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## **THE LAND OF BONDAGE**

### **ROMANCES BY THE SAME AUTHOR**

THE HISPANIOLA PLATE  
IN THE DAY OF ADVERSITY  
SERVANTS OF SIN  
THE YEAR ONE  
THE FATE OF VALSE  
ACROSS THE SALT SEAS  
THE CLASH OF ARMS  
DENOUNCED  
THE SCOURGE OF GOD  
FORTUNES MY FOE

A GENTLEMAN ADVENTURER  
THE INTRIGUER'S WAY  
THE DESERT SHIP

**THE LAND OF BONDAGE**

**A ROMANCE**

**BY**

**JOHN BLOUNDELLE-BURTON**

**AUTHOR OF  
"THE HISPANIOLA PLATE"  
"A DEAD RECKONING"  
ETC., ETC.**

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**"AFTER THESE STORMS AT LAST A CALM"**

## PREFACE

The groundwork of the following narrative, accompanied by a vast number of papers and documents bearing on the main facts, was related to me by the late Mr. Clement Barclay of Philadelphia, the last descendant of an old Virginian family. On reading over these papers and documents, I was struck by the resemblance which the story bore to the history of another unfortunate young Englishman whose case created much sensation in the English Law Courts at about the same period, *i.e.*, that of the reign of King George II. Recognising, however, that the adventures of Lord St. Amande were not only more romantic than those of that other personage, while his character was of a far more noble and interesting nature, I resolved to utilise them for the purpose of romance in the following pages, which are now submitted to the public. Except that in some few cases, and those the principal, the names have been altered, the characters bear the same names as in the documents, private papers, journals and news-letters handed to me by Mr. Barclay.

J. B.-B.

*October, 1904.*

## THE LAND OF BONDAGE

### PART I

#### THE NARRATIVE OF GERALD, VISCOUNT ST. AMANDE

### CHAPTER I

#### MY LORD'S FUNERAL

And this was the end of it. To be buried at the public expense!

To be buried at the public expense, although a Viscount in the Peerage of Ireland and the heir to a Marquise in the Peerage of England.

The pity of it, the pity that it should come to this!

A few years before, viz., in the fourth year of the reign of our late Queen Anne, and the year of Our Lord, 1706, no one who had then known Gerald, Lord Viscount St. Amande, would have ventured to foretell so evil an ending for him, since he and life were well at evens with each other. Ever to have his purse fairly well filled with crowns if not guineas had been his lot in those days, as it had also been to have good credit at the fashioners, to be able to treat his friends to a fine turtle or a turbot at the coffee-houses he used, to take a hand at ombra or at whisk, to play at pass-dice or at billiards, and to be always carefully bedeck't in the best of satins and velvets and laces, and to eat and drink of the best. For to eat and drink well was ever his delight, as it was to frequent port clubs and Locketts or Rummers, to empty his glass as soon as it was filled, to toss down beaker after beaker, while, meantime, he would sing jovial chaunts and songs of none too delicate a nature, fling a handful of loose silver to the servers and waitresses, and ogle each of the latter who was comely or buxom.

Yet now he was being buried at the public expense!

How had it come about? I must set it down so that you shall understand. During this period of wassailing and carousing, of ridottos at St. James's and dances at lower parts of the town, for he affected even the haunts at Rotherhithe in his search for pleasure, as he did those in the common parts of Dublin when he was in that, his native, city--and during the time when he varied his pursuits by sometimes frequenting the playhouses where he would regard fondly the ladies at one moment and amuse himself by kicking a shop-boy or poor clerk, or scrivener, at another, and by sometimes retiring into the country for shooting, or hunting, or fighting a main, his heart had become entended towards a young and beautiful girl, one Louise Sheffield.

He had met her in the best class of company which he frequented, for, although bearing no rank herself, she was of the best blood and race, being indeed a niece to the Duke of Walton. Later on you shall see this girl, grown into a woman, full of sorrows and vexations and despite, and judge of her for yourself by that which I narrate. Suffice it, therefore, if I write down the fact that she repaid his love with hers in return and that, although she knew this handsome gallant, Gerald, Lord St. Amande to be no better than a wastrel, a tosspot and a gamer, she was willing to become his wife and to endow him with a small but comfortable fortune that she possessed. Alas! that she should ever have done so, for from that marriage arose all the calamities, the sufferings and the heartaches that are to be chronicled in this narrative.

From the commencement all went awry. George, Marquis of Amesbury, to whom this giddy, unthinking Lord St. Amande was kinsman and heir, did hate with a most fervent hatred John, Duke of Walton, they having quarrelled at the succession of the Queen, when the Marquis espoused the cause of her Majesty, while the Duke was all for proclaiming the Pretender; and thus the whole of Lord St. Amande's family was against the match. The ladies, especially his mother and sister, threw their most bitter rancour into the scales against the bride, they endeavoured to poison his mind against her by insinuating evil conduct on her part previous to her marriage, and they persuaded the Marquis to threaten my lord with a total withdrawal of his favour, as well as a handsome allowance that he made annually to his heir, if he did not part from her.

At first he would not listen to one word against her--he had not owned his bride long enough to tire of her; also some of her fortune was not yet wasted. Yet gradually, as he continued in his evil courses, becoming still fonder of his glass and rioting, and as her fortune declined at the same time that he felt bitterly the pinch occasioned by the withdrawal of the Marquis's allowance, he did begin to hearken to the reports spread broadcast against his young wife.

She had borne him a child, dead, during his absence in Ireland, and it was after this period that he began to give credence to the hints against her; and thus it was that while he was still in that country he sent to his mother a power of attorney, authorising her to sue to the Lords for a divorce, as his representative. This petition, however, their Lordships refused, dismissing the plea with costs against him, saying that there was no truth in his allegations, and stigmatising them as scandalous.

And then he learnt that he had indeed wronged her most bitterly and, turning upon his mother and sister, went over to England where, upon his knees, he besought his wife for her pardon, weeping many tears of contrition as he did so, while she, loving him ever in spite of all, forgave him as a woman will forgive. Then they passed back to Ireland where, she being again about to become a mother, he cherished her with great care and tenderness, and watched over her until she had presented him with a son.

Yet, such was this man's sometime evil temper and brutality of nature that, on the Duke of Walton refusing to add more money to the gift he had already made her--the original fortune being now quite dissipated--he banished her from his house and she, flying to England, was forced to take refuge with the Duke and, worse still, to leave her child behind.

Now, therefore, you shall see how it befell that, at last, he owed even his coffin and his grave to charity.

When she was gone from him, he, loving the child in his strange way, proclaimed it as his heir, put it to nurse in the neighbourhood, and invariably spoke of it as the future Lord St. Amande and Marquis of Amesbury. But, unfortunately for this poor offspring of his now dead love, he became

enamoured of a horrid woman, a German queen, who had come over to England at the time of the succession of King George--for over twenty years had now passed since his marriage with the Duke of Walton's niece--a woman who had set up in Dublin as a court fashioner, lace merchant and milliner. But she had no thought for him, being in truth much smitten with his younger brother, Robert, and she persuaded him that to relieve himself of the dire poverty into which he had fallen, it would be best that he should give out that his son was dead and secrete him, so that he and Robert, who would then be regarded by all men as the heir, could proceed to dispose of the estate. And my lord's intellects being now bemused with much drink and other disordered methods of life, besides that he was in bitter poverty, agreed to do this and gave out that the son was dead and that he and his brother were about to break the entail.

And even this villainy, which might have seemed likely to ward off his penury for at least some years, did nothing of the sort, but, indeed, only brought him nearer to the pauper's grave to which he was hurrying. So greedy was he for money--as also was his brother, who, knowing that while the boy lived *he* could never succeed to the estates, was naturally very willing to dispose of them at any price--that large properties were in very truth sold for not more than, and indeed rarely exceeded, half a year's purchase! How long was it to be imagined that the half of such sums would last this poor spendthrift who no sooner felt his purse heavy with the guineas in it than he made haste to lighten it by odious debaucheries and wassailings and carousings? His clothes, his laces, nay, even his wigs, his swords, and his general wearing apparel had long since gone to the brokers, so that, at the time of selling the properties, he was to be seen going about Dublin with a rusty cutbob upon his once handsome head, a miserable ragged coat that had once been blue but had turned to green with wear, ornamented with Brandenburgh buttons, upon his back, and a common spadron reposing on his thigh and sticking half a foot out of its worn-out sheath, instead of the jewel-hilted swords he had once used to carry.

To conclude, he fell sick about this time--sick of his debauches, sick, it may be, from recollections of the evil he had done his innocent wife and child, and sick, perhaps, from the remembrance of how he had wasted his life and impaired the prospects of his rightful heir. Ill and sick unto death, with not one loving hand to minister to him, no loving voice to say a word of comfort to him, and dying in a garret, to pay for which the woman who rented it to him had now taken his last coat. His wife was in England, sick herself and living on a small trifle left her by her uncle, now dead; his son, sixteen years of age, had escaped from the custody of a ruffian named O'Rourke, by whom he had been kept closely confined and reported dead, and, of all men, most avoided his unnatural father. What time his brother Robert would not have given him a crust to prolong his life and was indeed looking forward to his death with glee and eager anticipation.

So he died, with none by his pallet but the hag who owned the garret and who was waiting for the breath to be out of his body to send that body to the parish mortuary. So he died, sometimes fancying that he was back in the bagnios he had found so pleasant, sometimes weeping for a sight of his child and for the wrongs he had done that child, sometimes, in his delirium, bellowing forth the profligate songs that such creatures as D'Urfey and Shadwell had made popular amongst the depraved. And sometimes, also, moaning for his Louise to come back and pity him, and forgive him once again in memory of the sweetness of their early love.

Now, therefore, you see how this once handsome lordling--and handsome as Apollo he was in his younger days, I have heard his wife say, though wicked as Satan--was brought so low that, from ruffling it with the best, he came to dying in a filthy garret and being buried at the public expense. Alas, alas! who can help but weep and wring their hands when they think on such a thing, and when they reflect on all the evil that Gerald, Lord St. Amande, wrought in his life and the bitter heritage of woe he left behind to those whom he should, instead, have loved and cherished, and made good provision for.

'Twas a dull November day, in the year of our Lord, 1727, and the first of the reign of our present King George II., that the funeral procession--if so poor and mean an interment as this may be so termed--passed over Essex Bridge on its way to the burying ground where the body was to be deposited. Yet how think you a future peer of the realm should be taken to his last home, how think you one of his rank should be taken farewell of? This man had once held the King's commission, he having carried the colours of his regiment at Donauwerth and been present as a lieutenant at Tirlmont, at both of which the great Marlborough had commanded--therefore upon his coffin there should have been a sword and a sash at least, with, perhaps, a flag. He stood near unto a marquissate, therefore his coffin should have been covered with purple velvet and the plate upon it should have been of silver. Yet there were no such things. His swords, you know by now, were pawned; his sashes had gone the way of his laces, apparel and handsome wigs. The bier on which he was drawn was, therefore, but a common thing on which the bodies of beggars, of Liffey watermen and of coach-drivers were often also drawn; the coffin was a poor, deal encasement with, nailed roughly on it, some black cloth; the name-plate bearing the description of his rank and standing--oh, hollow mockery!--was of tin.

And yet even this was obtained but at the public expense!

A dull November day, with, rolling in from the Channel, great masses of sea fog, damp and wet, that made the dogs in the street creep closer to the house doors for shelter and warmth, and the swine in the streets to huddle themselves together for greater comfort. A day on which those who had no call to be out of doors warmed themselves over fires, or gathered round tavern tables and drank drams of nantz and usquebaugh; a day which no man would care to think should

resemble the day on which he would himself be put away into the earth for ever. But the melancholy of the elements and the weather were the only part of the wretched funeral of this man for which he had not been responsible. The gloom and the fog and the damp he could not help, since none, whether king or pauper, can fix the date of their death, or choose to die and go to their last home amidst the shining of the sun and the singing of the birds and the blooming of the flowers, in preference to the miseries of the winter. But all else he might have avoided had he so chosen.

For he might have been borne--not to a beggar's grave, but to the tomb of his own illustrious family in England--amidst pomp and honour had he so willed it; the pomp and honour of a Marquis's heir, the pomp and honour of a gallant officer who had fought under the greatest general that England had ever known, and for his mourners he might have had a loving wife and child weeping for his loss.

Only he would not, and so there was not one that day to shed a tear for him.

## **CHAPTER II**

### **AN UNPEACEFUL PASSING**

So the funeral passed over Essex Bridge and by the French Church, on the steps of which there sat a boy who, on its approach, sprang to his feet and, from behind a pillar of the porch, fixed his eyes firmly on those who attended it.

A boy of between fifteen and sixteen years of age, tall and, thus, looking older, and clad partly in rags and partly in clothes too big for him. To be explicit, his hose was torn and mended and torn again, his shoes were burst and broken and his coat which, though threadbare was sound, hung down nearly to his feet and was roomy enough for a man of twenty, to whom indeed it had once belonged till given in charity to its present owner. By the boy's side there stood a big, burly man with a red, kindly face and a great fell of brown hair, himself dressed in the garb of a butcher, and with at the moment, as though he had but just left the block, his sharpening steel hanging at his side. Also, on the steps of the church were one or two gentlemen arrayed in their college gowns and caps, as if they too had strolled forth at the moment from Trinity and had happened upon the spot, while, around and under the stoops of the neighbouring houses, were gathered together several groups of beggars and ragamuffins and idle ne'er-do-wells.

And now you shall hear a strange thing, for, as the bier with its mean burden came close, so that the features of those who accompanied it might be plainly perceived through the fog, the butcher, turning to the lad dressed as a scarecrow, said, "*My lord*, stand forth and show thyself. Here come those who have put it about that you have been dead these two years, and who, if they had their will, would soon have you dead now. Show thyself therefore, I say, Lord St. Amante, and prove that thou art alive."

"Ay, ay, do," one of the collegians added. "If the news from London be true, thy uncle, Robert, has already proclaimed himself the new lord, and it is as well that the contrary should be proved."

Thus solemnly adjured, the boy did stand forth and, figure of fun though he looked, gazed fiercely on those who rode behind his father's coffin.

There were but three mourners--if such these ghouls could be called who followed the body to its last resting place, not with any desire to pay a tribute to the dead, but rather with the desire of satisfying themselves, and one other, their master, that it was indeed gone from the world for ever--two men mounted and a woman in a one-horse hackney coach.

All were evil-looking, yet she was the worst, and, as she peered forth from the window, the beggars all about groaned at her while the students regarded her with looks of contempt. She was the German woman who had come to Dublin when the late King had come to London, and was called Madame Bäuer, and was now no longer young. That she may once have been comely is to be supposed, since the late Herr Bäuer was said to have been a wealthy German gentleman who ruined himself for her--if, indeed, he had ever existed, which many doubted--and also since the dead man now going to his grave had formed a passion for her, while his usurping brother was actually said to be privately married to her. Yet of a certainty, she had no beauty now, her face being of a fiery red, due, it was whispered, to her love of strong waters; her great staring and protuberant eyes were of a watery blue-green hue, and her teeth were too prominent and more like those of an animal. And when the small crowd groaned at her and called her "painted

Jezebel"--though she needed no paint, in truth--she gnashed those teeth at them as though she would have liked to tear and rend them ere she sank back into the carriage.

Of the men who followed the bier one was a pale cadaverous-looking person, with about him some remnants of good looks, his features being not ill-formed, though on his face, too, there were the signs of drinking and evil-living in the form of blotches and a red nose that looked more conspicuous because of the lividness of his skin. This man was Wolfe Considine, a gentleman by birth, and of an ancient Irish family, yet now no better than a hanger-on to Robert St. Amade; a creature who obeyed his orders as a dog obeys its master's orders, and who was so vile and perjured a wretch that for many years, when out of the reach of Lord St. Amade, he had allowed it to be hinted that he was in truth the father of that lord's son, and, if not that, had at least been much beloved by Lord St. Amade's wife. In obedience, perhaps, to his master's orders he wore now no signs of mourning but, instead, rode in a red coat much passemented with tarnished gold lace, as was the case with his hat, and with his demi-peaked saddle quilted with red plush, while the twitter-boned, broken-winded horse he bestrode gave, as well as his apparel, but few signs that his employer bestowed much care upon him. The man who paced beside him was liveried as a servant and rode a better horse, and was doubtless there in attendance on him and the woman in the coach.

Noticing the ominous and glowering looks of the beggars on the sidewalk as well as the contemptuous glances of the students standing by the steps of the French Church, Considine drew his horse nearer to the coach and spoke to the inmate thereof, saying:--

"I' faith, my lady, they seem to bear no good will to us judging by their boogings and mutterings, for it cannot be to this poor dead thing that their growls are directed--*he* was beloved enough by them, at any rate, so long as he had a stiver in his purse with which to treat them to a bowl of hyspy or a mug of ale."

The woman in the hackney glanced at the beggars again with her cold, cruel eyes as he spoke, but ere she could reply, if indeed she intended to do so, she shrank back once more, seeing that from the crowd there was emerging an old woman, a hideous creature bent double with age, who leaned upon a stick and who shock as though with the palsy.

"What want you, hag?" asked Considine, while as he spoke he pricked the horse he rode with the spur, as though he would ride over her.

"To look upon the coffin of a gentleman," she answered, waving at the same time her crutch, or stick, so near to the animal's nostrils that it started back, almost unseating its rider. "To look upon the coffin of a gentleman, and not upon such scum as you and that thing there," pointing to the woman who had been addressed as "my lady."

"Proceed," called out Considine to the driver of the bier. "Why tarry you because of this woman. Proceed, I say."

But here a fresh interruption occurred, for, as he spoke, the butcher, motioning to the lad with him to remain where he was, descended the steps of the church and, coming forward, said in a masterful manner:--

"Nay! That shall you not do yet. Wolfe Considine, you must listen to me."

"To thee, rapscaillon," said the other, looking down on him, yet noting his great frame as he did so. "To thee. Wherefore, pray, to thee? If you endeavour to stop this funeral the watch shall lay you by the heels, and my lady here shall hale you before a Justice for endeavouring to prevent the interment of her brother-in-law."

"My lady! Her brother-in-law!" repeated the butcher contemptuously, and glancing into the hackney carriage as he did so. "My lady! Her brother-in-law! Why, how can she be either?" and he smiled at the red-faced woman.

"You Irish dog," she said, now protruding her head from the window. "The law shall teach you how I am both, at the same time that it chastises you for your insolence. Let us pass, however."

"You shall not pass until you have heard me. Nay, Wolfe Considine, put not thy hand upon thy sword. There is no courage in thy craven heart to draw it. What! shall he who ran away from Oudenarde--thou knowest 'tis truth; I fought, not ran away, as a corporal there myself--threaten a brave and honest man with his sword? Nay, more, why should he wear one--? I' faith, I have a mind to take it from thee. Yet even that is not the worst, though the Duke did threaten to brand thy back if ever he clapt eyes on thee again."

Here the collegians, in spite of the halted bier with the dreary burden on it, burst into laughter, while Considine trembled with rage and was now white as a corpse himself.

"That, I say, is scarce the worst. You speak of the watch to me--you! Why! call them, call all the officers of the law and see which they shall arrest first. An honest man or a thief. Ay, a thief! I say a thief." He advanced closer to Considine as he spoke. "A thief, I say again."

"Vile wretch! the law shall punish you."



"Summon it, I tell you. Summon it. Then shall we see."

And now, changing his address, which had been up to this moment made to Considine alone, he turned half round to the crowd--which had much augmented since the altercation began and the stopping of the funeral had taken place--and addressing all assembled there, he said in a loud voice so that none but those who were stone deaf could fail to hear his words.

"Listen all you who to-day see the body of the late Lord St. Amade on its way to the grave, listen I say to the villainy of this creature, Wolfe Considine, the tool and minion of the man Robert St. Amade, who now claims to have succeeded to his honours. Hear also how far she,"---and he pointed his finger to the hackney carriage where the woman glowered out at him--"has aided both these scoundrels."

"By heavens, you shall suffer for this," exclaimed Considine, "to defame a peer is punishable with the hulks----"

"Tush," answered the other, "I defame no peer, for he is none. The true peer is Gerald St. Amade, the younger, now the Lord Viscount St. Amade since his father's death."

"Thou fool," bellowed Considine, "he is dead long since. 'Tis well known."

"Is it so? Well, let us see. But first answer me, Wolfe Considine, deserter from the colours of Her Majesty Queen Anne's 1st Royal Scots' Regiment, panderer and creature of the usurper Robert St. Amade, purloiner of the body of the present Lord St. Amade--said I not you were a thief?--instigator of murder to the villain, O'Rourke, who would have slain the child or, at least, have shipped him off a slave to the Virginian plantations; traducer of an honest lady's fame who, so far from favouring thee, would not have spat upon thee. Answer me, I say, and tell me if you would know that dead child again were you to set your eyes upon it?"

He hurled forth these accusations against the wretch shivering on his horse with so terrible a voice, accompanied by fierce looks, that the other could do naught but writhe under them and set to work to bawl loudly for the watch as he did so, and to offer a gibing beggar who stood near a crown to run and fetch them, which the beggar refused, so that at last the servant started to find them. But, meanwhile, the butcher again began:

"He is dead long since, is he? Well, we will see." Then beckoning to the lad in rags still standing on the steps of the French Church, he said, "Lord St. Amade, come hither and prove to this perjured villain that thou art no more dead than he who would have had thee so."

Slowly, therefore, I descended--for I who write these lines was that most unhappy child, Lord St. Amade, as perhaps you who read them may have guessed--and slowly in my tatters I went down and stood by him who had succoured me, and fixed my eyes on that most dreadful villain, Wolfe Considine.

Now, the effect upon him was wonderful to witness, for verily I thought he would have had a fit and fallen from his horse. His eyes seemed to be starting forth from his head, his cadaverous face became empurpled, his hands twitched, and all the while he muttered, "Alive! Alive! yet O'Rourke swore that he was safe at the bottom of the Liffey--the traitor! Alive!"

He spoke so low and muttered so hoarsely to himself that I have ever doubted if any other but I and Oliver Quin, the butcher, heard his self-condemnatory words--by which he most plainly acknowledged his guilt and the part he had played in endeavouring to get me made away with. But, ere he could say more, he received support from the woman, Bäuer, or "Madam," as she was generally called, who, descending now from her hackney carriage, thrust aside the beggars around it and advanced towards me.

That she was a woman of courage need not be doubted, for, although these miserable gutter-birds had hitherto been jeering at her to even such an extent as remarking on the redness of her face and the probable cause thereof, she at this time awed them by her manner. Her eyes flaming, her great white teeth gleaming like those of a hunted wolf as it turns to tear its pursuers, she thrust them all aside (she being big and of masculine proportions) and exclaiming, "Out you wretches, away you kennel dogs, stand back, I say, you Irish curs," made her way to me.

"Let me see," she said, seizing me roughly by the collar, "the brat who is to be palmed upon us as the dead child. Let me see him." And then, as she gazed in my face, she burst into a loud, strident laugh, while in her harsh voice and her German accent (which she had always) she exclaimed, "So this is the beggar's brat who is to be thrust in before us as a son of this dead lord," pointing to my father's coffin--"this thing of rags and filth. Man," she said, turning suddenly upon Quin, "man, know you the punishment awarded those who falsely endeavour for their own evil ends to deprive rightful inheritors of what is theirs? You shall so suffer for this vile imposture that you had better have been slain at Oudenarde--of which you boast so freely--than ever have lived to see to-day."

"With the respect due to such as you, Madam Bäuer----"

"Fellow, I am the Viscountess St. Amade."

"Nay. Nay! Even though you be Robert St. Amade's wife--as most people doubt"--she struck at him with her hand as he said this, which blow he avoided easily, so that she over-reached herself and nearly fell, at which the crowd jeered--"even then you are not Lady St. Amade. There is but one, this poor lad's mother, now sick in England but safe from your evil attempts. And, Madam Bäuer, it is more meet that I should ask if *you* know what is the punishment of such malefactors as those who endeavour for their own evil ends to deprive rightful inheritors of what is theirs?"

"The imposition shall not go unpunished, this boy shall indeed be sent to the plantations and, with him, you, you ruffian. I will myself seek out the King sooner than he shall escape."

But here there stepped forth one of the collegians who had been near me all through this most strange scene, a grave and pious youth of twenty years of age--'twas his coat I was wearing--who said:

"By your favour, madam, it is impossible that the boy should be punished. I am from New Ross in the County of Wexford myself,"--both she and Considine started at this--"where his father dwelt much. I have known the lad from his birth, as a child myself I took part in the festivities--alas! terrible debaucheries and drinkings!--which this poor dead lord caused to be made in honour of his birth. I have known him all his life, and that he is the present Lord St. Amade none can doubt. Added to which, madam, there must be fully five hundred people in Ireland, including his pastors and teachers, to say nothing of those in England, who can equally speak for him."

"It is a lie," Considine shouted, having now regained something of his courage, "It is a lie. I, too, knew the lad who was son to Lord St. Amade, and he is dead and this brat is not he."

"Mr. Considine," said the young student, his pale face reddening, "I am intended for the Ministry, but being not yet ordained no man may insult me with impunity, nor doubt my word. Much less such a foul braggart as you, therefore, unless you ask my pardon on the moment I will pull you down from off that horse and force you to beg it of me in the mud at my feet." And he advanced towards Considine with his arm outstretched to carry out his threat.

But that person being never disposed to fight with anyone, instantly taking off his hat said:

"Sir, my words were ill chosen. I ask your pardon for them. I should have said that I feared, as I still do, that you are grievously mistaken."

### **CHAPTER III**

#### **A BEGGAR AND AN OUTCAST**

And thus, in such a dreadful way and amidst such surroundings--with brawling in the streets and insults hurled over his body from one to another--was my father buried. Alas! unhappily such scenes and terrifying episodes were but a fitting prologue to the stormy life that was henceforth before me for many years; I say a fitting prologue to the future.

When the craven Considine had made, or rather been compelled to make, his amends to Mr. Jonathan Kinchella, the young student, my protector, Quin, announced that, since he had produced the rightful Lord St. Amade and exhibited him to the public at so fitting a moment as his father's funeral procession (so that, henceforth, there were in existence witnesses who could testify to the assertion of my claim), he had no more to say, except that he hoped that the spirit of the dead peer would forgive the interruption in consequence of the good which he wished to do to his son. And he also announced with great cheerfulness the pleasure which he had experienced in being able to tell Mr. Wolfe Considine to his face his appreciation of his character.

"So that," he said to that person, as once more the procession set out, "if, henceforth, any one in Dublin shall be so demented as to deem you an honest man and to be deceived by you, they owe thanks to none but themselves."

"Ay, ruffian!" said Considine, brazening it out, however, "thou art the cock o' the walk for the moment, yet think not to escape punishment. Thou hast to-day threatened and reviled a gentleman of birth and consideration, for which thou shalt clearly suffer; thou hast insulted, slandered and abused a peer and a peeress of His Majesty's realm, for which thou shalt lie in the bilboes and gemmaces. Thou hast also endeavoured to usurp my lord's rightful rank and degree by passing off a base counterfeit of his brother's dead child, for which the punishment is death, or, at least, branding in the hand and being sold to slavery in the plantations, all of which thou and thy accomplice shall most surely receive ere many days are sped."

Then, turning to the driver of the bier, he ordered him to proceed.

"Tut, tut, tut," exclaimed Oliver. "Thou art but an empty windbag, tho' 'tis well that thou hast an accurate knowledge of the law--yet, I misdoubt if it will save thee when thy time comes. But, as thou sayest, let the funeral proceed, and, for further assurance of thy position, young sir," he said to me, "we will accompany it on foot. Let us see who will prevent us."

Then, seizing me by the hand, we set out to follow my father's body.

And now you, my children, for whom I write this narrative (and your children who in the fulness of time shall come after you), have seen in how wretched a manner I, who should have been cradled in luxury, began my existence at my father's death. Had that father been as he should have been, or had even my uncle, Robert, been an honest man, or had the head of our house, the Marquis of Amesbury, looked properly to the rights of his lawful successor, Ulster King-at-Arms would have enrolled me on the certificate of the late lord's death as Gerald St. Amande, Viscount St. Amande, in the peerage of Ireland, and heir apparent of the Marquisate of Amesbury in the peerage of England. Yet, see what really happened. The King-at-Arms refused so to enrol me, on the petition of my uncle--though this was somewhat later,--in spite of much testimony on my behalf from countless people who had known me, and, instead of enjoying luxury, I was a beggar. At the time when I begin this history of my cares and sorrows, and of the wanderings which will be set down in their due Order, and the hardships that I have been forced to endure, I, a tender child, was dependent on strangers for the bread I ate and the clothing I wore. Until I fell in with honest Oliver Quin, himself a poor butcher, I had, after escaping from O'Rourke, who endeavoured to drown me and then kept me in a cellar, been lurking about Dublin, sleeping sometimes on a wharf, sometimes in the many new houses then a-building (three thousand were built in this great city between the accession of the late king and the year of which I now write, viz., 1727), sometimes against a shop bulk or a glass-house for warmth, and sometimes huddling with other outcasts on the steps and in the stoops of houses and churches. Food I had none but I could beg or wrest from the dogs, or the many swine which then roamed about the streets like dogs themselves. And, sometimes, I and my wretched companions would kill one of these latter stealthily by night, and, having roasted parts of it in some empty house, would regale ourselves thereby. My father I avoided as a pestilence, for him I regarded as the unnatural author of all my sufferings. I knew afterwards that I misjudged him, I knew that he had never meant me to be harmed by O'Rourke, but only kept out of the way so that he might get money for his evil doings, he feeling sure that, when he should die, my succession to the rank, if not the estates (which he had made away with) could not be disputed. But, as I say, I regarded him as my worst enemy, and, when I saw him come reeling down the street jovial with drink, or, on other occasions, morose and sour from ungratified desire for it, I fled from him.

Then I, by great good chance, fell in with Quin, who was but a journeyman butcher earning poor wages and much dissatisfied with his lot, and who, coming from Wexford to Dublin to better that lot, had recognised me at once as the boy who was always styled the Honourable Gerald St. Amande in the county, and, out of the goodness of his heart, succoured me. But what could he do? He himself dwelt near the shambles, earning but eleven shillings a week, which had to suffice for all his wants, so that, if sometimes as I passed his master's shop he could toss me a scrag of mutton or a mouthful of beef--which I found means to cook by some outcast's fire--it was as much assistance as he could render. And from Mr. Jonathan Kinchella, himself but a poor sizar, and, as he stated, also from my neighbourhood and consequently willing to assist me, I could ask nothing. Beyond his "size," which was an allowance of a farthing's worth of bread and beer daily, he had but ten pounds a year from his father wherewithal to clothe himself and find such necessaries as he required, above that which he was entitled to as a servitor. Yet was he ever tender to me, and would say when I crept into the college to see him:

"Here, Gerald, is the beer and here the bread. Drink and eat thy fill to such extent as it will go, which is not much. However, for myself I can get more. But I wish I could do more for thee than give thee these poor victuals and cast-off garments. Yet, *tunica pallio propior*, and, as I cannot give thee my skin, I will give thee the best coat I can spare." Which he did, though, poor youth, it was little enough he had for himself, let alone to give away.

From my mother I had, alas! long been parted, for though when I was in my father's keeping, after she had fled from him, she had made many attempts to wrest me from him and to get me away to England, she, too, had come to believe that I had either died in the hands of, or been killed by, the villain O'Rourke, so that of her I had now heard nothing for more than two years. But as Mr. Kinchella had written her informing her of her husband's impending death, of my safety for the time being, and also of the probable usurpation by my uncle, we were looking for some news of her by every English packet that came in. "If her ladyship can compass it," this good and pious young man said on the night after my father's burial, and when he and Oliver and I sat in his room over the fire, "she should come to Dublin at once. There is much to be done at which alone she can help, and it will want all the assistance of her family to outwit thy uncle. Unfortunately my lord did go about the city saying that you were dead and that, therefore, he and his brother were at liberty to dispose of the property, and, thus, there is a terrible amount of evidence to contend against."

"With submission, sir," Oliver said, "surely all that should make in the young lord's favour. For

who shall doubt that his mother can swear to him as their child? Then there are the peasants with whom he was placed as an infant at New Ross, and, again, the tutors he was with, both there and here and in England, to say nothing of many servants. While, to add to all, his uncle has made himself a criminal by seconding his father in the false reports of his death and obtaining money thereby. With my lady's evidence and yours and mine alone, to say nothing of aught else, we should surely be able to move the King-at-Arms to enregister him as his father's heir."

Yet, oh, untoward fate! my mother could not come, but in her place sent a letter which, being of much importance as affecting all that afterwards occurred, I here set down, fairly copied.

*From the Viscountess St. Amande, at 5 Denzil Street, Clare Market, ye 29th of November, 1727.*

*To Mr. Jonathan Kinchella, Student, Trinity College, Dublin.*

Honoured Sir,

My deepest gratitude is due to you for the pains you have been at to write to me under the care of my late uncle's bankers, which communication has safely reached me. Sir, I do most grievously note that my lord and husband, the Viscount St. Amande lyeth sick unto death--(Mr. Kinchella had written when Quin had learned from the woman my father lodged with that there was no hope for him)--and also in dire poverty; and, ill as he hath treated me, I do pray that his end may be peace. Moreover, if you or any friend of yours should see him and he should be able to comprehend your words, I do beseech you to tell him that I forgive him all he has done to me and that, in another and a better world, to which I believe myself to be also hastening, I hope to meet him once more, though, whether he live or die, we can never meet again upon this earth.

But, sir, if the news which you give me of the grievous state in which my lord lies is enough to wring my heart, what comfort and joy shall not that heart also receive in learning that my beloved child, whom I thought dead and slain by his father's cruelty, is still alive, and that he, whom I have mourned as gone from me for ever, should live to be restored to his mother's arms? Yet, alas! I cannot come to him as I fain would and fold him in my arms, for I am sorely stricken with the palsy which creepeth ever on me, though, strange to relate, there are moments, nay hours, when I am free from it, so that sometimes my physician doth prophesy a recovery, which, however, I cannot bring myself to hope or believe. And, moreover, honoured sir, I am without the means to travel to Dublin. My uncle, when he rescued me from my unhappy husband's hands, provided me with one hundred guineas a year, which, at his death last year, he also willed, should be continued to me while parted from my husband. But if he dies that ceases also, since my uncle, the Duke, did naturally suppose that I by settlement shall be well provided for, tho' now I doubt if such is likely to prove the case.

Yet, though well I know my brother-in-law to be a most uncommon bad man and one who will halt at nothing to further his own gains, I cannot believe that the law will allow him to falsely possess himself either of my child's rank and title, or of aught else that may be his inheritance, though I fear there is but little property left, short of his succession to the Marquisate of Amesbury. But, honoured sir, since it is not possible that I can come to my boy, could he not come to me? He would assuredly be as safe in London, if not safer, under the protection of his mother, as in Dublin where, you say, he lurketh, and where, I cannot doubt, his uncle will take steps to bring about harm to him. Here he would be with me and, since my uncle is now dead, it may be that the Marquis will be more kindly disposed towards him and, even at the worst, he cannot refuse to recognise him. Therefore, sir, if the wherewithal could be found for bringing or sending him to London, I would see the cost defrayed out of my small means, on which you may rely.

So, honoured sir, I now conclude, begging you to believe that I thank you from the bottom of my heart for all that you have done for my child, and that also I thank the honest man, Mr. Quin, of whom you speak, and I do most earnestly pray that the God of the fatherless and the orphan may reward you for all. And, sir, with my greatest consideration to you, and a mother's fondest love to my child, whom I pray to see ere long, I remain your much obliged and grateful,

LOUISE ST. AMANDE.

"Gerald," said Mr. Kinchella, when he had concluded reading this letter to me, over which, boy-like, I shed many tears, "her ladyship speaks well. Dublin is no place for thee. If in his lordship's lifetime you were not safe, how shall you be so when now you alone stand between your uncle and two peerages?"

"Yet," I exclaimed, while in my heart there had arisen a wild desire to once more see the dear mother from whom I had been so ruthlessly torn, "yet how could it be accomplished? Surely the cost of a journey to London would be great!"

"I have still a guinea or two in my locker," said Mr. Kinchella, "if that would avail--though I misdoubt it."

"I have a better plan, sir," exclaimed Quin, who was also of the party again on this occasion.

"If his young lordship would not object to voyaging to London entirely by sea, there are many cattle-ships pass between that port and this by which he might proceed. Or, again, he might pass from here to Chester, there being many boats to Park Gate, or he might proceed to Milford."

"Yet he is over-young for such a journey," said kind Mr. Kinchella; he being, as ever, thoughtful for me. But I replied:

"Sir, have I not had to endure worse when I was even younger? The deck of a cattle-boat is of a certainty no worse than O'Rourke's cellar, and, however long the passage, of a surety there will be as much provision as was ever to be found in wandering about these streets ere I fell in with you and Oliver. I pray you, therefore, assist me to reach London if it be in your power."

"How much will it cost to defray the expense?" Mr. Kinchella asked of Quin, "by one of these boats? I fear me I have not the wherewithal to enable him to voyage by the packet."

"He can go for nothing, I think," replied the other, "if so be that I speak with one of the drovers who pass over frequently; or at most for a few shillings. He could go under the guise of that drover's boy, or help, and at least he would be safe from danger in that condition. The expense will be from Chester to London, if that is the route observed."

So we discussed matters until it was time for us to quit the college for the night, but, ere the time came for me to journey to England, there occurred so many other things of stirring import that here I must pause to narrate them in their due order, so that the narrative which I have to tell shall be clear and understandable.

## CHAPTER IV

### INTO THE LAND OF BONDAGE

Quin had made shift to lodge me in his poor room for the last day or so and, so great and kind was his heart, that he had now announced that, henceforth, until I was fairly on my way to London, he would not let me be without the shelter of his roof again.

"For," he said to me that night as we walked back to his abode, "be sure that the chase will be hot after you directly your uncle arrives in the packet. You are known to be once more at large and, consequently, dangerous to his claims, therefore he must put you out of his way somehow ere you can be seen by those who will swear to you as being the rightful Lord St. Amande."

"But," I asked him, for my mind had been forced of late to devise so many shifts that I had become, perhaps, sharper and more acute than other lads of my age. "But what if I were to appear at the Courts, or at the Office of the King-at-Arms, and, boldly stating who and what I am, with witnesses for testimony thereto, claim protection. Would it not be granted me?"

"Ay," replied Quin, thoughtfully. "I doubt not it would be granted thee, and thy uncle would be restrained for a time at least from falsely assuming that which is not his. But such a state of things would not last long. Before many weeks had elapsed you would again be missing, or perhaps not missing but, rather, found. Though I misdoubt me but what, when found, you would not be alive."

I shuddered at this terrifying prospect as he spoke, though too well I knew that what he said might very easily come to pass. O'Rourke had attempted to kill me once before and would do so again if he were paid for it; doubtless Considine would also take my life if he had but the slightest opportunity offered him, and there would be many more who, in such a city as Dublin, could be hired to assassinate me. For, poor and wretched as I was, and roaming about the streets as I did, how easily might I not fall a prey to my uncle's designs! On the other hand, if I could but reach England I must surely be in far greater safety. For though my mother was, as she wrote, in ill health, it was not possible to believe that the Marquis would not extend me his protection as his rightful heir against so wicked a wretch and knave as my uncle, nor that the law would not exert itself more strongly there on my behalf than here, where it was to almost every one's advantage to have me dead. It was the lawyers who had bought up our estates, *my estates*, from my father and uncle at so meagre a price, believing, or pretending to believe, that I was in truth dead; it was not therefore to their interests to have me alive, and to be forced to disgorge those estates. Thus I should get no help from them. Again, O'Rourke would, if he could be found, surely swear that the real Lord St. Amande was dead--since to obtain his reward and also to enable my father and uncle to get the money they wanted, he had in some way obtained a certificate of my death (I learned afterwards that he had palmed off the dead body of a boy resembling me, which had been

found in the Liffey, as mine).

I agreed with Oliver, therefore, and also with Mr. Kinchella, whose counsel marched with that of my honest protector, that, at present, Dublin was no place for me and that I must make for London to be safe. Meanwhile I lay close in Quin's room until he should have found a cattle-boat that was passing over to Chester, by which route it was decided I should go, it being more expeditious and exposing me less to the disagreeables of the sea. This was arrived at by my two friends out of the goodness of their hearts, but, could they have foreseen what storms and tempests were yet to be my portion both by sea and land, I doubt if they would have thought it much worth their trouble to secure me from a few hours more or less of discomfort on this particular voyage.

But, at present, there was no such boat going, the cattle being sent over to Park Gate (where all freight for Chester was landed) only about once every two weeks, and thus, as I say, I lay close in Quin's room until such time as he should advise me to be ready for my departure.

During this time of idleness and waiting, there occurred, however, many other things in connection with me, of which I heard from Oliver whenever he came home at night. To wit, my uncle had arrived by the packet and had at once proceeded to notify to the whole city, both by his own and Considine's voice--whom he sent round to all the coffee-houses and ordinaries, as well as to the wine clubs and usquebaugh clubs--an errand I doubt not highly agreeable to that creature!--as well as by advertisement in the new newsletter entitled "Faulkner's Journal," which was just appearing, that my father had died childless and that he had consequently assumed the rank and style of Viscount St. Amande in the peerage of Ireland.

"Yet," said Oliver to me as I strolled by his side, for it was his custom to take me out a-walking for my health's sake at night after he returned home from his work; he holding me ever by the hand, while in the other he carried a heavy Kerry blackthorn stick, and had a pair of pistols in his pocket, "yet he succeeded not altogether to his satisfaction, nor will he succeed as well as he hopes. The people hiss and hoot at him and insult him as he passes by--Mike Finnigan flung a dead dog, which he had dragged out of the gutter, into his coach but yesterday--and they yell and howl at him to know where the real lord--that's you--is?"

Then again, on another day, he told me that Mr. Kinchella had come to his stall to tell him a brave piece of news, it being indeed no less than the fact that the King-at-Arms had refused to enrol the certificate of his brother having died without issue, while saying also that, from what he gathered, he was by no means sure that such was the case. This, Oliver said Mr. Kinchella told him, had led to a great scene, in which my uncle had insulted the King-at-Arms, who had had him removed from his presence in consequence, while he said even more strongly than before that, from what was told him, he did firmly believe that Mr. Robert St. Amande was endeavouring to bring about a great fraud and to attempt a villainous usurpation of another's rights to which he, at least, would be no party. Now, therefore, was my time, we all agreed, for me to present myself and to claim my rights, and Quin and Mr. Kinchella had even gone so far as to furbish me up in some fitting apparel wherewith to make a more respectable appearance in public, when everything was again thrown into disorder and my hopes blighted by the arrival in Dublin of the new Lord Lieutenant and of the Lord Chancellor Wyndham, than whom no one could have been worse for my cause. He was then an utter stranger to Ireland (though afterwards created Baron Wyndham of Finglass) in spite of having been sent from England to be, at first, the Chief Justice of the Common Pleas; he knew nothing of the descents of our ancient Irish families, nor, indeed, the names of many of them, and what was worse than all, he had known my uncle in England and was his friend.

"So, poor lad," said Oliver to me a few days later, "thy uncle has now the first trick o' the game. The Lord Chancellor has taken counsel at Mr. St. Amande's suggestion with several of the nobility of Wexford, who have told him they never heard of thy father having had a son, as well they may not, seeing he would associate with none of them but only with the poorer sort. He has also questioned many of the attorneys of this city, who find it to their interest, since they have bought thy estates, to say that either you never lived or are dead now, or else that you were born out of wedlock. And thus----"

"And thus?" I repeated, looking up wistfully at his kindly face.

