Charlie could not help feeling a certain amount of pleasure at the news. He thought it certain that, if his father escaped, he would have to leave the country, and that he would, in that case, take him as companion in his flight. If Mr. Jervoise and Harry also left the country, it would be vastly more pleasant for both his father and himself. Where they would go to, or what they would do, he had no idea, but it seemed to him that exile among strangers would be bearable, if he had his friend with him. It would not last many years, for surely the often talked-of landing could not be very much longer delayed; then they would return, share in the triumph of the Stuart cause, and resume their life at Lynnwood, and reckon with those who had brought this foul charge against them.

That the Jacobite cause could fail to triumph was a contingency to which Charlie did not give even a thought. He had been taught that it was a just and holy cause. All his school friends, as well as the gentlemen who visited his father, were firm adherents of it, and he believed that the same sentiments must everywhere prevail. There was, then, nothing but the troops of William to reckon with, and these could hardly oppose a rising of the English people, backed by aid from France.

It was not until after dark that the messenger returned.

"Master Harry bade me tell you, sir, that a gipsy boy he had never seen before has brought him a little note from his father. He will not return at present, but, if Mr. Harry can manage to slip away unnoticed in the afternoon, tomorrow, he is to come here. He is not to come direct, but to make a circuit, lest he should be watched and followed, and it may be that the master will meet him here."

Charlie was very glad to hear this. Harry could, of course, give him little news of what was going on outside the house, but Mr. Jervoise might be able to tell him something about his father, especially as he had said he had means of learning what went on in Lancaster jail.

He was longing to be doing something. It seemed intolerable to him that he should be wandering aimlessly among the hills, while his father was lying in Lancaster, with a charge affecting his life hanging over him. What he could do he knew not, but anything would be better than doing nothing. Mr. Jervoise had seemed to think that it was out of the question to attempt a rescue from Lancaster; but surely, if he could get together forty or fifty determined fellows, a sudden assault upon the place might be successful.

Then he set to work reckoning up the grooms, the younger tenants, and the sons of the older ones, and jotted down the names of twenty-seven who he thought might join in the attempt.

"If Harry could get twenty-three from his people, that would make it up to the number," he said. "Of course, I don't know what the difficulties to be encountered may be. I have ridden there with my father, and I know that the castle is a strong one, but I did not notice it very particularly. The first thing to do will be to go and examine it closely. No doubt ladders will be required, but we could make rope ladders, and take them into the town in a cart, hidden under faggots, or something of that sort.

"I do hope Mr. Jervoise will come tomorrow. It is horrible waiting here in suspense."

The next morning, the hours seemed endless. Half a dozen times he went restlessly in and out, walking a little distance up the hill rising from the valley, and returning again, with the vain idea that Mr. Jervoise might have arrived.

Still more slowly did the time appear to go, after dinner. He was getting into a fever of impatience and anxiety, when, about five o'clock, he saw a figure coming down the hillside from the right. It was too far away to recognize with certainty, but, by the rapid pace at which he descended the hill, he had little doubt that it was Harry, and he at once started, at the top of his speed, to meet him.

The doubt was soon changed into a certainty. When, a few hundred yards up the hill, he met his friend, both were almost breathless. Harry was the first to gasp out:

"Has my father arrived?"

"Not yet."

Harry threw himself down on the short grass, with an exclamation of thankfulness.

"I have run nearly every foot of the way," he said, as soon as he got his breath a little. "I had awful difficulty in getting out. One of the constables kept in the same room with me, and followed me wherever I went. They evidently thought I might hear from my father, or try to send him a message. At last, I got desperate, and ran upstairs to that room next mine, and closed and locked the door after me. You know the ivy grows high up the wall there, and directly I got in, I threw open the casement and climbed down by it. It gave way two or three times, and I thought I was gone, but I stuck to it, and managed each time to get a fresh hold. The moment I was down, I ran along by the foot of the wall until I got round behind, made a dash into that clump of fir trees, crawled along in a ditch till I thought I was safe, and then made a run for it. I was so afraid of being followed that I have been at least three miles round, but I don't mind, now that my father hasn't arrived. I was in such a fright that he might come and go before I got here."

Chapter 3: A Rescue

The two lads walked slowly down the hill together. Harry had heard no more than Charlie had done, of what was going on. The messenger from his father was a young fellow, of seventeen or eighteen, with a gipsy face and appearance. How he had managed to elude the vigilance of the men on watch, Harry did not know. He, himself, had only learnt his presence when, as he passed some bushes in the garden, a sharp whisper made him stop, and a moment later a hand was thrust through the foliage. He took the little note held out, and caught sight of the lad's face, through the leaves, as he leant forward and said:

"Go on, sir, without stopping. They may be watching you."

Harry had thrust the note into his pocket, and sauntered on for some time. He then returned to the house, and there read the letter, with whose contents Charlie was already acquainted. Eagerly, they talked over what each had been thinking of since they had parted, early on the previous day; and discussed Charlie's idea of an attack on Lancaster jail.

"I don't know whether I could get as many men as you say, Charlie. I don't think I could. If my father were in prison, as well as yours, I am sure that most of the young fellows on the estate would gladly help to rescue him, but it would be a different thing when it came to risking their lives for anyone else. Of course I don't know, but it does not seem to me that fifty men would be of any use, at all, towards taking Lancaster Castle. It always seemed to me a tremendously strong place."

"Yes, it does look so, Harry; but perhaps, on examining it closely, one would find that it is not so strong as it looks, by a long way. It seems to me there must be some way or other of getting father out, and, if there seems even the least bit of a chance, I shall try it."

"And you may be sure I will stand by you, Charlie, whatever it is," Harry said heartily. "We have been just like brothers, and, of course, brothers ought to stick to each other like anything. If they don't, what is the use of being brothers? I daresay we shall know more, when we hear what my father has to say; and then we may see our way better."

"Thank you, Harry. I knew you would stick by me. Of course, I don't want to do any mad sort of thing. There is no hurry, anyhow, and, as you say, when we know more about it, we may be able to hit upon some sort of plan."

It was not until eight o'clock that Mr. Jervoise arrived. He looked grievously tired and worn out, but he spoke cheerfully as he came in.

"I have had a busy two days of it, boys, as you may guess. I have no particularly good news to tell you, but, on the other hand, I have no bad news. I was in time to warn all our friends, and when the soldiers came for them in the morning, it was only to find that their nests were empty.

"They have been searching the houses of all Sir Marmaduke's tenants, Charlie, and questioning man, woman, and child as to whether they have seen you.

"Ah! Here is supper, and I am nearly famished. However, I can go on talking while I eat. I should have been here sooner, but I have been waiting for the return of the messenger I sent to Lancaster.

"Yesterday morning there was an examination of your father, Charlie, or rather, an examination of the testimony against him. First the two letters that were discovered were put in. Without having got them word for word, my informer was able to give me the substance of them. Both were unsigned, and professed to have been written in France. The first is dated three months back. It alludes to a conversation that somebody is supposed to have had with Sir Marmaduke, and states that the agent who had visited him, and who is spoken of as Mr. H, had assured them that your father was perfectly ready to join, in any well-conceived design for putting a stop to the sufferings that afflicted the country, through the wars into which the foreign intruder had plunged it, even though the plan entailed the removal of the usurper. The writer assured Sir Marmaduke of the satisfaction that such an agreement on his part had caused at Saint Germain, and had heightened the high esteem in which

Sir Marmaduke was held, for his long fidelity to the cause of his majesty. It then went on to state that a plan had been already formed, and that several gentlemen in the south were deeply pledged to carry it out, but that it was thought specially advisable that some from the north should also take part in it, as, from their persons being unknown near the court, they could act with more surety and safety. They would, therefore, be glad if he would take counsel, with the friends he had mentioned, as to what might seem to them the best course of proceeding. There was no occasion for any great haste and, indeed, some weeks must elapse before the blow was struck, in order that preparations should be made, in France, for taking instant advantage of it.

"The rest of the letter was to the same purpose, but was really a repetition of it. The second letter was dated some time later, and was, as before, an answer to one the knight was supposed to have written. It highly approved of the suggestions therein made; that Sir Marmaduke and his friends should travel, separately and at a few days' interval, to London, and should take lodgings there in different parts of the town, and await the signal to assemble, near Richmond, when it was known that the king would go hunting there. It said that special note had been made of the offer of Sir Marmaduke's son, to mingle among the king's attendants and to fire the first shot, as, in the confusion, he would be able to escape and, being but a boy, as he said, none would be able to recognize him afterwards.