"And thus--and thus--poor child! thy uncle is now enrolled as the Viscount St. Amande. But courage, courage, my dear, thou shalt yet succeed and prosper. Thy mother's family will surely see to thy rights, and, if not, then will not the Lord raise up a champion for thee?"

Long afterwards I remembered this pious aspiration of dear Oliver, who was himself a most sincere Protestant, and when that champion had appeared, though in how different a guise from what I should have ever dreamed, I came to think that, for the time at least, my good, simple friend had been granted the gift of prophecy.

So the days went on until at last the time drew near for the next cattle-boat to pass over to Chester, and Quin was busily engaged in making arrangements for me to go in it when there befel so strange a thing that I must write it down in full.

Quin came home one night--and, ah! what a bitter December night it was! I remember it now

many, many years afterwards, and how the frost stood upon the window panes of the garret and the cold air stole in through those panes so that I was forced to throw on all the fuel he could afford to keep myself from freezing. Well, I say, Quin came home on this night in a different humour from any I had ever seen him in before, laughing, chattering to himself, chuckling as he removed the heavy frieze surtout he wore, and even snapping his fingers as again and again he would burst out into his laughs. And he produced from that surtout a bottle of nantz but three parts full, and, seizing the kettle, filled it with water and placed it on the fire, saying that ere we went to bed we would drink confusion to all the rascals harbouring in Dublin that night. After which he again laughed and grimaced.

"What ails thee, Oliver?" I asked, "or rather, what has given thee such satisfaction to-night?"

He went on laughing for some time longer until I thought that I was to be debarred from hearing what it was that amused him so much, but at last he said: "I am rejoicing at the chance that has arisen of playing a knave, or rather two knaves, ay, or even three, a trick. And such a grand trick, too; a trick that shall make thy uncle curse the day he ever heard the name of Oliver Quin."

"My uncle!" I exclaimed. "My uncle! Why, what have he and you to do together, Oliver?"

"Listen," he said, and by this time the kettle was boiling and he was making the hyspy, "listen. I have seen O'Rourke to-night and--and I have promised, for the sum of one hundred guineas, to deliver thee into his hands for transportation to the colonies, to Virginia. To Virginia, my lad, thou art bound, so that thou shalt plague thy uncle no more. To Virginia. Ha, ha, ha!" and he burst into so loud a laugh that the rafters of the garret shook with it.

To be sure I understood that Oliver was but joking me--if I had not known his honest nature, his equally honest laugh would have told me so--yet I wondered what this strange discourse should mean! He had, I think, been drinking ere he entered, though not more than enough to excite him and make him merry, but still it was evident to see that, over and above any potations he might have had, something had happened. So I said:

"Go on, Oliver, and tell me about O'Rourke and the plantations, and when I am to be sold into slavery."

"I met O'Rourke this evening," he said, "as I happened into a hipping-hawd<sup>[1]</sup> on my way home. There the villain was, seated on a cask and dressed as fine as fivepence. On his pate was a great ramilie wig, so please you! clapped a-top of it, and with an evil cock to one side of it, a gold laced hat. He wore a red plush coat--though I doubt me if the fashioner ever made it for him! with, underneath, a blue satin waistcoat embroidered; he had a solitaire stuck into his shirt, gold garters to the knees of his breeches, and, in fine, looked for all the world as if he had come into a fortune and had been spending part of it in buying the cast-off wardrobe of a nobleman."

"But the Virginia plantations, Oliver!" I said; "the plantations!"

"I am coming to them--or, at least, thou art going to them! But first let me tell thee of thy old friend and janitor, O'Rourke. When I entered he was bawling for some sherris, but, on seeing me, he turned away from his boon companions and exclaimed, 'What, my jolly butcher, what my cock o' the walk, oh, oh! What, my gay protector of injured youth and my palmer-off of boys for noble lords! How stands it with thee? Art cold?--'tis a cold night--tho' thou wilt be in a colder place if my Lord St. Amante catches holt on thee. But 'tis cold, I say; you must drink, my noble slaughterer. What will you? A thimbleful of sherris, maybe, or a glass of Rosa Solis? Here, Madge,' to the waitress, 'give the gentleman to drink,' and he lugged out of his pocket a great silk purse full of golden guineas and clinked it before us.

"You seem rich and merry, Mr. O'Rourke," I said. 'Plenty of money now, and brave apparel. Whence comes it all? Hast thou been smuggling off more boys or dragging out some more dead bodies from the river? It seems a thriving trade, at least!' This upset him, Gerald, so he said, 'Hark ye, Mr. Quin, this is no joking matter. When it comes to smuggling boys, it seems to me you are the smuggler more than I. Yet,' he went on, 'let me have a word with thee,' whereon he got off his cask and came over to me. But as he did so he paused and turned round on the men drinking with him, and said, 'Will you stay drinking all night, you dogs? Get home, get home, I say. I will pay for no more liquor to-night; be off, I say. Finish your drink and go,' which the men did as obediently as though they were really dogs, touching their caps and wishing the ruffian and myself and Madge--who was half asleep beside her bottles--good-night.

"Now, Quin," said O'Rourke, drawing a chair up to where I was sitting, and resting his hands on the handle of his sword, which he stuck between his legs, 'listen to me, for I have matter of importance to say to thee, which thy opportune appearance has put into my head!'

"If 'tis any villainy," I said, 'which, coming from you, is like enough---'

"But he interrupted me with, 'Tush, tush! What you call villainy we gentlemen call business. But interrupt no more; listen. Quin, you know well enough that the lad you harbour is no more the Lord St. Amante than I am. I say you know it,' and here he winked at me a devilish wink, and put out his finger and touched me on the chest, while I, waiting to see what was coming, nodded



gravely. 'The young lord, I tell you, is dead, drowned in the Liffey--have I not the certificate? Therefore, Quin--drink, man, drink and warm thyself--his uncle is now most undoubtedly, both by inheritance and the Lord Chancellor's enrolment, the rightful lord. But,' and here he paused and looked at me and, when he thought I was not observing, filled my glass again, 'his lordship wishes for peaceable possession of his rights and to harm none, not even thee who hast so grievously slandered him and his. Therefore, if you will do that which is right there is money for you, Quin; money enough to set you up as a flesher on your own account, and a trader in beasts; and, for the evil you have done, there shall be no more thought of it.'

"And what is it I am wanted to do?" I asked, while I made a pretence of faltering, and said, 'If I were sure that the lad I have in keeping were not truthfully the young lord----'

"The young lord is dead, I tell thee--take some more drink, 'tis parlous cold--the young lord is dead. I know it.'

"And therefore you want me to----?"

"Do this. My lord, by whom I mean his uncle, can now, by warrant of the Lord Chancellor, assume his proper station, and hath done so. Only, since he is a man of peace, he wisheth not to fall foul of the young impostor, and would-be usurper, *as you know he is*, Quin,' and again his evil eye drooped at me, 'nor to proceed either to punish him for his cheat nor to have to defend himself from any attempts your lad might make against him in the manner of impugning his title. And, therefore--to use thy thoughts--what would be best is that he should be got out of the way.'

"By murder?" I asked him.

"Nay, nay, never! The Lord forbend. We are gentlemen, not assassins, and so that all should be done peaceably and quietly it would be best to proceed as follows.'

"Here I again interrupted him, Gerald, by saying, 'If I were only sure, if I could be but sure----'

"Sure!" he exclaimed, rapping the table so loudly that the maid started from her nodding to stare at us. 'Sure! Sure! Man, I tell you the boy is dead.' Then, glancing suspiciously at the girl and lowering his voice, he went on again, 'We will proceed as follows. There is a friend of mine who maketh it his business to consign the ne'er-do-wells and prison scourgings of this city to Virginia, where he sells them to the tobacco planters for what they will fetch over and above what he has given for them. Now for a boy such as young Gerald--pish! I mean him whom you *call* young Gerald--he would give as much as twenty guineas, especially on my description of him. But,' he said, again touching me with his finger on the breast so that I felt disposed to fell him to the floor, 'but that is not all. For so that his lordship, who is a noble-minded gentleman if ever there was one, may peaceably enter upon and enjoy his own, subject to no disturbance nor thwarting, he will give two hundred guineas to me for having him safely put aboard my friend's brig, the *Dove*, and shipped to Newcastle, on the Delaware, where he trades.'

"Two hundred guineas," I said, appearing to dwell upon it; 'tis a goodly sum, and the boy might do well in Virginia. He is a lad of parts.'

"Ay," he replied, forgetting himself and that he pretended not to know you, 'he is. Smart and brisk, and looking a good two years older than his age. But of the two hundred guineas, all is not for you. I must have my share.'

"That being?" I asked.

"One half," he replied. 'And think on it, Quin. One hundred golden guineas for thee and more, much more than that; for if you do this service for my lord he will absolve thee from thy contumacy and thine insults, both to his name and to the face of his wife--for his wife she is--and also to Mr. Considine, who is a gay and lightsome blade as ever strutted.'

"That is something," I said, giving now what appeared my adhesion to his scheme. 'Perhaps I spoke too roughly to them, and I would not lie in the clink for it. Yet to kidnap a boy--for such 'twill be at best, and he, too, sheltering with me and trusting me--is a grave and serious thing, which, if discovered, might send me to the plantations also, if not the gibbet.'

"Have no fear," he said; 'my lord shall give you a quittance to hold you harmless.'

"He must," I made answer, 'and more; I must have an earnest of my payment. I will attempt nothing until I receive an earnest.'

"He looked round at the sleeping serving-maid as I spoke, and then he drew forth his silk purse again and shook some guineas out into the palm of his hand, and whispered to me, 'How much will serve, Quin? Eh? Five guineas. Eh? What! More!'

"Ay, more!" I said. 'Many more. That purse contains forty pieces if one. Give me twenty-five as an earnest and twenty-five to-morrow when we meet again and then, provided that I have the remainder an hour before your friend's brig sails, the boy shall be hoisted on board insensible, and the *Dove* may take him to Virginia or the devil either for aught I care.'



"And so," Oliver concluded, "he did it. He paid the guineas down--there they are; look at them, lad! And thou art, therefore, bound for Virginia, there to spend thy life, or at least a portion of it, in slavery on the plantations. Ho, ho, ho!" and again he laughed until the rafters rung once more.

## CHAPTER V

### THE SPRINGE IS SET

Thus Oliver concluded his narrative of his meeting with O'Rourke.

What came of that meeting you are now to see.

But first I must tell you what his own scheme was, and how he intended to work out upon the head of Robert St. Amante the result of his own villainy. My uncle had been married in early life to a young lady of good family and some means--upon which latter he had more or less managed to exist for several years--belonging to the South of Scotland. She had, however, died in giving birth to a son ere they had been married a twelvemonth, and it was as guardian of this son and custodian of his late wife's property, which that son was to inherit when he attained his twenty-first year, that he had, as I say, principally existed. At least he had done so until he devised the scheme of assisting my father to ease himself of the family property, when, naturally, he found more money coming his way than he had heretofore done, and so, perhaps, ceased his inroads on what remained of that which was due to my cousin on reaching his majority.

Whether, however, Roderick St. Amante--who was named after his grandfather, known as Rich Roderick of Dumfries--would ever live to come into his patrimony, or what remained of it, was a very much questioned subject. For the youth, who was some two years older than I, though not a wit bigger, if so big, had already taken to the most dreadful courses and, young as he was, might sometimes be seen reeling tipsy about the streets of Dublin (in which city his father thought fit to generally keep him); sometimes squabbling and rioting with the watch at nights, and sometimes leering over the blinds of the coffee-houses and wine clubs at any comely girl who happened to be passing up or down the streets. Moreover, I suppose, because since my birth he had always regarded me as an interloper who had come in between him and the future peerages of St. Amante and Amesbury, as, had I never been born, he must have eventually succeeded to them, he had always treated me with great cruelty so long as it was in his power to do so. When I was little better than a baby and he an urchin he saw fit to purloin or destroy the toys given me by my mother and my reckless and unhappy father; because I loved a terrier which a tenant had given me as a pup, that unfortunate creature was found drowned in a pool shortly after Roderick had been seen in the neighbourhood, and there were countless other ill treatments which he pleased to practise towards me. And at the time when I was consigned to O'Rourke by my father, who, in his then bemused state, probably did think that he was only secreting me for a while without dreaming of the harm to be attempted on me, this young villain, as I afterwards knew, was one of the prime instigators of that ruffian to make away with me. And, to conclude, when it was known that I had escaped from O'Rourke's hands he it was who, either on his own behalf or on that of his father, raised the hue and cry upon me until, when my own father lay a-dying in his garret, they saw fit to shift their tactics and give out that I was dead, which both father and son would have been consumedly rejoiced to have me.

Now, Oliver Quin knew all this and accordingly hated him as much as he loved me, and he knew also of the young man's habits, of his love for the bottle and for bottle-songs, of his revellings and reelings in the streets by nights and in the early mornings, sometimes in the company of Considine and sometimes in that of worse almost than he; and he formed his plans accordingly when approached by O'Rourke. Those plans were no less, as doubtless you have ere now perceived or guessed, than to take a great revenge on this youth for all his and his father's transgressions towards me, and, in fact, to ship him off to Virginia in the *Dove* instead of me and in my place.

Such a scheme was easier to be accomplished than might at first be supposed, for more reasons than one. To begin with, when O'Rourke met Oliver on the second night to unfold his plans and concert measures with him, one of the first things the vagabond told my friend was that he must by no means appear to be concerned in my sending away. "It will not do for me to be seen in the matter, Quin," he said on that occasion, on which, because of its importance, they were now closeted in a private room of the house where they had encountered each other overnight; "it will not do. Fortune has caused me to be mixed up before in one or two unpleasant jobs with the Lord Mayor's myrmidons--the devil shoot them!--and I must keep quiet awhile. But that matters not, if you are to be trusted. For see, now, see! The *Dove* saileth the instant the wind shifts into the east, which it seems like enough to do at any moment. Therefore must you be

ready with the freight which we would have. The captain, a right honest man, will send you word overnight at change of wind that he will up-anchor at dawn, and that, as dawn breaks, you must be alongside of him. He will see that the boy answers to my description--though I have said he is a year or so older than he actually is, so as to make him appear more worth the money--and, when he is aboard, you will receive the payment. Thus, Quin, you will have pouched one hundred and twenty guineas, and my lord will stand thy friend."

"Since the wind shifts, or seems like to shift ere long," Oliver replied, fooling him to the end, "let us conclude. Pay me the remaining seventy five pieces and I will have him ready at any moment."

"Nay, nay, softly," the other answered. "Thou wouldst not trust me too far, I guess, therefore neither must I be too confident. Yet listen! I shall not be on the quay when you put off to the *Dove*, but one who has served me before will be. An honest gentleman he is, too, just back from England where he hath been employed nosing out a Jacobite plot in the north, and to him you will show the lad, whereon he will pay you the guerdon and give you also a letter from my lord which will hold you harmless."

"Is he known to any of us, or to--to, well! to the law and its officers?"

"To none. He hath but just arrived and knows not a soul in Dublin except me and one or two of my friends."

"So be it," said Oliver, well enough pleased to think that this "honest gentleman" would not know the difference between me and my cousin. "So be it. Now, it will be best that the boy should be drugged ere I set out with him--is it not so?--and wrapped in some long cloak so that----"

"Ay, ay," replied the ruffian, "you are brisk. It shall be so. Get a long frieze cloak such as that you wear--the guineas will indemnify you for its cost and buy many another--and for the stupefying him, why, either a dram well seasoned or a crack on the mazard will do his business for him. Only, be sure not to kill him outright. For if you do, you will be twenty guineas short of your count, since he will be no use to the captain then, and you will be forced to fling him into the Liffey for the prawns to make a meal of."

Thus the wretch, who had no more compunction for my life than that it would be twenty guineas lost to him whom he now considered his accomplice, arranged everything, and after a few more instructions to Oliver as well as a further payment of twenty-five guineas as Oliver insisted (two of which afterwards turned out to be Jacks, or bad ones) they parted--the thing being, as O'Rourke remarked gleefully, now well arranged and in train.

"But," he said for his last word, "keep thy eye on the weathercock and be ready for the captain's hint, which he will send to this house. Let not the *Dove* sail without her best passenger."

"She shall not," answered Oliver. "Be sure of that."

"And now, Gerald, for so I shall call thee, lord though thou art," Oliver said to me that night, "we must think for the means for seizing on thy cousin. I know enough of the weather and the many signs it gives to feel sure that it is changing. It gets colder, which presages a north easterly wind, and this will carry the *Dove* out of the river and to sea. Therefore, it behoves us to be busy. To-night is Monday, by Wednesday at daybreak, if I mistake not, the brig will be away. Therefore, to-morrow night we must have the young princock in our hands. Now, how shall we proceed?"

"He is almost nightly at Macarthy's tavern--I have seen him in passing, when I was hiding with the beggars. Yet," I said, breaking off, "oh, think, Oliver, of what you are about! If you are made accountable for this, you may be sent to prison or worse even."

"Tush, tush! lad!" he answered. "Have no fear for me. Yet it is kind of thee to think of it. Still, there is nought to fear. He goes not on board until I have thy uncle's quittance, though he may say little enough, fearing to commit himself overmuch; and for the rest, when he is gone, why we go, too--only another gait."

"We, too! Why, where shall we go?"

"Where? Why, to England, lad. To London. To thy mother. Shall we not have the wherewithal? We have fifty guineas already; we shall have more than double by Wednesday morning; and then away for Holyhead or Liverpool by the first packet that sails, and so to London."

"But, Oliver, what will you do to live? The guineas will not last for ever."

"No, that is true; but they will go far, and with them I can traffic as a master and not a man. Or I can hoard them for thy use" (how unselfish he was, I thought!) "and go back to work as a journeyman--they say none need want for work in London--and so be ever near to watch and ward over thee."

"Oliver," I exclaimed, "I think that even now the Lord has raised up that champion for me of whom you spoke. It seems that you are mine."

"Nay, there will arise a better for thee than I can ever be; but until he comes I must, perforce, do my best. Now let us make our plans."

And these are the plans we arranged. Knowing that there was no longer any search likely to be made for me--since 'twas certain that those who sought my ruin thought it was as good as accomplished--I was to sally forth next night disguised, and was to prowl about Macarthy's tavern and other haunts of my abandoned cousin until I had safely run him to earth. After this Quin was to be summoned by me from the hipping-hawd where he would be, and, presuming that the captain of the *Dove* had sent the expected word, he was then to keep Mr. Roderick St. Amade in sight until we could secure him.

There was nought else to arrange, for if these plans but fell out as we hoped all must go well; nothing could upset them.

And the next day, when it came, seemed to give promise of one thing at least happening as we desired, the wind was blowing strong from the N.N.E., a wind that would carry the *Dove* well beyond Bray Head, did it but hold for thirty-six hours.

At six o'clock that night, therefore, I, having made a slight meal of some food Oliver had let in the garret for me, banked up the fire, put out the light, and sallied forth to follow the instructions he had given me to find our quarry. Of compunctions as to what I was about to do I had none, as, perhaps, it was not to be expected I should have. For, consider. That which was to happen to this cousin of mine was but the portion which his father had endeavoured to deal out to me, and, as I learnt an hour or so later, was a portion which Roderick knew was intended for me and over which he gloated in his cups. Therefore, I say, I felt no pity for him, and I set about to perform my part of the task with determination to go through with it to the best of my power. My rags were now discarded, and the clothes which I wore, and which Oliver had purchased for me with some of O'Rourke's guineas, were in themselves a disguise. To wit, I wore a fine silk druggat suit lined with silk shagreen, for which he had given six of the pieces; my muslin ruffles were of the best, a pair of long riding-boots covered my stockings to the knees, and a handsome roquelaure enveloped me and kept the cold out. To add to my disguise as well as my appearance, I wore a bag wig, and at my side--Oliver said I might find some use for it ere long--a good sound rapier. Who could have guessed that in the youth thus handsomely apparelled, and looking any age near twenty-two or three--the wig and boots giving me an appearance much above my actual years--they saw the beggar who, a fortnight before, slunk about the streets of Dublin dressed as a scarecrow!

The wind still blew from the same quarter as I passed down the street in which Quin dwelt, while one or two passers-by turned to look at the unaccustomed sight of a well-dressed young man in such a neighbourhood, and as I went along I meditated on all that was before me. Moreover, I could not but muse on how strange it was that such a worldly-wise villain as O'Rourke, to say nothing of those others, my uncle and Considine, could have fallen so easily into the trap of Oliver and have been willing to believe in his turning against me thus treacherously. Yet, I told myself, 'twas not so very strange after all. They could never have dreamt, no mortal man could possibly have dreamt, that he should have conceived so audacious and bold a scheme of turning the tables on them so completely as to dare to kidnap his very employer's own child in place of the one he wanted to have transported to the colonies. And, when they trusted him, if they did in very truth trust him, they only did so to a small extent, since, if he failed to produce me and to yield me over to the tender clutches of the captain of the *Dove*, they had but lost a handful of guineas and could make a cast for me again. Lastly, as I learned more surely when I grew older, when men are such uncommon rogues as these three were, they are often bound, whether they will or no, to hope that others with whom they have dealings are as great rogues as they themselves, and to make their plans and rely upon that hope accordingly.

Thus meditating and resolving on what I had to do, I drew near to Macarthy's tavern--then one of the most fashionable in the city--and, raising myself on tiptoes, I peeped over the blind and saw my gentleman within regaling himself on a fine turbot, with, to keep him company, another youth and two young women, much bedizened and bedecked. These I knew, having seen them before, to belong to the company of actors who had been engaged to play at the new theatre in Aungier Street.

## **CHAPTER VI**

### **THE BIRD DRAW'S NEAR**

And now it behoved me to pause and consider as to what course it would be best for me to

follow. It was as yet but seven of the clock, and Quin quitted not his stall until eight, so that it would be impossible, or rather useless, to apprise him of my cousin's whereabouts. Moreover, nothing could be done at this early hour of the evening, while, on the other hand, when night came on and it grew late it was almost a certainty that Roderick would be in his cups. Yet it would not do to lose sight of him, for should he wander forth from Macarthy's, as was like enough seeing the company he was in, we might not find him again that night, in which case the *Dove*, if she sailed at dawn, would have to go without my gentleman.

So I determined to enter the tavern. Of recognition from Roderick there was but little likelihood--nay, there was none at all. It was six years since he had seen me (though scarcely many more days since I had seen him without his knowing it); six years since he had drowned my pup, there recollection of which made my hatred of him now stir afresh in me; years during which I had been at school in two or three different towns in the country, and also had been in England; and these years had made much difference between the child of ten and the youth of sixteen. And, as I have written, what with my height, which was considerable, and my dress, which was more suited to a young man of twenty than to me, there was no possibility of Roderick knowing me. So I determined to enter the tavern, I say, and to ensconce myself in a box near where my cousin and the actresses sat, and which from the window I could perceive was vacant, and thus glean what news I might of his intended action that night. My entrance caused some little attention, the room not being well filled as yet, and "What a pretty fellow!" said one of the girls to the other in a very audible voice as I took my seat in the place I had selected.

"I' faith!" replied the second, a painted minx, like her friend, with half a score of patches on her face--"pretty enough, but too much like a girl. For my part, I prefer to look upon a man. Now, Roddy, here, hath none too much beauty yet enough, or will have when he is a man."

"When he is a man!" my cousin said, "when he is a man, indeed! Man enough any way to find the wherewithal for giving you a good supper, Mistress Doll, which it strikes me you would not get from your wages nor from any of your 'manly' actors who strut about the booths with you, nor from the half-starved looking playwrights I have seen lurking about the theatre doors."

"There! there! Roddy!" said the one who had spoken last, swallowing his abuse as best she might, "there, there! Take no offence where none is meant, and, for the supper, 'tis most excellent. Yet the claret runs low, my lad, and I am thirsty."

"Thirsty!" the gracious Roderick replied; "that you are always, Doll, like all your crew. But claret is useless to such as thee! Here, drawer, waiter, come here. Bring us some of the brandy punch that Macarthy knows so well how to brew, and quick--dost hear?"

"The score, sir," I heard the man whisper, "is large already. And I have to account to the master----"

"The devil take you, and the score, and your master, too! Is not my father the Honourable Viscount St. Amande, thou rogue, and can he not pay for all the liquor I drink as well as what my friends consume? Go, fetch it, I say."

Meanwhile I sat in my box sipping a small measure of claret--which stuff I wondered some could be found to approve so much of--and regarding sideways the others. The punch being brought, my cousin, with a lordly air, bade the other young man ladle it out, telling him coarsely to keep the glasses of the girls well filled, since they were capable of drinking the Liffey dry if 'twere full of liquor; and the women, taking no notice of these remarks, to which and similar ones they were probably well used, fell to discussing some play in which they were shortly to appear.

"The lines are fair enough," said the elder of the two, whom Roderick had fallen foul of, to the other; "yet there are too many of them, and the action halts. Moreover, as for plot--why, there's none."

"'Tis the failing of our modern playwrights," said her companion, "that there never seems to be any, so that the audiences soon weary of us. Yet, if at Lincoln's Inn or Drury Lane they would try more for the plot, I feel sure that----"

"Plot!" here, however, interrupted my well beloved cousin, who was by this time approaching intoxication, and adding noise to his other modes of entertaining his guests, "who's talking about plots? Plots, forsooth!" And now he smiled feebly, and then hiccupped, "Plots, eh? I know a plot, and a good one, too."

"With submission, sir," said Doll, looking angrily at him--for she had evidently not forgiven his remarks--"we were talking about the difficulty that 'half-starved looking playwrights' found in imagining new plots for the playhouses and our crew, the actors. It follows, therefore, that even though the noble Mr. Roderick St. Amande should know a good plot, as he says, it could avail us nothing. He surely could not sink his nobility so low as to communicate such a thing to the poor mummings."

"Ha, ha!" answered Roderick, "but couldn't he, though. I' faith, I'll tell you a good plot--take some more drink, I say!--and when next some snivel-nosed dramatist wants a--a--what d'ye call it, a--plot, tell him this."

"We are all attention, sir. This is indeed an honour. We have of late had more than one noble lord as patron and poetaster--it seems we have another in store. Nell," to her companion, "listen carefully."

"Doll, thou art a fool and a vixen too, especially when thou hast supped, as the black fellow calls it, not wisely but too well. Yet, listen. Thou hast heard of my uncle's death----"

"Verily we have," interrupted Doll again. "All Dublin has. A noble lord buried by charity, and that not the charity of his relatives; a doubtful succession, an impugned title--ha! ha!--who has not heard of that! Yet, if this is the plot, 'tis useless for us. It may do in absolute real life, but not upon our boards. 'Twould be thought so unnatural and inhuman that, if we endeavoured to represent the thing, we should be hissed or worse."

"In truth, I have a mind to beat you," the now drunken youth roared out, "yet I will not. Gim'-me some drink. A plot, I said. Well, now, hear. There is a beggar's brat whom others are endeavouring to foist on us as my uncle's child--thus commenceth the plot--but they will not succeed. Not succeed? you ask. I will tell you. And there's the continuation of the plot. No, they will not succeed. To-morrow, early, that beggar's brat pays the penalty of his attempted cheat--he passes away, disappears for ever. Where to? No, not to the grave, though I trust he may find it ere long, but to the plantations. What! the bowl is empty? Thy throat's a lime-kiln, Doll. To the plantations, I say, to the plantations. That should kill the dog, if aught will. If the work and the fever and the beatings, to say nothing of the bad food, will not do it, why, perhaps the Indians will, and so we shall have no more disputed successions nor impugned titles. Now, say, is it not a good plot? Let's have more drink!" And he sank back into his chair.

The woman Doll regarded him for a moment with her steely blue eyes, what time he shut his own and seemed about to slumber--the other youth had long since gone off into a drowsy and, I suppose, tipsy nap. And then she whispered to her companion, "I wish I did but know where that beggar's brat he speaks of were to be found. I would mar his plot for him." And the companion nodded and said she too wished they had never consented to come with him to supper.

Meanwhile, I, who had also feigned sleep so that, if they should look at me, they would not think I had overheard them--though in truth I think they had forgotten my presence, since I was shielded from their sight by the box sides--called for my reckoning, and, paying it, rose to depart. For it was time now that I should go and seek Oliver. As I passed down the room the girls looked at me and then at each other, but said nothing; and so I went swiftly out and to the place appointed to meet Quin.

"Come quickly," I said to Oliver, who was on the watch for me and came out directly I put my head in the door, "come quickly. He is drunk now in the company of another youth who is as bad or worse than he, and of two actresses, neither of whom would, I believe, raise a finger to help him even though we slew him. He has insulted them and they will do nothing."

Therefore we hurried along, but as we went Quin told me we must be careful. First, the streets were full of people as yet, so that, if we endeavoured to carry him off, we should of a certainty arouse attention; and, next, the people at Macarthy's would be sure to keep an eye to him, more especially as he owed them a reckoning. And he told me that the captain of the *Dove* had sent to say he sailed at daybreak; "so that," he said, "if nought mars our scheme--which heaven forbid may not happen--we have the bird in the springe, and then for London to your lady mother by the packet boat which sails, I hear, to-morrow, at noon. And, Gerald, thou look'st every inch a young lord in thy brave apparel--she will scarce believe you have been hiding amongst the beggars of Dublin."

By now we had returned to the outside of Macarthy's and, again peering over the blind of the bow-window, we saw that Roderick and his boon companions were still there. He and the young man with him were, however, by now fast asleep, and the two girls were talking together we could see; while, from the far end of the room, the waiter who had served me and them was seated on a chair yawning lustily, and every now and then regarding the party with his half open eye. Of others present there were none, perhaps because it was a cold, inclement night, though one or two of the boxes seemed to have been recently occupied, as did some of the tables in the middle of the room--near one of which our party sat judging by the disarranged napery and empty dishes left upon them.

But, as we gazed, we observed that the actresses appeared to have grown tired of the company they were in, and, softly rising, they went over to the hangers and took down their camlet cloaks and hoods and prepared to depart. The one called Doll took from her purse a piece of silver which she flung to the waiter, and said some words to him accompanied by a gesture towards my cousin and the other youth and also by a laugh--perhaps she said that 'twas all the vail he would get that night!--and then without more ado she passed with her friend out into the street. But they came forth so swiftly that Oliver and I had no time to do more than withdraw our eyes from the window and appear to be talking, as though we were acquaintances met in the street, before they were both upon us, and, fixing her eye upon me, Doll recognised me again in a moment. "Why," she said to her friend, with her saucy laugh, "'tis the pretty youth who was in the tavern but an hour ago." And then, turning to me, she went on, "Young sir, you should be a-bed by now. The night air is bad for--for young gentlemen. Yet, perhaps, you have a tryst here with some maid, or"--but now she halted in her speech and, bending her brows upon me, said--"or, no,

it cannot be that you are concerned in the foul plot Mr. St. Amante spoke of within. No, no! That cannot be. You did not appear to know him, nor he you. Yet, again, that might be part of the plot, too." And once more she looked steadfastly at me.

I would have answered her but Oliver took the word now, and speaking up boldly to her, said:

"Madam, if my young master be concerned at all in the plot of which you speak it is to thwart it, as, by good chance, he most assuredly will do. Therefore, since you say it is 'foul,' by which I gather that you do not approve of it, I pray you pass on and leave us to do our best."

She looked at his great form and at me, her friend standing always close by her side, and then she said to me:

"Who are you? No friend of his, assuredly. And if such be the case, as it seems, then I heartily wish that your attempts to thwart his villainy may be successful. Oh! 'tis a shame--a shame."

"I guessed you thought as much," I answered in reply to her, "from what I overheard you say within. Therefore, I make bold to tell you that he will doubtless be so thwarted. And, if you would hear the ending of the plot which he described to you to-night, and which I assure you was incomplete, you will have to wait a little longer. Then, if I have the honour to encounter you again, it shall be told. Meanwhile, if you wish us well, I beg of you to leave us. He may come out at any moment when your presence would interfere with our plans."

"So be it," she replied, "and so farewell, and fortune go with you. And--stay--I should like to hear the ending of that gallant and courteous young gentleman's plot; a line to Mistress Doll Morris at the New Theatre in Aungier Street will reach me. Farewell."

"Farewell, my pretty page," said the other saucily, and so they passed down the street, I telling them as they went that, doubtless, they would hear something ere long.

And now the evening was gone, the passers-by were getting fewer, the shops were all shut; soon Macarthy's would shut too. The time for action was at hand.

## **CHAPTER VII**

### **TRAPPED**

And still the night drew on and we waited outside, sheltering ourselves in the stoop of an empty house opposite Macarthy's, or walking up and down the street to keep ourselves warm as well as not to attract observation to our loitering. Yet, indeed, there was but little fear that we should be observed, since there were but few people in the streets. A coach or hackney carriage would now and again rumble past; once the watch went by; two of his Majesty's sailors passed down singing a jovial chaunt about the West Indies and the girls and the drinking there--but that was all. The city was fast going to bed.

Knowing that my hopeful cousin was intoxicated by now, we had somewhat altered our plans, and we had determined that, directly we could seize him, we would carry him down to the boat which we had ready for us at Essex Stairs. Once there, we would await the arrival of O'Rourke's "honest gentleman" with the remaining hundred guineas and my uncle's acquittal, the form of which was already arranged; after which we would pull off to the *Dove*, which lay below Dublin in mid stream, and deposit our cargo with the captain, and take his guineas too. Resistance from our prize we had no fear of. I could myself have easily mastered him in the state he now was, while for any noise he might make--why, a gag would stop that and would be perfectly understood and approved of by the captain, should Roderick go aboard thus muzzled. It would, doubtless, not be the first victim he had shipped for Virginia in such a condition.

Yet there was no necessity for even this, as you shall now see, since my cousin's own actions, and his love for the bottle, led him to fall into our hands as easily as the leaf falls from the tree when autumn winds are blowing.

As we stood in the street waiting for him and his friend to come forth--who we hoped would soon part from him and seek his own home--we heard a hubbub and loud noises in Macarthy's, as well as expostulations in the drawer's voice, and then, suddenly, the door was flung open and out into the street there came, as though they had both been thrust forth together by strong hands, my cousin and his guest.

"Now what may this mean?" whispered Oliver, while, as he spoke, he drew me further within

the porch, or stoop, so that we were quite invisible behind its thick pillars.

It took not long to learn. My cousin was mightily flustered as 'twas easy to see; his hat was awry as also was his steinkirk, his face was flushed and he breathed forth most dreadful execrations against the tavern first, and then his companion, who, perhaps because of his longer sleep within, seemed more cool and calm.

"I tell thee 'tis a scurvy trick, Garrett," bawled Roderick, after he had finished kicking at the tavern door, which was now fast closed, while the lights within were extinguished; and after he had yelled through the keyhole at them that "they should be indicted on the morrow." "A scurvy trick, and worst of all from a guest as thou art. But it shall not pass, and I will have satisfaction." And he began tugging at the sword by his side, though he lurched a good deal as he did so.

"Mr. St. Amade," replied the other, "satisfaction you shall indeed have, as I will for the blow you dealt me in there, which led to our ignominious expulsion. And you may have it now, or in the park to-morrow morning, or when and where you will. But, previously, let me tell you, sir, that when you say that I am any party to the departure of the young ladies, or that I know where they are, or am about to rejoin them, you lie. Now, sir, shall we draw?"

"Where are they then? I did but doze, yet when I opened my eyes they were gone," but he made no attempt further to unsheath his weapon.

"As I have now told you twice, I know not. But I cannot stay parleying here with you all night. A friend will wait upon you to-morrow. Frank Garrett must wipe out that blow. I trust my friend's visit will be agreeable. Sir, I wish you a good night," and he took off his richly gold laced hat with great ceremony and, bowing solemnly, withdrew. My cousin gazed with drunken gravity after him and hiccoughed more than once, and muttered, "A nice ending truly to a supper party. The girls gone, insulted by landlord and--and the reckoning to pay and fight to-morrow--Garrett knows every passado to be learnt at the fence school. I must see to it. And there is no more to drink." Here he reeled over to the tavern again from the middle of the road, and, beating on the door, called out to, them to come down and give him another draught and he would forget their treatment of him while the reckoning should be paid in the morning. But his noise produced no other reply than the opening of a window upstairs, from which a man thrust forth his head covered with a nightcap and bade him begone or the watch should be summoned. While for the reckoning, the man said, his honour might be sure that that would have to be paid since he knew his honour's father well. After which the window was closed.

But now, when once more all was still, Oliver and I stepped forth, and the former taking off his hat with great civility and bowing, said, "Sir, we have been witnesses of how ill you have been treated, both by your friend and the tavern-keeper. And 'tis a sin to thrust forth so gallant a gentle man when he wishes another cup."

"I do, plaguily," muttered Roderick.

"Therefore, young sir, if you require another draught I can show you where it may be obtained."

"Can you? Then you are a right good fellow, though who and what you are I know not from Adam. Some city put, I suppose, who wishes to be seen in company with a gentleman!"--'twas ever my cousin's habit to make such amiable speeches as these, and thereby to encounter the ill will of those whom he addressed. "But, however, I care not whom I am seen in company with. I'll go along with you." Then, suddenly, his eye lighted on me, whereon he exclaimed, "What, my gentleman! Why, 'twas you who were in Macarthy's earlier in the evening. I suppose you left ere I awoke from my doze. Are you, too, stranded for a draught and obliged to be indebted to this good--humph!--person for procuring you one?"

"Even so," I answered, thinking it best to fall in with his supposition, whereon Oliver said:

"Come on then, young sirs, or all the taverns will be closed. Yet, stay, will you have a sup ere we set forth. I have the wherewithal in my pocket," and he thrust his hand in his coat and pulled out a great flask he had provided to keep out the morning air from our lungs when we should be on the river.

"First come, first served," he said, winking at me, which action being under an oil lamp I could well perceive, and he handed me the flask which I put to my mouth and pretended to drink from, though not a drop did I let pass my lips. "And you, sir," he went on, turning to my cousin, "will you try a draught? 'Tis of the right kind--and--hush! a word--the gauger has never taken duty on it."

"So much the better. Hand over," said Roderick, "the night air is raw. Ah!" He placed the bottle to his lips as he uttered this grunt of satisfaction and took a long deep draught, and then returned the flask enviously to Oliver and bade him lead to the tavern he knew of, where he promised he would treat us both to a bowl of punch ere the night was done.

But Oliver (as he told me afterwards) not thinking it advisable to be seen in more public houses than necessary--considering the business we were on--purposely led the way to one near the river of which he knew, by as circuitous a route as possible, so that, ere we had gone half a



mile, Roderick called a halt for another refresher. All the way we had come he had been maundering about the treatment he had received at the tavern, about the desertion of him by the actresses, and about his friend's treachery, mixed up with boastings of his father's standing, his speech being very thick and his gait unsteady. So that the same hope was in Oliver's mind as in mine, namely that another attack upon the bottle might do his business for him. Yet, when he had taken it, he was not quite finished--though nearly so, since he would once or twice have fallen had we not held him up between us as we went along,--and we were fain at last to suggest a third pull at the flask. And shortly after he had taken that he could go no farther but, after hiccoughing out some unintelligible words, sank helpless on the stones.

"Caught in their own toils!" exclaimed Oliver, as he bent over him, "caught in their own toils! Gerald, already the spell begins to work that shall undo your uncle. Yet, if this were not the son of a villain, and a villain himself in the future if he be not one now, as by his rejoicing over the plot in the tavern he seems to be, I would never have taken part in such a snare as this. But," he continued, "they would have sent you, poor lad, to where he is going, and he would have gloated over it. Let us, therefore, harden our hearts and continue what we have begun."

He stooped over Roderick as he spoke and gazed at him as he lay there insensible, and said, "We must remove from him his lace and ruffles; they are too fine. His hat with its lacings is easily disposed of," saying which he tossed it on a heap of refuse such as was then to be found in every street in Dublin. "His clothes," he continued, "are, however, none too sumptuous, and they are soiled with mud where he has fallen. His sword he must not have however," with which words he unloosed it as well as the sash and placed the former against a doorway and the latter in his pocket. "Now," he said, "let us carry him to the stairs," and he forthwith hoisted him on his back as easily as he had hundreds of times hoisted a sheep in a similar manner.

We passed scarcely any persons on our road, and, when we did, they seemed to think little enough of such a sight as a man who looked like a porter carrying another who was overcome by drink on his back, while a third, probably, as they supposed, the drunken man's friend, walked by their side. Such sights were common enough in the days when I was young and George II. had just ascended the throne, and not only in Dublin but in England and all over his dominions. Nay, in those days things were even worse than this; men went to taverns to pass their evenings, leaving word with others, to whom they paid a regular wage, to come and fetch them at a certain hour, by which time they would be drunk. Noblemen's servants came for them on the same errand to their wine clubs and the ordinaries, and even many divines thought it no sin to be seen reeling home tipsy through the streets at night, or being led off by their children who had sought them out at their houses of use.

So, I say, we passed unheeded by those few we encountered, and in this manner we came to Essex Stairs, where Oliver deposited his burden upon the shingle under a dry arch and went to fetch the boat.

"I know not," he said, "whether 'tis best to put him in the boat at once and so to row about the river, or whether to let him lie here until O'Rourke's friend comes to see that the scheme is accomplished. He is to wear a red cockade by which we shall know him."

"I imagine 'twould be best to take to the boat," I said. "Any one may come down to the river shore at any moment, but the river is as still as death. And we could lie under yon vessel that is listed over by the tide, and so see those on shore without being seen."

"Thou art right, Gerald; thou art right. No thing could be better. Wilt lend a hand to carry him in? And then we will shove off."

We bent over the prostrate form enveloped now in Oliver's frieze coat, when, as we did so, we heard behind us a voice--a voice that terrified me so that I felt as though paralysed, or as if the marrow were freezing in my bones--a voice that said, "Softly, softly! What! Would'st put off without the other guineas and the acquittance?" And, starting to our feet, we saw behind us O'Rourke regarding us with a dreadful smile.

"So, Mr. Quin," he went on, "thou would'st have tricked me, eh! and hast found some other youth to send to the plantations in place of this young sprig here--who, in spite of his gay apparel and his smart wig, I recognise as the brat who was not long ago in my custody, and shall be again. A pretty trick in faith! a pretty trick to try on me who, in my time, have served the Pope, the Devil, and the Pretender, and hoodwinked the whole joyous three. Why, Quin," he went on banteringly, "you are not so clever as I took you for."

"I may outwit you yet, O'Rourke," replied Oliver, "in spite of your cleverness. But," he continued, in a peculiar voice that I could not understand, and, indeed, I felt now so miserable and wretched at the failure of our undertaking that I paid but little heed to what they said, "I suppose you, too, were tricking me. If we had got down the river we should have found no *Dove* there to take our cargo on board."

"Nay, nay, Quin," continued the other, "for what then think you I have paid you the guineas, which now you must return or I will blow your brains out? The *Dove* is there fast enough, though she is anchor a-peak now and ready to sail. And in my pocket, too, are the remaining pieces--for I am an honest man, Quin, and keep my word--and with a line from my lord absolving thee, which



now thou must forego." Here he burst into another laugh such as he had once or twice given before, and went on, "Yet I cannot but smile at your simplicity. What! pay thee twenty-five guineas for nothing, and entrust an honest gentleman with a red cockade in his hat--ha, ha!--to look after my affairs when I can look after them myself. 'Tis not thus that I have prospered and made my way. Now, Quin, give back my guineas to me."

"Nay," said Oliver, "that will never be. We have the guineas and we mean to keep them."

"I am armed," said O'Rourke, "and I will have them; yet, ere I take them from you or shoot you like a dog, let's see what creature, what scaramouch or scarecrow thou hast picked out of the gutter to send to Virginia in place of this boy, Gerald," and, stooping down, he bent on his knee and flung Oliver's cloak off my cousin's form till it lay there as it had fallen, and with a ray from the oil lamp of the archway glistening on his face.

"What!" he exclaimed, "what! nay, 'tis impossible--yet, yet, oh! oh! Quin, thou damnable, thou double-dyed scoundrel; why--why--thou wretch, thou execrable wretch, had this happened, had this wicked plot been put in practice, my lord would have slain me. Oh! thou villain. I should have been ruined for ever."

"As so you shall be yet," said Oliver springing at him as he spoke, "as you shall be if I myself do not slay you first."

In a moment he had seized the ruffian by the throat with his great strong hands while he called to me to secure his pistols, which I did without loss of time; and he so pressed upon his windpipe that O'Rourke's face became almost black. Yet he struggled, too, being, as I think, no coward, and dealt out buffets and blows right and left, some falling on Oliver's face and some on his body. But gradually these blows relaxed in strength and fell harmless on his more brawny antagonist, who never loosed the hold upon his throat, so that 'twas easy to perceive, even in the dark of the archway with its one faint illumination, he must in a few moments be choked to death.

"Do not kill him, Oliver," I whispered, "do not kill him. Spare him now; he is harmless."

Whether it was my words or his own merciful nature I know not, but, at any rate, Oliver did at last relax his hold on the other, who, when he had done so, fell to the earth and, after writhing there for a moment, lay perfectly still.

"We must be speedy," said Oliver, "and lose no time. Look! towards the east the light is coming. Quick. Do you rifle his pockets for the money and the paper--above all, the paper; do not overlook that! while I lift the other into the boat. And gag him with this sash," taking Roderick's sword sash out of his pocket and tossing it to me; "gag him tightly, but leave him room to breathe. I have not killed him, though I came near doing so."

As he spoke, he snatched up my cousin as easily as though he had been a valise, and went down with him to the boat, throwing him lightly into the stern sheets, and then pushed the boat off by the bow so that she should be ready to float the moment we were in.

As for me, I went through O'Rourke's pockets hurriedly, finding in them the bag with the remainder of the guineas (in which we discovered afterwards three more jacks, so that we were led to think that he followed, amongst other pursuits, that of passing bad coin whenever it was possible) and also the paper--a scrawl in my uncle's hand writing saying that "he thanked Mr. Quin for what he had done in ridding Ireland of an atrocious young villain and impostor falsely calling himself a member of a noble family, to wit, his own"--and pledging himself to hold Mr. Quin harmless of any proceedings on that account.

Then, tying Roderick's sash in O'Rourke's mouth, I ran down to the boat, and, jumping into it, rolled up my cloak and coat and took the bow oar.

Half-an-hour later the dawn was come; already there was stealing over the river that faint light which, even on a winter morning, tells that the day is at hand, and our oars were keeping time well together as we drew near to the ship that was to carry my wretched cousin far away to the Virginia plantations--the plantations to which he and his father fondly hoped they would have consigned me.

## **CHAPTER VIII**

### **AND CAGED**

As we thus drew near to what Oliver said was the *Dove*--he having been down to reconnoitre her the day before from the shore--our burden gave some signs of coming to, or rather of awakening from his drunken slumbers. First he rolled his head about under the cloak, then he got it free from the folds, and, when he had done this, he opened his bloodshot eyes and stared at us with a look of tipsy amazement. Yet, so strong was the unhappy youth's ruling passion, that he exclaimed:

"If you have a taste of that spirit left in the flask, I pray you give it me."

"Feel in the pocket over by your left shoulder," replied Quin, "and you may yet find a drop or so--'twill warm you." Then, turning to me as the wretched Roderick did as he was bidden, Quin said over his shoulder, in a whisper, "'Tis a charity to give it him. It is the last he will taste for many a day. The skippers do not give their prisoners aught else but water on these cruises, and as for the planters--if all accounts be true!--they treat their white slaves no better." After saying which he bent to his oar again.

For a moment the draught seemed to arouse Roderick and even to put sense into his muddled pate, since, as he gazed on the shore on either side, he muttered, "This is not the way home. Not the way I know of"; but, even as he did so, the fumes of the overnight's liquor, stirred up perhaps by the new accession of drink, got the better of him again and once more he closed his eyes.

"'Tis thy way home at any rate," I heard Oliver mutter; "the way to the only home you will know of for some years. And may it be as happy a one to thee as thou destined it for thy cousin." Then turning swiftly to me, he said, "Pull two strokes, Gerald; we are alongside the *Dove*."

As we slewed round to run alongside the gangway, there stood at the top of it as villainous a looking old man as ever it was my lot to see. An old man clad in a dirty plush suit with, on his head, a hat covered with tarnished, or rather blackened, silver lace; one who squinted hideously down at us.

"Whence come you, friends?" he asked. "From the noble Captain O'Rourke," replied Oliver, "and we bring you his parting gift. The youth is not well, having partaken freely over night, doubting, perhaps, of your hospitality. Now, sir, if you will produce the price named to the Captain and send down a man or so to haul him on board, he is very much at your service."

"Ay, ay," said the captain, "let's see him though, first. I don't want to buy a dead man--as I did up at Glasgow not long ago--or one who has lost his limbs. Here, Jabez, and you, Peter, jump down and haul him up," while, as he spoke, he produced a filthy skin bag from his pocket and began counting out some guineas into his palm.

Those called Jabez and Peter--one of whom was a negro--did as they were bidden, and, shoving our boat a little forward so as to bring the stern, where Roderick lay, up to the platform of the gangway, they quickly threw off the cloak, and, seizing his limbs, began to lift them up and let them fall, to see that they were not broken nor he dead. But such treatment even this poor bemused and sodden creature could not bear without protest, so, as the men seized him and swiftly bore him up the gangway until he stood upon the deck of the *Dove*--a filthy, dirty-looking craft, with, however, a great, high poop much ornamented with brass and gilding--he began to strike out right and left, and to scream and ejaculate.

"Hands off, you ruffians, hands off you wretches, I say! What! do you know who I am; do you know that I am the son of the Viscount St. Amade and his heir? Let me go, you dogs!" and putting his hand to where his sword should have been and not finding it there, he struck at the negro, who, instantly striking back at him, fetched him such a blow on the cheek as sent him reeling against the rough-tree rail, where he glowered and muttered at all around.

"Hark ye, young sir," said the villainous looking skipper, "we have been informed before this by the gallant Captain O'Rourke that it pleases you to style yourself a son of Lord St. Amade." Here Quin nodded up to the speaker, saying, "'Tis so, I have even at this moment a paper in my pocket saying that he does so claim that position." "But let me tell you," the captain went on, "'twill avail you nothing on board this craft. I am, like the honest man in the boat below, in possession of a paper from his lordship saying you will try this tack with me, and, as I tell you, 'twill profit you nothing. You may call yourself what you will but you must accustom yourself to this ship for some weeks, at least, and take your part with these your companions till you reach your destination. While, if you do not do so, I will have you brained with a marling-spike or flung into the sea, or, since I cannot afford to lose you, have you put in irons in the hold," after which he turned away from Roderick, handed the twenty guineas to Oliver, and bellowed out his orders for getting the ship under weigh at once.

But now, as I glanced at those whom the man spoke of as his companions, my heart went out to my cousin, and, cruelly as he had ever used me, and even remembering that he had chuckled over the doom which now was his having been planned for me, I could not but pity him. Nay, I think, had it been possible, that I would have saved him, would have had him set on shore free again, and would have trusted to Heaven to soften his heart and make him grow into a better man. His companions! The creatures with whom he was to live and herd until he reached Virginia, and even afterwards, maybe. Oh! 'twas dreadful to reflect upon. They stood upon the deck of that horrid-looking craft, surrounding him, jeering at him, mocking at him, but not one

with a look of pity in his or her face--as, indeed, 'twas not likely they should have since his fate was theirs. Amongst them there were convicted felons with chains to their legs and arms, who were being sent out so as to ease the jails which were always full to overflowing; there were women who were coin clippers and coiners, and some who--for I learnt their histories afterwards--had been traffickers in their own sex, or ensnarers of drunken men, or even murderesses--though some of them were fair enough in looks and some, also, quite young. And there were youths, nay, lads, younger than I was, who had been sold to the captain (to be again re-sold by him at the end of his voyage) by their own unnatural parents, so that, as they became lost, the parents' shame might become forgotten. There, too, lying about, were drunken lads and girls who had been picked up in the streets and brought on board and kept drunk until the ship should sail; there were some who looked like peasants who had been enticed in from the country, since they wore scarce any clothes, and--horror of horrors!--sitting weeping on a cask was a clergyman, still with his cassock on and with a red blotchy face. He--I afterwards learnt also--had forged to obtain money for drink, and this was his doom. And those who were not drunk, or sleeping off the effects of drink, came near that other drunkard, my cousin, and, approaching as close as possible to him until the mate and sailors kicked them, men and women, indiscriminately away, jeered at and derided him and made him welcome, and asked him if he had any money, or what he thought of the prospects of a sea voyage, and with what feelings he looked forward to a sojourn in Virginia as a slave.

"As a slave! In Virginia!" he screamed, taking in his situation at last. "As a slave in Virginia! Oh, God! spare me, spare me! 'Tis a mistake, I tell you. A mistake. Another one was meant, not I. 'Tis he who should go. 'Tis he! Send for him and set me free!"

And then they all laughed again, while the captain, seizing him roughly by the collar, threw him amidst the others, telling him he would do very well for him; and then they hauled up the gangway and gradually the ship wore round.

She had commenced her voyage.

So he went forth a slave and, as he went, the pity that had welled up into my heart for him became stifled and I felt it no more. For, think! As he screamed in his desperation for mercy he asked for it only for himself, he would at that moment, in spite of the horrors which he saw, have cheerfully sent me in his place. Nay, in his place or not, he had meant that I should go. Why, I asked myself, should I pity him?

The *Dove* had quickly caught the north wind that was blowing now; she had slipped away so easily from us when once her anchor was up and her sails set, that, as she went heeling over down the river, we saw but little of her but her stern and her poop lantern swinging aft. And so we turned our boat's nose back to the city and prepared to return.

Oliver was himself silent; I think because in his noble heart there was the same conflict going on that there was in mine--the regret for having been concerned in such a deed fighting with the pleasant conviction that he had foiled a most wicked plot against me and thus defeated two utter villains, my uncle and Considine, while, on a third one, the punishment had fallen. And now that years have passed it pleasures me to think that it was so with him, and that that brave heart of his could, even at this moment of triumph, feel sorrow for what he had thought it best to do. A brave heart, I have called it; a noble heart--and so it was. A heart ever entended to me from the first when, God He knows, there was none else to show me kindness; a heart that so long as it beat was ever loyal, good, and true.

"Will you put back to the bridge?" I asked him, seeing that he still kept the boat's course headed up river. "Surely it would be best to make straight for the packet and go on board at once. Suppose O'Rourke has recovered by now and informed my uncle. What may he not do to us?"

"Nothing," replied Oliver, as he still set a fast stroke, "nothing. To begin with--which is the most important thing--he cannot catch the *Dove*, no, not even if he could persuade the captain of one of His Majesty's sloops now lying in the river to put out in chase of her,--such vessels as she is can show their heels to anything they have a few hours' start of. And as for what he can do to us--why, what can he attempt? We have been employed on his service, I hold in my pocket a letter from him justifying me in kidnapping the youth who claims to be Lord St. Amade. Well! that is what thy cousin claims to be in succession, and, even if he did not do so, how can thy uncle make any stir, or announce himself, as he needs must do if he blows on me; he, a participator in what I have done? While for O'Rourke--the noble Captain O'Rourke, Hanoverian spy, Jacobite plotter, white or black cockade wearer as the time serves and the wind shifts, crimp and bully,--think you he will come within a hundred leagues of Mr. Robert St. Amade after having failed so damnably? Nay! more likely are we to meet him in the streets of London when we get there than in those of Dublin! So bend thy back to it, Gerald, and pull hard for Essex Bridge. The tide runs out apace."

As we passed up through the shipping lying in the river and on to our destination, Quin did utter one more remark to the effect that, if he had in very fact slain O'Rourke, or injured him so badly that he could not rise from the spot where he fell, it was possible we might still find him there, but that he did not think such a thing was very likely to come about.

"The fellow has as many lives as a cat," he said.--"he was nigh hanged at Carlisle for a Jacobite in the last rising, and almost shot at St. Germain for a Hanoverian, yet he escaped these and countless other dangers somehow--and he has also as many holes as a rat in this city into which he can creep and lie hid, to say nought of his den farther up the river, of which you know well, since you escaped from it. 'Tis not like we shall find him when we land."

To land it was now time since we had reached the bridge, though by this the river had run so low that we were forced to get out and drag the boat up through the slime and ooze of the bank to get her high and dry. And as we were doing so, I, who was lifting her with my face turned towards the shore, saw a sight that had quite as terrible an effect on me as the sight of O'Rourke standing over us a couple of hours before had had. For, wrapped in long horsemen's cloaks and with their hats pulled down well over their eyes, I observed upon the river's brink my uncle and his friend and creature, Wolfe Considine, both of whom were regarding us fixedly. But, when I whispered this news to Oliver as I bent over the bows of the boat, he whispered back to me, "No matter; fear nothing. Courage. Courage!"

"Well, fellow," said my uncle to Quin, as we approached them, I walking behind my companion and with my own hat drawn down as low as possible so as to evade observation if I could do so. "Well, fellow, so thou hast determined to change thy song and serve Lord St. Amade, instead of vomiting forth abuse on him and doing thy best to thwart him. Is't not so?" and he let his cloak fall so that his features were visible, and his fierce, piercing eyes shone forth.

"To serve Lord St. Amade is my wish," Quin replied gruffly, returning his glance boldly.

"And have done so this morning, as I understand, though where that tosspot, O'Rourke, is, who should be here to settle matters, I know not."

"Ay," Quin replied in the same tone as before, "I have done good service to his lordship this morning."

"And the fellow is away to sea? The *Dove* has sailed?"

"Ay, away to sea on the road to Virginia! The *Dove* has sailed."

But while this discourse was taking place I was trembling in my wet boots--remember, I was still but a youth to whom tremblings and fears may be forgiven--for fixed on me were the eyes of Considine, and I knew that, disguised as I was in handsome apparel, if he had not yet recognised me he would do so ere long.

"Yet," my uncle went on, "I should have thought you would have chosen a somewhat different style of companion for a helpmate in the affair than such a dandy youth as this. Wigs and laces and riding-boots, to say nought of roquelaures and swords by the side, are scarcely the kit of those who assist in carrying youths off for shipment to the King's colonies!" and he bent those piercing eyes on me while I saw that other pair, those of Considine, looking me through and through.

"But," went on my uncle, "doubtless you know your own business best, and I suppose the youth is some young cogger, or decoy, whom thou can'st trust and who finds his account in the affair."

"Nay," said Considine, springing at me, "'tis the whelp himself, and we are undone; some other has gone to sea, if any, in his place. Look! Look, my lord, you should know him well," and, tearing off my wig, he left me standing exposed to my uncle's regard and that of a few shore-side denizens who had been idly gazing upon us, and who now testified great interest in what was taking place.

"What!" exclaimed my uncle, rushing forward. "What! 'Tis Gerald, as I live, and still safe on shore. Thou villain!" he said, turning to Oliver, "what hast thou done?"

"The duty I was paid for and the duty I love. My duty to Lord St. Amade."

"Scoundrel," the other said, lugging out his rapier, "this is too much. I will slay you and the boy as you stand here. Considine, draw."

"Ay," exclaimed Oliver, "Considine draw--though you could not have bade him do an thing he fears more. But so will I. Let's see whether steel or a blue plum shall get the best of this fray"; with which he produced his two great pistols and pointed one at each of his opponents, while the knot of people who had now gathered together on the bank cheered him to the echo. And especially they did so when they learnt the circumstances of the dispute, and that, in me, they beheld the real Lord St. Amade, the youth deprived of his rights, and, in Robert St. Amade, the usurper whose misdeeds were now the talk of the lower parts of Dublin, if no other.

"Bah!" the latter exclaimed, thrusting his rapier back into the scabbard with a clash, "put up thy pistols, fellow. This is no place for such an encounter. Nor will I stain my sword with thy base blood. But remember," he said, coming a pace or two closer, as he saw Oliver return the pistols to his belt, "remember, you shall not escape. You have my writing in your pocket to hold you free of this morning's work, but"--and he looked terrible as he hissed forth the words--"think not that I

will fail to yet be avenged. Even though you should go to the other end of the known world I will follow you or have you followed, while as for you," turning to me, "I will never know peace night nor day till I have blotted your life out of existence. And if you have not gone forth to the plantations this morning, 'tis but a short reprieve. If I do not have thy life, as I will, as I will"--and here he opened and clenched both his hands as he repeated himself, so that he looked as though trying to clutch at me and tear me to pieces--"as I will, why then still shalt thou be transported to the colonies, thou devil's brat!"

"Ay to the colonies," struck in Quin, "to the colonies, whereunto now the *Dove* is taking the false usurper, or the future false usurper of the title of St. Amande, while the real owner remains here safe and sound for the present at least. To the colonies. Right!"

"The *Dove*. The false usurper," exclaimed Considine and my uncle together, while their faces became blanched with fear and rising apprehension. "The *Dove* taking the false usurper. Villain!" said my uncle, "what mean you? Speak!"

"I mean, *villain*," replied Oliver, "that on board the *Dove*, now well out to sea, is one of the false claimants of the title of St. Amande, one of those who were concerned in the plot to ship this, the rightful lord, off to Virginia. I mean that, amongst the convicts and the scum of Dublin who have been bought for slavery, there goes Roderick St. Amande, your son, sold also into slavery like the rest."

From my uncle's lips there came a cry terrible to hear, a cry which mingled with the shouts of those who could catch Oliver's words; then with another and a shorter cry, more resembling a gasp, he fell fainting into the arms of Considine.

## CHAPTER IX

### MY MOTHER

That afternoon we took the first packet boat for Holyhead, where, being favoured by fortune, we found a fast coach about to start for London which, in spite of its rapidity and in consequence of the badness of the roads and some falls of snow in the West, took five days in reaching the Metropolis. Yet, long as the journey was--though rendered easier by the quality of the inns at which we halted and the excellence of the provisions, to which, in my youth, there was nothing to compare in Ireland--yet, I say, long as the journey was and tedious, I was happy to find myself once more in London--in which I had not been since I was a child of six years of age, when my father and mother were then living happily together in a house in the new Hanover Square. Nay, I was more than happy at the thought that I was about so soon to see my dear and honoured mother again, so that, as the coach neared London, I almost sang with joy at the thought of all my troubles being over, and of how we should surely live together in peace and happiness now until my rights were made good.

Oliver had rid himself of his occupation by a simple method; he had merely abstained from going to his work at the butcher's any more, and had sent round to say he had found other and more suitable employment, and, as a slight recompense to his master for any loss he might suppose himself to sustain, had bidden him keep the few shillings of wage due to him. So that he felt himself, as he said, now entirely free to look after and protect me.

"For look after you I always shall," he said, "So long as it is in my power and until I see you accorded your own. Then, when that happens, you may send me about my business as soon as you will, and I will shift for myself."

"It can never happen," I replied, "that the time will come when you and I must part,"--alas! I spake as what I was, a child who knew not and could not foresee the stirring events that were to be my portion for many years to come, nor how the seas were to roll between me and that honest creature for many of those years,--"nor can the time ever come when I shall fail in my gratitude to you or to Mr. Kinchella. You! my only friends."

Then Oliver's face lighted up with pleasure as I spoke, and he grasped my hand and said that if Providence would only allow it we would never part.

To Mr. Kinchella I had gone between the time of the affray with my uncle--of whom the last I saw was his being half-led and half-carried to a coach by Considine, after he had learnt who it was who had gone to Virginia in my place--and the sailing of the packet, and I had found him busy making his preparations for departing for his vacation, the Michaelmas term being now

nearly at its end. He was astonished at my appearance, as he might well be, and muttered, as he looked smilingly down at me, "*Quantum mutatus ab illo!* Have you come in for your fortune and proved your right to your title, my lord?"

But when I had sat me down and told him the whole of my story and of the strange things that had happened during the last two days, he seemed as though thunderstruck and mused deeply ere he spoke.

"'Tis a strong blow, a brave blow," he exclaimed at last, "and boldly planned. Moreover, I see not how your uncle can proceed against you or Quin for your parts in it. If he goes against Quin, there is the paper showing that he was willing that you should be sold into slavery. Therefore he dare not move in that quarter. Then, as for you, if he proceeds against you he acknowledges your existence and so stultifies his own claim. And, again, he cannot move because witnesses could be brought against him to show that the scheme was his, though the carrying out of it was different from his hopes--those player wenchers could also testify, though I know not whether a court of law would admit, or receive, the evidence of such as they."

"There are others besides," I said. "Mr. Garrett, with whom Roderick quarrelled, and who seemed to be of a good position; he, too, heard it. Also, there were several by the river this morning who witnessed the fit into which my uncle fell when he found how his wicked plot had recoiled on his own head----"

"Ay, hoist with his own petard! Well, I am honestly glad of it. And, moreover, 'tis something different from the musty old story told by the romancers and the playwrights. With these gentry 'tis ever the rightful heir who goes to the wall and is the sufferer, but here in this, a real matter, 'tis the heir who--up to now at least--is triumphant and the villains who are outwitted. Gerald, when you get to London, you should make your way to the coffee-houses--there is the 'Rose'; also 'Button's' still exists, I think, besides many others--and offer thy story to the gentlemen who write. It might make the fortune of a play, if not of the author."

"'Tis as yet not ripe," I replied, though I could not but laugh at good Mr. Kinchella's homely jokes; "the first act is hardly over. Let us wait and see what the result may be."

"Prosperity to you, at least," he said, gravely now, "and success in all that you desire. For that I will ever pray, as well as for a happy issue for you and your mother out of all your afflictions," and here he bent his head as he recited those solemn and beautiful words. "And now, farewell, Gerald, farewell, Lord St. Amante. Any letter sent to me here at the College must ever find me, and it will pleasure me to have news of you, and more especially so if that news is good. Fare ye well."

And so, after my thanks had been again and again tendered to him, we parted, and I, making my way swiftly to the quay was soon on board the packet. But I thought much of him for many a long day after, and when, at last, Providence once more, in its strange and mysterious visitations, brought me face to face with him again and I saw him well and happy and prosperous, I did indeed rejoice.

And now the coach was rolling rapidly over Hadley Heath, that dreaded spot where so many travellers had met with robbery, and sometimes death, from highwaymen (one of whom and the most notorious, one Richard Turpin, was hanged at York a little more than a year after we passed over it); and the passengers began to point out to each other the bodies of three malefactors swinging in chains as a warning to others. Yet, it being daytime as we crossed the heath, I took very little heed of their stories and legends, but peered out of the window and told Oliver that this place was not many miles from London, and that we should soon be there now. As, indeed, he could see for himself, for soon the villages came thicker and thicker together; between Whetstone and Highgate we passed many beautiful seats, doubtless the suburban retreats of noblemen and gentry, while, at Highgate itself, so close were the dwellings together that, had we not met a party of huntsmen with their horns and hounds, who, the guard told us, were returning from hunting, we should have supposed we were already in London instead of being still four miles from it. But those four miles passed quickly and soon we arrived.

So now we had come to the inn whence the north-western coaches departed, and at which they arrived three times a week with a regularity that seems incredible, since, even in the worst of wintry weather, they were scarce ever more than a day behind in their time. And here amongst all the bustle of our arrival, of the shouts of the hackney coachmen to those whom they would have as fares, and of the porters with their knots, Oliver and I engaged a coach, had our necessaries put on it, and gave directions to be driven to my mother's abode.

The house in Denzil Street, to which we soon arrived, presented but a sordid appearance such as made me feel a pang to think that my dear mother should be forced to live in such a place when, had she but possessed all that should have been hers, her lot would have been far different. The street had once been, I have since heard, the abode of fashion--indeed 'twas a connection of my mother's house, one William Holles, a relative of that Denzil Holles who had been, as many even now recall, one of the members impeached of high treason by King Charles, who built it,--but certainly 'twas no longer so. Many of the houses seemed to be occupied by persons of no better condition than musicians and music-teachers; a laundry-woman had a shop at one end in which might be seen the girls at work as we passed by; there were notices of rooms

to be let in several of the houses, and there was much garbage in the streets. Heaven knows I had seen so much squalor and wretchedness in Dublin, and especially in the places where I had lain hid, that I, of all others, should have felt but little distaste for even such a place as this, nor should I have done so in this case had it not been that it seemed so ill-fitting a spot for my mother, with her high birth and early surroundings, to be now harbouring in.

Nor did the maid who opened the door to us present a more favourable appearance than the street itself, she being a dirty, slatternly creature who looked as if the pots and pans of the kitchen were her constant companions. Neither was she of an overwhelming civility, since, when she stood before us, her remark was:

"What want you?" and, seeing our necessaries on the hackney coach, added, "There are no spare rooms here."

"We wish to see the Lady St. Amande," I said, assuming as much sternness as a youth of my age could do. "Tell her----"

"She is sick," the servant replied, "and can see none but her physician."

"Tell her," I went on, "that her son, Lord St. Amande, with his companion, Mr. Quin, has arrived from Ireland. Tell her, if you please, at once."

Whether the creature had heard something of my untoward affairs I know not, but, anyway, she glanced at me more favourably on receipt of this intelligence, and, gruffly still, bade us wait in the passage while she went to speak to her ladyship. But I could not do that, and so, springing up the stairs after her, was into the room as soon as she, and, almost ere she had announced my arrival, I was enfolded in my mother's arms.

She was at this time not more than thirty-five years of age, having been married at eighteen to my father, yet, already, pain and sickness had laid its hand heavily upon her, and, along with trouble, had saddened, though they could not mar, her sweet face. The brow that, as a still younger woman I remembered so soft and smooth, and over which I had loved to pass my hands, was now lined and had a wrinkle or so across it; the deep chestnut hair had threads of silver in it, the soft blue eyes looked worn and weary and had lost their sparkle. For sorrow and tribulation had been her lot since first my unhappy father had crossed her path, and to that sorrow there had come ill health in the form of a palsy, that, as she had written Mr. Kinchella, sometimes left her free but mostly kept her fast confined to the house.

And now, the servant having quitted us, she drew me to her closer still as I knelt beside her, and removing my wig which, she said through her tears and smiles, made me look too old, she fondled and caressed me and whispered her happiness.

"Oh, my child, my sweet," she said, "how it joys me to hold thee to my heart again after I had thought thee dead and gone from me. My dear, my dear, my loved one, 'tis as June to my heart after a long and cruel winter to have thee by me once again; my child, my child of many tears and longings. And how handsome thou art," pushing back my hair with her thin white hand, "even after all thy sufferings, how beautiful, how like--Ah! how like *him*," and here she shuddered as she recalled my father, though she drew me nearer to her as she did so and took my head upon her breast. Then she wept a little, silently, so that I could feel her tears falling upon my face and wetting my collar, and whispered half to herself and half to me, "So like him, who was as handsome as an angel when first I saw him, yet so vile--so vile." And then, bending her head even nearer to me so that her lips touched my ear, she murmured, "Is't true? was it as that gentleman, your friend, wrote me? Did he die alone and unbefriended? Were there none by him to succour him? None to pity him? Oh! Gerald, Gerald, my husband that once was," she moaned, "oh! Gerald, Gerald, how different it might all have been if thou would'st have had it so."

We stayed locked in each other's arms I know not how long, while she wept and smiled over me and wept again over my dead father. After which, calming herself somewhat, she bade me go and fetch Oliver of whom I had whispered something to her in the time, since she would see and thank him for all that he had done.

So Oliver came up from the passage where he had been sitting patiently enough while whistling softly to himself, and stood before her as she spoke gratefully as well as graciously to him.

"Sir," she said after she had given him her hand, which Oliver bent over and kissed as a gentleman might have done, and with a grace which, I think, he must have acquired when he followed the great Duke twenty years before and was himself a gallant young soldier of eighteen years of age. "Sir, how shall a poor widow thank you for all that you have done for her son and your friend?"--here Oliver smiled pleasedly at my being termed his friend, but disclaimed having done aught of much weight for me. "Nay, nay," she went on, "do not say that. Why! you have brought him forth from the jaws of death, you have saved him from those scheming villains to place him in his mother's arms again, you have risked your own safety to do so--shall I not thank you deeply, tenderly, for all that?"

"Madam," Oliver said, "my lady, I could not see the poor youth so set and put upon and stand idly by without so much as lending him a hand. And, my lady, if there was any reason necessary

for helping him beyond that of mercy towards one so sorely afflicted as he was, I had it in the fact that I had known him long before at New Ross."

"At New Ross!" my mother exclaimed. "At New Ross! Is that your part of the country?"

"It is, my lady, and there, after quitting the army, I lived for many years working at my trade. And it was there that I have often seen Gerald--as I have come to call him, madam, since we have been drawn so close together, tho' I am not forgetful of his rank nor of the respect due to it--with you and with his late lordship, more especially when you all drove into New Ross in the light chaise my lord brought from London, or when Gerald would ride into the town on his pony with his groom."

These recollections, more especially that of the light chaise which had been a new toy, or gift, from my father to his wife at the time they were living happily together and he still had some means, disturbed my dear mother so much that the tears sprang to her eyes. And Oliver, who was tender as a child in spite of his determination and great fierceness when about any business which demanded such qualities, desisted at once and, turning his remarks into such a channel as he doubtless thought more acceptable, went on to say:

"And, my lady, none who ever saw his present lordship then--and there are scores still alive who have done so--but would testify to him. So it cannot be but that his uncle must ere long desist from the wicked and iniquitous claims he has put forward and be utterly routed and defeated, when my lord here shall enjoy his own."

"I pray so. I pray so," said my mother. "And, moreover, his kinsman the Marquis now seems, since my husband's death, to veer more to our side than to Robert's. So we may hope."

But now the slatternly servant came in bearing upon a tray some refreshments that my mother had bade her fetch, there being some good salted beef, a stew and some vegetables, a bottle of Madeira and two fair-sized pots of London ale. And being by now well hunger-stung, for we had eaten nought since the early morning, we fell to and made a good meal while my mother, sitting by my side and ministering to both our wants, listened to all we had to tell her. Wherefore, you may be sure, when she heard of the wicked plot which my uncle had conceived for shipping me off as a redemptioner, or an indented servant, to Virginia, and of how it had failed and the biter had himself been bit through the astuteness of Oliver as well as his manfulness in carrying out the plans he conceived, she again poured out her gratitude to him and told him that never could she forget all that he had done for her and her child.

## **CHAPTER X**

### **A NOBLE KINSMAN**

As the evening drew on Oliver retired, accompanied by the maid-servant, to seek a room in one of the neighbouring houses which advertised that they had these commodities at the service of those who required them; and on the latter returning to say that Mr. Quin had found a room hard by which he considered suitable, my mother and I sat over the fire discussing the past, the present, and the future.

"Something," she said, "must be done for Mr. Quin, and that at once. For his kindness we may well be indebted to him, nay, must, since he seems of so noble a nature that he would be wounded at any repayment being offered. But for the money which he has spent--that must instantly be returned."

"I doubt his taking it," I said. "He regards it as mine since he has come by it entirely through saving me from my uncle's evil designs. And, indeed, if you do but consider, dear mother, so it is."

"Nay," she said. "Nay. He would have earned the money easily enough had he been false to you and put you in that dreadful ship the *Dove*--gracious Heavens, that such a vile craft should have so fair a name!--surely we must not let him lose any of that money by being true and staunch to you."

"Give it back to him, then," I exclaimed with a laugh, "if you can persuade him to take it. Of which, however, as I said before, I doubt me much."

"Alas!" she replied, "I cannot give it back to him, but interest must be made with the Marquis to take up your cause and help you, as he seems well disposed to do now. For myself, until the villain, Robert, is defeated, I have but the hundred guineas a year left me by my uncle--a bare



pittance only sufficing to pay for these rooms, the physician's account and my food."

"Shall I not see the Marquis?" I asked; "surely I should go to him and tell him all."

"Thou shalt see him soon enough," she said. "I have acquainted him with the fact of all I knew--no human creature could have guessed or thought how much more there is to tell, nor how wicked can be the heart of man, ay! even though that man be one's own flesh and blood--and also that you might soon be expected to reach London. And he has sent two or three times a week to know if you had yet arrived: doubtless he will send again to-morrow. He lives but a stone's throw from here, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, on the north side."

At ten o'clock my mother told me she must go to her bed for she was tired and never sat up later, and she rang for Molly, the maid, to ask if the small room in which she kept her dresses and other apparel had been prepared for me as she desired. Hearing that it was in readiness, she told me that a good night's rest would do me good also, and prepared to retire. And now for the first time, as she rose to depart, I saw what inroads her disease had made upon her and that she who, when I first remember her, stood up a straight, erect young woman, was much bent and walked by the aid of a crutch-stick, and that one of her hands shook and quivered always.

"Yet strange it is," she said, observing my glance, "that there come moments when I am free from all suffering and affliction, when I can stand as straight as I stood at the altar on my wedding day, and when this hand is as steady as your own. Nay, I can almost will it to be so. See!" and she held it out before me and it did not quiver, while next, seizing a huge brass candelabra that stood upon the table, she lifted that and held it at arm's-length, and neither did that quiver nor was any of the hot wax from the lighted candles spilt.

"Ah! courage, mother," I said, "courage! You have but to will it and you are strong. There is enough strength in that arm, which can lift a candlestick as heavy as this, to do anything it needs. You could hold a runaway horse with it, or keep off a dog flying at your throat, or---or---" I went on with a laugh at my silly thoughts, "thrust a sword through a man's body if you desired to do so."

She was bending to kiss me for the last time that night while I spoke, but as I uttered the final words of my boyish speech she stopped and drew herself up so that she was now erect, and then, in a voice that seemed altered somewhat, she said:

"Thrust a sword through a man's body if I desired to do so! Thrust a sword through a man's body! My sweet, such deeds ill befit a woman. Yet there are two men in this world through whose bodies I would willingly thrust a sword if they stood before me and I had one to my hand. I mean thy uncle Robert, the false-faced, black-avised villain, and that other and most despicable liar, his friend and creature, Wolfe Considine."

Yet, even as she spoke, her hand fell powerless by her side and commenced to shake and quiver once more, when, putting her other upon my arm, she bade me Good Night and blessed and kissed me and went to her room.

I lay awake some time in my own bed thinking on what she had said, for well I knew what had prompted her to speak as she had done. I knew that, outside the evil and the wrongs that my uncle had testified to me, there was that other far greater wrong to her which no honest woman could bear; the base insinuations that Considine had uttered about his intimacy with her, insinuations partly made to gratify his own vanity, and partly, as I judged, to enable Robert St. Amante to cast doubt upon my birth. And I thought that, knowing as she did know, of these horrid villainies, it was not strange she should feel and speak so bitterly. These my musings, with some sounds of revellers passing by outside singing and hooting ribald songs--though one with a sweet voice sang the old song "Ianthe the Lovely," most bewitchingly--kept me awake, as I say, some time, but at last I slumbered in peace within my mother's shelter. Yet not without disturbance through the night either, for once on turning in my bed I heard her call to me to know if all was well, and once I heard her murmur, "The villains, oh! the villains," and still once more I heard her sob, "Oh! Gerald, Gerald, if thou would'st but have had it so!" by which I knew that she was thinking of my misguided father and not of me.

In the morning as we sat at our breakfast of chocolate and bread--with, for me, another plate of the corned beef which, my mother told me, the landlady put up in great pickling tubs when the winter was approaching and, with her family, lived upon for many months, serving out to the lodgers who wished for them fair-sized platesful at two pence each--there came a demure gentleman who asked of Molly if the young lord had yet arrived, or if news had been heard of him.

"It is the Marquis's gentleman," my mother whispered to me, "and, observe, dear one, he speaks of you as 'the young lord.'" Then, raising her voice a little, she bade Molly show him in as his lordship had arrived.

When he had entered the room and made a profound obeisance to her and another to me, he said that, since I was now in London, he had orders to carry me to the Marquis in a coach which he had outside, for he was ready to receive me, being always in his library by eleven o'clock to grant interviews to those who had business with him.

"We will attend his lordship," my mother said. "I presume, Mr. Horton, there can be no

objection to my going too. And I feel well this morning; a sight of my child's dear face has benefited me much; I am quite capable of reaching the coach."

Mr. Horton replied that he knew of no reason whatever why her ladyship should not go too, and so, when my mother had put on a heavy cloak and riding hood, for the morning was cold and frosty, we set forth. But, previous to starting, I ran to the house where Oliver had got a room and, finding him sitting in a parlour eating his breakfast, I told him where we were bound.

He rejoiced to hear the news I brought him and offered his escort, saying he would go on the box of the coach; but I told him this was unnecessary, and so I left, promising him that, when I returned, I would come and fetch him and we would sally forth to see some of the sights of the town. Yet, so faithful was he, that, although he complied with my desire that he should not accompany us, I found out in the course of the morning that he followed the coach to the Marquis's house and there kept guard outside while we were within.

My kinsman's library, to which we were shown by several bowing footmen to whom Mr. Horton had consigned us, plainly testified that we were in a room which was used for the purpose from which it took its name--that it was indeed a library and was so considered. Around the apartment on great shelves were books upon books of all subjects and all dates, and of all classes of binding. Some there were bound in velvet, some in silk as well as vellum, leather and paper: some were so large that a woman could scarce have lifted them, and some so small that they would easily have fitted into a waistcoat pocket. And then, too, there were maps and charts hanging on the walls of counties and countries, and one of London alone--a marvellous thing showing all the streets and fields as well as principal buildings of this great city!--while, when I saw another stretched on a folder and designated, "A chart of all the known possessions of His Majesty's Colonies of America," you may be sure my eye sought out, and my finger traced, the spot where Virginia stood.

"Tell him everything, my dear," said my mother, "as you have told it to me, and fear nothing. He is just if stern, and, above all, hates fraud and trickery. Moreover, he has forgiven me for being of those who espoused, and still espouse, the fallen house of Stuart, and is not unfriendly to me. Also, remember, he must now be our only hope and trust on earth, so do thy best to impress him favourably with thee."

I promised her that I would indeed do all she bade me and, then, while I was turning over a most beautiful book called "Sylva, or a Discourse concerning Forest Trees," by a gentleman named Evelyn, a footman opened the door and the Marquis of Amesbury stood before us.

"Louise," he said, going up to her and taking her hand, while, at the same time, he kissed her slightly on the cheek, "I am glad to see that you can come forth again. I trust you are more at ease." Then, turning to me, he gazed down and said, "So, this is your child," and he placed his hand upon my head. As he did so, and after I had made my bow, I gazed at him and saw a tall gentleman of over sixty years of age, I should suppose, very lean and very pale, clad in a complete suit of black velvet and with but little lace at either breast or wrists. The gravity of his face was extreme, though he looked not unkind; and, truly, his manner had not been so up to now.

"Well," he said, when he had motioned me to a seat and was himself standing before us with his back to the huge fire that roared up the chimney, "well, so you claim to be the present Viscount St. Amande and my heir when it pleases God to take me. And you, Louise," turning to her, "proclaim that he is so?"

"Can a mother not know her own child, Charles, or have so hard a heart as not to wish to see him enjoy his own?"

"Humph! It hath been done. My Lady Macclesfield, though 'tis true she earned the contempt of all, ever called her son, the wretched man, Savage, an impostor; and endeavoured to work his ruin, in which desire she came at last near to success, since this very month he has stood at the Old Bailey on a charge of murder. Yet, Louise, thou art not as she was."

"Nay, God forbid! The wicked wanton! Yet I know not--there are those who have vilified me for their own wicked ends and said the worst that scoundrels can say of any woman. But, Charles, you are honest and have ever held a character for justice amongst men, and, although you loved not my uncle nor my kin, you would not think evil of me. You could not, oh! you could not!"

He looked down gravely at her, but still again with kindness in his eyes, and then he said: "No, no. Never, Louise, never. You were always too good and true, too fond of the unhappy man to have been aught but faithful. And, although I opposed his marriage with you, it was never because of your own self but because of your uncle's principles. Had he had his way, which I thank God was not permitted, he would have brought back the false-hearted, grieving Stuarts to the throne; he would have cursed his country and its laws and religion. But for you, Louise, for you, child, I never had aught of distrust, but only pity deep and infinite that you should wed with such a poor thing as my own dead kinsman and heir, this lad's father."

"God bless you," said she, seizing his hand with her well one and kissing it ere he could draw it away, "God bless you for your words as I bless Him for having raised you up to be even as a

father to the fatherless--to my poor fatherless boy. And, Charles, if those whom you loved so well, your own wife and child, had not been taken from you, I would pray night and day for them as I pray for you."

He turned away and passed his hand swiftly across his eyes as she mentioned those whom he had once loved so dearly and who, as all the world knows, were both torn from him in one short week! 'Twas by one of those dreadful visitations of smallpox which carries off kings and queens impartially with their humbler subjects, as was the case fifteen or sixteen years before, when it swept away the Emperor of Germany and the Dauphin and Dauphiness of France as well as their child, and also ravaged both those great countries.

Then, turning back to us, he said:

"But now, ere anything else can be done, I must know all that has occurred since your husband's death. Something I have heard from you, Louise, and something from other sources yet there is much I cannot comprehend. Nay, more, there are some things that seem incredible. It is said he was buried by the subscription of a few friends--many of them the lowest of the low, with whom he in life wassailed and caroused--yet, how could it be?"

"He was penniless, Charles," my mother sobbed; "penniless. He had nothing."

"Penniless! Penniless! Nay. Nay. His brother was here in London at the time and I bade him let Gerald have all necessaries in reason, and I dispatched to Mr. Considine a hundred guineas for his funeral by a sure hand. I could not let the heir to my title----

"What!" rang out my mother's voice clear and distinct, while I stared at the Marquis as though doubting whether he were bereft of his senses or I of my hearing. "What, you sent money by and to them for him? Oh! Charles, never did he receive one farthing of it."

"So I have cause to fear. And I know not what is to be done with thy brother-in-law. He seems to be a rogue of the worst degree."

But now she fixed her eyes upon him and exclaimed:

"You say so, knowing only the little that you do know, that he and his base servant, Considine--Considine," she, repeated, "Considine, the traducer of my fame whom yet, if God spares me, I will have a heavy reckoning with; you know only that they have conspired to defraud my child of his rights, nay, more, of his honest name. That they have stolen the money you sent to succour my wretched husband in his last days and to bury him as he should be buried according to his rank and fashion when he was dead. That you know, Charles, Marquis of Amesbury, kinsman of this my child, but you do not know all. Will you hear their further villainies, will you know all that they have attempted on him; will you do this, you who are powerful and great, and then will you stretch forth your right hand and crush, as you can crush, these wretches to the earth while, at the same time, you also stretch forth that hand to shelter and protect this innocent child, your heir?"

She had spoken as one inspired by her wrongs; her eyes had flashed and her frame had quivered as might have quivered that of a pythoness as she denounced some creature who had outraged her gods, but the effort had been too much for her weak frame--she could sustain it no further, and, sinking back into her chair, she was but able to gasp out in conclusion, "For his sake, Charles, for the sake of an innocent child. For his sake."

Upon which the Marquis, after trying to calm her, said gently:

"If there are other villainies to hear, I will hear them, yet it seems impossible that more can remain behind. And, Louise," continued the old man, touching her arm very gently, "dry your tears. I cannot bear to see you shed them. Nor have you need. The boy shall be righted. I promise you."

"Tell him all, Gerald; tell him all," my mother sobbed. "Oh! it would be enough to melt a heart of stone, let alone one so kind as his."

So I told the Marquis everything that has here been set down.