"In the event, of course, of the first shot failing, the rest of the party, gathered in a body, would rush forward, despatch the usurper, cut their way, sword in hand, through any who barred their path to the point where their horses were concealed, and then at once scatter in various directions. For this great service, his majesty would not fail to evince the deepest gratitude, upon his restoration to his rightful throne, and pledged his royal word that each of the party should receive rank and dignity, together with ample estates, from the lands of which the chief supporters of the usurper would be deprived.

"So you see, Charlie, you were to have the honour of playing the chief part in this tragedy."

"Honour indeed!" Charlie exclaimed passionately. "Dishonour, sir. Was there ever so infamous a plot!"

"It is a well-laid plot, Charlie, and does credit to the scoundrel who planned it. You see, he made certain that Sir Marmaduke would be attainted, and his estates forfeited, but there existed just a possibility that, as you are but a boy, though a good big one, it might be thought that, as you were innocent of the business, a portion at least of the estate might be handed to you. To prevent this, it was necessary that you also should be mixed up in the affair."

"Has John Dormay appeared in the matter so far, Mr. Jervoise?"

"Not openly, Charlie. My informant knows that there have been two or three meetings of Whig magistrates, with closed doors, and that at these he has been present, and he has no doubt, whatever, that it is he who has set the ball rolling. Still, there is no proof of this, and he did not appear yesterday. The man who did appear was the rascal who tried to overhear us the other night. He stated that he had been instigated by a gentleman of great loyalty—here one of the magistrates broke in, and said no name must be mentioned—to enter the household of Sir Marmaduke, a gentleman who, as he believed, was trafficking with the king's enemies. He had agreed to do this, in spite of the danger of such employment, moved thereto not so much by the hope of a reward as from his great loyalty to his majesty, and a desire to avert from him his great danger from popish plots. Having succeeded in entering Sir Marmaduke's service, he soon discovered that six gentlemen, to wit, myself and five friends, were in the habit of meeting at Lynnwood, where they had long and secret talks. Knowing the deep enmity and hostility these men bore towards his gracious majesty, he determined to run any hazard, even to the loss of his life, to learn the purport of such gatherings, and did, therefore, conceal himself, on one occasion behind the hangings of a window, and on another listened at an open casement, and did hear much conversation regarding the best manner in which the taking of the king's life could be accomplished. This, it was agreed, should be done in the forest at Richmond, where all should lie in wait, the said Sir Marmaduke Carstairs undertaking that he and his son would, in the first

place, fire with pistol or musquetoon, and that, only if they should fail, the rest should charge forward on horse, overthrow the king's companions, and despatch him, Mr. William Jervoise undertaking the management of this part of the enterprise. No date was settled for this wicked business, it being, however, agreed that all should journey separately to London, and take up their lodging there under feigned names; lying hid until they heard from a friend at court, whose name was not mentioned, a day on which the king would hunt at Richmond. He further testified that, making another attempt to overhear the conspirators in order that he might gather fuller details as to the manner of the plot, he was seen by Master Charles Carstairs, who, taking him by surprise, grievously assaulted him, and that he and the others would have slain him, had he not overthrown Master Carstairs and effected his escape before the others, rushing out sword in hand, had time to assail him.

"During his stay at Lynnwood he had, several times, watched at the window of the room where Sir Marmaduke Carstairs sits when alone, and where he writes his letters and transacts business, and that he observed him, more than once, peruse attentively papers that seemed to be of importance, for, after reading them, he would lay them down and walk, as if disturbed or doubtful in mind, up and down the room; and these papers he placed, when he had done with them, in the bottom drawer of a desk in his cabinet, the said desk being always carefully locked by him.

"That is all that I learnt from Lancaster, save that instructions have been given that no pains should be spared to secure the persons of those engaged in the plot, and that a special watch was to be set at the northern ports, lest they should, finding their guilt discovered, try to escape from the kingdom. So you see that your good father, Sir Marmaduke, is in a state of sore peril, and that the rest of us, including yourself, will be in a like strait if they can lay hands on us."

"But it is all false!" Charlie exclaimed. "It is a lie from beginning to end."

"That is so, but we cannot prove it. The matter is so cunningly laid, I see no way to pick a hole in it. We are Jacobites, and as such long regarded as objects of suspicion by the Whig magistrates and others. There have been other plots against William's life, in which men of seeming reputation have been concerned. This man's story will be confirmed by the man who set him on, and by other hidden papers, if necessary. As to the discovery of the documents, we may know well enough that the fellow himself put them there, but we have no manner of proof of it. It is evident that there is nothing for us but to leave the country, and to await the time when the king shall have his own again. My other friends, who were with me this afternoon when the news came from Lancaster, all agreed that it would be throwing away our lives to stay here. We all have money by us, for each has, for years, laid by something for the time when money will be required to aid the king on his arrival.

"Having agreed to take this course, we drew up a document, which we all signed, and which will be sent in when we have got clear away. In it we declare that being informed that accusations of being concerned in a plot against the life of William of Orange have been brought against us, we declare solemnly before God that we, and also Sir Marmaduke Carstairs and his son, are wholly innocent of the charge, and that, although we do not hesitate to declare that we consider the title of the said William to be king of this realm to be wholly unfounded and without reason, and should therefore take up arms openly against it on behalf of our sovereign did occasion offer, yet that we hold assassination in abhorrence, and that the crime with which we are charged is as hateful in our sight as in that of any Whig gentleman. As, however, we are charged, as we learn, by evilly disposed and wicked persons, of this design, and have no means of proving our innocence, we are forced to leave the realm until such time shall arrive when we can rely on a fair trial, when our reputation and honour will weigh against the word of suborned perjurers and knaves.

"We were not forgetful of your father's case, and we debated long as to whether our remaining here could do him service. We even discussed the possibility of raising a force, and attacking Lancaster Castle. We agreed, however, that this would be nothing short of madness. The country is wholly unprepared at present. The Whigs are on the alert, and such an attempt would cost the lives of most of those concerned in it. Besides, we are all sure that Sir Marmaduke would be the first to object

to numbers of persons risking their lives in an attempt which, even if, for the moment, successful, must bring ruin upon all concerned in it. Nor do we see that, were we to remain and to stand in the dock beside him, it would aid him. Our word would count for no more than would this protest and denial that we have signed together. A prisoner's plea of not guilty has but a feather's weight against sworn evidence.

"At the same time, Charlie, I do not intend to leave the country until I am sure that nothing can be done. As force is out of the question, I have advised the others to lose not an hour in trying to escape and, by this time, they are all on the road. Two are making for Bristol, one for Southampton, and two for London. It would be too dangerous to attempt to escape by one of the northern ports. But, though force cannot succeed, we may be able to effect your father's escape by other means, and it is for this purpose that I am determined to stay, and I shall do so until all hope is gone. Alone you could effect nothing; but I, knowing who are our secret friends, may be able to use them to advantage.

"We will stay here tonight, but tomorrow we must change our quarters, for the search will be a close one. During the day we will go far up over the hills, but tomorrow night we will make for Lancaster. I have warned friends there to expect us, and it is the last place where they would think of searching for us."

"You will take me with you, too, father?" Harry exclaimed eagerly; while Charlie expressed his gratitude to Mr. Jervoise, for thus determining to risk his own life in the endeavour to effect the escape of Sir Marmaduke.

"Yes, I intend to take you with me, Harry. They will pretend, of course, that, in spite of our assertions of innocence, our flight is a confession of guilt, and you may be sure that we shall be condemned in our absence, and our estates declared confiscated, and bestowed upon some of William's minions. There will be no place for you here.

"My own plans are laid. As you know, your mother came from the other side of the border, and a cousin of hers, with whom I am well acquainted, has gone over to Sweden, and holds a commission in the army that the young king is raising to withstand Russia and Saxony; for both are thinking of taking goodly slices of his domains. I could not sit down quietly in exile, and, being but forty, I am not too old for service, and shall take a commission if I can obtain it. There are many Scottish Jacobites who, having fled rather than acknowledge Dutch William as their king, have taken service in Sweden, where their fathers fought under the great Gustavus Adolphus; and, even if I cannot myself take service, it may be that I shall be able to obtain a commission for you. You are nearly sixteen, and there are many officers no older.