## **CHAPTER XI**

**IMPRESSED**

"Many as are the villainies which I have known of in my life," said the Marquis, when the tale was told, "never have I known aught such as this. It appears incredible. Incredible that such things can be, and in these days. Heavens and earth!--in the days of King George the Second, when law and order are firmly established." Then he fell a-musing and lay back in the deep chair before the fire in which he had sat during the whole of my recitation, and nodded his head once or twice, and muttered to himself. After which he spake aloud and said, "And the hundred guineas that I sent to bury Gerald; they were those, I imagine, which the villain O'Rourke paid to your protector, Quin. Humph! 'Tis well they have fallen into the hands of an honest man again."

It was at the collation which he offered to my mother and me, for it was now nearly two o'clock, that he once more took up the subject and spake out his heart to us, but before he did so he bade the footmen who had waited at table begone and leave us alone. And, in truth, I was glad enough to see these immense creatures leave the room and cease their ministrations to our wants, for they had wearied me, and, I think, my mother too. All our hopes were centred in what the Marquis would do to espouse my cause, so you may well imagine that the roasts appealed not to us nor did the sweetmeats and iced froth and fruit, nor the wines which they pressed upon us. But when these menials were gone, he, as I say, again went on with the subject that engrossed all our thoughts.

"The first thing to do is," he said, "to obtain the certificate of the child's birth--of that of course there can be no difficulty; then proof must be forthcoming that this lad is that child--that, I imagine, can also be obtained?"

"There are hundreds who can testify to it," my mother answered. "The boy's nurse still lives; he had many tutors both in Ireland and in London; Mr. Quin, his benefactor, remembers when his father and I used to drive into New Ross with him; and Mr. Kinchella, a gentleman at Dublin University, does the same. Charles, there can be no doubt of many witnesses being able to testify."

"That is well. Then the next most important thing is that I should acknowledge him as my heir, which I will publicly do---"

"Again I say--God bless you, Charles. God ever bless you!"

"---and," he went on, "in this my house. Next week I have a gathering here of many of the peers who affect our interests,"--he was speaking of the Whig party. "Sir Robert sits firm now, and may do so for years to come. Yet 'tis ever wise to guard against aught the Tories may attempt. And I expect him to come as well as the Duke of Devonshire, and Lord Trevor--to them all you shall be presented. And 'tis well that Mr. Robert St. Amande affects not our side, he will be easier to deal with."

"What will you do to frustrate him?" my mother asked.

"Do?" the Marquis replied. "Why, first I will proclaim him to all as an utter villain who has falsely assumed a title to which he has no claim. Next, the new Irish Lord Chancellor, Wyndham,--who is indebted somewhat to me for his appointment--must be told to reverse his favours to the scoundrel, and this boy's name must be entered in his place. But next week when he has met my friends we can do more."

"And for that other unhappy one--that wretched Roderick?" said my mother, whose woman's heart could not but feel pity for the miseries to which he was now subjected, to which he must be subjected, "can naught be done for him? Could he not be rescued from the dreadful fate into which he has been plunged?"

"Doubtless," the Marquis replied. "Doubtless. Those who are sold to the planters, as distinguished from those who are convicts, can easily be bought back. Only it must be those of his own kind who do it. His worthy father seems to have some choice spirits in his pay; he may easily send out Mr. Considine or Mr. O'Rourke with a bagful of guineas to purchase him back again. For our side,"--and my mother and I told each other that night how good it was to hear our powerful relative identify himself with us as he did--"for our side we cannot do anything. Moreover, we are supposed to know nothing."

"Yet, my lord," I replied, "we *do* know, and they know we do. Ere my uncle fainted in Considine's arms he had heard and knew all."

"Yes," the Marquis replied, "yes. But he also knew that your friend, Quin, held his indemnity for what was done. So, rely upon it, he will, nay, he must, hold his peace. Kidnapping, or authorising kidnapping, is punished, and righteously punished, for 'tis a fearful crime, so heavily by our laws that your uncle stands in imminent deadly peril for what he has done. And, remember, he is not a peer, therefore he has no benefit to claim. Rest assured that though he has lost his son he will never proclaim what has happened nor divulge a word on the subject. Though, that he may send agents to Virginia to endeavour to obtain his recall is most probable, since, wretch as he is, there must be some heart in his bosom for his own child."

So thus, as you may now observe, that great man, my relative, was won over to my cause, and already it seemed as though the champion whom dear Oliver had prayed that the Lord might raise up for me had been discovered. And vastly happy were all of us, my mother, myself, and

that faithful friend, at thinking such was the case. So happy indeed were we that we made a little feast to celebrate the Marquis's goodness, and, as he had given my mother a purse with a hundred guineas in it to be spent on anything I should need, we had ample means for doing so. We decorated her humble parlour with gay flowers from the market hard by, we provided a choice meal or so to which we three sat down merrily, all of us drinking the Marquis's health in champagne; we even persuaded my mother to be carried to the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields, close to Denzil Street, where from a box we witnessed Mr. Congreve's affecting play, "The Mourning Bride," at which my mother wept much.

Unfortunately, as I have now to tell, these joys were to be of but short duration; the time had not yet arrived for our happiness to be complete and on a sure foundation; both of us were still to be trouble-haunted and I to be tossed about by Fate, and, as it seemed, never to know peace.

Oliver had a friend and countryman who lived on Tower Hill in a considerable way of business in the cattle trading line, and he, being desirous of seeing this friend so that he might thereby, perhaps, be put into some way of earning a livelihood in the trade he understood, made up his mind to go and visit him. That I should go too was a natural conclusion, and, indeed, had we not gone about together I should have got no necessary exercise at all, since my mother was so confined to the house, while, on his part, he knew little of the town--nay, nothing--so that I was really a guide to him. Thus together we trudged about, looking for all the world like some young gentleman and his governor, since I was generally dressed in my fine clothes bought in Dublin, while Quin wore a sober suit of black which he, too, had purchased. Many a sight did we see in company in this manner, for both of us were curious as children and revelled much in all the doings of the wondrous great city--we went together to the Abbey, we walked to Execution Dock and Kennington Common to witness men hanged, or hanging, or, as the mob then called such things, "the step and string dance"; to see where the noblemen play bowls at Mary-le-bone Gardens in the summer and frequent the gaming tables in the winter; to the Spring Garden at Knightsbridge; and countless other places too numerous to write down.

But amongst all these our walks and excursions it befell, as I have said, that one fine frosty day Oliver and I decided to go into the city to Tower Hill, there to see his friend, the dealer. We set out therefore along Fleet Street, that wondrous place where the writers for the news-sheets and letters dwell, and where we could not but laugh at the other strange characters we encountered. First there flew out a fellow, whom I have since learnt they call a "plyer," who bawled at us to know if either of us wanted a wife, since they had blooming virgins to dispose of or rich widows with jointures. Then a woman screamed to us from the brandy-shop, "We keeps a parson here who'll do your business for you," while, dreadful to narrate, as all this was going on, there reeled by a drunken divine swearing that he would have more drink at the "Bishop Blaize's Head," since he had married three couples that day at five shillings a brace and had more to tie up on the morrow.

Resisting, however, all these importunities, though we could not resist glancing at the advertisements of such things in the windows, such as, "Without Imposition. Weddings performed cheap here"; or, "The Old and True Register. Without Imposition. Weddings performed by a clergyman educated at the University of Oxford, chaplain to a nobleman," we went along and so, at last, we came to Tower Hill.

"And now," said Oliver, "let's see for the abode. The number is twenty-seven, this is fourteen--it cannot be afar. Will't come in Gerald and show thysself to my friend, who will surely gape for wonder at seeing a real lord; or go into the tavern? Or, stay, yonder seems a decent coffeeshouse where, doubtless, you may read a journal or so; or what?"

I was about to say I would go with him and, because I was in a merry mood, exclaimed that I would treat his friend to so gay a sight as a real Irish lord when, alas! my boyish attention was attracted by a raree-show fellow who came along, followed by a mob of children of all ages, many grown-up men and women, and his servant or assistant. This latter bore upon his back the long box in which his master kept his stock-in-trade and apparatus, and, as they drew near, was cursing vehemently the crowd who wished them to exhibit their tricks and wonders. "What," he muttered, "show you the fleas that run at tilt when there is not so much as a groat amongst you all, or the hedgehog that can divine the stars, or the wonderful snake, for which we paid twenty Dutch ducatoons at Antwerp--and without payment, the devil take you all!"

But here, while still the children screamed at him and his master and the elders jeered, his eyes fell on me standing at the hither end of the street after Oliver had gone in to the house he wanted, and, advancing down it, he said: "Now here is a young gentleman of quality or I ne'er saw one, whose purse is lined with many a fat piece I warrant. Noble, sir," addressing me, and speaking most volubly, "will you not pay to see our show? We can exhibit you the wonderful snake and divining hedgehog, the five-legged sheep and six-clawed lobster, the dolls who dance to the bagpipes' merry squeak and the ape who scratched the Cardinal's nose in Rome. Or my master will knock you a knife in at one cheek and out at t'other without pain or bleeding, swallow dull cotton and blow out fire or make a meal of burning coals, or by dexterity of hand fill your hat full of guineas from an empty bottle. And then again, noble sir, we have pills that are good against an earthquake, so that the worst cannot disturb you; or, again, an elixir which shall prevent the lightning from harming you even tho' it strike you fair, or still again----"

But here I interrupted him, crying, "Nay! nay! I want not your pills or elixir, but I have ten

minutes to await a friend, so show me your curious beasts and I will give you a shilling."

"And let us see, too," the mob cried. "We must see, too."

"Ay," said the master of the raree-show taking the word up while he opened his box to earn my shilling, "Ay, you must see, too, though devil a fadge have you got to pay. Yet, ere long, will I hire a booth where none can see who pay not. I'll lead this dog's out-o'-door life no longer."

Yet neither was it foredoomed for me or any of the vagrant crew around to see the mountebank's treasures. For as he produced his snake, a poor huddled up little thing that looked as though it had neither life nor venom in it, we heard a shouting and bawling at the top end of the street and the screams of women; and presently saw advancing down it about fifteen sailors fighting their way along, while still the women howled at them and they endeavoured to secure all the men around them.

"The Press! The Press!" called out the raree men and our crowd together, while all fled helter-skelter, leaving me the only one standing there all by myself, so that, in a moment, I was surrounded by the press-gang, for such I soon knew it to be. "Your age, name and calling," said a man to me who seemed to be the leader and was, as I later learned, the lieutenant in command. He was a poor-looking fellow very much unlike all ideas I had conceived of His Majesty's naval officers, and, unlike the officers of the army, had no uniform to wear. Therefore, since he was one of those poor creatures who are officers in the navy without money or interest and with mighty little pay, it was not strange that his clothes were shabby, his boots burst out, and his hat a thing that would not have done credit to a scarecrow, though it had a gold cockade, much tarnished, in it.

"That is my affair," I retorted, "and none of yours. Pass on and leave me."

For a moment he seemed astonished at my reply as did his men, but then he said: "Young man, insolence will avail you nothing. I am lieutenant of His Majesty's ship *Namur*, on shore for the purpose of impressment, and you must go with me unless either you have a protection ticket, are under eighteen, or are a Thames waterman belonging to an insurance company."

"I am neither of these things and have no ticket," I replied; "yet I warn you touch me not. I am the Viscount St. Amande and future Marquis of Amesbury, and if you assault me it shall go hard with you."

"Shall it?" he replied, though he seemed staggered for a moment. "We will see. And for your viscounts and marquises, well! this is not the part of the town for such goods. However, lord or no lord, you must come with me, and, if you are one, doubtless you can explain all to the Admiral. I must do my duty." Then, turning to his followers, he cried, "Seize upon him."

This they at once proceeded to do, or attempt to do, though I resisted manfully. I whipped out my hanger and stood on the defence while I shouted lustily for Oliver, hoping he might hear me; and I found some able auxiliaries in the screaming rabble of women who had been watching the scene. For no sooner did they see me attacked than they swooped down upon the press-gang; they belaboured the members of it with their fists and did much execution on them with their nails, while all the while they shouted and bawled at them and berated them for taking honest men and fathers of families away from their homes. But 'twas all of no avail. The lieutenant knocked my sword out of my hand with his cutlass, a sailor felled me with a blow of his fist, and two or three of them drove off the women, so that, in five minutes, I was secured. And never a sign of Oliver appeared while this was going on, so that I pictured the dismay of that loyal friend when he should come forth from the house he was visiting at, and learn the news of what had befallen me from the viragoes who had taken my part.

They carried, or rather dragged, me to a boat lying off the stairs near the Tower and flung me into it, fastening me to a thwart by one hand and by the other to a miserable-looking wretch who, with some more, had been impressed as I had. And so the sailors bent to their oars while the lieutenant took the rudder lines, and rowed swiftly down the river on a quick ebbing tide. In this way it was not long ere we reached the neighbourhood of Woolwich, and I saw before me a stately man-o'-war with an Admiral's flag flying from her foretopmast head.

That ship was the *Namur* under orders for the West Indies and North America, and was to be my home for many a day. Yet I knew it not then, nor, indeed, could I think aught of my future. My heart was sad and sorry within me, and, when I thought at all, it was of a far different home; the home in which my poor sick mother was sitting even now awaiting my return.

## PART II

### THE NARRATIVE OF JOICE BAMPFYLD OF VIRGINIA

#### CHAPTER XII

##### A COLONIAL PLANTATION

'Tis with no very willing heart that I sit down to write, as best I may, the account of the vastly strange and remarkable occurrences that took place in and about my home when I was but a girl of eighteen years of age, it being then the year of our Lord 1728. Yet, since it has to be done, let me address myself to the task as ably as I can, and pray that strength and lucidity may be accorded to me, so that those who, in days to come, shall read that which I set down, may be easily led to understand what I now attempt.

I, Joice Bampfyld, was, as I say, at the period at which I take up my pen, nearing eighteen years of age, and I dwelt at Pomfret Manor, situated, on the southern bank of the James River, in His Majesty's state of Virginia, the estate being some fifty miles inland from the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, and some ten miles south-west of the township of Richmond. On this manor, which had passed into my hands two years before at the decease of my dear and lamented father, who was of the third generation of the Bampfylds settled there, we raised tobacco and corn in large quantities and had good horned cattle and many sheep, while for the fruits of the earth there was no lack, so that my life from the first had ever been one of ease and comfort, and, even in Virginia, we of Pomfret Manor were accounted well-to-do folk. Yet, comfortable as was the existence here, there was still much in our surroundings that disturbed that comfort, as it disturbed the comfort of all our neighbours. Thus, our negro servants were now-a-days not always to be depended on for their fidelity; sometimes they would project insurrections and revolts which, when put into practice, could only be subdued by bloodshed, while our indented or convict servants--I mean the whites--were even still more troublesome, what with their runnings away, their constant endeavours to seduce the blacks from their allegiance, their drunkenness when they could get at drink, and their general depravity. For depraved they were beyond all thought, being most of them convicts from the jails in England who had saved their necks by praying to be sent to Virginia to be sold as plantation-hands, while the remainder were as often as not criminals evading justice, who, in England, had cheerfully sold themselves into four years' slavery (four years being the limit here, though much longer in the sugar-producing islands of the West Indies) so as to escape from the eye of justice and begin a new life in a new land. And, also, amongst them there were defaulting debtors and bankrupts, men who were flying from their wives and children, women who were deserting their husbands, and, sometimes, wretches who, when drunk in the seaport towns at home, had been carried on board and brought to the colonies, where, although they at first resented their kidnapping, they soon settled down to be as great villains as their fellows. Yet, had it not been for these dreadful people, one knows not how the plantations could have been kept prosperous, since certain it is that no free-born Englishman in Virginia, or any other of the colonies, would consent to toil in the fields, while the negroes were so lazy, and, in many cases, so sullen, that little hard work could be got out of them. Indoors the blacks would do their duties cheerfully enough; they loved cooking and nursing; they took pride in polishing and keeping in order the beautiful furniture which our fathers and grandfathers had imported from England, and in looking to the silver and the brasses. They did not even make objection to gardening, keeping our walks and grass plots in excellent order and our rose vines well trained against the walls, but that, with their delight of fiddling at dances and singing of songs, was all that they would do willingly.

Yet these minor troubles were but little and sank into nothingness beside the one great trouble, nay, the awful horror, that was always near us. I mean the Indians. Earlier, in the first Colonial days, the red men had dwelt in some semblance of friendship with our forerunners; they would live in peace with them, sleep by their firesides, eat from their platters, and teach them how to capture all the game of the forests and the fish of the waters. Yet, even then, all this harmony would be occasionally disturbed by a sudden outbreak on their part resulting in a dreadful massacre which, in its turn, resulted in a massacre on the part of the colonists in retaliation. So, as time went on, these two races, the white and red, which had once dwelt as friends together drew away from one another; the Indians retired further into the Alleghany mountains or even crossed them into the unknown land lying west of them, while the colonists made good their holdings on the eastern side of those mountains and defied the red men. But, still, the state of things was most dreadful--most horrible. For though the Indians had withdrawn, and, of late years, had made no great raid on the settlements in our part, one never knew when they were not meditating an attack upon some quiet manor like my own, or some peaceful village

consisting of a few scattered houses, or even upon some small town. Men went armed always--at church every man's loaded firelock, or gun, reposed against the side of the pew in which he worshipped--no woman thought of going a mile away from home without an escort, and children who wandered into the woods would often disappear and never be heard of again. So that one would meet weeping mothers and sad-faced looking fathers who mourned their children as dead, nay, who would rather have mourned them as dead than have had to bow to the living fate that had overtaken them. For they never came back, or, if they came, 'twas in such a shape that they had better have died than have been taken. One, the child of John Trueby of Whitefountain, did indeed come back fifteen years after he had been stolen by the Shawnees, dressed and painted as an Indian of that tribe, but only to slay his own father with a tomahawk at the direction of those with whom he had become allied. Another, who had been stolen by the Doeg Indians, returned only to his native hamlet to set fire to it, beginning with the wooden frame-house in which his mother and sisters had mourned him for years. Who, therefore, should not tremble at the very name of Indian? Who that had a child should not kneel down and pray to God to take that child's life rather than let it fall into the hands of the savages, where its nature would undergo so awful a change, and amongst whom it would develop into a fiend? For those who once dwelt with the Indians in the mountains, and adopted their customs and habits, became fiends, 'twas said, and nothing else.

This horror, as well as the dread of being surprised and having our houses burnt over our heads, we had always with us, always, always; as well also as the fear of being carried into captivity and tortured; or, in the case of girls like myself, of being subjected to worse than torture. When we lay down to sleep at night we knew not whether we should be awakened ere morning by some one knocking at our door and calling, "The Indians! The Indians!" If we looked forth on to our garden to observe its beauties as it lay in the moonlight, we deemed ourselves fortunate if we did not, some time or other, see the hideous painted face of a savage and his snake-like eyes gleaming at us from behind a tree or bush. Sometimes, also, floating down the river at night, when there was no moon, would be discerned by those who had sharp eyes the canoes of our dreaded foes bent on some awful errand, and full of painted, crouching savages. And then, through the still night air, would ring the ping of bullets discharged from the shore by some of the men who were always on the watch for such visitations; a canoe, or perhaps two, would be sunk, and a day or so afterwards there would be washed ashore the naked bodies of some horrid dyed Indians who had been drowned, or shot, as they were surprised. I do not say 'twas always so, but it was so very frequently, and scarce a summer passed by that we did not have some visits from them, while we ever lived in dread of a determined onslaught from a whole tribe in which not only our farm, plantations, homesteads, or manors should be surrounded by hundreds of our foe, but also entire villages or towns.

Pomfret Manor--named after the village of Pomfret in Dorsetshire, from which my great-grandfather, Simon Bampfylde, had removed to Virginia in the days of King Charles the Second--was the principal house in the lordship or hundred of Pomfret, as 'twas called in English fashion (of which fashions we colonists were always very tenacious), and, as we had thriven exceedingly since first we came, it also gave its name to the village hard by. Now, my great-grandfather having brought considerable money with him from home, had soon become one of the leading colonists, as well as one of the richest, in the neighbourhood. The house itself had once stood in Dorsetshire, and had been taken to pieces there and removed bit by bit to Virginia, as is the case with many other mansions to be found in the colonies. So the dear place in which I was born had seen the birth of many other Bampfylde before me when it existed in England, and was consequently much beloved by us. Constructed of the old red English bricks, with, for its front, a vast portico with columns of white stone, it made a pleasant feature in the landscape, while, with careful training, we had produced a smooth lawn which ran down almost to the banks of the river, and, on either side of it, we had contrived a sweet pleasaunce, or garden. Here there grew amidst the rich Virginian vegetation such flowers--recalling my ancestor's earlier house across the seas--as roses of all kinds, including the Syrian damask and the white alba; here, too, sparkled the calendula, or marigold, and there the wall-flower; while beds of pinks, or, as the flower was called in old days, the Dianthus, added to the patches of colour. Over our big porch, so cool to sit in on the hot days, there grew also the native creepers mingling with the yellow jasmine--a world of gorgeous flowers in the summer and of warm red leaves in the autumn--in which the oriole, or golden thrush, would nestle and rear its young. In the rear of the house was yet another lawn, or plantation, whereon we sat in the summer under the catalpa trees when 'twas too hot to be in the front; where the pigeons cooed from their cote and the cattle munched the soft grass, while, from their kennels, the mastiffs, used for fighting, or, better still, frightening the Indians who could not face them, and for tracing runaway negroes, would be heard baying. Around the grounds came next the belts of pines which were cultivated largely, both for firing and for the making of much household furniture; beyond them were the plantations of tobacco and of rice, which latter had by so fortunate a chance been introduced to our immediate colonies some thirty years ago.

Such was the house in which I was born and reared, such the place in which occurred the stirring incidents which now I have to record. These incidents brought me and mine near unto death; they dealt out suffering and pain to many and punishment and retribution to one villain at least. But, also, they brought to my heart so tender and so sweet a joy, and to him whom I afterwards came to love so deep and cherished a happiness--as he has since many times told me--that on my knees nightly I thank my God that He saw fit in His great goodness to let those incidents take place.



And now I will address myself to all I have to tell.

When my dear father was within two years of his death, though neither he nor any other dreamed of it, so hale and strong did he seem, he and my cousin, Gregory Haller of Whitefountain, set out for Norfolk town one May morning intending to ride there that day, put up for the night, and, on the following day, purchase many things that were wanted for our respective homes; and so back again. Such journeyings were necessary periodically, and took place usually some six or eight times a year, I sometimes riding with them also, if I wanted a new gown or some ribbons imported from England, or a pair of silver-fringed gloves, or, may be, any pretty nick-nack that I should happen to set eyes upon which might grace our saloon or living-room. At other periods, as now, I would be left at home with my companion and tutoress, Miss Mills, a young English lady who had dwelt with us for some two years. She had come to the colonies from Bristol, of which she was a native, in search of employment as a teacher, and with high recommendations, one being from the Bishop of Bath and Wells, a most goodly man as all accounts declared. She liked but little our being left alone without my father, as may well be understood, and having around us nothing but negroes and bought, or indented, white servants; yet, whether we liked it or not it had to be borne as best might be. Both of us could handle pistols, in the use of which my father had perfected us, as was necessary, or might at any instant be necessary; and there were about the house one or two men who could perhaps be relied upon. Such was Mungo, our old negro butler, who, like myself, was of the fourth generation of his race settled in Virginia, since his great-grandfather was brought a slave from Africa and sold to my Lord Baltimore; and there were one or two others of his colour. Yet, as I say, we liked not being alone and, even on the hottest summer nights, would have all the great house carefully closed and barred and shuttered, and would pass our time as best we might by playing and singing at the spinet, or playing at such games as ombre or shove-groat. And Mary Mills and I would huddle ourselves together in my great bed at night for company, and, as we sillily said, for safety, and shiver and shake over every mouse that ran behind the wainscot or at every sound we heard without, dreading that it meant the Indians or a revolt amongst the plantation hands.

Therefore you may be sure that whenever my father and cousin, or my father alone, returned from Norfolk or from Jamestown, we were right glad to see them, and to know that our loneliness as well as our unprotectedness was over for the time; and so 'twas now. They rode in as we were sitting down to our midday meal and, after my father and Gregory had each drunk a good stoup of rum (which we exchange largely for our tobacco with our brother colonists in Jamaica, the men finding it a pleasant, wholesome drink, when mixed with water) the former said:

"So my chicks have not been harried by the Indian foxes this time neither. 'Tis well. And see, now, there are some ships in from home. His Majesty's sloop *Terrific* is in the Bay, and the girls of Richmond are preparing to give a dance to the officers--thou should'st be there, Joice!--and there is a merchantman from London full of precious stuffs and toys. Yet, since I have no money, I could bring thee nought, my dear."

Here we laughed, for my father ever made this joke preparatory to producing his presents, and I said:

"What have you brought?"

"What have I brought? Well, let me consider. What say you now to a new horloge for the saloon? our old one is getting crazy in its works, as well it may be, since my grandfather brought it from home with him. This one hath Berthould and Mudges' 'scapements, so the captain of the ship told me," my father went on, reading from a piece of paper, "or rather wrote it down, and he guarantees it will be going a hundred years hence. Then, for a silk gown, I have purchased thee some pieces--our own early ventures in Virginian silk were none too successful!--which will become thy fair complexion well, and I have an odd piece of lace or two for a hood. While for you, Miss Mills," with an old-fashioned bow, which I think he must have learnt when young and used to attend Governor Spotswood's receptions, "as you are a dark beauty I have brought also a lace hood, and a new book since you love verse. 'Tis by one Mr. Thomson, and seems to describe the seasons prettily. The captain tells me it has ever a ready sale at home."

Then we thanked him as best we knew how, after which Gregory--who was ever timid and retiring before women, though like a lion, as I have heard others say, when chasing the Indians or a bear or wolf--stepped forward and said:

"And I, too, have brought thee a present, Joice, if thou wilt take it from my hands."

He spoke this way because his heart was sore that I could not love him and would not promise to be his wife, often as he had asked me. Tho', indeed, I did love him as a cousin, nay, as a brother, only he always said it was not that he wanted but a love sweeter and dearer than a sister's.

"I have brought you," he went on, "a filagree bracelet for your arms, tho'," in a lower voice, "they need no adornment. And for thy head a philomot-coloured hood, different in shape from the one uncle has brought. And its russet hue should well become thy golden hair, that looks like the wheat when 'tis a-ripening."

But here I bade him pay me no more compliments lest I should become vain, and then we all

sat down to our meal together.

### **CHAPTER XIII**

#### **THE BOND SLAVE**

"And now," said my father, after he and Gregory had eaten well of what was on the table, such as most excellent fish from the river, one of our baked hams, potatoes, sweet potatoes, pones and wheaten bread, as well as puddings of papaw, or custard apples.

"And now we have a strange recital to make to you young ladies, the like of which is not often heard, or if heard--for the convict villains and bought servants are capable of any lies--not much believed in."

"What is it?" Mary Mills and I both asked in the same breath. "Tho'," she went on, "perhaps I can guess. Is't some young princess who has come out as a 'convict villain?'" and here she laughed. "Nay, 'twould not be so wonderful. From Bristol in my time there were many went forth who, when they reached here, or the Islands, told marvellous strange stories of their real position--sometimes imposing so much upon the planters that there would come letters home asking if such and such a woman could indeed be the Lady This, or if such and such a man could be the Lord That? Yet they never could procure proofs that such was the case."

My father and Gregory exchanged glances at her words, and then the former said:

"And such a letter I think I must send home. For I have bought to-day a young fellow--as much out of pity as for any use he is like to be, such a poor, starved radish of a young man is he--who protests and swears that 'tis all a mistake his being here, and that some dreadful villainy has been practised on him. For he says that, though not a lord himself, he is the son and heir of one, ay! and of a marquis, too, in the future."

I cried out at this, for my girl's curiosity was aroused, and Miss Mills exclaimed, "'Tis ever the old story. They have talents, these servants, tho' they apply them but ill. They should turn romancers when I warrant that they would outdo such stories as 'Polyxander,' or 'L'Illustre Bassa,' or 'Le Grand Cyrus,' or even the wanderings of Mendes Pinto."

"Yet," said Gregory, "there seems a strain of truth in his words. He speaks like a gentleman,"--Gregory had been educated at Harvard, so he was a fitting judge, independently of being a gentleman himself--"and, undoubtedly, no convict from home or rapsallion fleeing from justice would talk as assuredly as he does of his father's anger on those who kidnapped him, or of the certainty of his being sent for by the first ship from Ireland--whence he has come--if he had not some grounds to go upon."

"From whom did you purchase this youth, Mr. Bampfyld?" asked Mary, who herself seemed now to be impressed by what they said.

"From the most villainous-looking captain I ever set my eyes on," replied my father; "a fellow who could look no one straight in the face, but who sold off his cargo as quickly as he could, took the money, and, with a fine breeze, departed from the Bay last evening, having taken in some fresh water. His papers were for Newcastle, on the Delaware, but he said he could make as good a market in Virginia as there--if not better. I gave," went on my father, "a bond of twelve hundred pounds of tobacco for this fellow, which I borrowed of Roger Cliborne, and so miserable did he look that I gave it out of compassion. Whether he will ever be worth the money is doubtful, but Heaven send that he, at least, involves us in no trouble."

He spake meaning that he trusted the youth would involve us in no trouble with the Government at home, nor with the Lords of Trade and Plantations who, since many people had wrongfully been sent out to the colonies of late years--in spite of Mary Mills' banter--had caused much investigation to take place recently into such cases, and had, thereby, created much discomfort and annoyance as well as loss of money to those into whose hands such people had fallen. Alas! had this wretched young man caused us no worse trouble than this in the future we could have borne it well enough. What he did bring upon us was so terrible that, Christian tho' I trust I am, I cannot refrain from saying it would have been better that he should have been drowned from the vessel that brought him over than ever to have been able to curse Pomfret with his presence.

The sun was dipping towards the Alleghanies by now, so that, at the back of the house, it was getting cool and pleasant, and Gregory said that if the ladies so chose we might go down and see

the young gentleman, who was, doubtless, by this time duly placed among the other convicts, bought-servants and redemptioners. Wherefore, putting on our sun-hoods, Mary and I went forth with them--who by now had finished not only their dinner but their beloved pipes and rum-sangaree--and down to where those poor creatures abode.

We had some eighty such, including negroes, at this moment on our plantation, an a motley collection they were, as I have already told. Those who came under the name of "redemptioners" were the best workers as well as the most trustworthy, because, having an object before them, namely, to establish themselves in the colonies when the service into which they had sold themselves for four years to pay their passage out, was over, they worked hard and lived orderly and respectably, and were generally promoted to be overseers above the others. Two or three of them were married, their wives having either come with them or been selected from among the female redemptioners, and all of them knew either a good trade or were skilful mechanics, so that they were doubly useful. Then there were the "bought" servants, as distinguished from the redemptioners, who consisted generally of the wretched creatures who had been made drunk at home and smuggled on board when in that state, or who, being beggars in the streets of Bristol, London, Leith, or Dublin, were but too glad to exchange their cold and hunger for the prospect of warmth and food in the colonies--the description of which latter places lost nothing in the telling by those who shipped them at, you may be sure, a profit. These were called the "kids," because of having been kidnapped, and also because most of them were very young. Next, there were the convicts, the worst of all as a rule to deal with, since many of them were hardened criminals at home who had been spared hanging and cast for transportation instead, and had become no better men or women under the colonial rule. Even in my short life we had had some dreadful beings amongst these servants, one having been a highwayman at home, another a coiner and clipper, a third a footpad and a cutthroat, a fourth a robber of drunken men, and so on, while there were women whose mode of life in England I may not name nor think of. All were not, however, equally bad, nor had all been such sinners in England. One had done no more than steal a loaf when starving, another had hoaxed a greenhorn with pinchbeck watches; one, when drunk, had shouted for James Sheppard, a poor lunatic, who had thought to assassinate the late King, another had been mixed up with Councillor Laver's silly attempt to bring in the Pretender. Yet all had stood their trials and had been sentenced to death, but had afterwards had that sentence commuted. And in every plantation in all the colonies much the same thing prevailed. The treatment of these bond servants varied not so much according to the laws of the different countries or states, as according to the tempers and feelings of their different owners for the time being. If a man was merciful he treated them well and fed them well; if he was cruel he beat them and starved them, whipped both white men and women, when they were naked, with hickory rods steeped in brine, and, when they were sick, let them die because, since they were his only for four years, their lives were not worth preserving. And, although he might not kill them by law, as he might a negro or a dog, if he did kill them it was unknown for notice to be taken of it. And sometimes, too, dissipated planters would gamble for their white men and women as they would for bales of tobacco or bags of Virginia shillings, so that those who had a hard master one day exchanged him for a good one on the next, or the case might be exactly reversed. My father, though firm, could not be considered aught else but a good master to both his black and white servants. Indian meal was allowed them in large quantities, while pork--though true it is that our swine were so numerous that they were accounted almost valueless--was served out to them regularly. Moreover, those who did well were given small rewards, even if only a *Rosa Americana* farthing now and again, while for floggings, none received them but those who stole, or ran away and were recaptured, or misbehaved themselves grossly. But each, on being purchased on to our estate, had read to him a dreadful list of punishments which he would surely receive if he did aught to merit them. It was thought well by my father that the fear of such punishments should be kept ever before their eyes, even if those punishments were but rarely dealt out.

We heard much laughing and many derisive shouts as we drew near the white servants' quarters, nor had we long to wait or far to go before we discovered the cause of it, which was our new purchase telling the others of his miseries and dreadful lot, as he termed it. Through the breaks in the trees we perceived him seated on a pork barrel--a miserable-looking figure, unkempt and dirty. His long straight hair, like a New England Puritan's or a Quaker's, was hanging down his shoulders; he had no shoes upon his feet, and thus he was holding forth to his new acquaintances.

"So consider," we heard him say, as we drew near, "consider what I, a gentleman, the Honourable Roderick St. Amande, have suffered. Near five months at sea, nearly drowned and shipwrecked, with our ship driven out of her course, then chased by pirates who knew the cargo there was on board; beaten, ill-used, cuffed and ill-treated by all--and all of it a mistake."

"Ay," exclaimed the man who had been, it was said, a housebreaker, and was a rough, coarse fellow, "and so was my affair all a mistake. 'Twas friend Jonathan--Jonathan Wild who hath now himself been hanged, as I have since heard--who pinched me falsely, but the Government, recognising my merits more than my lord on the bench, who was asleep when he tried me, sent me out here where I fell into the hands of old Nick."

Thus the wretch presumed to speak of my father, whose Christian name was Nicholas, and his remarks were received with laughter; upon which he went on, "Yet, take heart of grace, my young Irish cock-sparrow. Thou art in good hands. Nick is a good man and will not over-work

thee; and he will feed thee, which is more than thy beggarly country could well do. Moreover, when thou hast done thy four years' service, thou canst palm off thy pretended lordship on some young colonial girl who will doubtless be glad enough to wed thee; if thou makest thy story plausible. Nay, there is one at hand; Nick hath a daughter fair as a lily, with lips like roses----"

"Silence, villain," said my father in a voice of thunder, as he strode forth from under the trees, his eyes flashing fiercely. "Thou hound!" he went on, addressing the man. "Is it thus you dare to speak of me and mine! Overseer," calling to one who was seated in his hut, and who came forth at once, "see this man has nought but Indian meal served out to him during the remainder of his service. How much longer is that service?"

"About four months, your honour," the overseer replied.

"So be it. Nothing but meal for him, and where there is any one labour harder than another, set him to it. And, hark ye," he said, turning to the convict. "If in those four months I find my daughter's name has been on your foul lips again, you shall be flogged till you are dead--even though I have to answer for it to the Lords of Trades and Plantations myself. Go."

The fellow slunk away cowed and followed by the overseer who drove him to the shed he inhabited with the other convicts, and, although it was their hour of relaxation previous to their last work in the evening, he ordered him to remain there under pain of flogging. Then my father, turning to his new purchase, bade him get off the barrel and come forth under the shade of the trees to where we were.

He did so, looking, as I thought, with some awe upon him who could speak so fiercely and have his orders at once obeyed. Also, we all observed that when he drew near to us and saw ladies, he took off the ragged, filthy cap he wore with a polite bow though an easy one, and with the air of one who is being presented to those with whom he is on a perfect equality. My father's face relaxed into a slight smile at this, while Mary whispered to me, "Faith! 'tis becoming vastly interesting. The creature is, I believe, in very truth, a gentleman."

"Now, young man," my father said, "you harp well upon this story of your being a nobleman's son--the Honourable Roderick St. Amante, you say you are? What proofs have you of this?"

The youth looked at him, frankly enough as we thought, and then he replied, "None here, because of the wicked scheme that has been practised on me instead of on--but no matter. Yet I have told you the truth of how I was kidnapped by two ruffians, a man and a youth--when I was dr--when I had been entertaining my friends in Dublin."

This part of his story he had, indeed, told my father and Gregory on the journey back from Norfolk where he was bought, and they had already repeated it to us, as you have heard.

"But," he continued, "'tis capable enough of proof, if you will prove it. Write to Dublin, write to the Viscount St. Amante, my father, or to the King-at-Arms, who hath enrolled him successor to my uncle, Gerald, the late Lord, or, if you will, write to the Marquis of Amesbury, whose kinsman and successor, after my father, I am."

"Humph!" said my father, "the name of the Marquis is known to me. 'Twas once thought he should have been sent Governor of Maryland, only he would not. He thought himself too great a man."

"Young man," said Mary Mills, "since you say you are heir to the Marquis of Amesbury, doubtless you can tell us his lordship's country seat?"

"Young lady," he replied, looking at her in so strange a way that, as she said later that night, she should dread him ever after, "'twere best to say his 'seats.' One he has near Richmond, in Surrey, a pretty place; another is in Essex, but the greatest of all is Amesbury Court, near Bristol--" Mary started at this, for she knew it to be true--"though in his town house, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, he has some choice curiosities, to say nothing of some most excellent wine. I would I had a draught of it now--your infernal American sun burns me to pieces, and the cruel voyage has nigh killed me."

"Young man," said Gregory, "remember that, whomsoever you be, you are here a slave, and not free to express your thoughts either on our climate or aught else."

"May be," replied the youth, "but it cannot be for long, if this--this--per--gentleman will but make enquiries. A letter may go from here to Ireland, if the vessel has not such cursed winds as the slave-ship had that brought me, and a reply come back, within three months. And if you neither beat nor kill me, but treat me fair, you shall be well rewarded----"

"Stay," said my father, "on this, my estate, it is best for you not to speak of reward to me. Where rewards are given in Virginia they are given by the masters, not by the slaves. But, since you keep to your story and do challenge me to make enquiries as to its veracity, I have determined to act as a Christian to you. You shall neither be beaten nor hurt on my plantations--none are who behave well--and, pending the time that an answer may come as to the letter I shall write, you shall be fairly treated. If your narrative is true, you shall be free to go by the next ship that sails for England. If it is false, or it appeareth that you have used your knowledge of the

noble families you have mentioned to impose on us, you shall be whipped and kept to the hardest work on the plantations till your time is served."

"I am obliged to you," the other answered. "And you may be assured that you will receive confirmation of the truth of all I have told you. Meanwhile, what is to be my lot until that confirmation comes?"

"I will consider. Can you keep accounts and reckonings?"

The young man, perhaps because he felt that was assured of easy treatment for some space of time at least, gave a laugh at this and cut a kind of caper, so that we ourselves were almost forced to laugh outright; and then he said:

"The devil an account--saving the young women's pardon--have I ever kept except to try and check the swindling rogues at the taverns who were ever for adding on to the scores I owed them, and inserting in the list bowls of punch and flasks of sherris I had never drunk. And the fashioners would ever insert charges for hoods for the girls, or laces for Doll----"

"Your recollections are scarcely seemly before these ladies," my father again interrupted sternly. "My nephew and I have had already twice to bid you mind your expressions. Now, sir, hear me and remember what I say. If I treat you well you must behave yourself as becomes a gentleman, and use neither strong language nor introduce unseemly stories into your talk. For, if you do not conform to these orders of mine, you will be sent back to dwell among the bond-servants to whom doubtless your language and narratives will be acceptable."

"I ask pardon," the other said, though by no means graciously, and speaking rather as one who was forced by an inferior to do that which he disliked. "I will offend the ladies' delicacy no more."

Then, without hesitation, he changed the subject and said, "And when, sir, may I expect to get some proper food? I have neither eaten nor drunk since you brought me from the coast this morning."

"You shall have food," my father replied. "Come with us"; while, as we all went back to the house, he said to Gregory, "'Tis the coolest rascal that was ever sold as a slave into the colonies. It seems impossible to doubt but that his story must be true."

## CHAPTER XIV

### **A SLAVE'S GRATITUDE!**

And now I have to tell, as briefly as may be, of how the Honourable Roderick St. Amande--as he said he was, and as we all came to believe he was in very truth--who had come as a bought slave and bond-servant to our house, became ere long almost one of us, mixing on the same footing with us and, indeed, living almost the life of a member of my father's family. To listen to his discourse was, indeed, to be forced to believe in him, for while he had ceased to insist upon the truth of his position, as though 'twas no longer necessary, every word he uttered showed that he must have held that position at home and had, at least, mixed amongst those with whom he claimed to be on an equality. He spoke of other lords and ladies with such easy freedom as no impostor could have assumed who had only known them by sight or hearsay; he described London and Dublin, and the Courts of both, in a manner which other Virginians, who were in the habit of paying frequent visits home, acknowledged was perfectly just and accurate, and, above all, his easy assumption of familiarity, if not superiority, to those whom he designated as "colonials" and "emigrants," impressed everyone. To my father, whose bread he ate in easy servitude, he behaved with a not disrespectful freedom; Gregory he treated as a sort of provincial acquaintance; and to Mary Mills and myself he assumed an easy degree of intercourse which was at once amusing and galling. And that he was a bought slave who might be starved or flogged, and possibly killed if his master were cruelly disposed, he seemed to have entirely forgotten.

Yet--bitter as is the confession, knowing now how this wretch repaid at last that which was done for him--all of us came to regard him as an intimate, and, if the truth must be told, to take some amusement in his society. To my father he could tell many interesting stories, young as he was, of men moving in the gay world at home, of whom the former had heard, or with whose forerunners he had been acquainted. To Gregory he described the hunting of the fox in England and Ireland; racing which he had seen at Newmarket and on Hampstead Heath and Southsea Common, new guns that were invented for the chase, and the improved breeds of harriers that were trained in Wiltshire. To Mary and myself--shame on us that we loved to hear such things!--

he would tell of the ladies of the Court and their love affairs and intrigues; of the women of the theatres and their great appetites and revellings, and of the balls and ridottos and "hops," as he termed them, which took place. Of books, though he had been at school at Harrow, he seemed to know nothing, though he had little scraps of Latin which he would lug into his conversation as suitable to the subject. Yet to us, to Mary who had never been allowed to go to a theatre in England, or to me who dwelt in a land where such a thing had never at this time been heard of, and where an exhibition of a polar bear, or a lion, or a camel in a barn was a marvel that drew crowds from miles around, his talk was agreeable.

Unfortunately, however, there was that about him which led us two women--though I was scarce a woman then--to keep him at his distance. Being made free of the rum and the sangaree as well as, sometimes, the imported brandy, and being often with the young gentlemen of other plantations, whom he soon came to know, he was frequently inebriated, and, when in this state, was not fit to be encountered. My white bondmaid, Christian Lamb (who as a girl of fourteen had been sentenced to death in London for stealing a bottle of sweetmeats, but was afterwards cast for transportation) was one of the objects of his passion until her brother, a convict, threatened to have revenge if he did not desist. Of this brother so strange a thing was related that I must here repeat it. Going to bid farewell to his sister, Christian, in the transport at Woolwich, near London, he begged the captain to take him, too, as a foremast man, but this the other refused, bidding him brutally to wait but a little while and he would doubtless come soon "in the proper way," namely, as a convict himself. Enraged, he went ashore and picked a gentleman's pocket of a handkerchief, when, sure enough, he came out in the next transport to Virginia, and, enquiring for his sister, had the extreme good fortune to attract my father's notice and to be bought by him.

To Mary and to me Mr. St. Amante ever used the language of his class, as, I suppose, in England, and would exclaim:

"How beautiful you both are. You, Miss Mills, are dark as the Queen of Night, as the fellow saith in the play, while you Miss Bampfylde are like unto the lilies of the field. 'Tis well I have not to stay here long or my heart would be irremediably gone--split in twain, one half labelled 'Mary,' t'other 'Joice.' Nay, I know not that I do not love you both now."

"Best keep your love, sir," Mary would reply, "for those who wish it, as doubtless there are many. 'Tis said you admire many of the bond-women below; why not offer your love to them as well as your pretty speeches?"

Whereon he would flush up and reply, "Madam, my love is for my equals. You forget I am a peer in the future."

"And a slave in the present," she would retort, as it seemed to me then, cruelly. "Therefore are the bond-women your equals."

His drunkenness angered my father so, that, sometimes, he would order him out of the great saloon, where he would unconcernedly sprawl about, soiling our imported Smyrna and Segodia carpets, disarranging our old English furniture we prized so much, and rumpling the silk and satin covers on the couches. Then, when ordered forth, he would often disappear for a day or so, to be heard of next as being at a cock-fight at some neighbouring hamlet; or in a drinking bout with our clergyman, a most depraved divine who was only kept in his position till a more decorous person could be obtained; or herding down with the bond-servants and negroes till driven away by the overseers.

"In truth," my father would at these times exclaim, "I wish heartily a letter would come from the Marquis." He had written to him in preference to Lord St. Amante, reflecting that if, after all, the fellow was not what he seemed to be, the Marquis must be the man to set things right, while Lord St. Amante might, in such a case, be an impostor himself. Yet it grew more and more difficult to suppose this, since the youth himself had once or twice sent off letters addressed to "The Right Hon., The Viscount St. Amante," at Grafton Street, Dublin; to another gentleman addressed as "Wolfe Considine, Esquire," and to still another addressed as "Lord Charles Garrett, at The Castle, Dublin."

"'Tis a plaguey fellow this," he said to us of his lordship one day with a laugh, as he closed the latter up, "to whom I was engaged, as I seem to remember, to fight a duel on the morning the ruffians kidnapped me. A son of the Marquis of Tullamore, and a fire-eater, because his father had got him a pair of colours in Dunmore's regiment. He will swear I ran away for fear of him, till he gets this letter telling him I will meet him directly I set foot in Ireland again."

"What," said my father one night to me as we sat in the porch, "does he mean when he mutters something about an impostor who claims his father's title? I have heard him speak on the subject to you and Miss Mills, though, since I can not abide the youth, I have paid but little heed."

"He says," I replied, while my father smoked his great pipe and listened lazily, "that there is some youth in Ireland who claims to be the rightful lord, being the son of his uncle, the late Viscount. Yet he is not his son, he says, being in truth the son of that lord's wife who lived not with her husband."

"Humph!" exclaimed my father, "then 'tis strange he should be here sold into bond-service

while the other is free at home. 'Tis common enough for such poor lads as that other to get sent away, but peers' true sons not often. Perhaps," he went on, "it is this gracious youth who is the impostor and not that other."

"I know not," I replied, "but from what Mary and I can gather--and he speaks more freely in his cups than ordinarily--there seems to have been some plot devised for shipping off that other, but some springe having been set this one was sent instead. Yet, he says, he cannot himself comprehend it, since the other was a beggar dwelling with beggars, while he was amongst the best, so that no confusion should have arisen."

"Does he say that his father, Lord St. Amante, entered into so foul a plot as that?"

"Nay, he says the youth was a young criminal cast for transportation for robbery, but that he escaped from jail and, in the hunt after him, they secured the wrong one, which he accounts for by both bearing the same name."

Again my father said "Humph!" and pondered awhile, and then, as he rose to seek his bed, he continued, "We shall know the truth some day, may be. The Marquis of Amesbury will surely answer my letter, and, indeed, if this young tosspot be what he says he is, there should already be some on their way to Virginia to seek for him. He cannot have been smuggled off without some talk arising about the affair, and, even if that should not be so, the letters he has sent by the couriers to his father should bring forth some response--if his tale is true."

So the time went on and the period drew near when news might be expected from Ireland. As it so went on and that intelligence might be looked for, we grew more and more sure that Mr. St. Amante's story must be true. For so certain did he seem of the fact that letters would come from his father--he knowing not that mine had written to the Marquis of Amesbury--requiring his release and paying, as the young man was courteous enough to term it, "my father's charges," that he threw off any restraint he might previously have had, and treated us all with even greater freedom than before. Yet, as you shall hear, he went too far.

He would not, however, have gone as far as he did if, at this time, my father had not fallen into a sickness which obliged him to keep his bed--alas! it was to bring him to his end!--so that there was none to control this young man. Gregory, who had his own plantation where he lived with his widowed mother, and their joint interests to look after, could not be always at our place, and thus the marvellous thing came about that Mr. St. Amante, though our bond-servant in actual fact, did in our house almost what he pleased. He came and went as he chose, he rode my father's horses, he drank rum morning, noon and night, and he even brought his degraded friend, the clergyman, into the house to drink with him under the excuse of that wicked old man being necessary for my father's spiritual needs. But the latter ordered that degraded man from the room where he lay sick, and bade him begone, and, later on, at night, when these two began singing and bawling in their cups--so that some of the negroes and servants outside thought the Indians had at last surrounded us!--he staggered forth from his chamber, and, from the landing, swore he would go down and shoot them if they did not desist.

But now came the time when all this turmoil and this disgrace to our house was to cease.

I was passing one night through the saloon, having, indeed, come in from the porch where I had been advising with Gregory, who had ridden over to see us, as to what was to be done if my father remained much longer sick and we still had this dreadful infliction upon our house, when to my surprise--for I thought him away cockfighting--I saw him reel into the hall, and, perceiving me, direct his steps into the room where I was.

"Ha! ha! my pretty Joice!" he exclaimed, as he did so; "ha! ha! my Virginian beauty. So thou art here! How sweet, too, thou look'st to-night with thy bare white arms and rosy lips and golden hair. Faith, Joice! colonist girl though thou art, thou art fit to be beloved of any," and he hiccoughed loudly.

"If Gregory had not but gone this instant," I exclaimed, "he should whip you, you ill-mannered dog, for daring to speak to me thus in my father's own house. Get you to bed, sir, and disturb not the place."

"To bed! Not I! 'Tis not yet ten o' the clock and I am not accustomed to such hours. Nay, Joice, think on't, my dear. Five months at sea, kicked and cuffed and starved, and now in the land of plenty--plenty to eat and drink. And to spend, too! See here, my Joice," and he pulled out a handful of English guineas from his pocket. "Won't em all at the match from that put Pringle, who, colonist though he is, hath impudently been sent to Oxford and is now back. Won't go to bed, Joice, for hours," he hiccoughed. "No! Fetch me bottle brandy. We'll sit up together and I'll tell you how I love you."

"Let me pass, *slave*," I exclaimed in my anger, while he still stood barring my way. "Let me pass."

"Hoity-toity. Slave, eh? Slave! And for how long, think you, my pretty? Ships are due in the bay even now, and then I can pay off thy father and go home. Yet I know not that I will go home. I have conceived a fancy for Virginia and Virginian girls. Above all for thee, Joice. I love thy golden head and blue eyes and rosy lips--what said the actor fellow in the play of old Bess's day, of lips



like roses filled with snow? He must have dreamt of such as thine!--I love them, I say. And, Joice, I do love thee."

I was trembling with anger all the while he spoke, and now I said:

"While my father lies sick I rule in this house, and to-morrow that rule shall see you punished. To-morrow you shall go amongst the convicts and the bond-servants, and do slaves' work. You tipsy dog, this house is no place for you!"

He took no notice of my words beyond a drunken grin, and then, because he was a cowardly ruffian who thought he could safely assault a young girl who was alone and defenceless while her father lay ill upstairs, he sprang towards me and seized me in his arms exclaiming: "Roses filled with snow! And I will have a kiss from them. I will, I say, I will. Thy charms madden me, Joice."

But now, while I struggled with him and beat his face with my clenched hands, I sent shriek upon shriek forth, and I screamed to my father and Mary to come and save me from the monster.

"Ssh-ssh!" he said, while still he endeavoured to kiss me. "Hush, you pretty fool, hush! You will arouse the house, and kisses cost nothing--ha, the devil!"

He broke off his speech and released me, for now he saw a sight that struck fear to his craven heart. Standing in the open doorway, his face as white as the long dressing robe he wore, was my father with his drawn hanger in his hand, and, behind him, Mary Mills and one or two negroes.

"God!" he exclaimed, "my daughter assaulted by my own bought servant. You villain! your life alone can atone for this." Then, with one step, his strength returning to him for a moment, he came within distance of the ruffian, and, reaching his sword on high, struck full at his head. Fortunately for the other, but unfortunately for future events, his feebleness made that sword shake in his hand so that it missed the wretch's head--though only by a hair's breadth--and, descending, struck off one of his ears so that it fell upon the polished floor of the saloon, while the weapon cut into his shoulder as it continued its course.

"This time I will make more sure," my father exclaimed, raising the sword again, but, ere he could renew the attack, with one bound accompanied by a hideous yell of pain, the villain Roderick St. Amade had leapt out on to the porch and fled down the steps--his track being marked by a line of blood. While my poor father, overcome by his exertions, and seeing that the wretch had escaped, fell back fainting into the arms of Mary Mills.

## CHAPTER XV

### **A VISITOR FROM ENGLAND**

Five years have passed away since then and now, when I again begin the recitation of the strange events of which my house was the centre, and I, who was then scarcely more than a child, have to record all that happened around me when I had developed into a woman.

By this period my dearly loved father had been long dead; had been, indeed, borne to his grave nearly four years ago, accompanied by all that ceremony with which a Virginian gentleman is always interred; and I ruled in his stead. Thus, you will comprehend, he had lived for some months after he had endeavoured to slay Mr. St. Amade for his assault upon me, and during those months we had received information about who and what he was, though there was still more to be learnt later on.

Indeed, he had not fled our house a week ere the courier brought a letter which had arrived from home; a letter sealed with a great seal as big as that of the Governor of Virginia, and addressed with much formal courtesy to "Nicholas Bampfylde, Esquire, Gentleman and Planter, of Pomfret Manor, on the James River, partly in King and Queen, and partly in King County, Virginia, etc." And when it was perused we found it did indeed contain strange matter, though, strange as it was, not difficult of understanding.

The Marquis, who wrote in his own hand, began by stating that, since all who bore the name of St. Amade were immediate kin of his, he thanked Mr. Bampfylde for in any way having shown kindness, which he was not called upon to show, to the youth, Roderick St. Amade. Yet, he proceeded to state, Mr. Bampfylde had in part been imposed upon by that young man, since, while he was in truth an heir of the title, he was by no means an immediate one, nor was his father really the Viscount St. Amade. The actual possessor of that title, his lordship said, was Gerald St. Amade, son of the late lord, his heir being (while Gerald was unmarried and without a son)



his uncle Robert, falsely, at present, terming himself Lord St. Amante, and then, in succession to him, Roderick St. Amante.

"But," continued the Marquis, "it was indeed most remarkable that Mr. Bampfyld's letter should have arrived at the moment it did, for, while he stated that he had purchased Roderick St. Amante from the captain of a slave-trading vessel, they at home were under very grave fears that some similar disaster had befallen Gerald, the real lord, since he too was missing and no tidings could be gleaned of him. He had, however, disappeared from London and not from Dublin while left alone but a little while by a most faithful friend and companion of his (who was now as one distracted by his loss), and they could only conjecture that the young lord had either been stolen by kidnappers and sent to the West Indian or the American plantations, or else impressed for service in one of His Majesty's vessels, the press having been very hot of late."

The Marquis added that he felt little alarm at the young lord's future, since he knew it could only be a matter of time as to his release, no matter where he had been taken to, while as to Mr. Roderick St. Amante he trusted Mr. Bampfyld would continue his kindness to him, put him in the way of returning to his family, and let him have what was necessary of money, for all of which he begged Mr. Bampfyld to draw upon him as he saw fit, and the drafts should be instantly honoured.

So, with profuse and reiterated thanks, this nobleman concluded his letter, and at the same time stated that Mr. Roderick St. Amante might not intentionally have intended to deceive Mr. Bampfyld as to his proper position, since, doubtless, his own father--who was a most unworthy and wicked person--had really fed the youth's mind with the idea that he was the heir-apparent to the peerage.

My father never did draw on the Marquis of Amesbury for the money he had expended, nor, indeed, would he have any mention ever made of Roderick St. Amante, though he commissioned Gregory to sit down and write to his lordship a full account of all the doings of that young libertine from the time he came to us until he left, and also bade my cousin not to omit how he had struck off his ear when he would, had he been able, have slain him. This letter of Gregory's was not answered until after my father had passed away, when we received another from the Marquis full of expressions of regret for the misbehaviour of his relative, and stating that, henceforth, he neither intended to acknowledge Roderick nor his father as kinsmen of his. Also, he remarked, that had Mr. Bampfyld killed the profligate he would have only accorded him his deserts, and could have merited no blame from honest men for doing so. Likewise, he told us that news had been heard of the real lord, Gerald, Viscount St. Amante, who had indeed been impressed for a seaman on board His Majesty's ship *Namur*, in which Admiral Sir Chaloner Ogle had hoisted his flag, and that, on the vessel having sailed the same night and he making known his condition to the Admiral, that illustrious officer had taken him under his charge and promised to treat him as a petty officer and promote him to better things should his command be a long one.

This was the last letter we had from home touching this strange matter--excepting a letter from the Marquis's secretary stating that his lordship had not as yet been called on to honour any draft of Mr. Bampfyld's, which he would very willingly do. Yet of the matter itself there was now to be more trouble, ay! more dreadful, horrid trouble than had happened up to now. This you shall see later. Meanwhile, our life went on very peacefully at the Manor, and, when I had reconciled myself to my dear father's loss, was not an unhappy one. Mary remained with me ever as my friend and companion, helping me to direct the household duties, singing and playing with me upon the spinet and the harpsichord, riding with me sometimes to Richmond, or Norfolk, or Williamsburg, sometimes called Middle Plantation, and assisting me in my garden, for which she constantly obtained from her friends in Bristol many of the dear old English plants and seeds. Yet I feared that the day must come ere long when she would cease to be an inmate of my house, tho' still a neighbour. For it was very evident that she had formed an affection, which was warmly returned, for the young Irish clergyman whom our neighbour, Mr. Cliborne, had brought out from England on his return from his last visit there, to replace the dissolute old man who had been Mr. St. Amante's friend and brother carouser. This young divine was a very different kind of man from that other, being most attentive in his duties and expounding the Word--according to the forms of the Established Church--most beautifully, and was, withal, a cheerful companion. He could also write sweet verses--whereby he partly gained, I think, Mary's heart--and he could take part in a catch or a glee admirably, so that, when in the evening we all sang together in the saloon, the blacks would gather round outside to hear and, sometimes, to hum in concert with us. To add to which his learning was profound.

But what interested me more than all was that Mr. Jonathan Kinchella--such being his name--was able to throw a thoroughly clear light upon the whole of the transactions connected with the St. Amante family; he could explain all that you, yourselves, know as to how the scapegrace, Roderick, came out to Virginia, and he told us of all the sufferings of that poor young man whom he always spoke of as Gerald, so that we could not but weep at their recountal. For what woman's heart, nay, what human heart, would not be touched by the description of that poor child torn from his mother's arms, living the life of a beggar in rags, and witnessing the funeral of his father conducted by charity? Oh! it was pitiful, we said to one another, pitiful; and when we knelt down to pray at night we besought a blessing on Mr. Kinchella and on that other good Christian, Quin, the butcher, for all that they had done for that unhappy young outcast.

But, previous to the arrival of this gentleman, I received a visit, of which I must speak, from another person, who also seemed much interested in those two cousins, and who, at the time when he came, I regarded as a most kind, benevolent gentleman.

Mary and I were seated one morning in our dining-saloon, it being then some months after my father's death, when Mungo entered the room and said that there was, without, a gentleman on his road to the proposed new settlement of Georgia. One who, the black added, would be very glad if I could accord him a moment's reception, since he was a friend of the St. Amade family, and that his name was Captain O'Rourke.

Bidding him be shown into the great saloon--for even now our curiosity was great to hear any news about this strange family, one of whose members, and he, doubtless, the worst, had dwelt with us--we entered that apartment shortly afterwards, and perceived our visitor standing at the long windows gazing down across the plantations to where the river ran. As he turned and made us a deep and most courtly bow, we observed that he was a gentleman of perhaps something more than middle age, with dark rolling eyes and a somewhat rosy face, and also that he was of large bulk. He was handsomely dressed in a dark blue riding-frock, gold laced; with, underneath, a crimson waistcoat, and his hat was also laced with gold.

"Ladies," he said, advancing with still another bow, "I know not which is Mistress Bampfylde, but I thank her for her courtesy in receiving me." Here I indicated that I was that person and that Mary was my friend, whereon he continued:

"Therefore, madam, I thank you. As I have told your domestic, I am a friend of the house of St. Amade, whereon, being on my way to Georgia on a mission concerning my friend, Mr. James Oglethorpe, member of Parliament for Haslemere in Surrey, I made bold to ride this way. For, madam, we have heard in England that it was under your hospitable roof, or your respected father's, that the Honourable Roderick found shelter."

"And have you heard, sir, how he repaid that shelter?" I asked.

"I have heard nothing, madam, of that, but I trust it was as became a gentleman."

"It was as became a villain!" exclaimed Mary.

"Heavens! madam," said the captain to her, looking most deeply shocked. "You pain as well as surprise me. As a villain! How we must all have been deceived in him. As a villain! Tut, tut!"

"But, sir," I asked, "you speak of him as the Honourable Roderick St. Amade. Yet the Marquis of Amesbury has written us that he is nothing of the sort, at present at least."

"Does he so? Does he, indeed? The Marquis! Ah! a noble gentleman and of great friendship with Sir Robert Walpole. And on what grounds, madam, does the Marquis write thus?"

"On the grounds that Mr. St. Amade's cousin, Gerald, is the present Viscount St. Amade--and that consequently----"

"Ha! ha!" he interrupted me, joyfully as it seemed, "so the Marquis does recognise Gerald! 'Tis well, very well." And here he nodded as though pleased. "Gerald was ever my favourite. A dear lad!"

"You knew him, sir?"

"Knew him, madam!" he exclaimed; "knew him! Why, he was my tenderest care. I was his governor for some time, and watched over him as though he had been my son."

At this moment Mungo brought in the refreshments which in Virginia are always offered to a caller, and the captain, seeing the various flasks of wine and the bottles, shook his head somewhat dubiously at them, saying he never drank till after the noon. Yet, upon persuasion, he was induced to try a little of the rum, which he pronounced to be excellent, and, doubtless, much relished by those who could stomach spirits, which he could rarely do.

As for Mary and myself we were determined to gather as much information as we could from this gallant gentleman who knew the St. Amade family so well (never suspecting, until later, how much he was gathering from us), so we continued our questions to him, asking him among others if Lord Gerald, as we termed him, was handsome.

"He was a most beautiful lad," said the captain, perceiving that our interests turned more to him than to his wretched cousin, "with exquisite features like his sweet mother, a much injured lady. But," changing the subject back again, "what has become of Roderick, for, in truth, I come more to seek after him than for aught else? His poor father has had no news of him now for some long time; not since he first arrived here and wrote home of all that had befallen him."

This astonished us greatly, for we had always figured to ourselves, when talking the matter over, that Mr. St. Amade must have somehow made his way back to Ireland in safety. So we told Captain O'Rourke of our surprise at his information.

"When he fled," I said, "he went first to an evil-living old man, our clergyman, now lying sick

unto death from his debaucheries,"--the captain shook his head mournfully here--"who, however, beyond giving him a balsamic styptic for his ear would do no more, saying that he feared my father's wrath too much. Then we learnt afterwards that he went to the Pringle Manor, where he had become on terms of intimacy with the young men of the family, but they, on gathering what had happened, refused also to give him shelter, calling him vile and ungrateful. So he went forth and has never since been heard of, tho', indeed, sir, I do trust no ill has befallen him. Bad and wicked as he was, we would not have him fall into the hands of the Indians, as he might well have done."

"The Indians, madam!" exclaimed the captain, while I thought he grew pale as he spoke. "The Indians! Would that be possible here?"

"They are ever about," I replied; "sometimes in large bodies, sometimes creeping through the grass and the woods like snakes. When they are together they will attack villages and townships, and when alone, will carry off children or girls--there are many of both, who have been carried away, living amongst them now, and have themselves become savages--or they will steal cattle or shoot a solitary man for his pistol or his sword."

"Faith," said the captain, "a pleasant part of the world to reside in! Yet 'tis indeed a noble estate you have here--it reminds me somewhat of my own in the Wicklow Mountains."

"But, sir," said Mary, "what are the chances of Lord St. Amade obtaining his rights, now that the Marquis has declared for him? Surely his uncle can do nothing against the truth!"

The captain mused a moment, shaking his head meditatively and as though pondering sadly on all the wickedness that had been wrought against that poor youth, and then he said:

"'Tis hard to tell. I fear me his uncle is a bad man--he has, indeed, deceived me who trusted and believed in him, for he has over and over again sworn that Gerald was not his brother's child. And I trusted him, I say, tho' now I begin to doubt. Yet 'tis ever so in this world. We who are of an innocent and confiding nature are made the sport of the unscrupulous and designing."

"But," I exclaimed, "surely there is law and justice at home, and upright judges, especially with so good a king as ours on the throne, tho', under the wicked Stuarts, it might have been different. And the judges of England and Ireland, with whom you doubtless are well acquainted, would not let so base a villain as his uncle prevail."

The captain nodded and said he did indeed know many of the judges of both countries (we learnt afterwards that he spake perfect truth), yet he doubted. Their judgments and decisions were not always those which he thought right nor worthy of approval; but still, with so strong a champion as the Marquis of Amesbury at his back (who could influence Sir Robert) he must hope that the young man would come by his own. We pressed him to stay to dinner, to which he consented and did full justice to our viands, praising them in a hearty, jolly fashion, and consenting more readily than before to attempt the wines and spirits. He also expressed much curiosity as to our convict and bond-servant labour, taking great interest in the various characters described by us. Indeed, at one time he testified a desire to walk down and inspect them and their dwellings, but desisted at last, saying we had given him such excellent accounts that he felt as if he had seen these creatures with his own eyes. Of them all, the case of Peter Buck, a highwayman, seemed to interest him the most, and he asked many questions about him; as to when he had come out, what his appearance was, and so forth. But, still, he finally decided not to go down to the plantation and see him or the others, saying he was bound to join a company of gentlemen at Albemarle Sound that night if possible, who had a vessel full of Saltburghers to be conveyed to Savannah.

"But," said he with a laugh, "I do trust, ladies, I shall meet with none of your Indians on my ride. In battle, or with highwaymen, I know how to comport myself, and so long as my sword is true and my pistols well primed can hold my own. But with savages I know not what I should do, unless it were to cut and run."

So he mounted his horse having first bade his hired guide do the same, while we told him that his road ran too far south-east towards the coast for him to encounter any savages; and then, having paid courteous farewells to Mary and me, and having tossed an English gold coin to Mungo, he saluted us once more most gracefully and rode away.

## **CHAPTER XVI**

### **ANOTHER VISITOR**

Now, when Mr. Kinchella had been brought from England by Mr. Cliborne--his maintenance--to be supplied amongst us--being fifteen thousand pounds of tobacco annually and the frame-house built for the minister--it was not long ere we learnt the true history of Captain O'Rourke. Nay, it was so soon as we began to speak of the St. Amade family, and Mr. Kinchella could not but laugh softly when we related to him the conversation we had had with our visitor.

"The rogue! The adventurer!" he exclaimed. "And acquainted with the judges, too. I' faith, he is. With everyone in the land, I should warrant. Yet, naturally, he might say what he would here; tell his own tale, chaunt his own song. How was he to suppose any poor student of Trinity should ever wander to Virginia who knew his history?"

Then after a little further talk he fell meditating aloud again, saying:

"He may be in truth in the service of Mr. Oglethorpe--a gallant gentleman who served under Prince Eugene, and is, they say, recommended for a Generalship--yet how can he have obtained such service? He has been highwayman, if all told of him is true--perhaps, for that reason he wished not to encounter Mr. Peter Buck--guinea dropper and kidnapper--as with Gerald. Nay, Heaven only knows what he has not been, to say nothing of 'political agent' on both sides. Well. Well. Let us hope he has turned honest at last. Let us hope so."

That an intimacy should spring up between us and Mr. Kinchella was not to be wondered at, nor, indeed, that he also became popular among many other families in the counties before mentioned. For, independently of his own merits, the case of Mr. Roderick St. Amade and our charity and friendliness to him, as well as his base repayment of them, had made much talk in all the country round, not only with the gentry but among others. Even the convicts, we knew, talked about it, as did the bond-servants; and Christian Lamb, my maid, told me that her brother had often seen the late lord who died in such poverty ruffling it in London, where he was well known in gay circles. Indeed, Mr. Kinchella became mightily liked everywhere and was always welcome at the houses of his flock. For, besides his gifts of writing-verses and playing the fiddle and singing agreeably--which, simple accomplishments as they were, proved mighty acceptable in a community like ours, where we found the winter evenings long, and the summer ones, too, for the matter of that--besides all these, I say, and far above them, was his real goodness as well as sound piety. His sermons were easy and flowing, suitable alike to the educated and the simple; he expounded the Word most truthfully, and he never failed to exhort us to remember that we were Christian English folk, although in a new land, and that we owed it as a duty to our ancestors to remain such and to be a credit to the country which had sent us forth. Thus he struck a note that found an echo in all our hearts, since nothing was felt more strongly in Virginia than the sense of loyalty to our old home and home-government. 'Tis true that, in other states farther north, there were to be found those who talked wildly, and as though their minds must be distraught, of forming what they termed an American Union which should cast off the rule of our mother country; but their words were as idle breath and not to be regarded nor considered seriously. King George II. was firmly seated on his throne--as anyone might see who read the beautiful odes and other things written by Mr. Cibber, which were printed in the London news-journals, and, so, occasionally reached us--and all Virginians who went to and fro betwixt here and London spake highly of that great monarch, and of how he received the colonists graciously and spoke them fair.

For the ruse which had been played on Roderick St. Amade and his father, whereby the young lord had been saved from kidnapping and his miserable cousin sent in his place, there was little condemnation, but rather approval amongst our friends and neighbours; and, had it been possible for Mr. Quin to find his way amongst us, it would have been easy for him to establish himself comfortably in our colony.

"Although," said Mr. Kinchella, "that it was a wrong thing to do nobody can deny; yet, when Gerald came and told me of it, I could not find it in my heart to chide him or his friend, Quin, and so I let him go without a word of reproof. Yet now he is gone, too, and I know not where he may be. Sir Chaloner Ogle has the reputation of a fighting sailor, and, once his flag is hoisted at the main topmast-head, he may take his fleet around the world in search of adventure, and poor Gerald with it."

And now have I arrived at the year 1732, when I was twenty-three years of age--the year which was to be, perhaps, the most important in my life, and after which, when I have related all that occurred in it, I shall have but little more to tell.

In the early months of that year nothing happened worthy of record, except that our mastiffs were found poisoned in February in their kennels, as well as were those of Mr. Cliborne. This led us to fear the Indians might be meditating an attack on us, since they dreaded these animals more than anything else, and would, by hook or crook, invariably get them destroyed if possible before making a raid. Their method was for one of them to creep into the settlements and approach the kennels, when the poison could be easily cast in on some tempting pieces of meat. Then, the time of year when the nights were dark and long was that generally selected, as leaving them less open to observation. On such nights as these all the colonists would be huddled round their respective hearths, the convicts and bond-servants having great fires made for them in their outhouses, and the negroes still greater ones in their quarters. Amongst the gentry, too,

the cold was also combated as best might be; huge wood fires blazed in every room, while, in the saloons, to add to the warmth and induce forgetfulness of the winter, games of all descriptions, as well as dances, would be indulged in. The Virginia reel shared with "Wooing a Widow," "Grind the Bottle," and "Brother, I am bobbed," the task of passing the long evenings, and those evenings were generally brought to a conclusion by hearty suppers, and, for the gentlemen, plentiful libations of brandy, rum from the West Indies, old Mountain wine imported from England, to which place it was sent from Malaga, tobacco, and so on. While such jollities as these prevailed indoors an Indian might easily creep about the plantations, survey the houses from the outside, and destroy or steal the live-stock.

The poisoning of our hounds led, however, to no further trouble at the time, and so the winter slipped away, and, at last, we burst into the glorious Virginian spring, a season when all Nature awakes and breaks into golden luxuriance. Then the pines begin to put on their fresh green cones and the gum-trees their leaves, the flowers spring forth as though born in a night, the creepers clothe themselves in tender green, and all the woods become gay with the songs of birds--the golden oriole, the mock-bird, and the whip-poor-will. And over and around all is the balmy warmth of a southern spring, the brightness of a southern sun, and the clear, blue atmosphere of a southern sky.

It was on such a day as this, in the afternoon, that I going down to see if my roses, which grew on that side of the lawn by which the road passed, were budding, observed a gentleman ride up the road, and, dismounting from his horse, take off his hat and advance to me.

"Madam," he said, "I think, from what I gathered in your village, that I am not mistaken. This is Pomfret Manor, is it not?"

This young gentleman--for I guessed he was but little older than I--was so handsome and bewitching to look upon, that, as I answered him, I could but gaze at him. His face, from which shone forth two eyes that to my foolish fancy seemed like stars, was oval, and his complexion, though much browned, very clear, while his other features were most shapely. He wore no wig--which seemed strange to a Virginian, where the wig is considered the certain mark, or necessary accompaniment, of a gentleman--yet he did well not to do so, for, besides considering the warmth of the day, his hair was most beautiful to see, since it hung down in dark brown curls to his shoulders where it reposed in a great mass. His apparel was plain, being a dark green riding-suit trimmed with silver lace, and he wore riding-boots of a handsome shape, while by his side he carried a small sword.

"It is Pomfret Manor, sir," I replied, noticing all these things. "May I ask what is your will?"

"I come, madam," he said, "first with the desire to renew a friendship with one for whom I cherish the warmest recollections; ay! for one who was my friend when I had scarce another, or only one other, in the world; and secondly, to pay my respects to Mr. Nicholas Bampfylde, to whom my family owe a debt."

"Sir," I said, "whatever your debt may be to Mr. Bampfylde it can never be paid now. My father has been dead these three years."

He looked surprised, and then said, "Dead! Madam, I grieve to hear it. I had hoped to see him. And Mr. Kinchella, the friend I seek, he, I hope and trust, is well."

"He is very well," I answered, "and is now in my house with my friend, Miss Mills, to whom he is under engagement to be shortly married."

"To be married," he said, with a smile, tho' a grave one; "to be married! This is indeed good news. He should make a worthy husband if ever man did."

As he had been speaking there had come across my mind a sudden thought--a wonderment! And--why, I have never known even to this day!--I fell a-trembling at that wonderment as to whom he should be. Was he, I asked myself,--he--was he----?

"Sir," I said, "you shall be brought to Mr. Kinchella. What name shall be announced to him?"

"I am called Lord St. Amande," he said quietly, while it seemed to me that he sighed as he spoke.

"Called Lord St. Amande," I repeated in my surprise. "Lord Gerald St. Amande."

Once again he smiled, saying, "Not Lord Gerald St. Amande, though my name is Gerald. But I perceive Mr. Kinchella has been talking to you about me. Perhaps telling you my history. Well!" to himself, "heaven knows it has been common talk enough."

I think--looking back as I do now to those far-off years and to that happy, sunny day when first he came among us--that, in my heart, there was some little disappointment at seeing him whom we had pitied so looking thus prosperous. For although we knew that his great relative, the Marquis, had espoused his cause and taken him by the hand, it was ever as the poor outcast youth that we had thought of him. Yes, as an outcast roaming the streets of Dublin, or as a poor wandering sailor tossed on stormy seas, our hearts had gone out to him--and now, to see him

standing before me, bravely appalled and looking, indeed, as I thought, an English lord should look (for I had never before seen one), caused me, as I say, a disappointment. It may be that it did so because it seemed as though our pity was not needed. But, even as this passed through my mind, I reflected that it was no true Virginian hospitality to let him stand there holding his horse's bridle and waiting to see what welcome he might expect, so, calling to the negro gardener who was busy amongst the vines to take his steed, I bade him follow me. As we went to the great steps of the porch I laughed with joy at thinking what a pleasant surprise this would be for his friend, and felt glad, I knew not why, that it had fallen to my lot to be the first to see him and to bring those two together; therefore I said to him:

"I will not have you announced, but, if it pleases you, will bring you straight into the saloon. It will be good to see Mr. Kinchella's pleasure when you stand before him. It was but recently he wondered if he should ever see you again, and now you are here close to him."

"Do with me as you will," he said, "and I thank you for doing so much."

So we went up the steps together, when, drawing him behind the blue tatula bush that was now coming into flower with the warm spring, I bade him look within and he should see his friend. Seated by the harpsichord he saw him, his sweetheart sitting by his side, and he looking brave and happy, and dressed in his black silk coat and scarf.

"I should scarce have known him," whispered my lord, "he has changed so. His pallor is gone--it may be love has made him rosy--and he is fuller and plumper. It seems a crying shame to disturb him when he has so sweet a companion."

I laughed and said, "You will be easily absolved. To see you again is always his most earnest desire, while, for Mary, you are a hero of romance of whom she dreams often."

He looked at me from behind the bush, so that I thought he was wondering if it was to Mary alone such dreams came; and then, saying:

"Madam, I fear I shall be made vain here," he begged me to permit him to enter and greet his friend.

That greeting it was good to see. Mr. Kinchella gazed for a moment at the stranger entering so abruptly and then, springing to his feet, exclaimed, "Gerald! Gerald!" and folded him in his arms, while Mary, who had also risen hastily, repeated him, crying, "'Gerald!' Is this indeed Lord St. Amande?"

"Dear lad, dear heart!" said Mr. Kinchella, who, after his embrace, held the other at arm's length so as to survey him. "It is indeed you! And how you are grown; a man and a handsome one. But how you came here passes my understanding. Yet how I rejoice. How I do rejoice. Oh! Gerald! Gerald! this is a day of days." Then he went on, "Mistress Bampfylde, I see already you know; this other lady is my future wife, Miss Mills," whereon his lordship bowed with most stately grace while Mary curtsied low.

"But tell me, tell us," continued her lover, "what brings you here. We knew not, I knew not where you were. The last heard of you was that you had been impressed for the sea and had sailed under Sir Chaloner Ogle, who had testified a kindly disposition to you. But to what part of the world you had sailed, we did not know. Papers reach here but fitfully, and, though a friend of mine does sometimes send me *The London Journal*, owned by that sturdy writer, Mr. Osborne, I have seen nothing that told me of your fleet."

"'Tis not so far off now," said his lordship, with his grave smile, "I being at the moment on leave from it. I have adopted the calling of a sailor--what use to haunt the streets of London idly waiting until the House of Lords shall do me justice, if ever?"---there was a bitterness in his tone as he spoke that we all well understood--"and I am now master's-mate in the *Namur*, with promise of a lieutenancy from Sir Chaloner. As for the fleet itself, a portion of it is at Halifax and a portion off Boston, while the *Namur* is at the mouth of the James River waiting to capture some of the pirates that still haunt the spot."

"You have a long leave, I hope, Lord St. Amande," I said, though I knew that I blushed, as I did so. "You must not quit Mr. Kinchella for some time, and, in Virginia, we love to show hospitality to our friends or friends' friends."

He bowed graciously to me and told me he was entitled to many days' leave of absence, since he had had none in their long cruise, except now and then a day or so ashore; and then Mary, whose vivacity I always envied, asked him why the House of Lords behaved so ill to him and did not put him in possession of his rights.

"For," said she, "it would be the most idle affectation to pretend that here, far away as we are from England, we do not take the deepest interest in your affairs. Virginia has, and this portion of it particularly, been so much mixed up with your family and so interested in it by the fact of your friend, Mr. Kinchella, coming here, that it seems as though we, too, had some concern in those affairs."

"The House of Lords in Ireland has done me justice," he replied, "as I learnt but recently, since

they had pronounced me to be what in very truth I am, my father's son. In England the House will not yet, however, decide that I am heir to the Marquis of Amesbury--though he hesitates not to acknowledge me--and it may not do so for years. Yet even my present title is disputed by my villainous uncle, Robert, who now has another son by his second wife, whom he proclaims as heir. For," addressing us all, "that the wretch, Roderick, is dead there can be, I imagine, no doubt; and his father amongst others believes so."

"'Tis thought so," we answered, while Mr. Kinchella added that many enquiries had been made for, him, not only in Virginia but in other colonies, and no word could be heard of him. "So that," he continued, "there can be no further thought but that he is dead."

"Even so," said my lord, "'twere best. For a wretch such as he death alone is fitting. And, madam, from the Marquis I have heard by letter of all the villainies he committed here, and, as one of his blood and race, I now tender you my apologies for his sins and wickedness."

"Oh, sir," I cried out with emotion, "I pray you do not so. He is gone and I have forgotten him; since he must surely be dead I have also forgiven him. I beg of you not to sully your fair fame by associating your name with his, nor your honour by deeming yourself accountable for his misdeeds."

Whereon, as I spake, his lordship, taking my hand in his, raised it to his lips and said he thanked me for my gracious goodness.

## **CHAPTER XVII**

### **THE RED MAN**

"How easily," said Lord St. Amande to me one summer night, two months later, as we sat upon the porch outside the saloon, "how easily may one be inspired with the gift of prophecy! Who, looking in at those two and knowing their characters, could not predict their future?"

He spake of Mr. Kinchella and Mary who were within, she sitting at the spinet while he, bending over her, was humming the air of a song he had lately written preparatory to her singing it.

"One can see," went on my lord, "all that that future shall be. They have told their love to one another, soon that love will blossom into marriage, even as I have seen your daturas and your roses blossom forth since first I came amongst you--that marriage will bring happiness of days and years to them, in which in honour and peaceful joys they will go on until life's close. Happy, happy pair--happy Kinchella to love and be beloved, to love and dare to tell his love."

And my lord sighed as he spoke.

"All men may tell their love, surely," I said. "Why should they not?"

"All men may not tell their love, Mistress Joice," he replied; "all men may not ask for love in return. Over some men's lives there is so deep a shadow that it precludes them from asking any woman to share their lot--sometimes it is best that those men go through life alone, unloved and with no other's lot bound up with theirs. But, hark, she is going to sing that song he wrote for her."

Through the warm air Mary's voice arose as he stood by her; through the quiet of the night when nought was heard but the distant barking of the dogs, which were strangely restless this evening, and nought seen but the fireflies, she sang his little song:

"If we should part--some day of days  
We might stand face to face again,  
And, dear, my eyes I scarce could raise  
To yours without a bitter pain.  
For memory then must backward turn  
To all the love that went before,  
While thoughts our hearts would sear and burn  
Making our meeting still more sore.  
So shall we part? Ah. No, Love, no.  
Or shall we stay and still be true,  
Shall one remain--the other go,  
Or shall I still rest close to you?"

"If we should part--could I rejoice  
If by some chance I saw your face?  
Or if you, too, should hear my voice  
Cold and without one plea for grace.  
Such as in days agone I sought  
Craving one whispered word from you;  
Would not your heart with grief be fraught  
Recalling all the love we slew.  
So shall we part? Ah. No, Love, no.  
Or shall we stay and still be true,  
Shall one remain--the other go,  
Or shall I still rest close to you?"

"Ah! best it is we never part,  
Better by far that we keep true,  
Clasp hand to hand, bind heart to heart,  
As in the past we used to do.  
So murmur, sweet, the words once more,  
Breathe them to me again, again,  
Whisper you love me as before,  
Proclaim Love's victory over pain.  
And we'll not part. Ah. No, Love, no.  
'Tis best to stay for ever true.  
Since you remain, I cannot go,  
But ever must rest close to you."

Her voice ceased and we could see her fond face turned up to his and observe the look of love in her dark eyes. And my lord, sitting in the deep chair which had been my father's in other days, murmured to himself, "If we should part! If we should part!" Ah, well! they need never part. Never, never."

I know not why, that evening, all our thoughts and talk had been upon that silly theme, Love. It had begun at supper--which, in Virginia, we generally took at seven in the evening--and had been continued afterwards in the garden and on the porch, and came, I think, from the fact that Lord St. Amande and Mr. Kinchella had that day been to see a ship which had come from England laden with furniture. His lordship lived with Mr. Kinchella in his minister's house in the village, and, although he generally spent his days with many of the other gentry dwelling around, amongst whom he was very welcome, he could sometimes induce his friend to give up one day to him when they would go off together for rides and walks, as they had done on this occasion when they had ridden to Norfolk. Their evenings they spent almost invariably at Pomfret Manor, as they were doing on this night. But, as I say, at supper this evening there had been much talk of what Mr. Kinchella had purchased from the trader for beautifying his house, such as a beautiful Smyrna carpet, some tapestry hangings, chimney glasses and sconces, a stone-grate and some walnut-tree chairs and East Indian screens, all of which were to be shown to us when they arrived by the waggon and were placed in his home. For their marriage-day was drawing near now, and was, indeed, settled for the beginning of September.

"So that," said his lordship, "when that time arrives, Mistress Joice," as he had come to call me, "must be left all alone in her great house."

"'Tis her own fault," exclaimed Mary; "many are the excellent offers she has had, yet she will take none. Her cousin Gregory has over and over again told her she should wed with him, their interests being similar and their estates adjoining, and two of the Pringles have asked her for wife. But, although in Virginia a maiden who is not married by twenty is deemed to have passed her day, she will not look at them. Oh! 'tis a shame. A Shame."

I had blushed at all this and reproved Mary for telling my lord my secrets; but now, on the porch, he referred to the subject again and asked why none of these gentlemen found favour in my eyes. "Only," I replied, "because in my heart there is no love for them. Surely no girl should wed with one she cannot love?"

"'Tis true," he answered, gravely, as he always spake; "'tis true. And the day will come when you will love someone. It must needs come."

Alas! I wonder that he did not know that already it had come. I should have thought, indeed, did often think, that I had betrayed myself and shown him that the love he spoke of had grown up in my heart for him. He must have seen that which I could not hide, try as I would; my eager looking for his coming in those soft summer evenings, my great joy in his company, my sympathy with him in all that he had known and suffered, and my tell-tale blushes whenever his eyes fell on me. Yet if he knew he gave no sign of knowing, and, although he ever sought my side and passed the hours with me, as those others passed theirs together, he said no word.

But now, as we sat there on the porch silent though, sometimes, our eyes would meet in the glow of the lamp from within, there fell upon the silence of the night the clatter of a horse's hoofs up the road, of a horse coming on at a great pace as though ridden by one who spurred it to its



best efforts and sought its greater speed.

"Who can ride here at such a pace to-night?" I said, as still the clatter drew nearer and we heard the horse turn off from the road into our plantations, and so into the stables at the back, while a moment later a voice was heard demanding to see Mistress Bampfyld.

"That voice!" exclaimed Lord St. Amade, springing from his chair and reaching for his sword, which stood in a corner of the balcony. "That voice! Though I have not heard it for years I should know it in a thousand. 'Tis the villain, O'Rourke. Heaven hath delivered him into my hands at last. Now will I have a full revenge on him."