"Should evil befall your father, Charlie, which I earnestly hope will not be the case, I shall regard you as my son, and shall do the same for you as for Harry.

"And now, I will to rest, for I have scarce slept the last two nights, and we must be in the saddle long before daybreak."

The little bedroom, that Charlie had used the two previous nights, was given up to Mr. Jervoise; while Harry and Charlie slept on some sheep skins, in front of the kitchen fire. Two hours before daybreak they mounted and, guided by the farmer, rode to a shepherd's hut far up among the hills. Late in the afternoon, a boy came up from the farm, with the news that the place had been searched by a party of troopers. They had ridden away without discovering that the fugitives had been at the farm, but four of the party had been left, in case Mr. Jervoise should come there. The farmer, therefore, warned them against coming back that way, as had been intended, naming another place where he would meet them.

As soon as the sun was setting they mounted and, accompanied by the shepherd on a rough pony, started for Lancaster. After riding for three hours, they stopped at a lonely farm house, at which Mr. Jervoise and his friends had held their meeting on the previous day. Here they changed their clothes for others that had been sent for their use from Lancaster. Mr. Jervoise was attired as a small

trader, and the lads in garb suitable to boys in the same rank of life. They still, however, retained their swords, and the pistols in their holsters.

Three miles farther they met their host, as arranged, at some crossroads, and rode on until within three miles of Lancaster. They then dismounted, placed their pistols in their belts, and handed their horses to the two men, who would take them back to the hut in the hills, where they would remain until required.

It was two o'clock in the morning when they entered Lancaster and, going up to a small house, standing in a garden in the outskirts of the town, Mr. Jervoise gave three low knocks in quick succession. The door was opened almost immediately. No light was shown, and they entered in the dark, but as soon as the door was closed behind them, a woman came out with a candle from an inner room.

"I am glad to see you safe, Mr. Jervoise," a man said. "My wife and I were beginning to be anxious, fearing that you might have fallen into the hands of your enemies."

"No, all has gone well, Herries; but it is a long ride from the hills here, and we walked the last three miles, as we wanted to get the horses back again before daylight. We are deeply grateful to you for giving us shelter."

"I would be ready to do more than that," the man said, "for the sake of the good cause. My wife's father and mine both fell at Naseby, and we are as loyal to the Stuarts as they were. You are heartily welcome, sir, and, as we keep no servant, there will be none to gossip. You can either remain in the house, in which case none will know of your presence here; or, if you wish to go abroad in the town, I will accompany you, and will introduce you to any acquaintance I may meet as a cousin of my wife who, with his two sons, has come over from Preston to pay us a visit. I don't think that anyone would know you, in that attire."

"I will run no more risks than are necessary, Herries. Those I wish to see will visit me here, and, if I go out at all, it will not be until after dark."

For a fortnight they remained at the house. After dark each day, a man paid Mr. Jervoise a visit. He was the magistrates' clerk, and had an apartment in the castle. From him they learned that a messenger had been despatched to London, with an account of the evidence taken in Sir Marmaduke's case; and that, at the end of twelve days, he had returned with orders that all prisoners and witnesses were to be sent to town, where they would be examined, in the first place, by his majesty's council; and where Sir Marmaduke's trial for high treason would take place. They were to be escorted by a party of twelve troopers, under the command of a lieutenant.

The fugitives had, before, learned that the search for Mr. Jervoise had been given up; it being supposed that he, with his son and young Carstairs had, with their accomplices, all ridden for the coast at the first alarm, and had probably taken ship for France before the orders had arrived that all outgoing vessels should be searched.

Harry and Charlie had both been away for two or three days, and had been occupied in getting together ten young fellows, from the two estates, who would be willing and ready to attempt to rescue Sir Marmaduke from his captors' hands. They were able to judge, with tolerable accuracy, when the messenger would return from London and, two days previously, the men had been directed to ride, singly and by different roads, and to put up at various small inns in Manchester, each giving out that he was a farmer in from the country, either to purchase supplies, or to meet with a customer likely to buy some cattle he wished to dispose of. Charlie had paid a visit to Lynnwood, and had gone by the long passage into the Priest's Chamber, and had carried off the gold hidden there.

As soon as it was known that the messenger had returned, Herries had borrowed a horse, and had ridden with a note to the farmer, telling him to go up to the hills and bring the horses down, with one of his own, to the place where he had parted from them, when they entered Lancaster. There he was met by Mr. Jervoise and the lads and, mounting, they started with the spare horse for Blackburn,

choosing that line in preference to the road through Preston, as there were troops stationed at the latter town.

The next day they rode on to Manchester. They went round, that evening, to the various inns where the men had put up, and directed them to discover whether, as was probable, the escort was to arrive that night. If so, they were to mount at daybreak, and assemble where the road crossed the moor, three miles north of Chapel le Frith, where they would find Mr. Jervoise awaiting them.

At nine o'clock that evening the troop rode in and, at daybreak, Mr. Jervoise and the boys started. Two of the men were already at the spot indicated, and, half an hour later, the whole of them had arrived.

Mr. Jervoise led them back to a spot that he had selected, where the road dipped into a deep valley, in which, sheltered from the winds, was a small wood. Leaving one at the edge, to give warning directly the escort appeared on the road over the brow, he told the rest to dismount. Most of them were armed with pistols. All had swords.

"Do you," he said, "who are good shots with your pistols, fire at the men when I give the word—let the rest aim at the horses. The moment you have opened fire, dash forward and fall on them. We are already as numerous as they are, and we ought to be able to dismount or disable four or five of them, with our first fire. I shall give the order as Sir Marmaduke arrives opposite me. Probably the officer will be riding. I shall make the officer my special mark, for it may be that he has orders to shoot the prisoner, if any rescue is attempted.

"I don't suppose they will be at all prepared for an attack. They were vigilant, no doubt, for the first two days but, once out of Lancashire, they will think that there is no longer any fear of an attempt at rescue. Pursue those that escape for half a mile or so, and then draw rein, and, as soon as they are out of sight, strike due north across the fells. Keep to the east of Glossop, and then make your way singly to your homes. It will be better for you to travel up through Yorkshire, till you are north of Ingleborough, so as to come down from the north to your farms.

"I know that you have all engaged in this affair for love of Sir Marmaduke or myself, and because you hate to see a loyal gentleman made the victim of lying knaves; but when we come back with the king, you may be sure that Sir Marmaduke and I will well reward the services you have rendered."

It was an hour before the man on the lookout warned them that the troop had just appeared over the hill. They mounted now, and, pistol in hand, awaited the arrival of the party. Two troopers came first, trotting carelessly along, laughing and smoking. A hundred yards behind came the main body, four troopers first, then the lieutenant and Sir Marmaduke, followed by the other six troopers.

With outstretched arm, and pistol pointed through the undergrowth, Mr. Jervoise waited till the officer, who was riding on his side of the road, came abreast of him. He had already told the boys that he intended to aim at his shoulder.

"They are the enemies of the king," he said, "but I cannot, in cold blood, shoot down a man with whom I have no cause for quarrel. I can depend upon my aim, and he will not be twelve paces from the muzzle of my pistol."

He fired. The officer gave a sudden start, and reeled on his horse, and, before he could recover himself, the band, who had fired at the flash of the first pistol, dashed out through the bushes and fell upon the troopers. Four men had dropped, one horse had fallen, and two others were plunging wildly as, with a shout, their assailants dashed upon them. All who could turn their horse's head rode furiously off, some along the road forward, others back towards Manchester. The lieutenant's horse had rolled over with him, as that of Mr. Jervoise struck it on the shoulder, with the full impetus of its spring.

"It is all over, Sir Marmaduke, and you are a free man. We have nothing to do now but to ride for it."

And, before the knight had fairly recovered from his astonishment, he found himself riding south across the moor, with his son on one side of him, and Mr. Jervoise and Harry on the other.

"You have saved my life, Jervoise," he said, holding out his hand to his friend. "They had got me so firmly in their clutches, that I thought my chances were at an end.

"How are you, Charlie? I am right glad to see you, safe and sound, for they had managed to include you in their pretended plot, and, for aught I knew, you had been all this time lying in a cell next mine in Lancaster Castle.

"But who are the good fellows who helped you?"