"Oh sir," I said, as he drew his blade, "Oh! sir, oh! my lord, take no revenge on him here, I beseech you. Stain not this house with his blood. No life has ever yet been taken in it since it was brought over. And, oh! remember, he came here before and was well received and hospitably treated--he cannot know that you should also have found your way here--he may well expect to receive the same treatment, the same hospitality again."

"It must be as you command in your house," my lord replied, "yet he shall not escape me, and, when he leaves this place, his punishment shall be well assured." Then he called softly to Kinchella, and, in a few hurried words, told him of who was without. But, ere the latter could express his astonishment--as, indeed, it was astonishing that these three should now be come together!--we heard O'Rourke's voice exclaiming:

"Lead me to her at once, I say. There is no moment to be lost. They may be here at any moment of the night. I have seen them, nay, barely escaped from them; they are on their way--hundreds of them."

"Great God!" exclaimed Mary, who had now come forth with her lover and heard his words, "'tis the Indians he speaks of. It can be no others."

"Indeed it must be," I answered. "Heaven grant that the village is well prepared. For ourselves we must take immediate steps. We must apprise the overseers below and bid them arm the servants and convicts--they will fight for us against the Indians, hate us though they may."

"First," said my lord, who was very cool, "let us hear the ruffian himself, the gallant 'captain.' But, since our presence might somewhat disturb his narrative, let him not see us yet, Kinchella," and as he spake he drew his friend back behind the shutters of the windows while we two went into the saloon.

And now the adventurer came into the apartment once again, though not as he had come before, his manner being very flustered and uneasy, his face covered with perspiration from hard riding on a summer night, and with his wig gone. While, without stopping for any salutation he, on seeing me, began at once:

"Madam, I have ridden hot haste to apprise you of a terrible fact which has come to my knowledge, and to offer you, if you will have them, my services. The Indians are out, madam; they are coming this way; I have seen them. Heavens and earth! 'twas an awful sight to observe the painted devils creeping through the woods, ay! and a thing to freeze one's blood, even on such a night as this, to hear them yell as they saw me. But, fortunately, they are not mounted, and thus I out-distanced their arrows and musket balls which they sent after me. And therefore am I here to warn you, and, since I know you have no men about but your bond-servants and negroes, to help you if I may."

"You mistake, sir," said his lordship, quietly, coming forward into the room with his drawn sword glistening in his hand, while behind him stepped Mr. Kinchella. "You mistake, sir. There are others besides yourself."

If a spectre had arisen before O'Rourke I know not if it could have produced a more terrifying effect on him. For a moment he gazed at his lordship, his lips parted and one hand raised to shield his eyes, as though that way they might see clearer, while on his face there came fresh drops of perspiration. And then he muttered hoarsely:

"Gerald St. Amade! Gerald here! Here! Here in Virginia!"

"Ay," said my lord, confronting him and with the point of his sword lowered to the ground. "Ay! Gerald St. Amade, none other. You execrable villain, we stand face to face at last as man to man, not man to boy as it once was. And what villainy are you upon now in this land? Answer me ere I slay you, as I intend to do ere long."

For reply the other said:

"'Tis so. We stand face to face at last. And the hour is yours. Your sword is drawn, mine is in its sheath, my pistols are unloaded since I fired them at the savages who pursued me. So be it. As well die by the hand of him I injured as by the torture or the weapons of those howling wolves who are on their way here----"

He paused a moment and then, loosening the cross-belt or scarf in which were two great

pistols, he flung it and them at his lordship's feet, while at the same time he opened his waistcoat and tore aside his muslin ruffles.

"Now, Gerald St. Amande," he said, "as we stand face to face--'tis your own word--do your worst. If I have been a villain I am at least no coward. Do your worst."

'Twas indeed a strange scene--a fitting prelude to others still more strange that were to follow. This man, this robber--who when he first came among us we had deemed a courtly gentleman--stood there, tall and erect, with no muscle quivering, nay, almost with a look of scorn upon his face. In front of him, his sword still lowered, stood the other whom he invited to be his executioner, his eyes no longer flashing fire but dwelling upon his old enemy as though in wonder. Behind were Mary and myself trembling with apprehension and Mr. Kinchella whispering to his friend, "Gerald, forbear, forbear. Remember, vengeance is to the Lord. He will repay."

Though I felt no fear--since he had given me his promise--that his lordship would do justice upon O'Rourke now, I also took heart to whisper to him, "Is he beyond forgiveness, or at least so bad that he may not go in peace?"

But then Lord St. Amande spoke, saying: "That I should slay you now is impossible. In this house your life is sacred--at her prayer," and he pointed to me. "And, Since you are so bold a man, why such a villain? O'Rourke, seeing you as you are to-night I do believe you might have been worthy of better things. What had I, a helpless child, ever done to you that you should have sought my death as you did?"

"You had done nothing," the other replied, still standing in the same position as when he last spoke, "but your father was always my enemy, while your uncle was my friend. And I wanted money--when was there ever the time I did not want it until now, when I have taken honest service under Mr. Oglethorpe!--money for my sick daughter who is now dead so that I care not if I die too. Your uncle gave it to me largely to remove you."

"You swear that? If we should both live to reach England again would you swear that?"

"Both of us will never reach England again. I have said farewell to that country and to the old world for ever. Yet--yet--if it might be so done that I could keep my credit in Georgia and with my employers, if I might end my days there under the garb of an honest man, I could tell much that would help you to your rights."

"In return for your life being spared?" his lordship asked.

"No. I have not asked you to spare my life. Not in return for that, but as some mitigation of my past. But, come, we trifle time," and he picked up his cross-belt, and, adjusting it, drew forth his pistols and primed and loaded them. "You have had your opportunity of slaying me--that opportunity is past. Henceforth, except for the wrong I did you, we are equal. Now, madam," he said, turning to me, "I am at your disposal and ready to help you defend your house should it be surrounded. You received me as a gentleman when I first came to you";--he put a bitter emphasis on the word "gentleman";--"as a gentleman I will do my best to repay your courtesy."

"If you are a villain you are a bold one," said Lord St. Amande. "Ill luck take you for not being a better man."

"It would be best," said O'Rourke to me, ignoring his lordship, "to go call up the convicts, I think. There is one down there who, if he has not forgotten me--the man Peter Buck of whom you spoke once--will stand side by side with me whatever may happen. I knew him well in the past. And then, madam, the windows should be shuttered----"

"By your leave, sir," Lord St. Amande exclaimed now, "I purpose to undertake the defence of this house for----"

But, ere he could finish his speech, from Mary there came the most agonising scream while, with her eyes almost starting from her head she shrunk back to Mr. Kinchella, and, pointing with her hand to the lower part of the window, she shrieked, "Look! Look!"

And following the direction she indicated we saw the cause of her horror. For there, its almond-shaped eyelids half closed, though still enough open to show the glittering eyes within, its face hideously painted with white and red streaks, and its hair twisted into a knot on the top of its head, we saw the form of a savage crouched down on the porch and peering into the saloon.

In a moment O'Rourke had seen it, too, as she screamed and pointed, for, an instant later, there rang through the room the report of one of the pistols he had loaded, and, when the smoke cleared away, we saw the savage writhing on the porch while from his head gushed a great stream of blood.

"A fair hit," called out O'Rourke. "A fair hit. Od's bobs, my right hand has not forgot its cunning after all."

## CHAPTER XVIII

### BESIEGED

Three hours later our house, barricaded in every way possible, was in a state of siege and around it lay a band of Shawnee and Doeg Indians, some hundreds strong.

Nay, more, we knew from various signs that the whole village, or hamlet, of Pomfret was in the same condition, and that, indeed, the surrounding locality was attacked by the savages. From the church below our plantations there came at intervals of a few moments a flash, succeeded by a dull booming, which told us that the cannon that had stood on its tower for many years was being fired, and thereby put at last to the use for which it had been originally placed there. The ping of bullets from flint-locks, and muskets, and fuzees, as well as the more dead, hard sounds of musketoons, were continuous also; the yells of the Indians rose sometimes high above the cheers of the white folks, and, to add to all, from every manor around was heard the ringing of the great bells in their cupolas, while the burning of beacons was to be seen. In our house we had taken every precaution that time would allow us, and, to all the ideas which our ancestors in the colonies had conceived for defending their homes and families against attack, we had added some more modern ones. Thus the ancient device of laying down on the lawns and paddock-across which the Indians must pass when they left the plantations and copses in which, at present, they remained--old doors with long nails thrust through them was carried out, in the hopes of maiming some of our aggressors. Broken glass was also plentifully strewn about, while, indoors, water was being boiled and kept to boiling heat, so as to be ready to empty on them if they approached us. Then, too, we had rapidly erected stockades and palisadoes which must check any onward rush; the mastiffs which had replaced those poor beasts that had been poisoned were brought up to the house by the bondsmen, whose duty it was to attend to them. The convicts and bondsmen themselves were now all aroused, and every door, shutter, and window was fast closed, so that the heat inside on this July night was scarcely to be endured.

It was inside the house that the greatest resistance--which, if it came to that, must be the last--would have to be made; and the saloon, as being the biggest apartment in the manor, as well as because it had windows looking on to both the back and the front of the house, was selected as our principal point of defence; and here we four--Lord St. Amante, Mr. Kinchella, Mary and myself--were assembled. Upstairs, in every room, were told off certain of the white servants, most of the blacks having hidden in the cellars where they shrieked and howled dreadfully; so that, if the enemy did force an entrance, they must undoubtedly soon be discovered; while the rest had run away. Of these white servants, Buck, the man who had been a highwayman, had command, with, under him, Lamb, the brother of my maid. And certainly, judging from the sounds we heard above, these men seemed to have thrown themselves into work of this nature with far more ardour than they ever did into their duties in the fields, for we could hear them laughing and talking, and even singing at such a dreadful time as this. "Ha, ha," we heard Buck roar.

"Ha, ha! This is indeed work fit for a gentleman to do; as good, i' faith, as a canter across Bagshot or Hounslow Heath, with the coach coming up well laden. Look now, look, Lamb, lad; look. Do'st see that red devil crawling up from out the plantation; at him, aim low and steady. So-so, wait till he cometh into the moonlight. Ha! now, steady, let go." Then there was a ping heard, a yell from outside, and next, above that, the voice of Buck again. "Fair! Fairly hit. Look how he kicks. So did I once shoot one of the Bow Street catchers who thought to take me at Fulham. Load, lad, load, though the next shot is mine," whereon the desperado fell to singing:

Oh, three jolly rogues, three jolly rogues,  
Three jolly rogues are we  
As ever did swing in a hempen string  
Under the gallow's tree.

In the saloon where we were, we had laid out upon a table the arms and ammunition we were using, or might have to use. My lord had no pistol with him since he carried always his sword, but Mr. Kinchella possessed one as, since the practice of carrying arm's had long since become universal in the colonies, not even clergymen went now without them--the Indians being no respecters of persons. Then there were my pistol and Mary's, which Gregory and my father had taught us to use and grow accustomed to, so that we could shoot a pear hanging on a tree--though now our tremblings and excitement were so great that 'twas doubtful if we could hit a man's body; and, for the rest, we had gathered together all the firearms in the house. To wit, there were my father's birding pieces as well as muskets for large balls, several blunderbusses

and musketoons, and some brass horse-pistols. Yet, as we asked each other, of what avail would these or, indeed, any defence be which we could make if once the Indians advanced to our doors in large numbers.

Outside--the place he had selected, leaving Lord St. Amante and Mr. Kinchella to be our immediate bodyguard--was O'Rourke in command of the overseers (who supposed him to be either a friend of the family or of one of the two gentlemen) and of some of the other bondsmen, and he was indefatigable in his exertions. He and they kept up a continual fire on the foe from their positions behind trees or under the porch, or from the stables in the rear, while, horrible to relate, as each shot was seen to be successful it was greeted by oaths of delight and dreadful cries; and, besides their shooting, they had also laid mines of gunpowder which would be exploded when the Indians advanced. Indeed, as Lord St. Amante remarked as he noticed this through the light-holes of the shutters, or went out himself to assist the others from time to time, whatever O'Rourke's past villainies had been he was this night going far towards effacing them.

"The fellow," he said, coming back to us after one of these visits outside, when I nearly fainted at seeing blood trickling down his forehead--he having been grazed by a bullet--"the fellow spoke truly when he said he was no coward at least. He exposes his burly body everywhere fearlessly, though these savages have learned to use their weapons with marvellous precision and scarcely miss a shot. But just now he caught one of them creeping through the grass to get nearer us, and, wrenching his tomahawk from him, beat out his brains."

Meanwhile the night grew late, and I, who had heard so many stories of how the Indians pursued their attack, though, heaven be praised, this was the first experience I had ever had of so dreadful a thing, knew very well that, if they meant to besiege the house itself, the time must now be drawing nigh. At this period of the year it was full daylight by four o'clock, when, if they were not first driven off and routed, the Indians would withdraw into the woods, and there sheltering themselves renew their attack at nightfall. But as to driving them off, it was, we deemed, not to be hope for. Outside assistance we could not expect. The booming of the church-roof cannon that still went on, the ringing of bells from neighbouring plantations with--worst of all! the lurid light in the sky that told of some other manor, or perhaps village, in flames, forbade us to think that. So we had none to depend on but ourselves--a handful of brave men and a number of almost useless, timorous women. And thus, knowing what must come, we waited for the worst.

"Promise me," I whispered to my lord at this moment, "promise me that, as the first Indian crosses the threshold and if all hope is gone, you will never leave me, or that, if you must do so, you will slay me first. To fall into their hands would be more bitter than death or the grave itself." And unwittingly, for I was sore distraught, I laid my hand upon his arm and gazed up into his eyes.

His eyes, glancing down, met mine as he said, "Joice, my dear, I shall never leave you now. Oh! sweetheart, in this hour of peril I may tell you what I might never have told you else, being smirched and blemished from my birth as I am. My dear, my sweet, I do love you so that never will I leave you if it rests with me, and if you die then will I die too."

After which, drawing me to him, he folded me in his arms and kissed me again and again, and stroked my hair and whispered, "My pretty Joice, I have loved you always; aye, from the very first time when I saw your golden head bending over your flowers in the garden."

Thus in this black hour our love was told, and he whom I have called "my lord" was so in very truth. Yet how dreadful was it to reflect, how dreadful now to look back upon even after long years, that this love, which surely should have been whispered in some soft tranquil hour, was told amid such surroundings. Outside was a host of savages thirsting for our blood, and, in the case of the women, worse than their blood; while our defenders, with but two exceptions, were all men who had been malefactors punished by their country's laws. Yet it cannot but be acknowledged that these men, sinners as they had been, were as brave as lions in our cause, and, had they been the greatest Christian heroes that ever lived, could not have striven more manfully against great odds. From Peter Buck upstairs still came the roars of encouragement to those whom he commanded, mixed with his ribald and profane snatches of verse, while, without, O'Rourke's voice was heard also encouraging and animating those who fought by his side. As for my lover, not even our new pledged vows could keep him by me; ever and again he plunged forth into the night, coming back sometimes with his sword dripping with blood, sometimes with a smoking pistol with which he had gone forth in his hand, and once bearing in his hand--oh! horror of horrors!--an Indian's head-band made of human fingers and toes, which he had wrenched away from a savage he had slain. As for Mr. Kinchella, never have I seen mortal man look more calm or more firm than he, as, sometimes supporting Mary with loving words, sometimes with kisses, he bade her trust in God that all might yet be well.

So we waited for the end that was to come.

"Bravo! bravo!" roared Buck from upstairs, evidently in praise of some shot that had just been fired. "Bravo, our battalion! Faith! if our lily mistress gives us not our freedom after this she's not the lass I take her for. Stop those women squealing in there," he continued, calling into another room where some of the white servant-women were huddled together; "one would think the devil or the Indians were amongst them already, or that the former had got them before their time.

And Lamb, my lad, go down and ask the gentlefolks for some drink for us; 'tis as hot as Tyburn on a bright summer morning, and my thirst as great as that of any gallant gentleman riding there in the cart."

Lamb came down a moment afterwards, a smart, bright-looking young man--though now begrimed with much burnt powder--and was sent back with a great jar of rum and water, while, ere he went, I whispered to him:

"Tell Buck that I have heard his words about your freedom, and that 'tis granted. From to-night all who have defended my house are free, and shall have their note of discharge and can remain and work for me for a wage, or go where they list."

"Thank you, lady," said the young man. "I'll tell him," with which he darted out and up the stairs with the drink, and a moment afterwards we heard Buck crying for a cheer for Mistress Joice.

But now I heard my lord's voice call out, "Stand by to fire the train. Wait; don't hurry. Stop until they pass the palisades. See, now. Now!"

Then, as there came a fearful glare from outside, accompanied by a dull concussion or noise like the roaring of flames up a great chimney, and by horrid screams of agony, we knew that the powder on the lawn was fired and that many of the foe had been blown to pieces or dreadfully injured.

Yet, above all this, there pealed loud the horrid yell of all the Shawnee warriors and their allies, the Doege--and the yell was nearer now than it had hitherto been. 'Twas answered, however, by a ringing British cheer from those outside and those in the rooms above, while still Buck was heard inspiring the latter to take cool aim and shoot slow.

But to defend the house from the outside was now no longer possible; our gallant little band was driven back, and so my lord, O'Rourke, and the overseers came all in, and rapidly the last door that had been left open was barred tight, every shutter closed even more fast than before, every loophole secured except those from which we could shoot at the oncoming enemy. And against windows and doors the heavy furniture was piled, both with a view to resist their being forced open and to stop any bullets that might come through, while the order was sent upstairs to have the boiling water ready to empty on the heads of the besiegers as they neared the house.

To Mary and me, who had never seen aught of bloodshed before, and whose lives had been so peaceful and calm in this my old home, you may feel sure that the dreadful scenes we were passing through were most terrifying and appalling. For, not to calculate the ruin to my house and its surroundings, to my trodden-down plantations and devastated furniture, who could tell what would be the result of the night's work? That the manor would be burnt to the ground was the least to be expected, and what might follow was too awful to consider. That all the men in the house would be put to death, or taken away to be tortured, was a certainty, we thought, once the Indians had gained the victory and forced an entrance. As to the women's fate, that was not to be dwelt upon. Happily, we had our lovers to slay us at the last moment, or, even should they themselves be slain, and so fail us, there were the weapons to our hands with which to bring about our doom, if necessary.

O'Rourke was wounded badly already, his arm being now roughly bandaged. Yet, beyond begging for some drink, he desisted not in his efforts but instantly took up his place in the hall, on which an attack might at once be anticipated and from which he could easily reach us should he be required in the saloon. And with him went the overseers. From above, we knew that Buck and his party were still firing on the advancing foe--who were now on the lawn and close on the porch--and once he called out to us that the "niggers" were bringing up small trees and brushwood, evidently with the intention of firing the house. But that which warned us more surely than all that our bitterest hour was at hand, was the sound we heard at the shutters of the saloon window.

That sound was the sharp clicking noise made by the tomahawks of the Indians on the wood of those shutters and on the iron bars.

They were cutting away the last defence between us and them!

My lord advanced to the table on which were all the pistols primed and loaded--for Mary and I had attended to each one as it had been emptied--and bade Kinchella stand behind him. Then he drew me to him, and folded me once more in his arms and kissed me, saying:

"My dearest one, my heart's only love, here we stand together for, perhaps, the last time. If I can shield you with my life I will, if I should lose that life I pray God to bless you ever. Now, Kinchella," turning to him, "stand you also by my side as you once stood by it when I wanted a friend badly enough, God He knows; and, as you befriended me in those days, so will I befriend you now if 'tis in my power. Kiss your girl, Kinchella, as I have kissed mine, and then forget for the time being that you are a clergyman and remember nothing but that you are a man fighting for her you love."

And, even as he spoke, still louder grew the clicking of the tomahawks outside.

## CHAPTER XIX

### AT BAY

My lord's pistol was raised, ready. The first hand or arm that appeared through the shutters would be shattered as it came. Yet, even as he stood there waiting to see the woodwork forced in, he altered his tactics somewhat. The table was too full in front of the windows, too much exposed to any missile that might be directed into the room. It would be better, he said, at the side.

"And, Kinchella," he exclaimed as thus they altered it, "keep you on one side the window while I take the other. With a pistol in each hand you can shoot them one by one, while I, on this, can do the same; or, better still, we can fire alternately. Unless they can force in the whole front and enter in a mass, we should be able to hold the place for hours."

Even as he spoke, we heard the cracking and splintering of wood, we saw a strip of the massive pine-wood shutters forced in and a huge red hand and tattooed arm protruded through the opening, while the former, seizing the shutter, tore at it to wrench it apart.

"Hist!" said my lover, making a sign to the other to do nothing, "the first blood is mine," and, grasping his sword, he swung it over his head and, a moment later, the hand and forearm were lying at our feet. But no shriek from outside the window was heard, only, in the place of the bleeding stump that had been there, there came four large fingers of another hand that endeavoured to wrench away the wood as the other had done; fingers that met the same fate. Then for a moment there was silence outside--silence that was broken by renewed hammering from the tomahawks on all parts of the shutters.

But now there came a fearful howl from beyond the porch which was only explained to us by hearing the cry of Buck upstairs. "Good! Good! Give 'em another bath. 'Twill do 'em good. Their dirty skins h'aint been washed for a long while. Bring more hot water along quick, I say."

Unfortunately for us, those who were endeavouring to force their entry into the room where we stood, were sheltered from the boiling water by the roof of the porch (a solid stone one which served also as a balcony to the rooms above) as also were those attacking the main front entrance.

At the back of the house, however, on which a party of Indians were engaged in endeavouring to also force their way in, there was no porch, nor was there any to the sides of the building; and it was from these that we had heard the screams as the contents of Buck's great barrels had reached them.

It took, however, but little time for the water to become exhausted, and then we knew that the conflict must resolve itself into a hand-to-hand one. We might keep the savages at bay for some time, it was true, so long as they could enter the house by one door only, but how long, we had to ask ourselves, could such as that be the case? In a short time one of the windows of the saloon must go, or one of the great doors, of which there were two, or one of the side doors; and then the Indians would pour through the opening thus made and the massacre begin. Even with those men under O'Rourke and Buck we were not twenty-five strong, the cowardly negroes who were left being, as I have said, all huddled together in the vaults and cellars below, where they had locked themselves in--so that, since there must be two or three hundred Indians outside at least, the resistance could not continue long.

Alas! as it was, our front window giving on to the porch already showed signs of yielding to the attack from without, though now there was a fresh barricade offered to the incoming foe by a heap of their own slain who lay outside and also partly within the room. Already, my lord had shot several on the outside, taking deadly aim as their hideous faces appeared at the orifice, but the breach had widened so that two or three had crawled into the room to be, however, despatched at once by him or Mr. Kinchella.

And now, since, of all else, this window showed to those outside that it would yield more easily than any other spot, the attack was entirely directed towards it; the Indians were thundering against what remained of the iron-bound shutters with rams made of small trees that they had uprooted, as well as cutting away the lighter woodwork with their weapons.

"Another half hour more," said my lord, "will see the end. God He knows what it will be. Yet, dearest, since it is to come I am happy that I shall die in your sweet company. But, oh! Joice, Joice, if we might have lived how happy our future would have been."

"Must we die?" I wailed, woman-like, "must we die? And now when our love has not been told more than a few hours. Oh! Gerald."

"We can hope," he said, "but that is all. And, sweetheart, best it is to look things straight in the face." Then, even as he spoke, he fired again at a horrid savage who had half forced his body through the aperture--getting larger every moment--and added one more to the list of slain.

Now all the others were called for to come into the saloon and help in the resistance there, where the attack was principally directed; which call they instantly answered abandoning their previous posts. And, bad man as I at last knew O'Rourke to have been, I could not but respect him for what he had done on my behalf this night, nor could I but mourn for his evident sufferings. His bandaged arm, being helpless, hung by his side, his close cropped iron-grey hair was matted with blood from a wound in his head, and his face which had once been so purple was now as white as marble from his loss of blood.

"Oh! sir," I exclaimed, as I tried to still my shaking limbs as best I might, while I raised my head from Mary's breast on which it had been lying, she comforting me like an elder sister with soft words, "oh! sir, my heart bleeds for you. You have been indeed a true hero to-night in my cause, and I thank you."

"Madam," he said, speaking faintly, "I came here to do my best for you because--because--well--well, because you and this other lady received me as a gentleman; treatment that I have not been much accustomed to since I was a boy; though I was one once. No matter. The end is at hand, I imagine--ah! well hit, my lord, well hit, but it will avail us nothing now--I am glad that Patrick O'Rourke is making a good one."

The hit he spoke of was one directed by Gerald at yet another Indian who had just succeeded in crawling into the room as far as his head and shoulders; after which Gerald himself came back, and, standing by the others, said:

"All our partings have to be made now. See how they bulge that shutter inwards. There will be a score of savages in the room in a moment! Farewell, Joice, my darling; farewell, Miss Mills. Old friend," and he put his hand lovingly on Kinchella's shoulder; "farewell. And for you, O'Rourke," looking round at him, "well, tonight's work--especially your night's work--wipes all the past out of my mind for ever. O'Rourke," and he held out his hand, "let us part in peace."

At first O'Rourke made no reply but stood regarding the other as though dazed, and then raised his hand to his head, so that my lover exclaimed, "You are badly hurt. Is that wound in your head worse than it appears?"

"No, no," O'Rourke answered, speaking slowly, though he kept his eye ever fixed on the window, waiting for the inrush that was now at hand; "but it seems to me that the end--my end--is near. I have had these presentiments come over me often of late--it may be to-night, now in a moment--God He knows! And when Gerald St. Amante holds out his hand in forgiveness to me, it must be--- Ah, well, at least you shall see I will die fighting--yes, die fighting"; and, as he spoke, he clasped Gerald's hand in his and thanked God that he had lived to have it extended to him. Then, once again, he asked his pardon for all the evil he had wrought him.

And now there came in Buck and Lamb and the other bondsmen and convicts--though no longer either bondsmen or convict-servants if they could live through this dreadful night--for they were useless upstairs any longer. With them came the mastiffs who had replaced those poisoned; fierce beasts, who seemed to scent the Indians they were trained to fight and whose eyes glared savagely at the windows to which they ran, while they stooped their great heads to the bodies of the dead ones lying inside the sill and sniffed at their already fast congealing blood.<sup>[2]</sup> And the deep bays that they sent up, and which rang through the beleaguered house, seemed for the moment to have had its effect outside. For, during that moment, the yells of the foe ceased and the rushes against the iron-bound shutters ceased also, but only for a moment.

"What!" exclaimed Buck, catching some of O'Rourke's words, "die fighting, my noble captain! Ay, so I should say; or rather, fight and live. What! We have seen fighting in our day before," whereon he winked at the other, "but never in so good a cause as this for our gentle mistress. And if we do die fighting," he went on, as coolly as though death was not within an ace of us all now, "why, dam'me, 'tis better than the cart and a merry dance in the chains afterwards on a breezy common. So cheer up, my noble, and let's at 'em. Ha, ha! here they come!"

As he spoke, with a crash the shutters came in at last and, through the open space they left in their fall, there swarmed the hideous foe, while with a scream Mary and I flung ourselves into each other's arms.

Oh! how shall I write down the sight we saw? Naked from their waists upwards, their bodies painted and tattooed with rings and circles, bars and hoops; their faces coloured partly vermilion, partly white and partly black; their long coarse hair streaming behind them, their hands brandishing tomahawks or grasping guns and pistols, which they discharged into the room, they rushed in, while when they saw our white faces their demoniacal howls and yells were awful to hear. Yet, at first, all was not to succumb to them. Of those who first entered, four were instantly torn to the ground by the mastiffs who seized each a savage, and, having pulled them down,



pinned them there as they gored their throats. Also, of those who came on behind these, many were shot or cut down ere they could leap over their prostrate comrades' forms. My lord and Mr. Kinchella by a hasty arrangement made with the others, fired only to the left of the window, Lamb and Buck taking those who came in on the right side, while O'Rourke, his sword flashing unceasingly through the smoke and the light of the room, fought hand to hand with those Indians who passed between the shots of the others, he being ably backed up by the remainder of the bondsmen and convicts.

"Steady! steady!" called out my lord. "Easy. Not too fast. Ere long there will be a barricade of their dead carcasses so that none can leap over them. Joice, my darling, shelter yourself behind the spinet; so, 'tis well. Miss Mills, how goes it with you."

"Give it to 'em, noble captain," roared Buck as, firing at a savage who came near him, he brought him down, exclaiming, "fair between the eyes. Fair." Then again, "At 'em, captain, at 'em, skin 'em alive; lord! this beats the best fight we ever had with any of the Bow Street crew; at 'em, lop 'em down, captain; ah, would you!" to an Indian who had advanced near enough to aim a blow at him with his tomahawk which would have brained him had it reached its mark, "would you!" and with that he felled the other with the butt end of his gun. "Heavens," he cried, "how I wish one of these redskins was the judge who sentenced me!"

It had become a *mêlée* now, in which all were fighting hand to hand--O'Rourke was down, lying prone, yet still grasping his sword; Mr. Kinchella standing before me and Mary still kept off those who endeavoured to seize us; my lord, Buck, and Lamb, side by side, fought yet unharmed; and of the others some were slain, some wounded, and some still able to render assistance.

And now, oh! dreadful sight! I saw the blood spurt from my beloved one's forehead; I saw him reel and stagger, and, with a shriek, I rushed forth and caught him in my arms as he fell; his blood dyeing my white satin evening dress and mantua.

Then, mad with grief and frenzy, I cared no longer what the end of this night's work might be. He whom I loved so fondly lay with his head upon my breast, while I knew not whether he was yet dead or still dying. My home was wrecked; all the light of my life was gone out, as I deemed, for ever. Nothing mattered now--nothing; the sooner the howling savages around me slew us all the better. So, through my tears, I looked on at the scene of carnage, praying that some bullet might crash through my brain or some tomahawk scatter my brains upon the floor where I sat with him in my arms.

What the end of this night's work might be! Alas, alas! the end was at hand!

The fighting had ceased at last. On our side there were no longer any to continue it; on the Indians' side there was nothing to be done but to bind and secure their prisoners. The ammunition had given out, after which Buck and Lamb were soon made fast and their hands tied behind them. Mr. Kinchella and the other men were treated in the same way and now came our turn; the turn of the two unhappy women who had fallen into the power of these human fiends. Yet, savages as they were, they offered us, at present at least, no violence, while one who had fought in the van ever since they had entered the saloon came forward and, standing before Mary and me, said in good English (many of the Shawnees and Doegs having learnt our language when they dwelt in peace with the colonists, and retained it and taught it to their descendants): "White women--children of those who drove us forth from them when we would have remained their friends, children of those who stole our lands under the guise of what they called fair barter and traffic--the fortune of the night's fight has gone against you and you are in our power."

"What do you intend to do with us?" I stammered, looking up at the great Indian who towered above all others. "I, at least, and those of my generation have never harmed you, yet now you have attacked my house like this."

"It is known to us, white woman," answered the chief, as I deemed him to be, "that you, the English woman ruling here, have harmed none, therefore you are unharmed now, you and this other. But it is the order of our great medicine chief, whose works are more wonderful than the works of any other man who dwells upon the earth, that you be kept prisoners until he comes; both you and this other with the dark eyes and skin."

"And who," exclaimed Mary, her eyes flashing angrily at the superbly handsome chief who stood before her, "who is your great medicine chief of whom we know nothing, yet who knows us?"

"He knows you as he knows everything that takes place from the rising of the sun until its setting, and who he is you soon will learn. Even now he comes from the destruction of other white men's houses like unto yours, he comes to claim you as his squaws who shall abide with him for ever."

I shrieked as he spoke, for I knew from tales and narratives told over many a winter's fire in Virginia what was the fate of those women who were borne away to be the squaws of these Indian chiefs; but, even as I did so, we heard shouts without as though those savages who had not entered the house were hailing some new arrival.

"Hark, hark!" exclaimed the chief. "He comes--he comes to claim you at last, as he has



promised himself for many moons he would claim you. Hark, it is the great medicine man himself."

## **CHAPTER XX**

### **THE GREAT MEDICINE CHIEF**

"Hark," the Indian said again, "the great medicine chief comes to claim the white women."

Since they had offered us no violence, nor indeed had they exerted any towards their other prisoners after the fight was over and they were bound, Mary and I had scarcely changed our position from the time the fray ceased. I still sat on the floor with my darling's head upon my breast, Mary stood by Kinchella, his bound hands clasped in hers, and sometimes kissing him as, over and over again, I also kissed my lord's dear lips while attempting to staunch the flow of blood from his head. The other prisoners all bound together looked forth into the night, waiting to see what the great personage whose arrival was now welcomed might be like. On the floor O'Rourke still lay where he had fallen, and I feared that surely he must be dead. Yet when I thought of him and how bravely he had fought this night, I could not but hope, even though plunged in my own misery, that much of his past wickedness would be forgiven him in consequence of his repentance.

"The great medicine chief, eh?" said Buck to Lamb, not even troubling to lower his voice for fear it should offend our captor or any other of the Indians around us who might understand his words--and seeming as cool and reckless now as though he were one of the victors instead of the vanquished. "The great medicine chief, eh? I wonder what he's like, though we shall see soon enough. Some mean mountebank I'll bet a crown--if ever I get hold of one again--who finds hocus-pocussing these red devils a good deal easier than fighting alongside of 'em. Knows everything that happens on earth, does he? Ay! just as much as a gipsy in a booth can tell when a gentleman of the road is going to be hanged, or is able to prophecy that the mother of a dozen shall never have a child. How they howl for him, though, rot 'em, if they had any sense they'd see he had enough of his own to keep out of the way while the bustle was going on."

"He comes. He comes," again exclaimed the chief, and, even in my trouble, I could not but marvel much at seeing so powerful looking a warrior prostrate himself with such great humility upon the floor, while all the other Indians did the same.

For now, escorted by several savages who marched in front of him, and a like number behind him, this person strode into the room and stood before us. His face was not visible, excepting only the eyes which twinkled behind the light silken cloth he wore around it, but his form presented the appearance of liveness and activity, and gave the idea that, however wonderful his arts might be, he had at least acquired them young, since he was undoubtedly not even yet arrived at middle age. He was clad in a tight-fitting tunic of tanned deer skin, over which fell the long Indian blanket with devices worked on it of skulls and snakes as well as of a flaming sun and many stars, and his leggings and moccasins were stained red. His head-dress was the ordinary Indian cap, or coronet, into which was thrust a number of eagles' feathers, while on his breast he bore, hanging on to a chain of shells, a human hand dried and mummified so that the tips of the finger-bones could be seen protruding through the shrivelled flesh, and, equally dreadful sight, some *ears* strung together!

Those twinkling eyes wandered round the wrecked saloon, taking in at one glance, as it seemed to me, the dead forms of Indians and white men, the broken furniture and the prostrate figures of the other Indians who knelt before him; and then they fixed themselves on Mary and me, while from behind the silken mask--for such indeed it was--there came a cruel, gurgling laugh. And I, driven to desperation by that sound, which augured even worse for me than what I had yet endured, softly placed my dear one's head upon the floor and, leaving him there, cast myself before the medicine chief and, at his knees and with my hands uplifted, besought his mercy.

"Oh!" I cried between my sobs, "if you can speak my tongue, as so many of your race are able to do, hear my prayer, I beseech you; the prayer of a broken-hearted, ruined woman who has never injured you or yours till driven to it in self-defence; a woman at whose people's hearths you and yours have warmed yourselves and been welcome, at whose table you and yours were once fed and treated well. Oh! what have I, a defenceless girl, done that this my home should be sacked by your warriors, my loved one slain? See, see! he who lies there was to have been my husband--these brave men around me, living and dead, would have done nought to you had you left us in peace. What, what," I continued, "have I done that you come as a conqueror to my

house--what?----"

He raised his hand as thus I knelt before him, and held it up as though bidding me be silent; then, in a hollow, muffled voice, he said, speaking low: "You are Joice Bampfyld. That alone is enough," and again his cruel laugh grated on my ears.

But at that voice, muffled as it was, I sprang to my feet as did Mary, while even Buck looked startled and Mr. Kinchella amazed, and Mary exclaimed passionately:

"*You! You!* It is you. And she has pleaded on her knees for mercy to such a thing as you. Oh! the infamy of it, the infamy for such as she is to plead to such, as you!"

The prostrate Indians raised their heads in astonishment at her words of scorn--doubtless it was incredible to them that any mortal should so dare to address their great medicine man and wonder-worker--while he, with his glittering eyes fixed on his followers, bade them at once begone and leave him alone with their captives. Alone, he said, so that he might awe these women into submission. And they, obedient to him, withdrew at his command, though still with the look of astonishment on their faces that any should have ventured to so speak to him and still live.

"Yes," he said when they had retired; and, unwrapping the silken folds from his face so that in a moment, all painted and tattooed though he was, that most unutterable villain, Roderick St. Amade, stood revealed before us, "yes, it is I. Returned at last to Pomfret Manor to repay in full all the treatment I received, and to give to all and every one in the village of Pomfret a just requital of their kindness in driving me forth, wounded and bleeding, to the savages who proved more kind than they. God! if I had had my will the whole place should have been put to slaughter long ago, and there should have been no reprieve lasting for five years."

I have said that the Indians who had captured us had left Mary and me free and untouched, so that, with the exception that there was no chance of escape, we were under no restraint. And now that freedom was seized upon by Mary, who, becoming wrought upon by the fiendish cruelty of this creature's words, seized up a pistol lying on the spinet by her side and snapped it at him--but vainly, as, since its last discharge, it had not been reloaded.

"You dog," she said as she did so, "you base dog. It can be but a righteous act to slay such as you." But, when she found that the weapon was harmless, she flung it to the floor with violence while she exclaimed that even heaven seemed against us now.

But to this Mr. Kinchella raised a protest, telling her that even in the troubles which now surrounded us it was impossible for any Christian to believe such a thing, and pointing out to her--with what I have ever since thought was unconscious scorn--that, since heaven had not seen fit even to desert one so evil as the creature before us, it would be impossible for it to do so to those who, righteously and God-fearingly, worshipped it and its ruler.

"I know not," said Roderick St. Amade, "who this fellow is, though by his garb he is a minister; but amongst the tribe to which I now belong the Christian minister, as he is termed, is ever regarded as the worst of white men, and as the one, above all, who makes the best bargain for robbing the native. The one who teaches him to drink deeper than any other white man teaches him, and who has less respect for their squaws' fidelity and their daughters' honour.<sup>[3]</sup> So, good sir, when we have safely conveyed you to our home in the mountains, I will promise you that you will have full need of the intercession of that heaven of which you speak ere you can escape torture and death."

"I shall doubtless have strength granted to endure both," the other replied calmly. "And I will, at least, undertake one thing, which is that no cowardice shall prompt me to embrace the life of a savage and a heathen to save my skin."

The villain scowled at him as he spoke these bitter words, but answered him no more; then, glancing down at some of the prostrate bodies lying at his feet, he exclaimed, "I trust all these carrion are still alive. They will be wanted for the rejoicings. Let's see for myself," while, kicking O'Rourke's body with his foot, he turned it over until it was face upwards. Then, for a moment, even he seemed appalled, recoiling from it--yet an instant afterwards bending down to gaze into the features of the unhappy adventurer.

"What!" he exclaimed, "what, O'Rourke here? O'Rourke, the clumsy fool who, when he should have shipped off my beggarly cousin shipped me in his place? O'Rourke. O'Rourke! Oh! if he but lives, how I will repay him for his folly. What a dainty dish he shall make for the torturers! How his fat body shall feed the flames! For, even though his mistake has made me a greater man than ever I could have been at home--ay, one before whom these credulous red fools bow as to a god--there is much suffering to be atoned for; the awful suffering of the passage in the *Dove*; your father's insults, my dearest Joice, and his blows; and also much else. But for that latter, you, my dear one, will repay me when you are mine and mine alone, with no rival in my heart but our haughty Mary, who shall be my dark love as you shall be my fair one."

As the wretch spoke, however, there were two things happened that he saw not, in spite of the all-seeing eyes with which he was credited by the tribe he dwelt with. He did not see that, as he

turned to insult Mary and me, O'Rourke first opened his own eyes and gazed on him and then raised his head to stare at him; he did not see that, from where the window had been, the Indian chief heard all he said, and stared in amazement and looked strangely at him as he spoke of the "credulous red fools."

But Mary and Mr. Kinchella and I saw it all, as well as did Buck and Lamb. Nay, we saw more; we saw the Indian's hand feel for the hilt of his dagger and half draw it from his wampum belt, and then return it to its place while he smoothed his features to the usual impenetrable Indian calm.

"And," went on Roderick St. Amande, as he drew near to my beloved one, who still lay as I had placed him, "who is this spruce and well-dressed gentleman who was to have been the husband of my Joice. Some Virginian dandy, I presume, who, not good enough for England, is yet a provincial magnate here. Ay, it must be so"--stooping down to gaze into my lord's face--"it must be so, for I have seen those very features when in a more boyish form. Possibly he is one of the young Pringles, or Byrds, or Clibornes, whom I knew five years ago. Is't not so, Joice, my beloved Joice, my future queen of squaws?"

That he should not recognise Gerald for his own cousin, for the man who held the rank he had once falsely said would some day be his, was the first moment of happiness I had known through this dreadful night, since the fact of his not so recognising him might, I thought, save my lover from instant death, if he were not dead already. For, if that villain could but guess who he really was, I did not doubt but that he would sheath his knife in the other's heart, all helpless as he lay. This being so, I answered:

"He is a gentleman and, I fear, is dead. Is that not enough for you?"

"Nay, too much. I would not have one Virginian dead; yet, I would not have one die so easily as he is dying now, for he is not at present dead. No, no; the dead are no good to us when we return from a successful attack such as this of Pomfret; it is the living we want; the quick not the dead. For see, my Joice, and you, too, my black but bonny Mary, the dead cannot feel! Their nerves and sinews have no longer the power of suffering, their flesh is cold, their tongues paralysed, so that they can neither shriek with pain nor cry for mercy--but, with the living, how different it is! They can feel all that is done upon them, they can feel limbs twisted off, and burnings, and loppings off of--of--of, why, say of ears," and here he grinned so demoniacally while he fingered the clusters of human ears that hung on his own breast, that all of white blood in the room shuddered but himself. "Yes, all these things they can feel. And, my sweethearts," he went on, gloatingly over our horror and his own foul and devilish picturings, "shall I tell you what the Indian tortures are, what you will see--when you sit by my side, my best beloved of wives--done upon these men here. On him," pointing to Mr. Kinchella, "and him," with his finger directed to my lord, "and this old blunderer," indicating O'Rourke, "and these scum and rakings of the London gutters?" sweeping his arm round so as to denominate all the convicts and bondsmen who had fought so well for us this night, though without avail. "Shall I tell you that? 'Twill be pretty hearing."

For myself I could but sob and moan and say, "No, no. Tell us no more! Spare them, oh, spare them!" But Mary, whose spirit was of so much firmer mould than mine, and who was no more cowed by him than was Buck himself--who, indeed, had interrupted his remarks with many contemptuous and disdainful snorts and "pishes" and "pahs" and with, once, a scornful laugh--answered him in very different fashion.

"Tell us nothing, you murderous, cowardly wolf," she said, while she extended her hand defiantly at him as though she forbade him to dare to speak again, "tell us nothing, since we should not believe you. We know--God help us! we all in Virginia know--that the Indian exacts a fearful reckoning from all who have once wronged him, but we know, too, that that exactment is made upon the actual persons who have done the wrong, and not on those who have never raised hand against him, as none in this house to-night have done except in their own defence. As for you, you cowardly, crawling dog, who think you can egg on the Indians to gratify your petty spite and cruelty, what, what, think you, will they do for the gratification of your thirst for innocent blood when I, tell them who and what their great wonderworking, miracle-making medicine chief is?" and I saw her dark eyes steal into the obscurity of the ruined window frame to observe if the chief out there heard her words. But he only drew a little more in the shadow as she did so.