Mr. Jervoise briefly gave an account of the affair.

"They are only keeping up a sham pursuit of the soldiers, so as to send them well on their way. I told them not to overtake them, as there was no occasion for any further bloodshed, when you were once out of their hands. By tomorrow morning they will all be at work on their farms again, and, if they keep their own counsel, need not fear."

Suddenly Sir Marmaduke reined in his horse.

"We are riding south," he said.

"Certainly we are," Mr. Jervoise said. "Why not? That is our only chance of safety. They will, in the first place, suspect us of having doubled back to the hills, and will search every farmhouse and cottage. Our only hope of escape is to ride either for Bristol, or one of the southern ports."

"I must go back," Sir Marmaduke said doggedly. "I must kill that scoundrel John Dormay, before I do anything else. It is he who has wound this precious skein, in order to entrap us, expecting, the scoundrel, to have my estates bestowed on him as a reward."

"It were madness to ride back now, Sir Marmaduke. It would cost you your life, and you would leave Charlie here fatherless, and with but little chance of ever regaining the estate. You have but to wait for a time, and everything will right itself. As soon as the king comes to his own, your estates will be restored, and then I would not seek to stay your hand, if you sought vengeance upon this cunning knave."

"Besides, father," Charlie put in, "much as he deserves any punishment you can give him, you would not kill cousin Celia's husband and Ciceley's father. When the truth is all made known, his punishment will be bitter enough, for no honest man would offer him a hand, or sit down to a meal with him.

"Ciceley has been as a young sister to me, and her mother has ever been as kind as if she had been my aunt. I would not see them grieved, even if that rogue came off scot free from punishment; but, at any rate, father, I pray you to let it pass at present. This time we have happily got you out of the clutches of the Whigs, but, if you fell into them again, you may be sure they would never give us another chance."

Sir Marmaduke still sat irresolute, and Charlie went on:

"Besides, father, Mr. Jervoise has risked his life in lingering in Lancashire to save you, and the brave fellows who aided us to rescue you have risked theirs, both in the fray and afterwards, if their share in it should ever be known; and it would not be fair to risk failure, after all they have done. I pray you, father, be guided by the opinion of your good friend, Mr. Jervoise."

Sir Marmaduke touched his horse's flank with his heel.

"You have prevailed, Charlie. Your last argument decided me. I have no right to risk my life, after my good friends have done so much to save me. John Dormay may enjoy his triumph for a while, but a day of reckoning will surely come.

"Now, tell me of the others, Jervoise. Have all escaped in safety?"

"All. Your boy brought me the news of your arrest, and that we were charged with plotting William's assassination. I rode that night with the news, and next day all were on the road to the coast, and were happily on board and away before the news of their escape could be sent to the ports."

"And now, what are your plans, Jervoise—that is, if you have any plans, beyond reaching a port and taking ship for France?"

"I am going to Sweden," Mr. Jervoise said, and then repeated the reasons that he had given Charlie for taking this step.

"I am too old for the wars," Sir Marmaduke said. "I was sixty last birthday, and though I am still strong and active, and could strike a shrewd blow in case of need, I am too old for the fatigues and hardships of campaigning. I could not hope, at my age, to obtain a commission in the Swedish service."

"No, I did not think of your joining the army, Sir Marmaduke, though I warrant you would do as well as most; but I thought that you might take up your residence at Stockholm, as well as at Saint Germain. You will find many Scottish gentlemen there, and not a few Jacobites who, like yourself, have been forced to fly. Besides, both the life and air would suit you better than at Saint Germain, where, by all accounts the life is a gay one, and men come to think more of pleasure than of duty. Moreover, your money will go much further in Sweden than in France."

Sir Marmaduke, checking the horse's speed, said, "I have not so much as a penny in my pocket, and methinks I am like to have some trouble in getting at the hoard I have been collecting, ever since Dutch William came to the throne, for the benefit of His Majesty when he arrives."

"You will have no trouble in getting at that, father," Charlie said laughing, "seeing that you have nothing to do but to lean over, and put your hand into my holsters, which are so full, as you see, that I am forced to carry my pistols in my belt."

"What mean you, lad?"

"I mean, father, that I have the whole of the hoard, that was stowed away in the priest's hiding place;" and he then related how Banks had revealed to him the secret of the hiding place, and how he had, the night before Sir Marmaduke was removed from Lancaster Castle, visited the place and carried away the money.

"I could not see Banks," he said, "but I left a few words on a scrap of paper, saying that it was I who had taken the money. Otherwise he would have been in a terrible taking, when he discovered that it was gone."

"That is right good news, indeed, lad. For twelve years I have set aside half my rents, so that in those bags in your holsters there are six years' income, and the interest of that money, laid out in good mortgages, will suffice amply for my wants in a country like Sweden, where life is simple and living cheap. The money itself shall remain untouched, for your use, should our hopes fail and the estates be lost for all time. That is indeed a weight off my mind.

"And you are, I hope, in equally good case, Jervoise, for if not, you know that I would gladly share with you?"

"I am in very good case, Sir Marmaduke, though I none the less thank you for your offer. I too have, as you know, put aside half my income. My estates are not so large as those of Lynnwood. Their acreage may be as large, but a good deal of it is mountain land, worth but little. My fund, therefore, is not as large as yours, but it amounts to a good round sum; and as I hope, either in the army or in some other way, to earn an income for myself, it is ample. I shall be sorry to divert it from the use for which I intended it, but that cannot now be helped. I have had the pleasure, year by year, of putting it by for the king's use, and, now that circumstances have changed, it will be equally useful to myself."

"Do you know this country well, Jervoise?"

"Personally I know nothing about it, save that the sun tells me that, at present, I am travelling south, Sir Marmaduke. But, for the last few days I have been so closely studying a map, that I know the name of every town and village on the various routes."

"And whither think you of going?"

"To London or Southampton. Strangers are far less noticed in large towns than in small, and we could hardly hope to find a ship, bound for Sweden, in any of the Dorset or Devon ports."

Chapter 4: In Sweden

After much discussion, the party agreed that it would be best to make for Southampton. The road thither was less frequented than that leading to London, and there were fewer towns to be passed, and less chance of interruption. Mr. Jervoise had brought with him a valise and suit of clothes for Sir Marmaduke, of sober cut and fashion. They avoided all large towns and, at the places where they put up, represented themselves as traders travelling from the Midlands to the southern coast, and they arrived at Southampton without having excited the smallest suspicion. Indeed, throughout the journey, they had heard no word of the affray near Chapel le Frith, and knew, therefore, that the news had not travelled as fast as they had.

At Southampton, however, they had scarcely put up at an inn when the landlord said:

"I suppose, gentlemen, they are talking of nothing else, in London, but the rescue of a desperate Jacobite by his friends. The news only reached here yesterday."

"It has occasioned a good deal of scare," Mr. Jervoise replied. "I suppose there is no word of the arrest of the man, or his accomplices? We have travelled but slowly, and the news may have passed us on the way."

"Not as yet," the landlord replied. "They say that all the northern and eastern ports are watched, and they make sure of catching him, if he presents himself there. The general opinion is that he will, for a time, go into hiding with his friends, in the hills of Cumberland or Westmoreland, or perhaps on the Yorkshire moors; but they are sure to catch him sooner or later."

"It is a bad business altogether," Mr. Jervoise said, "and we can only hope that all guilty persons will in time get the punishment they so well deserve. How can trade be carried on, if the country is to be disturbed by plots, and conspiracies?"

"How, indeed?" the landlord repeated heartily. "I do not meddle in politics, being content to earn my living by my business, and to receive all who can pay their reckoning, without caring a jot whether they be Whigs or Tories."

The next morning Mr. Jervoise and Sir Marmaduke went down to the port, leaving the lads to wander about the town at their pleasure, as two persons were likely to attract less attention than four. They found that there were two vessels in port, loading with munitions of war for Sweden, and that one of them would sail shortly. They at once went on board her, and saw the captain.

"Do you carry any passengers?"

"None have applied so far," the captain said; "but, if they were to offer, I should not say no to them."

"We want to take passage for Sweden," Mr. Jervoise said. "The King of that country is, as they say, fitting out an army. Clothes are as necessary for troops as swords and guns, and we think we could obtain a contract for these goods. There is no hope of doing so, unless we ourselves go over, and, though sorely loath to do so, for neither of us have ever before set foot on board a ship, we determined on making the journey, together with our two clerks, for whom we will take passage at the same rate as for ourselves, seeing that they are both related to us."