"Silence, woman," said Roderick St. Amande, advancing threateningly towards her. "Silence, I say, or it shall be the worse for you."

"Silence," she repeated, "silence! And why? So as to shield you from their wrath if they should know who you are? Silence! Nay, I tell you Roderick St. Amande, that when you have taken us away to wherever you herd now, I will speak out loudly and tell them all. All, all, as to what their great medicine man--their great *impostor* is. A wonder-worker, a magician!" And she laughed long and bitterly as she spoke, so that his face became so distorted with anger that I feared he would rush at her and slay her. Yet, as she did so, and still spake further, I saw the Indian chief's eyes steal round the corner while he listened to her every word. "A wonder-worker! a magician!" she went on. "Ay! a pretty one forsooth. A magician who could not save his ear from a righteous vengeance; a bond-slave to an English colonist; a poor, pitiful drunkard! What a thing for a red man who cannot live in slavery, and who hates in his heart the fire-water he has learnt to drink, to worship! A magician who knows all. Ha! ha! A wonder-worker! who stole from out his owner's

bookshelves a 'British Merlin' and a calendar because, perhaps, he knew the credulous creatures with whom he would ere long dwell."

"Ay," exclaimed Buck, "and a book of how to do tricks with cards from me, with many recipes for palming and counterfeiting. A magician, ha! ha! ha!"

And of all that was said the Indian chief had heard every word.

## CHAPTER XXI

### IN CAPTIVITY

Although the villain knew not that the chief--whose name I learnt hereafter was Anuza, signifying in the Shawnee and Doeg tongue, the Bear--had heard all, his rage was terrible. He gesticulated so before Mary that again I feared for her, he struck at Buck, calling him thief and other opprobrious names, and he kicked at O'Rourke's body as though he would kick in his ribs. Then, swearing and vowing that if Mary spoke before his followers--for so he called them--as she had spoken now he would, instead of taking her for one of his squaws, have her tongue cut out of her mouth so that she should never speak again, he called for the Indians to enter from without. And they, coming in a moment or so afterwards, showed no signs upon their impassive faces of having overheard, or understood, one word that had been uttered.

The dawn had come now, and the light as it crept in to my ruined saloon served but to increase my sense of the horrors of the night. At the side of the window to which they had been pushed by Anuza and the others, so as to allow for easy ingress and exit, lay huddled together numberless dead Indians, two or three of my poor servants, and the bodies of the mastiffs, all of which had been slain after a fierce resistance. The carpets and rugs for which my father had sent to London were torn and slit and drenched with blood, the spinet and the harpsichord were both ruined, ornaments were broken, and the pictures splashed with blood. Oh, what a scene of horror for the sun to rise upon!

"Let all the prisoners who are alive be taken to the woods at once," exclaimed Roderick to Anuza; "to-night we start back to the mountains. Our work is done. Pomfret is destroyed, or destroyed so much that years shall not see it again as it was."

Once more, as at his coming, Anuza and his followers prostrated themselves low before him, whereby I feared that, after all Mary's denunciations, they still might not have understood how vile a creature was this whom they worshipped--and then, addressing us, the impostor said:

"My loves that shall be--my sweet ones of the Wigwam, I leave you now while I go to seek others to accompany you to our homes. For your friends shall be with you, I promise you. You shall, I hope, see cousin Gregory from whom I was once threatened a beating, and Roger Cliborne, who was to have been married a week hence. Ha! ha! And Bertram Pringle; he, too, shall ride with us and we will see if his courage is as great as that of his vaunted fighting cocks. All, all, my fair Joice and you, my Mary, shall you see, and"--coming close to us, while he hissed out the words with incredible fury--"you shall see them all die a hideous, lingering death by tortures such as even no saint in the calendar ever devised for his enemies. Farewell until tonight." After which, calling to his guards, he strode forth into the morning air accompanied by them.

For a moment Anuza the Bear stood where the window once had been while gazing after him, his huge form filling up half the vacant space as he did so. Then slowly, and with that stately grace which the Indian never lacks, he returned to where we were--I being again crouched on the floor with my beloved one's head in my arms--and standing before Mary, he said:

"White woman, were the words that fell from your lips to him the words of truth? Is he all that you have said?"

"He is all that I have said," she answered, "ay, and a thousand times worse. Why do you ask?"

Yet she told me afterwards that she already guessed the reason of his question.

He made no reply but still stood gazing down at her from his great height, while she returned his glance fearlessly; then he turned to one of his warriors behind him and spoke to him in their own tongue, whereon the man vanished and came back a moment afterwards bearing in his hand one of my great bowls full of water.

"Drink," he said to her, "and refresh yourself." When she had done so he passed the bowl to me, bidding me drink also. Likewise he let me bathe my darling's lips with the cool water and lave his temples, and he permitted Mr. Kinchella to drink; while, on Buck and Lamb making signs that they too were thirsty, water was fetched for them by another savage.

Next, he sat himself down upon a couch that stood against the wall opposite to us and, with his chin in his hand, sat meditating long, while we could form no guess as to what shape those meditations were taking. Then once more, when our suspense was intense, he spake again, addressing me this time:

"White maiden, you who rule as mistress of this abode, you and she spoke to him as one whom you had known before. Answer me, and answer truly, what know you of him? And has this, your sister," for so he seemed to deem Mary, "also spoken truly?"

"Alas! alas!" I replied, "only too truly. He came to my father's house a slave bought with his money," here the Bear started and clenched his great hands; "yet was he not made a slave because of our pity for him. He ate my father's bread and, in return, he sought the dishonour of his daughter." Then, being sadly wrought upon by all the misery that had come upon us, I threw myself upon my knees before him as I had done to that other, and, lifting up my hands in supplication, I cried again, "Oh chief of the Shawnee warriors, if in your heart there is any of that noble spirit with which your race is credited, pity me and mine; pity us, pity us! Your fathers, as I have said, ate once of our bread, this house which you have to-night made desolate sheltered them once. Will you show us no more gratitude than that craven whom you, in your delusion, worship as a great medicine chief?"

He bade me rise, even assisting me to do so, and motioned to one of the braves to wheel up another couch on which to seat myself, and all the time he muttered to himself, "A slave! a slave! a drunkard! a cheat!" and his eyes glistened fiercely.

But at last he rose to his feet again, and said with the calm that distinguished all his actions:

"The time has come to set forth to the mountains---"

"No, no!" Mary and I shrieked together, "No! no! Spare us, oh! spare us. Nay, rather slay us here on the spot than let us fall into his hands."

"If," he replied, looking down imperturbably upon us, "you have spoken truth, as from his own manner I deem it to be, no woman will ever fall into his hands again. If he has deceived us as you have said, no punishment he promised for the prisoners of Pomfret will equal that which he himself will endure. I have spoken."

"And our dear ones," I said, "what, what shall become of them? Oh! do not tear us from those we love," while, even as I spoke, I flung myself on Gerald's body and kissed his lips and wept over him. "Those who are alive must journey with us into the forests and towards the mountains--those who are gone to their fathers we war not with. This one," he said, stooping over Gerald, "this one, who was you say to have been your mate, is not dead, but--he will die."

Again I shrieked at his words, though as I did so I saw so strange a look in the chief's eye that the shriek died upon my lips. It was a look I could not understand.

"He will die," he went on, "he will die. Yet he was a brave man; of all white men in this house none last night fought more fiercely. And this other," turning to the body of O'Rourke, "he too still lives, and he too will die. Let him lie here."

His glance rested next on Mr. Kinchella, and, in the same soft impassive voice--the voice in which there was no variance of tone--he said, "You are unharmed?"

"Yes," the other replied, "I am unharmed."

"And you," exclaimed the Bear, striding to where all the others stood bound, "you, too, have escaped our weapons; the great War God has spared you?"

"Ay, noble chief," exclaimed Buck, as though addressing a comrade, "the great War God, as you call him, generally does spare Peter Buck. I was born to good luck, and, noble chief, being so spared I'm going to give you a few revelations about your great medicine man who's just gone out."

"Silence," exclaimed Anuza, "not now; not now. But come, the day has arrived. We must go forth." Then turning to me he said, "Take your last farewell of him you love."

Oh! how I kissed my darling again and again, how I whispered in his ears my love for him in those sad moments of parting, while Mary knelt by my side and comforted me and Mr. Kinchella stood by gazing down on to Gerald's white face. To think that I should have to leave him lying thus, to think that this was our parting when our love was but so newly told!

They took us away very gently, it is true, from my old house, now so wrecked and battered; they let me go back once more to press my lips to his; they even let Mary and me go to our

rooms, escorted by a guard, to fetch our cloaks and hoods. But, gentle as these savages were now--far, far more so, indeed, than could ever have been believed, remembering all the stories of their cruelty that we had listened to--their firmness and determination never varied and we were as much prisoners as though we had been shut up in a fortress.

Yet, at that last parting to which I was allowed to run back ere we left the room, there happened a thing that brought some joy to my poor bruised heart. For, as once more I stooped over Gerald to take, or rather give, my last kiss, I heard O'Rourke whisper low--his body lying close to my lord's: "Fear not to leave him. I was but stunned, and I doubt if he is much worse. And believe in me. He shall be my care. As soon as may be, we will follow you. Fear not."

And so I went forth with them, and there was greater peace at my heart than I had dared to hope would ever come again.

All that day we rode towards the forests that lie at the foot of the mountains and, there having been enough horses in my stables, as well as that of O'Rourke, none of us were without one. Ahead of all went Anuza--the Indians themselves being all mounted on horses they had obtained from the village--speaking no word to any one, but shrouded in his impenetrable Indian calm; behind him followed a score or so of his warriors, then we, the prisoners, came, and then the remainder of the band. Speech was not forbidden us--indeed, there was no enemy for our captors to fear if Pomfret was destroyed and all the dwellers thereabouts either driven forth or massacred--and so we conversed in whispers with each other and discussed in melancholy the sad fate that had befallen us all.

"Yet," said Mr. Kinchella who rode by Mary and me, "I cannot fear the worst. The chief's behaviour is not that of the Indian who is taking his victims to a dreadful death. The denunciation of that scoundrel by Mary has caused a terrible revolution in his mind; he seems, indeed, more like one who is carrying witnesses against another than one who is leading forth prisoners."

"And, reverend sir," said Buck, who rode close by, "what's more is that the chief doesn't stomach the business he is about. He knew well enough that neither his lordship nor the captain was badly wounded, and he left 'em there to escape as best they might--any way he gave them a chance."

"Yet he said that he did so," I replied with a sob, "because they must die."

"Ay, mistress," answered Buck, "so they must. All men must die. But they're not a-going to die yet, and he knew it. But I'll tell you who is going to die, and that before long. That's Roderick, the medicine man. He's marked as much as any man ever was when the dead warrant came down to Newgate. Ay! and a good deal more, too, for mine came down once and yet here I am alive and well, while the old judge who tried and sentenced me has gone long ago, I make no doubt."

"What will they do to him?" Mary asked.

"Do? Do, mistress? Why convict him of being an impostor, and then--why, then they'll tear him all to pieces. That's what they'll do with him. And when they've finished with him there won't be as much left of Roderick as will make a meal for a crow. I've spoken with men who have been captured by the Indians and lived to escape from them, and awful tales I've heard of their tortures, but the worst tortures they ever devised were kept for those whom the Indians have trusted and been deceived by. And you had only got to look at this chief's face when you, missy, were denouncing him, to guess what's going to happen to the other."

As he spoke we did, indeed, remember the look on Anuza's face as he stood behind the window frame. Also, I remembered the strange glance he gave me when he said that Gerald and O'Rourke should live though they must die later. So that it verily seemed as if Buck had rightly interpreted all that was going on in our captor's mind.

We halted that night on the skirts of a forest with, to the west of it, a spur of the Alleghany Mountains. The scene itself was picturesque and beautiful, while, to our minds, it had something of the awful and sublime in connection with it. For here it was that, although not more than forty English miles from where I had dwelt all my life, the limit to what we knew of the mysterious unknown land lying to the west of us ceased. Into those mountains, indeed, the rough backwoodsman had penetrated sometimes, bringing back stories of the bands of savages who dwelt within them; we knew that living with these bands were white men and women who, as children, had been torn from their homes and parents in raids and forays, but we knew little more. And for what lay beyond the mountains still farther to the west we knew nothing except that, thousands of miles away, there was another ocean which washed the western shores of the great land in which we dwelt, and that on the coast of that ocean were Spanish settlements, even as on our coasts there were English settlements. But, of all that lay between the two when once the mountains were passed, no man knew anything.

And now it was that into those mountains we were to be taken, those mountains to which Roderick St. Amante had fled from my father's house, and where, to the Indian dwellers within them, he had appeared as a great magician or sorcerer.

The halt for the night was made, as I have said, on the skirts of the forest, with cool grass beneath the trees and, above us, those great trees stretching out their branches so that they



were all interlaced together and formed a canopy which would have kept the rain from us had it been the wet instead of the exceeding dry season, and with, sheltering in those branches, innumerable birds twittering and calling to each other. It was, indeed, a strange scene! Around us in a vast circle sat the Indians, speaking never at all to each other, but smoking silently from the pipes they passed from one to the other, their faces still with the war-paint upon them and their bodies, now that the night was coming, wrapped in their blankets. Inside that circle we, the prisoners, were huddled together, Mary being at this time asleep with her head on her lover's shoulder and I lying with mine upon her lap, while the men, now no longer my servants, or, at least, my slaves, talked in whispers to each other.

And near us, in the glade, there stood that which we in our poor hearts regarded as an omen of better things to come. An object which, at least, went far to cheer us up and to inspire us with the earnest hope that, even between us and those in whose hands we were, there might still be a possibility of peace and of mercy from the victor to the vanquished. This thing was a rude stone in the form of a monolith, made smooth on one side and with, upon that smoothness, these words carved: "It was to this spot, in ye yere 1678, that Henry Johnson was brought from the mountains by an Indian woman, he being a boy of ten, and set free to return to Jamestown because, as she said to him, 'she pitied his poor mother.' 'I cried unto Thee in my trouble and Thou heard'st my prayer.'"<sup>[4]</sup>

Seeing this stone before us growing whiter in the dusk as the night came on, we, too, in our hearts cried unto the Lord and besought Him to hear our prayers and to give us freedom from our enemies and all dangers that encompassed us about.

## **CHAPTER XXII**

### **AMONGST THE SAVAGES**

The moon was waning and the stars disappearing when the movements of the Indians told us that the journey was to be resumed. All night those who had not acted as a watch over the party had laid like statues folded in their blankets, but now they arose as one man and set about preparations for our departure. With their awakening we, too, roused ourselves. Food had been given us over night, consisting of wheaten cakes and dried deer's flesh, accompanied by gourds of fresh water, and this was again offered to us ere we set out. Mary and I scarce ate on either occasion, though the water was indeed welcome, but Mr. Kinchella made a good meal while Buck and his companions ate heartily, the ex-highwayman contriving as usual to regard all that occurred as something to be made light of.

"'Tis better than prison fare, anyway," he said to his companions in the dawn, as they fell to on the meat and bread, "but the devil take the water! 'Tis cold to the stomach even on so fine a summer morning, and a tass of Nantz or of Kill-devil from the islands would improve it marvellously. However, that we must not look for till we get back to freedom."

"You think, then," Mr. Kinchella asked him, "that to freedom we shall get back?" The man had proved himself so loyal to us that he was now admitted to almost familiarity and indeed, it could not be otherwise. If ever we returned in safety to Pomfret, or to the spot where Pomfret once stood, these men had my word that they were free; they were, therefore, no longer our inferiors, while, at the present moment, all who were prisoners in the hands of the Indians were on a most decided equality. Yet, let me say it to the honour of all who had been my bond-servants but a day or two before, none presumed upon their being so no longer, or treated us with aught but respect.

"I feel sure of it, reverend sir. As I said before, if the chief is thinking of anything it is not of killing or torturing us; while, if I had any money, I would bet it all that there would be a pretty scene when once Roderick is safely back in their encampment."

It seemed, indeed, as though this man had, in his shrewdness, penetrated the innermost thoughts of the Bear, for ere we had been an hour on the march he, halting his horse so as to send the advance party of his warriors on ahead, drew alongside of us and, after a silence of some minutes, said:

"White people who have dwelt for so long on the lands that once were ours, know you why your village, which has been spared by us for now so many moons, has been once more attacked and put to the slaughter by the braves of my tribe?"

No one answered him for some short space of time, but at last I, to whom he seemed

particularly to address himself, said:

"We have no knowledge of why this should be, seeing that 'tis now almost two generations since those who were once our forefathers' friends attacked us. We had hoped that never would they do so again, since we have kept to our own lands and never sought to do evil to you or those of your race."

"Never sought to do evil, maiden! Nay, pause. Have 'you not now for more than fifty moons been dreaming of a raid to be made on us, of more red men to be slaughtered, more lands to be seized?"

"Never," I replied. "Never. I know all that has been thought of and every scheme that has been projected in our midst, yet there was never aught of this. Nay, so little did we dream of such an attack as you have made on us that, though we went always armed, 'twas more because of the custom which had grown upon us than for any other reason, and, if Indians came about we thought 'twas to take our cattle and our herds more than to massacre us."

"Yet it was told to us that your men were projecting a great war against us; that even from your other land beyond the deep waters warriors were being sent forth who should come and slay us all. That strange implements of war were being devised for our certain destruction, and that all of us were to be slaughtered and our lands and wives taken from us."

"Then," I replied, "you were told a base lie."

"Ay," exclaimed Buck from behind, "and I'll bet a guinea I know who told it."

The chief's eyes fell on him and rested on his face; then he spoke again, bidding him, since he said he knew who 'twas, to name the person.

"Name him," said Buck, "name him. Ay, that can I in the first guess. Why, 'twas that cursed, cringing hound, Roderick St. Amante, who fled from my pretty mistress's house when her father smote off his ear for daring to insult her. That's who it was, my noble chief."

"Smote off his ear!" exclaimed Anuza, while in his face there came the nearest approach to astonishment that I saw there during the time I was brought into contact with him. "Smote off the ear of the Child of the Sun. Yet he told us--he--is this the word of truth?"

"If that cursed impostor is the Child of the Sun--the Child of the Devil, ho, ho!--then 'tis most certainly the truth. Here's my lady who can tell you 'tis true. She saw it done. And, noble chief, is *that* the one, that poor, miserable hound, who told you of the attack that was to be made on you and yours?"

The chief replied not but rode on by our side, his eyes bent on his horse's mane and he seemingly wrapped in thought. But he spoke no more to us that day, and we knew that he was meditating on how he and all his tribe had been imposed on by the wretch Roderick. So we journeyed on until at last we stood at the foot of the mountains, and with, before us, the town of the Shawnees. 'Twas a strange sight to our eyes!

All around a vast space sheltered or, at least, surrounded by countless trees, amongst which were the long-leaved pine, the great cypress and the greater cedar, with some sweet orange trees as well as myrtles and magnolias, we saw the Indian stockades, their great protections from man or beast. For over those pointed poles, topped in many cases with iron barbs, neither foeman nor fierce animal could spring or make their way through. Then, within these, there came the tents or houses of the ordinary fighting men, the latter being little huts, yet large enough, perhaps, for four or five to repose within. A circle of chiefs' tents succeeded next to these, the sheafs of poles gathered together at the top being decorated sometimes with banners, sometimes with gaudy silken drapery, sometimes, alas! with human heads from which the hair had been torn. That hair had another destination. It was to decorate the interior of the tents--to be gloated over by the savage chiefs within and by their squaws, or wives. In the middle of all was--regardlessly of the health of the encampment--a tomb of the chiefs, a horrid erection of wood in which the shrivelled remains were laid side by side to the number of a dozen, their heads towards the passers-by, their mummified bodies naked, and before them a wood fire burning--perhaps to dispel any vapours. Thus they lay in the exact interior of the camp, each one remaining there through the four seasons and then being buried in the earth. And to guard over and preserve them, as the savages thought, was a hideous painted figure of wood, rudely carved, which they call Kywash, or the God of the Dead.

And now we were to learn what had been the amount of destruction done to the homes where we had all dwelt so peacefully and happily together; we of our party were to learn that which we had so much longed to know, namely, what had happened to those of our friends and neighbours who dwelt in and around Pomfret. For in that encampment we met other prisoners like ourselves who had been brought away by the detachments of the band who had stormed their houses. We saw, alas! the best of our men captives in the hands of the savages. Seated on a log outside a tent, his hands tied cruelly behind his back, I saw Bertram Pringle, a fair-haired young man who was the leader of all the diversions of our neighbourhood, and the best dancer as well as sportsman for miles around. There, too, was Roger Clibourne, one of our largest estate owners and wealthiest of planters; there was one of the Byrds of Westover (he being sadly wounded) as



well as several rough backwoodsmen, who must have fought hard ere they surrendered; and many other owners and white servants were also prisoners. But, I thanked God, there were no other women but ourselves, and my cousin was not, as the wretch Roderick had said, amongst them.

"Why, Joice," said Roger, calling to me as I passed by with the others, "why, my dear"--we had grown up boy and girl together--"this is, indeed, a sorry sight. Oh! Mr. Kinchella, could you not put a bullet in their brains or a knife to their throats ere you let Joice and your sweetheart be captured and brought here."

"Hush! Hush!" I said to him, pausing on my way, as we all did, our guards making no resistance. "Hush! Indeed, I think we are in no such great danger. Anuza, the chief, who stormed my house, has found out that their great medicine man, who was undoubtedly the instigator of the attack upon us all, is none other than that horrid villain, Roderick St. Amade."

"Roderick St. Amade!" the others, including the backwoodsmen, exclaimed, "Roderick St. Amade. Nay, 'tis impossible."

"Indeed, indeed 'tis true. We of our party have all seen him and spoken with him; nay, heard him gloat over all the horrors of the attack and threaten us with what awaits us here. But, but--the chief heard him too, and also heard Mary denounce him, and, I think, he meditates worse against him than any of us because he hath deceived them so."

"Is your chief powerful enough to do thus?" Bertram Pringle asked. "Ours, our captor, is, we have heard, the head of the whole tribe and the greatest friend of their medicine man. Suppose he believes not what your conqueror tells him?"

"Then," said Buck, "we will give him some proofs that shall make him believe. I can do any trick Mr. Roderick St. Amade can, either with cards, palming, or what not, and if they place faith in him for any of his hanky-panky, hocus-pocus passes, why, they'll fall down and worship me! I wasn't the conjurer at many a booth for nothing before I took to more elevating pursuits."

And now the lads asked us how we had parted from that other one of whom I thought hourly and only--though they knew it not!--and when I told them how I had left him wounded and bleeding their sorrow was great. But they said that, if the Indians did not proceed to any violence towards us, a rescue must be attempted before long, since every other hamlet and town would know by now what had befallen us of Pomfret, and doubtless an expedition would soon set out to seek for us.

So we passed on to where our guards led us, namely, to a great tent made of hay and straw, and then we composed ourselves for the night and, after Mr. Kinchella had said a prayer for our safety in which we most fervently joined, got what sleep we might. But once during that night I woke and then screamed aloud, for as I turned my eyes to the opening of the tent I saw, gazing in, the horrid face of Roderick St. Amade, and his own eyes gloating over us. But at my scream, and almost ere the others were aroused, the face was withdrawn, and nothing more was seen at the opening but the figure of the Indian sentry outside as he paced to and fro in the moonlight, and nought heard but the soft fall of his moccasined feet on the earth, or sometimes the cry of an Indian child or dog.

That the next day was to be one of great importance was easy to see from the moment it dawned. Towards a belt of pines which grew upon the rise of the hills there were already proceeding groups of Indians, some bearing in their hands the skins of animals and blankets dyed divers colours; banners, too, were being affixed to the trees as though in preparation for some great feast. We noted, also, that many of the Indian women and maidens--with, alas! amongst them some girls and women who were not Indian born, but white women--were finely dressed as though for a gala. As we ate of the food which our guards brought us--though three, at least, of our little band had no appetite for it--the door was darkened by the form of Anuza, and, a moment later, his great body stood within the tent, while we observed that he, too, was now arrayed in all the handsome trappings that bespoke the rank of a great chief. His short-sleeved tunic of dressed deer-skin was ornamented with the polished claws of his totem, the Grizzly Bear; on the shield he bore were the same emblems; even his long black hair, twisted up now like a coronet beneath his plumed bonnet of feathers, was decorated with one claw set in gold. In his wampum belt, fringed and tasselled with bright shells, he carried a long knife and a pair of pistols richly inlaid with silver and ivory-won, doubtless, in some earlier foray with our race--at his back hung down a bleached bearskin cloak to which, by a sash or loop, were suspended his tomahawk and bow. As I gazed on him I understood, if I had never understood before, what our forefathers meant when sometimes they spoke of the Indian as a splendid, or a noble, savage.

Behind him, borne upon a litter by two other Indians, came one the like of whom I had never seen, an old Indian of surely a hundred years of age; his eyes gone and, in their place, nought but the white balls to be observed. His head, with still some few sparse hairs left on it, bent on his breast, his hands were shrivelled like unto those of the mummies of which I have read, and his body, even on so hot a day as this, was enveloped in a great bearskin adorned with the gay plumage of many bright-coloured birds.

As Anuza strode into the tent, or Wigwam, leaving the old man outside in the sun, he made a

grave salutation to us all; but it seemed directed to me more especially, and then he said:

"Peace be with you all. And, white maiden," he went on, addressing me, while to my surprise he bent his knee before me, "though death awaits you and yours to-day, yet it shall not claim you while the Bear is by. Nor, had I known that which he, my father, has told me, should the hand of Anuza have been raised against you or your house, or aught within it." While, as he spoke, I gazed wonderingly at him, not knowing what his words might mean.

## **CHAPTER XXIII**

### **DENOUNCED**

Yet the explanation or meaning, when it came, was simple indeed. Many years before, nay, more than fifty, when my grandfather, Mark Bampfyld, owned and ruled at Pomfret Manor, his wife strolling in the woods had met and succoured a wounded Indian who had been shot at by some other colonist and had dragged himself to where she found him. Now, at that time the Indian was hated in all Virginia more, perhaps, than he had ever been before or since, for the memory of how he and his had been our firm allies was still fresh in all men's memories, so that their new enmity to us was even more bitterly felt than at any other period. To succour an Indian, therefore, at this period, was to do a thing almost incredible, a thing not to be believed of one colonist by another, and, by the Indian himself, to be regarded as something that could never by any chance occur. Yet this thing my grandmother, Rebecca, had done; she had tended and nursed that savage, who was none other than the father of Anuza now without our tent--himself, also Anuza the Bear--she had sent him forth a well man to return to his own people, and, ere going, he had vowed to her, placing his fingers on the scars of his wounds to give his vows emphasis, that none of his blood or race should ever again injure those of hers.

Yet now was I--who had never heard aught of this before--a captive in his son's hands.

"But, oh! white maiden," said Anuza the younger, while the old, sightless man nodded his head gravely, "had I known aught of this, I would have smitten off my hands or slain myself ere harm should have come to you or yours; yea, even before a tree on your lands should have been hurt or so much as a dog injured. And neither you nor these others are captives to me longer, though I doubt if, even now, Senamee, who is chief over us all, will let you go in peace. For he is as the puma who has the lamb within its jaws when an enemy is in his hands, and he hearkens to the medicine man, who your sister says is but a cheat, and who hates you all."

"But," said Mr. Kinchella and Mary together, "that cheat can be exposed; surely if he is proved no medicine man but only a poor trickster, the chief will not hearken to him."

"Senamee loves much the blood of his enemies," Anuza repeated; "I know not if that exposure will save you. It is more to be feared that he will sacrifice both him and you."

"And can he, this chief, Senamee, do this even when you, a chief, and your father a chief also, desire to save us?"

"He can do it in one way only," the Bear replied. "He can only do it if I refuse my sanction, since I of all the tribe stand next to him, by slaying me in fight."

"And can he slay you?" exclaimed Mary, as her eyes fell on his splendid proportions. "Is there any of your tribe who can overthrow you?"

The Indian is but human after all, and on Anuza's usually calm and impassive face there came, it seemed to me, a look of gratification at the praise of his great form from a handsome woman.

"I know not," he replied, "whether he can slay me, but this I know, that he must do so ere harm comes to those who are of the tribe of her who succoured him," pointing to his father. "That must he do, for already I am accursed of the god of my tribe in that I have lifted my hand against one who draws her life through another who pitied and cared for my father. To remove that curse, I must hold you and yours free from further harm."

The old Anuza, sitting there in the sun, nodded his head and whispered some words to himself in Indian, which we thought to mean agreement with his son, wherefore I said:

"But why, Anuza, why, if this is so, did you take part in and encourage this attack upon our village, upon our houses and our lives; why, if thus you felt towards us?"

"My father knew not our war trail," replied the chief, "he knew not which way we took our course; he knew not where that false priest, the medicine man, led us. And, oh! white woman," he said casting himself at my feet, "oh! you, who rule over your tribe and these your kin and servants, give your pardon to me who sinned unknowing what I did, and believe--believe, I say, that while I can shelter you harm shall not come near to you. I, the Bear, who has never lied, promise that."

I bade him rise, telling him that we would believe in him and trust to him for safety, when in our ears there arose the most horrid din, the clanging of spears on shields, the firing of matchlocks--with which the Indians were well armed, and which they had been taught to use in the days when they dwelt at peace with us--the howling of the swarms of dogs that were in the encampment, and many other noises.

"Hark," exclaimed Anuza, "'tis Senamee who goes to take his seat and to commence the tortures"--we started--"but fear not. To you harm shall not come. But you must go before him now. It is best so. Come, and fear not."

Thus we went forth escorted by the Bear and those of his guards with him, and so we reached the plantation of pines that grew upon the mountain slope. Senamee, the chief of all the tribe, was already seated on a great stone rudely carved into the shape of a chair, while, by his side, we noticed similar ones made of wood, over all of which were thrown skins and blankets. He it was, we learnt afterwards, who had directed the principal attack upon the village, and who had stormed the homes of the Pringles, Clibornes, and Byrds. These were standing before him, bound, but looking defiant and gallant as they cast their eyes round on all the Indian warriors as well as the women and children, and, even from their servants and some of the rough backwoodsmen who were also captured, no sign of fear was forthcoming. Indeed, fierce and dreaded as the Indian was by the colonist and his dependants, there was always in the minds of the latter a tinge of contempt mixed with that dread. That contempt was born, perhaps, of the feeling that, in the end, our race invariably overbore theirs; that gradually their lands had become ours, even if by just and fair bargain. Also that, subtle, crafty, and cruel as the savage might be and dreadful when attacking from his ambush, in all open encounter he was no match for the men in whose veins ran the good, brave blood of their old English ancestors.

"You come late, Anuza," exclaimed Senamee as, striding through the assembled crowd, the Bear made his way to a seat opposite the chief and motioned to us to follow him, while to Mary and to me he signed that we should seat ourselves on the fur-covered bench beside him. "You come late." Then, observing the other's action to us and our taking the indicated seat, he said, "What means this, and why are the pale face women honoured in the presence of their conquerors? They are prisoners here, not guests to sit by our sides."

"At this moment, oh! Senamee, seek to know nothing," replied Anuza, "nor ask why the pale face women are seated by my side. Later on all shall be told you." We saw a look of astonishment appear on the face of all the other captives at this answer, though it but confirmed in part that which we had told them overnight, and we saw also a dark scowl come on the painted face of Senamee, while he muttered to himself, "'Twill not please the Child of the Sun who is on his way here," but he said no more.

That the person so termed, the wretched impostor, Roderick St. Amande, was now on his way we soon learnt. Slowly through the assembled crowd of warriors, women and others, there came now a dozen or more young Indian girls habited in fawn-skin tunics reaching to their knees, with, rudely embroidered on them, golden and silver suns. These were the priestesses who assisted at whatever rites and ceremonies their master chose to perform, and were always in attendance on him, as we learnt hereafter. Then, next to them--who, as they passed, sang or crooned a most dismal dirge, though doubtless 'twas meant as a hymn of praise---there came his guards, picked braves whose duty it was to be always near him. Behind them, came he himself, walking slowly but with his head erect and casting on all the white captives a look at once triumphant and scornful. Yet, as he passed by Anuza to enter the circle, he started with surprise, a surprise bred doubtless of seeing us seated by that chief's side and also from noticing that, amongst all the Indians who were now prostrating themselves reverently before him, the Bear alone did not do so but sat calm and unmoved.

For a moment only he stopped to gaze on us all seated and standing there, yet 'twas long enough for him to see the contempt on the faces of Mary and myself and Mr. Kinchella, the look of cold indifference on that of the Bear, and the mocking grins on the faces of Buck and his companions. Then, going on to the seat reserved for him by the side of Senamee, he sat himself in it and whispered a few words to that chief. But the warrior only shook his head and seemed unable to find any answer to the questions the other was undoubtedly asking him. Next, he spake to one of his guards, who a moment afterwards ordered that all in that place kept silence while the great medicine man, the true Child of the Sun, addressed them, and on that silence being observed he spake as follows:

"Dogs and slaves of the Shawnee race and Doegs," such being his gracious form of addressing them, "dogs and slaves whom the Great Spirit has so favoured as to send me, the only true Child of the Sun, to be your medicine man, chief orator, prophet, and civil ruler, hear me. Owing to my counsel, inspired by my father, the Sun, you have within the last few days achieved a great victory over the white slaves who dwell to the east of these mountains. You have destroyed their

town and brought hither as prisoners those whom you have not slain. This, since you are but red dogs and slaves, whom I account but little better than the pale faces, you could never have done but for my assistance, both in putting spells on your enemies and in seeking the assistance of my father, the Sun."

Here Buck burst into so strident a roar of laughter that Senamee sprang to his feet and grasped his tomahawk, while he made as though about to rush at the scoffer and slay him. But the impostor stopped him, saying, "Heed him not; he is mad. And he is but the slave of the white woman." Then, continuing, "This victory, I say, you could never have obtained but for me, and therefore I call on you all, Shawnees and Doegs, to fall down and prostrate yourselves at my feet and worship me in this our day of triumph."

All, with the exception of the Bear, rose to do so, but as they were about to cast themselves to the earth the wretch suddenly stayed them by a motion of his hand, and exclaimed, "But, hold. Ere you do so let the white women who I have set apart as my own prize come hither to me. They are mine, I have chosen them; let them come hither and kneel at my feet as my handmaidens. Come, I say."

As we, Mary and I, made no motion to do his bidding but only turned our eyes in appeal towards Anuza, Roderick St. Amante said some words to two of his guards, who at once crossed the open circle to where we sat, evidently with the view of seizing us and carrying us to him.

But as they approached near to us, Anuza, still sitting calmly, said:

"Hold! Come no nearer. These pale faces are my captives, and shall remain by me."

The two warriors turned in astonishment towards the impostor, as though asking for further commands, but ere he could give any--and we now saw on his face a look that seemed born half of rage and half of terror--the Bear rose from his seat and striding forth to them, while he grasped his tomahawk, said:

"Back to your places at once, or I will slay you here before me. Back, I say, and obey my orders, not his."

His appearance was so terrible that these two men, although themselves splendid savages of great size and build, shrank away from him and retreated towards their master. As for that master, his face was strange to see. He screamed at Anuza, calling him "Indian dog," "accursed one," and many other names, and stamped his foot and waved his arms in the air, as though invoking something dreadful on his head. Yet was it plain to see that, through all his assumed power of superiority, he was indeed alarmed at Anuza's conduct and knew not what to make of it.

But now Senamee interfered, saying, while he directed fierce glances at the other:

"Anuza, son of the Bear, what means this conduct? Has madness entered into your brain that thus you revolt against him whom the Sun God has sent to succour us and to give us power over all our enemies, or has your heart turned black with ingratitude towards the great medicine man who has so long ruled over our destinies, who has made our crops to thrive and our cattle to increase tenfold? And have you forgotten that to him we owe blessings for the victory over the pale faces in the first great attack we have made on them for now many moons?"

"For that," replied the other, still standing before the assembled crowd, "I owe him curses more than blessings; for it was in this pale face woman's house--a house now almost destroyed by me and my followers--that, many moons ago, my father was succoured and healed of the wounds he had received, and so brought back to life and to his tribe. And for that I have raised my hand to destroy her dwelling and to slay those who serve her! Shall I, therefore, not rather curse than bless him?"

There was a murmur among the crowd--a murmur almost of dismay and horror. For to the Indian, no matter of what tribe or race, and no matter what other wicked or evil passions may abide in his heart, one evil sin stands out as ever to be abhorred by them--the sin of ingratitude; and he who boasts that he never forgives a wrong boasts also that he never forgets a kindness. So it was not strange that those assembled should be much stirred by the words of the Bear. The villain heard the muttering of the rest, as he could not help but hear it; but, assuming still a defiant and overbearing air, he addressed them, saying:

"Granted that you speak truth, what is that to me? How should I know that many moons ago this woman's people were good to your father?" and his horrid sneering face looked more evil than before.

"How should you know--you who call yourself the Child of the Sun?" said Anuza, advancing some paces nearer to him and with his arm outstretched. "How should you know? Have you not then told us often, us 'the poor dogs of the Shawnee tribe,' that you know all that has ever passed or happened, and that there is nought on the land, nor in the skies, nor in the waters that you know not of? 'Tis strange that this you should not know."

"Fore Gad!" whispered Buck, "the Injin's hit him fair."

So, indeed, it appeared the others around thought; and even Senamee, who hated Anuza for being so near him in power, turned towards Roderick with a glance that seemed to bid him answer this question.

But ere he could do so the Bear went on again, while the villain writhed at his words.

"Yet, oh! my kinsmen and brother warriors, if I have done this thing unwittingly, and with no knowledge of goodness shown to my father by those of her race in far-off days, what shall be thought of one who, also having dwelt under the white woman's roof, has yet turned and rent her? What be thought of one who, coming as a slave to her father's house, was yet well tended; who sat at meat in that house, ay, ate of their food and was clothed with their garments, and, in repayment, assailed first the woman's honour and next, after nursing warm his hate for many moons, sought to destroy her and hers, even to taking from her her house, and her life, and the life of those she loved?"

The impassable Indian blood was roused at last; like the mountain snow, that stirs not till the sun fires it and causes it to burst forth a torrent overwhelming all, it burst forth now and, with many cries, all in that assembly, excepting Senamee and those of his following, demanded to know what man, what snake, had done this thing?

"What snake!" exclaimed Anuza, "what snake! I will tell you, my brethren. The snake that has also warmed itself by our fires too long, and who, as it has turned and stung the white woman, will in time to come turn and sting us if we guard not against it. The snake who has cheated us and made us believe in him as a god when he himself was but a pale face and a slave of pale faces; the snake who has dwelt among us; the cheat and false medicine man--the Child of the Sun!"

## CHAPTER XXIV

### 'TWIXT BEAR AND PANTHER

Ominous indeed were all the faces around us now. For the denunciation was terrible; if true, it could mean nothing but death for Roderick St. Amade. And that an awful death. Near the circle there stood a Cross which we who dwelt in the colonies knew well the meaning and use of. That holy symbol, so out of place amongst a band of savages, was not reared here with reverence, but because, being the token of the white man's faith, the token to which he bowed his knee and poured out his soul, their devilish minds had devised it as the instrument of his execution. And white men, we knew from all hearsay and gossip of those who had escaped, had often suffered on the cross; there was not an encampment of Shawnee Indians, of Manahoacs, of Powhattans, Nanticokes, or Doegs--all of which tribes surrounded Virginia--in which there was not one erected for their torture and execution. Only, in those executions their tortures and their sufferings were greater far than any which had ever been devised outside the colonies. Those whose fate led them to these Crosses suffered not only crucifixion, but worse, far worse. As they hung upon them, their poor hands and feet nailed to the beams, while their bare bodies were tortured by all the insects that abound in the region, they served also as marks for the arrows and, sometimes, the bullets of their savage foes. Happy indeed, were those to whom a vital wound was dealt early in their suffering, happy those who died at once and did not linger on, perhaps from one day to the other, expiring slowly amidst the jeers of those amongst whom they had fallen.

Such was one form of revenge practised by the Indian on the white man, and, alas! there were many others. There was death by fire and death by burying alive, the body being in the earth, the head outside, a prey for the vultures to swoop down upon and to tear to pieces, beginning with the eyes; there was the death of thirst, when the victim sat gasping in the hot sun while all around him, but beyond his reach, were placed gourds of cool water.

It was to such deaths as these that we had feared our men might come if they fell into the hands of the enemy--the women, be it said, were never subjected to such torture, there were *other* things reserved for them--it was one of such deaths as these that Roderick St. Amade might now fear if the band believed the denunciation of Anuza.

That they did believe it seemed not open to doubt. They muttered and gesticulated, they hurled opprobrious names at him, they even beat their breasts and bemoaned the disgrace which had fallen on them by being deceived by one who had been a "slave." This, to these free, untrammelled creatures of the forest, seemed the worst of all, far worse even than their having been tricked into believing that he, who was nothing but a poor mortal like themselves, could be a god and the Child of the great Sun God.

Senamee alone seemed to still believe in the villain; he alone at this moment raised his voice on behalf of their denounced priest. Rising to his feet, while his cruel features were convulsed with passion and the great scars upon his face stood out strangely beneath the paint upon it, he addressed the members of his tribe thus:

"Children of my race, warriors of our various bands, listen to me and be not swayed too easily by the voice of Anuza the Bear, the chief who ever opposes me and gnaws at his heart-strings because of my rule and authority." Here the Bear cast a disdainful glance at him, while he went on, "Easy enough are these charges to be made; less easy, however, is the proof of them. Because the Bear has learned now that he has attacked the house of one by whose kin his father was succoured, he has readily lent his ear to the tales told him by the pale faces, all of whom are liars, as we and those who have gone before us know only too well and to our cost. Yet, against such lying tales let us remember what the Child of the Sun has done for us--even before our own eyes, which do not deceive us. He has brought our cattle from the mouth of death, he has caused all our herds to increase tenfold, he has blessed our lands and, where before naught but the serpent and the wolf could live, has made the maize and the corn to grow. Yet we, but mortal men, could do naught like unto this. And has he not ruled the heavens! Rain to refresh the earth has come to us at his bidding; when the moon and the sun have disappeared before our eyes, without cloud to obscure them, he has conjured them back again by waving his hands."

"It requires no sharp eye," muttered Mr. Kinchella to us, "to tell when an eclipse is drawing to an end. If he could have foretold its coming it would have been more wonderful."

"He has made trees and shrubs," went on Senamee, "to grow before our eyes, and objects he held in his hands to vanish away into the air."

"Yes, curse him," now muttered Buck, who, unhappily, rarely spoke without an oath, "I taught him to. I would they had looked under his thumb or up his sleeve."

"And, above all, is it not he who bade us go forward on the warpath towards the home of the pale faces, telling us success should come to us, as it has truly come?"

Once more the Indians were roused, but this time it was towards the adoption of the chief's views. Hating ingratitude as they did, they seemed to think now--judging by the ejaculations of many of them--that there was danger of their testifying it to the medicine chief by turning so suddenly against him. Poor, ignorant savages! 'Twas easy to see that they believed, as doubtless their chief believed, that to this mean creature was owing the fact that their crops and their cattle had thrived so. They could not guess, their simple, unformed minds could not tell them, that it was to their own exertions, suggested by him, and not to his mumblings and gibberish over those crops and cattle, that their increase and fatness was due.