"Have you any goods with you?"

"We shall take over but a bale or two of cloth, as samples of the goods we can supply; but, beyond that, we have but little luggage, seeing that our stay may be a very short one."

There was a little haggling for terms, as the two gentlemen did not wish to appear eager to go; but the matter was finally settled to the satisfaction of both parties.

On their return to the inn, Mr. Jervoise took the host aside.

"We have business connected with our trade in cloth in Sweden, where we hope to obtain a large contract. The matter may occupy us a week, or a month or two for aught we know, and we do not want our horses to be eating their heads off, here, while we are away. Besides, we may be able,

on our return, to take a passage to one of the Devonshire ports, which would suit us much better. But we should not be able to do so, if there were need for returning here for our horses. Therefore, we would fain dispose of them, and, if you can find us a purchaser by tomorrow night, we will pay you a fair commission on the money we receive."

"I doubt not that I can do that readily enough," the landlord said. "Three of them are fine animals, fit for any gentleman's riding. The other is a stout hackney. Trust me, I will get the best price I can for them."

The next day he came up to their room.

"I have had a good offer for the horses," he said. "Two gentlemen, who arrived yesterday from France, and are staying at the inn of a friend of mine, are requiring horses for themselves and their servants, and I have promised my friend a slice of my commission, if he will bring them round hither. Will you name your price for them?"

"No, I would rather not," Mr. Jervoise said cautiously. "If we asked too high a figure, we might frighten the purchasers away. If we should ask too little, we should be the losers. I daresay they have named, to your friend, the price they are willing to give. You had better ask from them a good bit above that, then you can come down little by little, and maybe, seeing the horses are really good ones, they may advance a bit. I am not used to a horse deal, and will leave it to you to make the bargain. We are sorry to part with the animals, but they might die on the voyage, or get so injured as to be worthless; and, moreover, we shall have no use for them there. Therefore, as we must sell, we are ready to take the best terms we can get."

When they returned to the inn, after an absence of two hours, they found that the landlord had sold the horses, for a sum nearly approaching their value, the gentlemen being as anxious to purchase them as they were to sell. The next day, they bought three or four rolls of west country cloth, and a supply of clothes suitable to their condition, together with trunks for their carriage. All these were sent down to the ship, in the course of the afternoon, and they themselves embarked late in the evening, as she was to set sail at daybreak.

The lads, accustomed to spacious and airy rooms, were quite taken aback at the small and stuffy cabin allotted to their joint use, and slept but badly, for the loading of the ship continued by torchlight, until within an hour of the time of their departure. After tossing about for some hours in their narrow beds, they were glad to go on deck, and to plunge their heads into a pail of water, and were then, after combing their long hair, able to take an interest in what was passing round them.

The sailors were busy; stowing away the cargo last received, tidying the decks, and coiling down the ropes. There were but few persons on the quay, for those who had been engaged in loading the cargo had gone off to bed, as soon as the last bale was on board.

In half an hour the sailors began to hoist the sails, the hawsers were thrown off, and, with a gentle wind blowing aft, the ship glided along past the shore, being helped by the tide, which had begun to ebb half an hour before. The lads were greatly interested in watching the well-wooded slope on the left, with the stately ruins of Tintern Abbey rising above the trees. Then they passed the round fort, at the water's edge, on their right, and issued out from Southampton Water into the broad sheet between the island and the mainland.

It was dotted with sails; fishing craft and coasters for the most part, but with some larger ships bound from the east to Southampton, and others that had come in through the Solent. This was very entertaining to the boys, and they were still more pleased when they saw the fortifications of Portsmouth, with cannon pointing seaward, and with many vessels riding in the strait by the side of the town.

"That fort would give the French or the Dutch a hot reception, were they at any time to think to capture the dockyard and shipping," Sir Marmaduke said.

"The Dutch have already captured the place, and that without shedding a drop of blood," Mr. Jervoise remarked.

"That is true enough," the knight said, stamping his foot angrily on the deck, "but what has been won so easily may be lost as quickly. I have seen several changes since I can first remember, and I hope I may live to see another. However, we need not talk of that now."

"No, indeed," Mr. Jervoise agreed. "It may be, Sir Marmaduke, that it would be better if we had talked and thought less of it, during the last twelve years; better for ourselves, and for these lads. We might still have been ready to join His Majesty as soon as he landed, but as, till then, we could do nothing, it seems to me now that it would have been wiser had we gone about our business without worrying our heads, to say nothing of risking them, about a matter that may not take place during our lives; as we know, well enough, the King of France uses the Stuarts only for his own convenience, and at heart cares nothing for them or their cause. It is convenient to have the means of creating trouble here, and of so weakening William; and it may be that, some day or other, it may suit him to send over an army here to fight William, with the aid of the Stuarts' friends, instead of fighting him in Holland or elsewhere. But whether he may think fit to do so in one year, or in twenty years hence, who can say? It is a question solely of military policy."

"The Stuarts are simply used, by the French king, to pull English chestnuts out of the fire. I would that they had established themselves anywhere rather than in France. It does them harm with vast numbers who would otherwise be their friends, at any rate in England. In Scotland it is otherwise, for Scotland has always been in alliance with France; but in England it is different. France has always been the national foe; and, had not Charles and James proved themselves so subservient to Louis, William of Orange would never have been crowned king. There are vast numbers in England who would rather see a Stuart than a Dutchman on the throne, but who will never strike a blow to replace them there, and that because they will come over backed up by French bayonets."

"Well, let us talk of something else. If the time ever comes to act, we shall be ready, but till then we can let the matter sleep, the more so as we have a new life before us, and plenty of other things to occupy our thoughts."

"What is it, father," Harry asked, "that the Swedes and Danes are going to fight about?"

"It is a difficult question, Harry; but there can be little doubt that Denmark is in the wrong. The King of Sweden died in April, 1697. His death was unfortunate, for the powers contending in Europe had all agreed to refer their quarrels to his mediation. At his death, Denmark endeavoured to obtain the honour, but failed; and by the mediation, chiefly, of the Swedish regency, peace was concluded between France, England, and Holland, in the autumn of that year; and, shortly afterwards, the struggle between the German Emperor, France, and Spain was also concluded, but not at all to the satisfaction of the Swedish mediators."

"While Sweden was occupied in this matter of the pacification of Europe, the King of Denmark thought to take advantage of the fact that Charles of Sweden was but a minor, to press Frederick, Duke of Holstein, who was in close alliance with him."

"There had long been serious differences between the rulers of Denmark and Holstein, both of whom were branches of the Oldenburg family, and this in reference to the Duchy of Schleswig. The quarrel had arisen from the act of Christian the Third, of Denmark, who decreed that the descendants of his brother Adolphus should govern Holstein, jointly with the King of Denmark, and that Holstein and Schleswig should belong to them in common, neither making any change in Holstein without the consent of the other. A more foolish arrangement could not have been conceived, for anyone might have foreseen that it would lead to disputes and troubles. In fact, quarrels continually arose, until, at the Peace of Rosahild, in 1658, the duchy was adjudged to Denmark."

"Holstein, however, never acquiesced in this, and in 1675 there was war, when, Holstein being defeated, the Danes imprisoned its duke, Christian Albertus, until he signed a renunciation of all his rights."

"His troops were disarmed, and all his towns and fortresses garrisoned by Danish troops. On his release, the duke went to Hamburg, where he remained till, at the Peace of Fontainebleau, four years later, he was replaced in possession of his estates and rights of sovereignty.

"But this did not last long. New troubles arose, but Sweden, England, and Holland interested themselves in favour of the duke, and a peace was concluded in 1689, by which he was confirmed in the rights given him, ten years before, with full liberty to raise a certain number of troops, and of building fortresses, on the condition that he should raise none to the prejudice of Denmark.

"This was another of those stipulations which inevitably lead to trouble, for it afforded to Denmark a pretext for continual complaint and interference. When Frederick the Fourth succeeded his father as Duke of Holstein, in 1694, the quarrel grew so hot that Denmark would have invaded Holstein, had not the parties to the Treaty of '89 interfered, and brought about a conference. This lasted all through the year 1696, but the negotiators appointed to settle the matter were unable to arrive at any conclusion.

"The following year, Charles of Sweden, who had just succeeded his father, furnished the duke with some troops, to help him to build some forts that were intended to protect the frontier, in case of invasion by Denmark. Christian of Denmark at once attacked and captured these forts, and levelled them to the ground. The duke, being too weak to engage in a war with his powerful neighbour, did not resent this attack, and the negotiations were continued as before. In view of the danger of the situation, and the necessity for a monarch at the head of affairs, the Swedish Diet met, at Stockholm, to take part in the funeral of the late king, which was to be performed on the 24th of November, and to deliberate upon the situation.

"By the will of the late king, Charles was not to ascend the throne until he reached the age of eighteen, but the diet passed a vote overruling this, and, as the regency concurred, he was at once crowned, and the alliance with Holstein was cemented by the marriage, that had been previously arranged between Charles's eldest sister and the Duke of Holstein, being celebrated at Stockholm. Charles the Twelfth at once concluded treaties with France, England, and Holland; while Denmark is reported to have prepared for war by making a secret alliance with Augustus of Saxony, King of Poland, and the Czar of Russia. Both these monarchs were doubtless desirous of extending their dominions, at the cost of Sweden, whose continental possessions are considerable.

"Augustus is not yet very firmly seated on the throne of Poland. There are several parties opposed to him, and these united in obtaining, from the diet, a refusal to pay the Saxon troops Augustus had brought with him. The king, no doubt, considered that these could be employed for the conquest of Livonia, and that the addition of so large a territory to Poland would so add to his popularity, that he would have no further troubles in his kingdom.

"Charles the Twelfth, being in ignorance of this secret agreement, sent an embassy to Russia, to announce his accession to the throne. The ambassadors were kept a long time waiting for an audience, as the czar was bringing a war with the Turks to a conclusion, and did not wish to throw off the mask until he was free to use his whole force against Sweden. The ambassadors were, at last, received civilly, but the czar evaded taking the usual oaths of friendship, and, after long delays, the embassy returned to Sweden, feeling somewhat disquieted as to the intentions of the czar, but having no sure knowledge of them.

"The King of Poland was more successful in disguising his leaning towards Denmark, sending the warmest assurances to Charles, requesting him to act as mediator in the quarrel between himself and the Duke of Brandenburg, and signing a treaty of alliance with Sweden. But, while Sweden had no idea of the triple alliance that had been formed against her, the intention of Denmark to make war was evident enough, for King Christian was gathering a great naval armament.

"The Duke of Holstein, becoming much alarmed at these preparations, hastened on the fortifications of Tonningen, on the Eider, three leagues from its mouth. The garrison of the place was a weak one, and a thousand Swedish troops were thrown in to strengthen it. The King of

Denmark complained that this was a breach of the treaty, but, as his own preparations for war were unmistakable, no one could blame the Duke of Holstein for taking steps to defend his territories.

"As you know, Christian of Denmark died about this time, and was succeeded by his son Frederick the Fourth.

"Last August, he commenced the war, by sending a naval squadron to cover the passage of four regiments into Pomerania. Charles of Sweden, seeing that Holstein must be crushed by its powerful neighbour, called upon Holland and the Duke of Lunenburg, who were with Sweden guarantors of the treaty, to enforce its provisions; and a joint protest was sent to the King of Denmark, who was informed that, if he invaded Holstein, they should consider it a breach of the Treaty of Altena, and treat him as a common enemy. Frederick replied by sending some troops into the duchy.

"No active operations took place, until the beginning of this year. Up to that time, Sweden had not doubted the friendship of the King of Poland, and Charles, at first, could hardly believe the reports he received from the governor of Livonia, that the Saxon troops were approaching the frontier.

"A few days later, however, came the news that they were advancing against Riga. The governor prepared for defence, and hastily mounted cannon on the walls. His powers of resistance, however, were lessened by the fact that the river Duna was frozen over. Fleming, who commanded the Saxon troops, arrived before the town, early in February, with four thousand men. The governor had set fire to the suburbs on the previous day; and Fleming was surprised to find that, instead of taking it by surprise, as he had hoped, the place was in a position to offer a stout resistance. However, he attacked the fort of Cobrun, on the opposite side of the river, and carried it by assault.

"The news was brought to young Charles the Twelfth when he was out hunting, a sport of which he is passionately fond. By all accounts, he is an extraordinary young fellow. He is not content with hunting bears and shooting them, but he and his followers engage them armed only with forked sticks. With these they attack the bears, pushing and hustling the great creatures, with the forks of their sticks, until they are completely exhausted, when they are bound and sent away. In this hunt Charles took fourteen alive, one of which nearly killed him before it was captured. He did not break up the hunting party, but continued his sport to the end, sending off, however, orders for the concentration of all the troops, in Livonia and Finland, to act against the Saxons.

"As soon as the King of Denmark heard of the siege of Riga, he ordered the Duke of Wurtemberg-Neustadt, his commander-in-chief, to enter Holstein with his army, sixteen thousand strong. All of that country was at once overrun, the ducal domains seized, and great contributions exacted from Schleswig and Holstein. Fleming and the Saxons, after one severe repulse, forced the garrison of the fort of Dunamund, commanding the mouth of the Duna, to surrender. Tonningen is the only fortress that now holds out in Holstein. So you see, lads, there is every chance of there being brisk fighting, and I warrant the young King of Sweden will not be backward in the fray. A man who is fond of engaging with bears, armed with nothing but a forked stick, is not likely to hang back in the day of battle.

"But, at present, we will say no more on the matter. Now that we have got beyond the shelter of the island, the waves are getting up, and the vessel is beginning to toss and roll. I see that Sir Marmaduke has retired to his cabin. I mean to remain here as long as I can, and I should advise you both to do the same. I have always heard that it is better to fight with this sickness of the sea, as long as possible, and that it is easier to do so in fresh air than in a close cabin."

The lads quite agreed with this opinion, but were, in spite of their efforts, presently prostrate. They remained on deck for some hours, and then crawled to their cabin, where they remained for the next three days, at the end of which time they came on deck again, feeling better, but as weak as if they had suffered from a long illness.

Mr. Jervoise had been in frequently to see them, having escaped the malady, from which, as he told them, Sir Marmaduke was suffering to the full as severely as they were.

"So you have found your feet again," the captain said, when they appeared on deck. "You will be all right now."

"We feel much better," Harry said, "now that the storm is over."

"Storm! What storm? The weather has been splendid. We cannot wish for anything better. It has been just as you see it now—a bright sun, and just enough wind for her to carry whole sail."

The lads both looked astonished.

"Then why should we roll and toss about so much?" Harry asked.

"Roll and toss! Nonsense, lad! There has been a little movement, of course, as there always must be when there is a brisk wind; but as for rolling and tossing, you must wait till you see a storm, then you will begin to have an idea of what the sea is."

The boys both felt rather crestfallen, for they had flattered themselves that their sufferings were caused by something quite out of the ordinary way, and it was mortifying to know that the weather had been really fine, and there had been nothing even approaching a storm.

The rest of the voyage was a pleasant one. They found they had regained their appetites, and were able to enjoy their meals; still they were not sorry when they saw the coast of Sweden, and, a few hours later, entered the port of Gottenburg, where Sir Marmaduke, for the first time, came on deck—looking a mere shadow of his former jovial self.

"Well, lads," he said, "I was glad to hear that you got through this business quicker than I did. Here we are in Sweden, and here I, at least, am likely to stay, unless I can pass by land through Holland, France, and across from Calais, for never again will I venture upon a long voyage. I have been feeling very ungrateful, for, over and over again, I wished that you had not rescued me, as death on Tower Hill would have been nothing to the agonies that I have been enduring!"

As soon as the vessel was warped alongside the quay, they landed, and put up at an hotel, Sir Marmaduke insisting that the ground was as bad as the sea, as it kept on rising and falling beneath his feet. Mr. Jervoise agreed to return on board the following day, to fetch the luggage, which would by that time have been got up from the hold.

At the hotel, they met several persons able to speak English, and from them learnt how matters had been going on since they had last heard. The town and fortress of Tonningen had fallen, after a vigorous defence; it had been bombarded for eight days, and had repulsed one assault, but had been captured at the second attack. England and Holland had agreed to furnish fleets, and an army of twelve thousand Swedes were in readiness to march, at once, while other armies were being formed. The king had, the week before, reviewed the army gathered at Malmoe; and had, on the previous day, arrived at Gottenburg, accompanied by the Duke of Holstein.

Mr. Jervoise went, the same afternoon, to find out some of his friends who resided at Gottenburg. He was fortunate enough to find one of them, who was able to inform him that his wife's cousin was now a major, in one of the newly-raised regiments stationed at Gottenburg.

He found him without difficulty. Major Jamieson was delighted at the coming of his former friend.

"You are the last person I expected to see here, Jervoise. It is true that, when we met last, you said that if matters went wrong in England you should come out here, instead of taking refuge in France; but, as everything is quiet, I had little hope of seeing you again, until I paid another visit to Scotland, of which at present there is but little prospect. Have you grown tired of doing nothing, and is it a desire to see something of a stirring life that has brought you over here?"

Mr. Jervoise related, shortly, the events by which he had been driven into exile, and expressed his desire to serve in the army of Sweden, and that his son and young Carstairs should also enter the army.

"They are but sixteen yet," he said, "but are stout, active fellows, and could hold their own in a day's march or in a stout fight with many men. Of course, if I could obtain commissions for them, all the better, but if not they are ready to enlist in the ranks. Roughing it will do them no harm."

"Their age is no drawback," Major Jamieson said. "There are many no older, both in the ranks and as officers. Men in Sweden of all ages and of all ranks are joining, for this unprovoked attack, on the part of Poland, has raised the national spirit to boiling heat. The chief difficulty is their and your ignorance of the language. Were it not for that, I could obtain, from the minister of war, commissions for you at once."

He sat thinking for some minutes, in silence.

"I think I see how it can be managed, Jervoise. I have some twenty or thirty Scotchmen in my regiment, and I know a colonel who has as many in his, and these I could manage to get, in exchange for an equal number of my Swedes. Ships are coming daily from Scotland, and most of them bring young fellows who have come out to join the army.

"You know how the Scots fought, under Gustavus Adolphus, and there is scarce a glen in Scotland where there are not traditions of fathers, or grandfathers, who fought in Hepburn's Green Brigade. Therefore, it is natural that, seeing there is no chance of military service at home, there should be many young fellows coming out to join.

"I can go across this evening to the minister of war, who is a personal friend of mine, and get him to give you permission to raise a company of Scotchmen for service. I shall, of course, point out to him that you will enlist them here. I shall show him the advantage of these men being gathered together, as their ignorance of the language makes them, for some time, useless as soldiers if enrolled in a Swedish regiment. I shall mention that I have twenty in my own corps, who are at present positively useless, and in fact a source of great trouble, owing to their understanding nothing that is said to them, and shall propose that they be at once handed over to you. As to the exchange, we can manage that quietly between ourselves. You would have no difficulty with fresh-landed men, as these will naturally be delighted at joining a company of their own countrymen."

"Thank you very heartily, Jamieson. This altogether exceeds my hopes, but I fear that I know nothing of drilling them."

"Two of my men are sergeants, and, having been in the army for some years, speak Swedish well. They will do the drilling at first. The manoeuvres are not complicated, and, for a pound or two, they will be glad to teach you all the orders necessary. I don't know how you are situated as to money, but I can assure you my purse is at your service."

"Thank you; I am, in that respect, excellently well provided, as is my friend Sir Marmaduke. We have both made provision for unexpected contingencies."

"Then, if you will call tomorrow after breakfast, I shall probably have your commission ready. As a matter of course, you will have the appointment of your own officers, and will only have to send in their names. Each company is from a hundred and forty to a hundred and fifty strong, and has a captain, two lieutenants, and two ensigns."

Mr. Jervoise's news was, on his return to the inn, received with delight by the two lads; and Sir Marmaduke said:

"I wish I could shake off twenty of my years, Jervoise, and join also. Well, well, I daresay I shall get on comfortably enough. I know there are a good many English and Scotch Jacobites settled in the town or neighbourhood, and I shall not be long before I meet someone I know.

"As the matter seems settled, I should advise you lads to go down, the first thing in the morning, to the wharves. There is no saying when ships may come in. Moreover, it is likely enough that you may light upon young fellows who have landed within the last few weeks, and who have been kept so far, by their ignorance of the language, from enlisting."

"That is a very good idea," Mr. Jervoise said. "They will be delighted to hear a friendly voice, and be only too glad to enlist in a Scottish company. You can say that each man will have a free outfit given him."

Accordingly, the next morning early, the two lads went down to the wharf. Presently they saw three young fellows, who were evidently Scotch by their dress and caps, talking together. They strolled up near enough to catch what they were saying.

"It is hard," one said, "that, now we are here, we can make no one understand us, and it seems to me we had far better have stayed at home."

"We shall find some one who speaks our language presently, Jock," another said more cheerfully. "The old man, where we lodged last night, said in his broken tongue, that we had but to go over to Malmoe, or some such place as that, where there is a big camp, and walk up to an officer and say we wish to enlist."

"Oh, that is all very well," the other grumbled; "but, if he did not understand us, we should be no better off than before."

"Are you wanting to enlist?" Harry said, going up to them.

The men gave an exclamation of pleasure, at being addressed in their own tongue.

"That we do, sir. If you can put us in the way, we shall be grateful."

"That I can do easily," Harry said. "My father is raising a company of Scotch and Englishmen, for the regiment commanded by Colonel Jamieson. This will be far better than joining a Swedish company, where no one will understand your language, and you will not be able to make out the orders given. My father will give each man who joins a free outfit."

"That is the very thing for us, sir. We expected to find Scotch regiments here, as there were in the old times, and we had hoped to join them; but whether it is a company or regiment, it makes but little difference, so that we are with those who speak our tongue."

"Very well, then. If you come to the Lion Inn, at nine o'clock, you will see my father there. If you know of any others in the same mind as yourselves, and willing to join, bring them with you."

"There are ten or twelve others who came over in the ship with us, two days since, and I have no doubt they will be fine and glad to join."

"Well, see if you can hunt them up, and bring them with you."

On returning to the inn, they found that Mr. Jervoise had already received his commission as captain, and, by ten o'clock, fifteen young Scotchmen had been sworn in. All of them had brought broadswords and dirks, and Captain Jervoise at once set to work buying, at various shops, iron head pieces, muskets, and other accoutrements.

During the next three days ten other English and Scotchmen had joined, and then a ship came in, from which they gathered another four-and-twenty recruits. Arms had already been purchased for them, and, on the following day, Captain Jervoise marched off to Malmoe with his forty-nine recruits. Harry accompanied them, Charlie being left behind, with his father, to gather another fifty men as the ships arrived.

A week later this number was obtained, and Charlie started with them for the camp, Sir Marmaduke accompanying them on horseback, in order to aid Charlie in maintaining order among his recruits. He had already fixed upon a small house, just outside the town, and, having met two or three old friends, who had been obliged to leave England at William's accession, he already began to feel at home.

"Don't you fidget about me, Charlie," he said. "Ferrers tells me that there are at least a score of Jacobites here, and that they form quite a society among themselves. Living is very cheap, and he will introduce me to a man of business, who will see that my money is well invested."

Chapter 5: Narva

For the next fortnight, drilling went on from morning till night, the officers receiving instructions privately from the sergeants, and further learning the words of command by standing by while the men were being drilled. At the end of that time, both officers and men were sufficiently instructed to carry out the simple movements which were, alone, in use in those days.

It was not, however, until two months later that they were called upon to act. The English and Dutch fleets had arrived, and effected a junction with that of Sweden, and the Danish fleet had shut themselves up in the port of Copenhagen, which was closely blockaded. A large army had crossed to Zeeland, and repulsed the Danes, who had endeavoured to prevent their landing, and had then marched up to within sight of the walls of Copenhagen, which they were preparing to besiege; when the King of Denmark, alarmed at this unexpected result of his aggression on Holstein, conceded every point demanded, and peace was signed.

The negotiations were carried on in Holland, and the Swedes were extremely angry, when they found that they were balked of their expected vengeance on their troublesome neighbours. The peace, however, left Charles the Twelfth at liberty to turn his attention to his other foes, and to hurry to the assistance of Riga, which was beleaguered by the Saxons and Poles; and of Narva, against which city the Russians had made several unsuccessful assaults.

Without losing an hour, the king crossed to Malmoe. The troops there were ordered to embark, immediately, in the vessels in the harbour. They then sailed to Revel, where the Swedish commander, Welling, had retired from the neighbourhood of Riga, his force being too small to meet the enemy in the open field.

No sooner had the troops landed than the king reviewed them, and General Welling was ordered, at once, to march so as to place himself between the enemy and Wesenberg, where a large amount of provisions and stores for the use of the army had been collected.

The two lieutenants, in the company of Captain Jervoise, were young Scotchmen of good family, who had three months before come over and obtained commissions, and both had, at the colonel's request, been transferred to his regiment, and promoted to the rank of lieutenants. Captain Jervoise and his four officers messed together, and were a very cheerful party; indeed, their commander, to the surprise both of his son and Charlie, had quite shaken off his quiet and somewhat gloomy manner, and seemed to have become quite another man, in the active and bracing life in which he was now embarked. Cunningham and Forbes were both active young men, full of life and energy, while the boys thoroughly enjoyed roughing it, and the excitement and animation of their daily work.

Sometimes they slept in the open air, sometimes on the floor of a cottage. Their meals were rough but plentiful. The king's orders against plundering were very severe, and, even when in Denmark, the country people, having nothing to complain of, had brought in supplies regularly. Here in Linovia they were in Swedish dominions, but there was little to be purchased, for the peasantry had been brought to ruin by the foraging parties of the Russians and Poles.

There was some disappointment, that the enemy had fallen back at the approach of Welling's force, but all felt sure that it would not be long before they met them, for the king would assuredly lose no time in advancing against them, as soon as his army could be brought over. They were not, however, to wait for the arrival of the main force, although the cavalry only took part in the first affair. General Welling heard that a force of three thousand Circassians had taken up their quarters in a village, some fifteen miles away, and sent six hundred horse, under Majors Patkul and Tisenbausen, to surprise them. They were, at first, successful and, attacking the Circassians, set fire to the village, and were engaged in slaughtering the defenders, when twenty-one squadrons of Russian cavalry came up and fell upon them, attacking them on all sides, and posting themselves so as to cut off their retreat. The Swedes, however, gathered in a body, and charged the Russians so furiously that they

cut a way through their ranks, losing, however, many of their men, while Major Patkul and another officer were made prisoners.

The king was at Revel when this engagement took place, and, although but few of the troops had arrived, he was too impatient for action to wait until the coming of the fleet. He therefore marched to Wesenberg, with his bodyguard and a few troops from Revel. He at once despatched a thousand men, to cover the frontier, and issued orders for the rest of the troops to leave the whole of their baggage behind them, to take three days' provision in their haversacks, and to prepare to march the next morning.

Major Jamieson came into the cottage, occupied by Captain Jervoise and his officers, late in the evening. They had a blazing fire, for it was now the middle of November, and the nights were very sharp.

"Well, Jervoise, what do you think of the orders?" he asked, as he seated himself on a log that had been brought in for the fire.

"I have not thought much about them, except that we are going to do a long and quick march somewhere."

"And where is that somewhere, do you think?"

"That, I have not the slightest idea."

"You would not say that it was to Narva?"

"I certainly should not, considering that we have but five thousand infantry, and three thousand cavalry, and of these a large number have been so weakened, by fever, as to be unfit for fighting; while at Narva, report says there are eighty thousand Russians, in a strongly intrenched camp."

"Well, that is where we are going, Jervoise, nevertheless. At least, that is what the colonel has told me."

"He must have been surely jesting, major. We may be going to push forward in that direction, and occupy some strong position until the army comes up, but it would be the height of madness to attack an enemy, in a strong position, and just tenfold our force."

"Well, we shall see," Jamieson said coolly. "It is certain that Narva cannot hold out much longer, and I know that the king has set his heart on relieving it; but it does seem somewhat too dangerous an enterprise to attack the Russians. At any rate, that is the direction in which we are going, tomorrow. It is a good seventy miles distant, and, as they say that the whole country has been devastated, and the villagers have all fled, it is evident that when the three days' bread and meat we carry are exhausted we shall have to get some food, out of the Russian camp, if nowhere else."

Captain Jervoise laughed, as did the others.

"We can live for a short time on the horses, Jamieson, if we are hard pushed for it, though most of them are little beyond skin and bone."

"That is true. The cavalry are certainly scarcely fit for service. Welling's troops have had a very hard time of it, and we may thank our stars, though we did not think so at the time, that we were kept nearly three months at Malmoe, instead of being here with Welling."

"But do you seriously think, major, that the king means to attack the Russians?" Cunningham asked.

"My own idea is that he does, Cunningham. I cannot see what else there is for us to do. At any rate, if he does, you may be sure that we shall make a tough fight for it. The cavalry showed, the other day, that they can stand up against many times their number of the Russians, and if they can do it, I fancy we can. There is one thing, the very audacity of such an attempt is in its favour."

"Well, we will all do our best, you may be sure; but since Thermopylae, I doubt if men have fought against longer odds."

The next morning the men fell in. Captain Jervoise, who, like all of his rank, was mounted, took his place at the head of his company, and the little army marched away from Wesenberg. It was a dreary march to Purts, but the sight of the ruined villages, and devastated fields, aroused a feeling

of indignation and fury among the troops, and a fierce longing to attack men who had so ruthlessly spread ruin through a fertile country. Orders were issued, that evening, that the men were to husband their provisions as much as possible, and the order was more strictly obeyed than such orders usually are, for the men saw, for themselves, that there was no possibility of obtaining fresh supplies in the wasted country, and were well aware that there existed no train of waggons and horses capable of bringing up stores from Wesenberg.

There were a few aged men and women remaining at Purts, and from these they learned that their next day's march would take them to a very difficult pass, which was held by six hundred of the Russian cavalry, together with a force of infantry and some guns. It was the intention of the king to encamp that evening near the pass, and, when within three or four miles of it, General Meidel, who had with him the quartermaster of the army, and four hundred cavalry, rode on ahead to choose a site for the camp. He presently saw a large body of Russian foragers in front of him, and sent back to the king for permission to attack them. Charles ordered the army to continue its march, and, hurrying forward with some of his officers, joined General Meidel and charged the foragers, killing many, taking others prisoners, and putting the rest to flight. He followed close upon their heels, and rode right up to the mouth of the pass, in spite of the heavy fire of artillery and musketry opened by the Russians.

He at once determined to take advantage of the alarm produced by the defeat of the Russian cavalry, and, although darkness was now drawing on, brought up some of his infantry and artillery, and attacked with such vigour that the Russians fled, after offering a very feeble resistance.

A battalion of foot were ordered to occupy the pass, while the rest of the army piled their arms, and lay down where they stood. In the morning, they were astonished at the strength of the position that had been gained so easily. The defile was deep and narrow, a rapid stream ran through it, and the ground was soft and marshy. A few determined men should have been able to bar the advance of an army.

The troops were in high spirits at the result of this, their first action against the enemy, and were the more pleased that they found, in the Russian camp, sufficient provisions to replace those they had used. After a hearty meal, they again advanced at a brisk march. The defile was captured on the evening of the 17th November, and, early in the morning of the 20th, the army reached Lagena, a league and a half from Narva, and, ordering the troops to follow, the king rode forward to reconnoitre the Russian position.

The troops were weary with their long marches, and many of those who had, but recently, recovered from fever were scarce able to drag themselves along, while great numbers were unfit to take part in a battle, until after two or three days of rest. The officers of the Malmoe Regiment, for it had taken its name from the camp where it had been formed, were gathered in a group at its head, discussing the situation. Most of the officers were of opinion that, to attack at once, with men and horses worn out with fatigue, was to ensure destruction; but there were others who thought that, in face of so great an army as that gathered in front of them, the only hope was in an immediate attack. Major Jamieson was one of these.

"The king is right," he said. "If the Russian army have time to form, and to advance against us in order of battle, we must be annihilated. At present, their camp is an extensive one, for, as I hear, it extends in a great semi-circle four or five miles long, with the ends resting on the river. They cannot believe that we intend to attack them, and, if we go straight at them, we may possibly gain a footing in their intrenchments, before the whole army can gather to aid those at the point of attack. It will be almost a surprise, and I think the king is right to attempt it, for it is only by a quick and sudden stroke that we can gain a success over so great an army."

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