But no sooner had Senamee finished than Buck, who could be neither repressed nor subdued, lifted up his voice and, addressing him, exclaimed, "Sir! Chief! Listen to me a spell. What this fellow has done I taught him when he was a bought slave, as I was a transported one, to this our young lady here, whom you call the pale face woman. And what he can do I can do better, as I'll show you if you'll give me the chance. You say he can make objects vanish? Why, look here"; with which he picked up three stones from the earth, placed them on his open palm, clenched his hand and blew upon it, and, opening it again, showed to the astonished surroundings that it was empty. Then he approached an Indian squaw standing near, and putting out his finger drew each stone one by one from her long, matted hair, while her dusky skin turned white and she shrunk away from him muttering. Then he continued:

"Is that it? Well, 'tis simple enough--there hain't a conjuror or Jack Pudding at Bartholomew Fair, nor any other, that can't do better nor that, and they ain't children o' the Sun, nor more am I. No! not no more than *he* is"--pointing his finger at the now trembling Roderick. "Children of the Sun, ha! ha! children born in a ditch more like; or in a prison." Whereupon, after laughing again, he stooped down once more and, seizing some larger stones, began to hurl them in the air one after the other and catch them as they descended. Yet, when he had caught them all, his hands were empty.

Doubtless the Indians understood not his strange jargon and his talk about Bartholomew Fair. But they could witness his mysterious tricks, at which, in truth, I was myself appalled, having never seen the like. And while once more the simple savages veered round into denunciations of Roderick St. Amante, muttering that he could be no god if this other slave could do such things, and some of them turned Buck round and made him show them his hands and open his mouth so that they might see if the stones were there, Anuza rose again from his seat and spake as follows:

"Senamee, from you, a chief of the Shawnee tribe and of the noble Manahoac blood also, have lies issued forth to-day. Nay, start not, but hear me; I will maintain my words with my arm later. From you, I say, have lies issued forth; nay, worse; not only were they lies, but you knew that they were lies and yet coldly spake them."

"I will kill you," hissed Senamee, "kill you with my own hand."

"So be it," answered the other, "if you have the power, but the Bear is not weak." "Lies," he went on, "lies knowingly told when you said that I opposed you and was jealous of your rule and

authority. For you know well such words can have no truth in them. In my wigwam hang more scalps than in yours, the scalps of Cherokees who dispute the mountains with us, of Yamasees who dwell near unto the deep waters, of Muskogeese; ay, even of the fierce Southern Seminoles who dwell in the tents of the blood-stained poles. And in my veins runs blood as pure as yours, while I yield not to you as my ruler, but as my equal only, except in years. But let this pass; later on you shall kill me or I you. Now, there is other killing to be done. For not only has this man," pointing to Buck, who was now showing some other tricks, truly marvellous, to the Indians, "who is by his own word a slave, proved to you that the jugglings of the false medicine man are no miracles, but things which slaves can do; but also have I to add my word against him. And, oh! my people," he said, turning round and addressing all there, "you, my kinsmen and friends of the Shawnees, the Manahoac, and the Doeg tribes, what will you say shall be done to the false priest, the pale-faced slave, who has imposed on us, when I tell you all? When I tell you that, in this white woman's house, I heard him speak of us who have sheltered him and succoured him, as 'credulous red fools'--as 'credulous red fools,' those were his words. And more," he went on, putting forth his arm with a gesture as though to stay the angry murmurs that now arose, while Roderick St. Amande sat shaking with fear in his seat, "the dark maiden here, the sister of the white woman, denounced him to his face and before me, though he knew not I heard. She taunted him with having had his lost ear smitten off by his owner--the ear that he told us often his father, the Sun God, took from him so that he should be less than he--oh! fools that we were to believe it! And--and she called him 'thief' and 'lover of fire waters' and 'cowardly, crawling dog'--think of it, oh! my kinsmen; the Shawnee warriors and the Manahoacs and the Doegs to be imposed on by such as this! A slave, a thief, a drunkard, a cowardly dog! Think of it! Think of it! And for me, Anuza, worse, far worse than this, for at his commands have I wrecked the house in which he who gave me life was tended and succoured; at his commands have I made war on and injured the child's child of her who succoured him."

He paused a moment and looked round, his eye falling on the angry, muttering crowd of savages of the three allied tribes; upon Roderick St. Amande trembling there, making no defence and burying his face in his mantle, from which he sometimes withdrew it to cast imploring glances on Senamee. Senamee, who sat scowling on all about him while his fingers clutched the great dagger in his wampum belt. Then Anuza went on again, while the muttering of the crowd rose to yells, and that crowd pressed forward ominously to where the unhappy victim sat.

"For all this, my brethren, he must die. For the inoffensive blood he has caused us to shed, he must die--for the lies he has told us, 'the credulous red fools,' he must die--for all that he has done, he must die. And there, upon the Cross which he himself selected as the death to be dealt out to the white men, he shall die to-night."

With a how! that was almost like to the dreaded war cry, they all rushed at Roderick, while high above even the noise of their fierce threats went forth a piercing shriek from their intended victim, who clung to Senamee's arm, crying, "Save me, save me," in the Indian tongue.

That the chief would have dreamt of doing so--seeing that, since he was head of all, he had been more fooled perhaps than any of them--had it not been for the hatred and antagonism he bore to the Bear, none of us who were present have ever been able to bring ourselves to believe. Yet now, to the astonishment of all, both red and white, he did actually intercede in his behalf.

As the crowd surged up to where the wretch sat, men and women being indiscriminately mixed, braves and warriors jostling their servants and inferiors, while their gaily-bedecked wives--for this was to have been a feast day--pushed against almost nude serving-women, the chief sprang to his feet, threw one arm about Roderick St. Amande, and, brandishing his tomahawk before their eyes, thundered forth an order to them to desist.

"Back!" he roared in his deep tones, "back, I say. What! is Senamee dead already that others usurp his place and issue orders to his people? Who is your chief? I, or Anuza, the rebel?" and he struck at two or three of the foremost with his tomahawk as he spoke.

"You are," they acknowledged, though with angry glances at him, "yet shall not the false priest shelter himself behind your shield. We will have his life in spite of you."

"His life you shall have when we are sure of his guilt. At present we have nothing but the word of Anuza, who has said I lie. But what if he has lied himself?"

"He has not lied," they called out. "He has not lied. Anuza never lies. And his words are proved. The other slave of the white woman can do more than he. He is no medicine priest. Give him to us that we may slay him."

"Not yet," answered Senamee. "Not yet. For ere I give him to you I am about to prove Anuza to be a liar in spite of your belief."

"How can you prove it?" they demanded, while Anuza himself stood motionless, his eyes fixed on his rival.

"My brethren and followers, you speak either like children who know nothing or old men who have forgotten what once they knew. Anuza has told me that I lie. To him I say the same thing. He lies. He lies out of his spite and envy of me. And have you, oh! ye children or dotards,

forgotten how, when one of our race thinks thus of another, they decide who is the truthful man and who the liar?"

"We have not forgotten," they all exclaimed; "we have not forgotten. It must be by the death of one or the other. Both cannot live."

"It is well," Senamee exclaimed, "it is well. And of Anuza, the rebel, and of me your chief, one of us must die by the hand of the other. As that death is dealt out so shall it be decided what the fate of this one is," pointing to the impostor shivering by his side. "If I defeat the Bear he shall not suffer, for then it will be known that Anuza is the liar and has wrongly accused him; if Anuza slays me then must you do with the medicine chief as is his will. But," descending from his seat and advancing towards where that warrior stood, "that he will kill me I do not fear. Those of the house of Senamee dread not those of the race of the crawling Bear."

And then, advancing ever nearer unto Anuza until he stood close in front of him, he made a defiant gesture before him and exclaimed:

"Anuza, the time has come."

While Anuza, returning his glance with equally contemptuous ones, replied:

"You have spoken well, Senamee. The time has come."

### **PART III**

#### **THE NARRATIVE OF LORD ST. AMANDE CONTINUED**

### **CHAPTER XXV**

#### **THE SHAWNEE TRAIL**

He who has been stunned by a heavy blow comes to but slowly, and so it was with me and slowly also my understanding and my memory returned, while gradually my dazed senses began to comprehend the meaning of all around me. I remembered at last why the handsome saloon in which my beloved one, my sweet Joice, took ever such pride, should now resemble the deck of a ship after a fierce sea fight more than a gentlewoman's withdrawing-room. It dawned upon me minute by minute why the harpsichord and spinet should both be shattered, the bright carpet drenched and stained with blood, the window-frame windowless, with, by it, a heap of dead, formed of red and white men and the mastiffs, and why my own white silk waistcoat and steinkirk should be stained with the same fluid. Nor was I, ere long, astonished to see the fontange which Miss Mills had worn lying on the spinet, nor to perceive O'Rourke seated by a table near me eating some bread and meat slowly and in a ruminative manner, while he washed the food down with a beaker of rum and water and shook his head sadly and meditatively all the while.

And so, in a moment, there came back to me all that happened but a little time before, as I thought, and with a great shout I called to him and asked him where my dear one was.

The old adventurer sprang to his feet as I did so, and came towards me muttering that he thought for an instant that the red devils were coming back again; and then, kneeling down by me, he asked me how I did and if I thought I had taken any serious hurt.

"Though well I know, my lord," he said, "that 'twas nothing worse than a severe crack o' the skull; yet, being a poor surgeon, I could not tell how deep the crack was. But since you can speak and understand, and know me, it cannot be so serious. Try, my lord, if you can rise."

Taking his arm I made the attempt, succeeding fairly. But when on my feet I still felt dizzy, while a great nausea came over me, so that I was obliged to seat myself at the table and to



observe O'Rourke's counsel to partake of some of the liquor he had by him, if not some of the bread and meat.

"'Tis fortunate," he said, "that I could induce those squealing negroes to come forth after all the others had gone, or else----"

"Gone!" I exclaimed. "Who are gone?" And then, in an instant, perhaps owing to the draught of liquor, I remembered that the others were not here; that, above all, my dear one was not by my side. "Gone!" I exclaimed again; "they are gone! Where to?"

"With the savages," he replied. "They had no other resource."

"Therefore let us follow them at once. With the savages! And they are two defenceless women. With the savages! And I lying there like a log unable to help them! Oh, Joice! Oh, Joice, my darling!"

"Nay," said O'Rourke, "distress not yourself so much. While you lay senseless with that fair young thing's arms around you much happened that you cannot dream of. Much! Much! Indeed such marvellous things that even I, who have seen many surprising occurrences, could not conceive----"

"In heaven's name out with them!" I exclaimed. "Man, have you not tortured me enough already in my life and been pardoned for it, that you must begin again. Out with your tale, I say, if you would not drive me to distraction."

He cast a sad look towards me which, with my recollection of all he had done last night on our behalf, made me to regret speaking so to him even under such pressure. Then, after saying there was no further wish in his heart, God He knew, to ever do aught to me but make atonement, he commenced his narrative of all that had occurred while I lay senseless and he lay apparently so.

What a narrative it was! What a story! To think of that vile Roderick being there in command of all the others; to think of that spiteful, crawling wretch having at last got those two innocent creatures into his power and able to do what he would with them! Oh! 'twas too horrible--too horrible to think upon. Nay, I dare not think, I could only prepare for immediate action.

"We must follow them," I said. "I must follow them at once, even if the Indians tear me to pieces as I enter their midst. And what matter if they do? 'Twill be best so if she, my own darling, has become their prey. O'Rourke, for heaven's sake cease eating and drinking, and lend me your assistance."

"That will I cheerfully," he replied, "and if they have but left a brace of nags in the stables we will be a dozen leagues on our way ere nightfall. But as to eating and drinking, well--well! I am too old a campaigner of all kinds not to take my rations when they fall in my way. And you, too, my lord, a sailor, should know 'tis bad to go a-fighting on an empty stomach. Even Corporal John, who loved better to pouch the ducats than to provision the army, always sent his men into battle with their stomachs full."

"But every moment is precious--every instant. Think of the girls in the hands of those ruthless savages, in the hands of my villainous cousin."

"Ay, I do think on't. Yet will I wager all my hopes of future pardon--heaven knows I stand in need of it--that the girls are safe enough. Have I not told you that the great Indian, the gigantic chief, heard all. All! He heard Mistress Mills denounce your cousin, and he heard him call all the tribe superstitious or ignorant fools, or words of a like import. And, what's more, he knew that neither you nor I were dead, nor like to die, and yet he left us here unharmed. My lord, I tell you," he continued, slapping down the bowl he had just emptied, "that no harm is coming to those young maids, nor do I think to any of the other prisoners. And more I tell you also, the one who will come worst out of this fray will be your cousin Roderick."

I would have answered him and said how devoutly I trusted such might be the case, when we heard a clatter in the courtyard behind and the shoutings of many men, and voices all talking at once, some exclaiming, "At least they've left this house standing." "What of the women folk?" "What of Mistress Bamfyld?" and so forth. And then, as we rushed to the back windows, I recognised many of the other residents of the place whose acquaintance I possessed, with, at their head, her cousin Gregory.

"Where is Joice?" he called out as he dismounted, seeing me. "Where is she? Is she safe? Yet she must be since you and this other gentleman are here alive."

It took not long to tell them all, nor to learn that which had befallen all the other houses and manors around. Some, we learnt, were burnt to the ground; some were spared simply because they were so well defended that the Indians had drawn off at daybreak without achieving any victory; at some every inhabitant had been killed even to the women and children; at others every creature had escaped. Many, too, were the deeds of daring that had been done on this night of horror. Women had stoutly helped their husbands, brothers, and sons in fighting for their homes, one woman having killed near a score of the Indians with her own musket. Another, who was alone in her house--her husband being away at the newly re-constructed town of Richmond--

having none about her but her babes and some worthless negroes, also defended her house both skilfully and valorously. She appeared at different windows dressed in her husband's clothes, changing the wig, or the coat, or other garments as she passed from one room to another, so that the savages were led to think that the house was full of men. She shouted orders to imaginary servants and friends as though they were there to assist her, and every time she fired she brought down her man so that, by daybreak, her little house was of those saved. And this was but one of the many gallant actions performed that night which I cannot here stop to narrate.

All who had now ridden into the courtyard of my dear one's house were there with but one impulse to stir them. That impulse was revenge and the rescue of the many prisoners whom they knew to have been carried off. Yet, when they heard that Joice was gone--who amongst all the girls in that part of the colony was, perhaps, the most beloved--and, with her, Miss Mills, that impulse was stirred more deeply still, so that when Gregory, addressing them, said:

"Gentlemen, she is my cousin, as you know, and, with Miss Mills, is the only woman captured; therefore must I beg that the leadership of this party is given to me," they willingly accorded him his desire.

But this I could not permit, so I, too, made a speech to them, saying:

"Yet must I put in my claim against Mr. Haller. Mistress Bampfyld is, indeed, his cousin, but to me she is more--she is my promised wife. Therefore, no matter who heads this party, I alone must go as the chief seeker after her. I would have saved her with my life last night had it been granted me to do so; I must claim the right to rescue her now, or to die in attempting it."

"Your promised wife!" poor Gregory said, looking mournfully at me. "Oh, Joice! Oh, Joice!"

But he alone was the one who did not heartily receive my statement, all the others shouting lustily "for the future Lady St. Amade," and saying that none was so worthy of such an honour as she.

"Nay," I said, "nay. 'Tis she who honours me by giving me her love, and therefore must I be the first to risk my life for her."

So it was agreed that we should set forth at once on the trail, there being many skilful trappers and hunters in the party who could take it up as easily as an Indian himself, while, for commander, there should be no one, each doing his best with the knowledge he possessed of the savages' habits. Of this knowledge I myself had none, yet was I recognised as the one most to be considered because I was the affianced husband of Joice, the "Virginian Rose," as I had heard her called ere now.

It needs not that I should set down aught that befel us on the expedition; I know now that my love has written a description of the journey she made. Nor is it necessary that I tell all that O'Rourke narrated to us of the arrival of Roderick St. Amade on the scene of slaughter after I was struck senseless, for that, too, you know. But, as he informed us of all that had transpired at that time, and as he told us that, had not it been for this execrable villain, there could be little doubt that Pomfret and all the countryside round would have been left as secure from attack by the Indians as it had been hitherto left for many years, the rage of all in our party was supreme and terrible.

"I hope," said one of the Pringles, uncle to the young man now a prisoner, as I learnt, "I hope that, if the gigantic chief you speak of is going to wreak his vengeance on the scoundrel, I may be in some way witness of it."

"And I! And I!" exclaimed several others. "If we could see that, or if they would but deliver him back into our hands, we would almost forgive them all that they have done for our houses and families."

Travelling quickly, urging the poor beasts that they lent us onwards as much as possible, walking by their sides to relieve them, and carrying sometimes the saddles ourselves so that they might have greater ease, we reached the spur of hills to which the trail had led us on the morning of the third day after the raid on Pomfret. Thus, as we knew afterwards, by not sleeping at night, or by sleeping only for an hour or so at a time, we had arrived at the very period when the exposure of Roderick St. Amade took place.

That we had proceeded with caution you may be sure. One would as soon put their head in the lion's mouth as approach an Indian encampment without due care. Our horses had by this time been left behind, tethered in a glade and with their heads enveloped in blankets so that they should not neigh, and one by one the whole of our party, which consisted of some forty persons, crept slowly round the bluff of the mountain, leaving the encampment to what I, as a sailor, may describe as the leeward. Our plan, suggested by an old colonist who had been engaged in fighting and contending with Indians and wild animals since far back into the days when William of Orange ruled, was to creep round this bluff, to ascend it a little, and then, from the elevation, to look down upon the Indians' town and concoct our method of attack. And, to the surprise of those who understood the Indian method of warfare, this we were enabled to do without being discovered. We encountered no outposts, such as these savage warriors invariably throw out in a circle round their encampment. We saw no naked breast or plumed head of Indian sentry

gleaming through the pines and sassafras, laurels and sumachs; no hideously painted face glaring at us from behind the muscadine vines or maple trees that grew in rich profusion at the mountain's base, ere its owner launched his poisoned arrow at us. The reason was, as we learnt later, that none in that encampment believed that the white avengers could travel twice as fast as they themselves had travelled. None believed there could possibly be a pale face within twenty miles of their town; and, more, there was that taking place in their midst which was enough to distract even the wary Indian from his duties of watchfulness.

What was happening we ourselves saw a few moments later.

## CHAPTER XXVI

### AS FOEMEN FIGHT

It was when we had climbed the spur, or bluff, one by one, crawling like Indians or snakes ourselves, and when we lay prone and gazing down upon the open space in the encampment that we saw that which astonished us so.

This it was.

In the middle of that open space there stood, or rather fought, two men, each contending for the other's life. Each also was a splendid example of the Indian race, great in height, muscular and sinewy; yet the one who seemed the younger of the two was the tallest and the best favoured, the elder having a fierce and cruel face. Both wielded that dreadful instrument, the tomahawk, the weapon that, while so small and harmless-looking, is, in the hands of those accustomed to its use, so deadly; both were bare from the waist upwards, their breasts painted with emblems or devices--a bear on one, a panther on the other. Yet more dreadful, perhaps, than to know that this was a combat to the death, was to see the manner in which the struggle took place. It was no battle of blow against blow, of one blow struck only to be warded off and another given; it was a fight in which craft was opposed to craft and skill to skill, such as no Italian swordsman perhaps knew better how to exhibit. Round and round what once would have been called the lists, or, as we now term it, the arena, those two stole after each other, first one creeping like a tiger at his foe and then his opponent doing the same; while, as they came within striking distance, the tomahawk would rise in the attacker's hand only to sink again as its wielder recognised that it must surely be skilfully parried or fall ineffectually. It was weird, horrible--nay, devilish--to see these two great types of humanity creeping at one another like tigers, yet never meeting in a great shock, as one might well have looked for.

But those below who sat there caused us as much surprise and agitation as did these combatants. There I saw my sweet Joice with, on her fair face, the greatest agitation depicted while she watched every movement of the contending foemen, her excitement being intense as the one who bore the emblem of the bear advanced as though to strike the other, and her look of disappointment extreme when he drew back foiled. What did it mean? What did it portend?

And there, too, was Mary Mills, her hand in Kinchella's as they sat side by side, while on both their faces was the same eager look, the same evident desire for the victory of the younger champion; the same look of regret when he was forced to draw back. But, more marvellous even than this, was what we further saw, yet could not comprehend. *All* in the crowd of spectators, save one who sat huddled on a great chair or bench, his face covered with a mantle from which he peeped furtively, seemed possessed with the same desire as they; all their sympathy was with him who bore the emblem of the bear. It was so with the dusky warriors who watched every cat-like footstep that the antagonists took; so with the humbler Indians round; so with the richly-bedizened Indian women, whom we deemed the wives or squaws of the braves, and so with the almost nude Indian girls, servants probably. And with all the other white people it was equally the same. Buck and Mr. Pringle, and Mr. Byrd, as well as the other prisoners--though none seemed like prisoners, being unshackled and quite free--applauded and shouted in English fashion as the younger warrior attacked the elder. One would have thought the former was their dearest friend! They winced when the elder attacked in his turn, and looked black and anxious if for a moment the fight seemed to go against the Bear. Strange! all were for him--all; Indians, white people, even my own dear sweetheart and her friends, Mary and Kinchella--all, all, excepting that one shrouded, unknown creature who sat apart by himself. Who could he be? What did it mean? O'Rourke was able to inform me.

When he had told me that the Indian who was the desired victor of all who regarded the combat was the one who had been the chief in command of the attack on my sweet one's house, and had heard Roderick St. Amante not only exposed by Miss Mills but also by his own tongue,

he said:

"And, my lord, remembering this, 'tis not difficult to draw therefrom a conclusion that shall, I think, be near the mark. He has denounced the villain Roderick--see how he cringes in his chair."

"In his chair? Is that creature Roderick?"

"It is, indeed, and I will wager that on this conflict his life depends. And, look, look! The Bear presses the other hard. See how he drives him back. Ah, God! he stumbles, he is--no, no! See, see, my lord, see! Ah, heavens! it is too dreadful!" And he placed his hands before his eyes. Even he, who had fought so well and risked his life a score of times three nights ago, could not witness the end of this fray.

It was, indeed, too dreadful. The end of the combat had come. Even as O'Rourke had been speaking, the Bear, creeping ever forward towards the other, had prepared to make a spring at him when, his foot catching against some unevenness in the baked earth, he stumbled and nearly fell. And then, indeed, it looked as though he were lost. In an instant his antagonist was at him; on high he whirled the dreadful tomahawk, we saw its gleam as it descended, we heard Joice and Mary scream and clasp their hands--and we saw that it had missed its mark. It had overshot the other's shoulder; as it descended the Panther's great forearm alone struck on the shoulder of the Bear, the deadly axe itself cut into nothing but empty space. So the latter had lost the one chance given him in the fray.

But now his own doom was sealed--now at the moment that O'Rourke called out in terror. As the Bear recovered himself from what was in itself a terrible blow given by the muscular arm of the other savage, so he seized that arm with his left hand,--it closed upon that other's limb as a vice closes when tightly screwed!--he wrenched the arm round, dragging with it its owner's body, and then, high, swift, and sudden, his own tomahawk flashed in the air and, descending, cleft his antagonists head in half, he falling quivering and dead.

From us, lying up there on the rise of the bluff, there came a gasp, a sigh of relief that the horrid combat which had caused us all to hold our breath was finished; from the Indians below there arose dreadful whoops and yells. They rushed into the great circle, they shouted and they screamed; their noted impassiveness gone now, for a time at least. They jeered at the great dead carcase lying there, a pool of blood around it, and with the weapon still in its sinewy hand; they even dabbled their fingers in that blood as they cried: "Anuza is now our chief. The Bear shall rule over us. Senamee was unworthy, and he has met his fate."

Now, as we prepared to descend into their midst, we saw Anuza, as they termed him, turn towards the prisoners. Looking principally, it seemed to me, towards Joice, we heard him say:

"White woman, and you, her kin, have I atoned somewhat for the sin that I have done to you! The dead whom we slew in your houses we cannot bring back, but one of those who urged us most to the fray has answered for it. Now shall the other--the cheat, the false medicine man--be punished also." And he turned towards where my cousin had sat but a moment before.

"What!" he exclaimed, rushing towards the bench, "what, gone! Gone! Where is he?"

But this none could answer for, in the few moments of intense excitement that had followed the death of him whom they called Senamee, he had disappeared.

As they set forth to find him, as braves shouted orders to inferior warriors to track and discover him but on no account to take his life till it was offered up before them all, I rushed down the declivity of where we had lain and, heedless of the excitement our appearance caused, approached my darling and clasped her in my arms. Ah! what joy it was to have that fair young form enfolded in them, to hear her murmured words of love and happiness, to be with her once again, even though our meeting took place in such a scene as this!

But, ere we could do more than exchange hurried whispers one with another, the victorious chief was by our side and he was addressing me:

"Beloved of the white woman," he said, "though I know not how you and yours came here so swiftly," pointing to all my companions who stood around, some shaking hands with the gentlemen who had been captured, some regarding the dead body of Senamee which lay where it had fallen, and some talking to the bond-servants who, with Buck for their chief spokesman, were giving an excited description of what had happened to them. "Beloved of the white woman, for such I know you to be, have you come here simply to carry her back to her own dwelling house, or to demand vengeance for the wrong done on her and all of you and your servants and slaves? Answer, so that we shall know."

I cast my eyes down on Joice, who, poor maid, was now sobbing on my breast, while some of the Virginian gentlemen who knew not of our recently avowed love gazed with somewhat of an amazed look at us; and then I replied:

"As yet I can make no answer to you. Amongst all these white men whom you see here I am of the least standing, being but a stranger in the land with no tie to it but this maiden's love. Yet since you address me, and if they will have me for their spokesman at this moment," and casting

my eyes around on our friends I saw that they were willing it Should be so, "I say that, ere we reply to you, we must be given some time for conference between ourselves on the wrong which you have done towards those who never harmed you nor yours."

Here to my amazement, though I learnt the reason directly afterwards, the great chief heaved a profound sigh, and, indeed, groaned, while I went on.

"And also must we know in what position we are here within your camp. Do you still regard us as at war or peace? Are all free to go as they desire, or are those here prisoners still?"

Amidst the calls of the Indians who were seeking for Roderick to one another from the thickets and groves, and the continued shouts which told us that as yet their quest had been unsuccessful, the chief answered:

"I, too, speak as the mouth of my tribe, almost all of whom can understand my words; nay, some there are whose fathers and fathers' fathers were of your blood. Even so," he said, hearing our murmurs of astonishment and, in the case of some, their murmurs of disgust. "Even so. But for all of my tribe, whether of the noble Shawnee and Doeg races which hath spread here from the great river to the north, or the Manahoacs, or Monacans, or Tucaroras, Catawbas, or Cherokees, of all of which races we are composed, and also for those of white blood who have become of us, I speak, since he who now lies there is dead. All are free to go, nay, shall be escorted back in safety to their homes. For the war which we have made on you has been a sinful one, ordered by the lying false medicine man whom we believed in. And, or atonement, this I offer, being, though I knew it not then, myself the worst of all my tribe. For the injuries I have done to the white woman whose people were good to my father I offer my life, having naught else to give. Here on this spot I offer it, now and at once."

And to my amazement, as well, indeed, as that of all around, Anuza came forward to where Joice and I stood, and, kneeling down before her, stretched out his arms and went on: "Take it now, either with your own hands or by the hands of this your beloved, or the hands of these your slaves and servants. What more can I offer than this, unless also you desire that I shall die a death of torture? And, if that be so, then that will I also endure."

My love had raised her head from my breast to gaze at him as he spoke thus; around us had gathered the gentlemen of Pomfret who had been taken prisoners; near us, looking on with strange and curious looks, were those who but recently had been her bond-servants. 'Twas a strange scene and one that would well have become a painter's brush had any been there to limn it. The noble form of the huge chief prostrate before the golden-haired girl who clung to her lover--himself a sorry sight in his soiled and stained finery, which he had worn from the evening that had begun so happily and ended so horribly in her house; the dead body of the other chief lying there close by her feet; the forms of Indian men and women all around, some clad in gorgeous bravery and some nearly naked; also the other white men of different degree--all looking on. Nor would the background have been unworthy of so strange a set of characters. The green glade dotted with its tents and wigwams, set off in contrast the blood-smear'd arena where the dead man lay; behind began the ascent of the mountain range, clad with the verdure of the white magnolia, the tulip tree and laurel, with, peeping through, the darker green of the bay tree. Glinting through their branches and many-hued leaves were seen the colours of the blue jay and blue birds, the golden orioles and the scarlet cardinals, with, distinct from all and horrible to see, the dusky forms of the foul vultures who had been gathered to the spot by the warm, sickly scent of the dead man's blood.

And now my beloved, drying her eyes, spoke softly to the man kneeling before her, saying in her sweet, clear voice:

"Nay, nay, speak not to me of death; there has been too much already. God He knows I seek not your life--no, not more than she who succoured your father sought his. But, oh! if this last conflict might end for ever the encounters between your people and mine I would ask no more."

From the Indians around there came a murmur that seemed born of surprise. "She forgives," they whispered to each other. "The white woman forgives the evil the Bear has done to her." And still they murmured, "She forgives."

"Oh, yes! oh, yes!" Joice cried, hearing their words, while she stretched out her fair young arms so that, indeed, I thought she looked more like unto an angel than before. "Yes, if forgiveness rests with me, then do I indeed forgive. And you, my friends," turning to those of our own race who stood around, "will you not forgive too; will you not make this day one that shall end all strife between them and us? Oh! if thus we could forget the wrongs that each has done to the other, if the red man will forget the white man's attacks on him and the white men forget the Indian's revenge, how happily we might all dwell together in peace for ever."

I looked round that strange gathering as she spoke, and, doing so, I saw that which might well give good augury of the coming to pass of what she desired. For in the eyes both of Indian and of colonist, of savage warrior and of almost equally savage backwoodsman and hunter, there were tears to be seen. It was not only from the clear young eyes of Joice that they fell.

## CHAPTER XXVII

### A LONG PEACE

An hour later those who had been such deadly enemies sat at peace together, engaged in a consultation. In a circle, side by side, were the sachems and sagamores of the tribe, the settlers of Pomfret who had come forth with me to rescue our friends, the late prisoners themselves, and Joice seated by me. Apart, and taking no share in the proceedings, were Kinchella and Mary Mills; above, and seated in Senamee's great chair, was Anuza, now chief over all. Farther off were the late bondsmen and many other of the Indians, while in the centre of them was Buck, showing a variety of cheats and delusions, and endeavouring to teach them how to perform them themselves--though this they seemed unable to do.

And now an old paw-wah, or sachem, passed the pipe he had been smoking to another sitting by his side, and spake as follows:

"Chiefs and braves of the tribe who are ever now allies, and you, the pale faces who dwell to the east of us, hearken unto me. For ere the sun sets to night it shall be, perhaps, that peace is settled between us for ever; ay! until the sun shall rise no more and the moon shall be darkened always."

"Speak," said one of the tribe, while others gave the peculiar grunt of the Indian and those of our party also bade him speak.

"It is good," he answered, "and I will speak of the far-off days when first the pale face came amongst us, though not then as a foe, until even now when, if the great Spirit so wills it, he shall never more be one. For the wrongs that have been done by the one to the other may be atoned for ever now."

He paused a moment to collect his thoughts, as it seemed, and then again he went on: "When first the great waterhouses brought the pale face to our land they brought not enemies but friends. This all know. They came among us and they were welcome. We gave them of the fish of our streams and the beasts of our forests and the fruits of the earth, and in return they gave us the fire-weapons with which to slay the beasts. They taught us also how to prepare them in better ways than we knew, they showed us how to build houses that should be more secure against the sun's heat and the winter's cold than those we made of the red cedar's bark. All was well between us; we were friends. Nay, as all know, we were brothers. We lay on the white man's hearth and he cherished us; he slept in our cabins and wigwams and he was safe. Why remained it not so? Hear me, and I will tell you.

"The white man spake not always truth to us. He told us that our lands were worthless, and he bought them from us for nothing, unless it was the accursed fire-drink which made us mad, or for fire-weapons that in our hands would slay nothing. Yet the lands thrived in his grasp and he possessed them and we had lost them. And when we reproached him he used fire-weapons that slew us without failure, and our prisoners whom he took he sent away for ever across the deep waters.<sup>[5]</sup> So he took our lands and our men, and got all, and we had nothing. And the Indian never forgets. Thus, while we drew away from where the pale face dwelt, some coming to these mountains and some going even farther towards the unknown land of the setting sun, we had naught to cherish but our revenge, and naught to comfort us but the exercise of that revenge."

"Yet," interrupted young Mr. Byrd, "in the days of my grandfather you made a peace with us, and took gifts from us, and fire-weapons that would kill of a surety, and agreed to attack us no more. But even that peace you did not keep, though you made no raids upon us such as this you have now made."

"Yet were we never the aggressors," the sachem replied. "Never was an attack made by us until evil was done to us. But the Indian forgives not. If one of our race was slain by one of the white race then must one of his kin be slain by us; if our women were outraged, as has often been, or insulted, then must a white woman or a child be carried away by us. It is the law of our gods; it must be obeyed. For a life a life, for a hand a hand, for an Indian woman's honour a white woman's, or the carrying off of children."

"But," said Gregory, "there was naught to inspire such desire for revenge as to cause this last attack. None in Pomfret have harmed you or yours for many moons. What had she," pointing to Joice, "done; she, this innocent woman, scarce more than a girl even now, that thus you should attack and ruin her and seek her life and that of those by whom she was surrounded?"

The sachem was about to answer when whatever he would have said was interrupted by

Anuza, who, speaking quickly, said:

"Because we were deceived by a lying, false, medicine man it was done. Because he told us lies, even as he has lied to us ever since he dwelt amongst us. And for those lies he shall die. He cannot escape us long. Yet, since it is due to the white men that they should know how that crawling snake worked upon us, so that we believed in him and did his bidding and attacked their houses, tell them all--tell them all," and he motioned to the sachem as he spoke.

That all of us were eager to hear this recountal, you may be well sure, for there was scarcely one amongst us who had not known the wretch. The gentlemen had met him as an equal--for all believed his tale--he had caroused with the (now freed) bondsmen, and he had even gone a-hunting with the backwoodsmen and trappers. So we bent our ears to the narrative and listened greedily.

"He was found," said the paw-wah, "lying in the forest by Lamimi, the young daughter of Owalee, a chief of the Powhattans, and she, because her heart was tender, succoured him. But because Owalee hated the pale faces with a great hatred she kept him secret from her father for many days, hiding him in a cave she knew of and going to visit him often. Yet she believed him to be no pale face, but rather a god sent from another world, so wonderful were his doings. Food he refused at her hands, making signs to her (and knowing, too, some words of her tongue, as she knew some of his, by which they conversed) that meat was brought to him by some unseen power. And of this he gave her proof, showing her bones of fishes and of animals and birds which he had devoured. Later on she learnt that he could marvellously snare all creatures, making them captive to him even though he had no weapons, but this she told us not until to-day. Nor told she until to-day--when she, who had been his squaw and loved him, learned that she was to be cast out and the white maiden here and her dark sister made to take her place--of all his own deceptions and crafts. But, to-day, because she hates him now as once she loved him, she has told all--all! She it was who taught him the history of our braves and their deeds and the deeds of their forefathers, which we thought the Sun God only could have taught him so wonderful did his knowledge seem. She it was who carried to him the news of what the tribes were deciding on doing, either in war with other tribes, or in hunting, or in sacrificing, so that, when he told us that he had learned all our future intentions, again we believed that his father, the Sun, gave him the knowledge. Fools! fools that we were! Yet we never thought of the girl, Lamimi, though we knew she was his squaw. Nor would she have told him all she did had he not ruled her by terror as much as by love. For he made her believe that he could cause her to vanish for ever off the earth, even as he made things to vanish from his hands and be no more seen; or as he made stones to fly into the air and descend no more. Yet now she knows, as we know, that all was but trickery, and that many others can do the same, even as that one there," pointing to Buck, "who says he is the child of no god, can do such things.

"So the false one worked upon us, doing that which no medicine man had ever done before; and so, at last, he got supreme control over us, making us obey his every word. And ever did he tell us that, if we would please the great Sun God, then must we make war upon and destroy all the pale faces who dwelt between these mountains and the waters, directing more particularly our vengeance towards the spot where you, ye white people, live. This we at first would not do, because for many moons there had been peace between us with neither little nor great war; yet, as moon followed moon, and leaf was followed by barrenness and then withered and fell to the earth, still did he press us. When the thunder rolled and the lightning blasted our cattle, he told us the Sun was angry because we obeyed him not; when many of our horses were killed by reptiles and venomous insects he said ever the same; when our women bore dead children still spake he of the Sun God's anger. And yet we would not hearken unto him, for since the pale faces no longer came against us we went not against them.

"But lo! one day, when all the earth was dark, yet with no cloud beneath the sky, he stood forth here on this spot where now we sit, and, stretching out his arms which were bare, he said that ere long upon his hands should appear a message from the Sun telling us of the god's anger. And soon the message came, though now we know that it was a cheat. Upon his open palm, which had been empty ere he clenched it, there appeared a scroll of skin with, on it, mystic figures which none could decipher but he. And the figures said, he told us, that never more should the heavens be light again and that there should be darkness over all the land, if we would not make war upon the white men and save ourselves. For they, he said, were arming to attack us, from over the deep waters their great king, who dwelt beyond them, was sending more fearful fire-weapons than we had known with which to destroy us for ever, and, ere another moon had passed, they would have come. So, at last, in the darkness of the day, and with great fear in the hearts of all the warriors and braves of the tribe, they said if he would cause the Sun God to show his face again, then they would promise to make the war. And so he stretched his hands to the Sun and spake some words, and slowly his rays came forth again one by one and light appeared again upon the world. Yet this we also know now was false, and that the rays would have come and also the light even though the promise had been withheld. I have spoken."

At first none of us uttered a word when the sachem concluded. In truth, all were surprised that, even among these poor, ignorant savages, such credulity could have existed. And, I think, most of us were pondering on what they would have done to the impostor had the promise not been forthcoming by the time that the eclipse--for it was, naturally, of such a thing the sachem spake--had passed away.



Yet a spokesman had to be put forward on our part, and so we drew away a little to consult. And having chosen one, which was Kinchella, we returned and he addressed the Indians thus:

"Warriors, braves, and people of the assembled tribes. We have thought upon all your sachem has said, and we wish that the only true God had inspired your hearts so that you should not have listened to the false prophet who deceived you. Yet, since you have done so, and have made war upon those who in their generation have never harmed you, what reparation can you offer us?"

"Ask what you will," said Anuza, "and if it is in our power it shall be given."

"Tis well. Listen, therefore. These are our demands. Firstly, all those who dwell with you and have our blood, the blood of the white men, in their veins, shall be brought here, so that we may speak with them and implore them to return with us to their own people. Also that I, who am a humble minister of the true God, may endeavour to bring them back to His service and, if I can prevail upon them, then you shall let them accompany us."

"If you can prevail upon them," said Anuza, "they shall accompany you. But that you cannot do," and the tone in which he spoke seemed to us one of most marvellous confidence.

"At least we will attempt it. Next, we call upon you all here assembled to make vows, the most solemn to which you can pledge yourselves, that never again shall you make war upon the white man, or his houses or property, nor attempt aught against him until he first attacks you, and that none of your tribes shall come within a day's ride of our lands either by stealth or openly."

"Children of these our tribes," exclaimed Anuza, "you hear this demand. Will you agree to it so that evermore there shall be unbroken peace between them and us? Answer."

To this there were many who cried out that they would agree to it, while one, an older man than Anuza, coming forward, said:

"A peace is no peace unless it binds both alike who agree to it. Will the pale faces agree also that, if we advance not into the lands they have possessed themselves of, they will come no further into ours? Will they do this?"

All of our side said they would promise this, while they recalled to the Indians that 'twas more than fifty summers and winters since they had made any encroachments on the Indians' territories, or taken one rood of land from them except by barter at a price agreed upon. And so at last the compact was made--the peace (which hath ever since that day, so far as my knowledge serves, been kept in His Majesty's loyal colony of Virginia) was entered into. It was ratified by the white men calling upon heaven to witness their agreement to it, and by the Indians swearing upon their wounds and scars, and calling upon their gods to inflict most dreadful vengeance on them, and their children afterwards, if they failed in their part. And also was it sealed by the passing round of a pipe of peace, at which all smoked silently for a few moments. But still one other promise was extorted from them--the promise that the sacred symbol of our faith, the Cross, should be taken down and nevermore used for the horrid rites to which hitherto it had been put. This we saw done ere we left them.

Now, as we sat smoking gravely with those who had so lately been our bitter foes, there came in the Indians who had been sent to find the villain Roderick, who reported that nowhere could any traces of him be discovered. He had vanished as mysteriously as he had come--all trace and trail of him was lost.

And what disturbed these grave savages almost as much--nay, I think, more, was that Lamimi, the daughter of Owalee, who had been Roderick's squaw and had loved him once, was gone too. And white and red man both asked themselves the same question--had that love awakened once more in her bosom and forced her to fly with him; or--dreadful thought!--had he in some way been able to wreak his vengeance on her for having told the story of his imposture to her own people?

We were soon to know.

## **CHAPTER XXVIII**

### **THE REWARD OF A TRAITOR**

One thing there was to be done ere we quitted the Indian encampment. It was to try and bring away with us those who, alas! poor souls, had come there as white prisoners and had remained of their own free will, becoming savages in all but complexion. We knew that it would be hard to



tear them from those to whom they had attached themselves. We knew that girls, who should have grown up to become the wives of sturdy English colonists or trappers, had stayed willingly with the Indians to become their squaws and the mothers of their dusky children. We remembered Anuza's air of confidence when he told us how he doubted of our being able to persuade them to return with us. Yet we hoped. How our hopes succeeded you shall see.

We had remarked from our first arrival that there were no signs of any white people amongst the Indians of the various tribes who dwelt here together. Yet they had been eagerly sought for. Men from Pomfret and the small holdings round about it had scanned the stained and painted faces they gazed down upon while the fight between Anuza and Senamee had been taking place, in the hopes--perhaps, in some cases, the fears--that underneath those dreadful pigments the might recognise the features of some long lost kinsman or kinswoman. And even I, knowing the stories of those who had been carried off at various periods and had never returned, had whispered to Joice, asking her if she could see any whom she had ever known as children dwelling near her? But she had only shaken her head and answered that she could see none, and that she almost prayed she should not do so. And I knew why she thus hoped none would be forthcoming; I knew that, to her tender heart, it would be more painful to see these renegades than to gaze upon those who were born savages and had never known the blessings of dwelling in a Christian community.

Yet now she had to see them.

At a sign from Anuza an Indian servant went forth amongst the tents and wigwams, returning presently followed by three women--white! Yes, white, in spite of the stained skin, the Indian trappings of fringed moccasins and gaiters, of quills and beads and feathers, and of dressed fawn-skin tunics. Who could doubt it who saw above two of their heads the fair yellow hair of the northern European woman--was it some feminine vanity that had led them to keep this portion of their original English beauty untampered with?--and above that of the other the chestnut curls which equally plainly told that in her veins there ran no drop of savage blood.

As they stepped towards us, casting glances of no friendly nature at those of their own race, one of the women, young and comely and leading by her hand a child, went directly towards Anuza and, embracing him, disposed herself at his feet while the child played with the great hand that, but a few hours ago, had slain Senamee. Her form was lithe and graceful--in that she might have been Indian born--upon her head glistened her yellow hair which the Bear softly stroked; her garb was rich though barbaric. It consisted of a fawn-skin, bleached so white that it might have been samite, that reached below the knee, and it was fringed with beads and white shells. Her leggings were also of some white material but softer; her moccasins were stained red and fringed also with shells.

She turned her eyes up at Anuza--we saw that they were hazel ones, soft and clear--and spake some words to him in a whisper, and then was heard his answer:

"My beloved," he said, "those whom you see around us are of your race, and we have sworn but now eternal peace with them--a peace that must never more be broken. Yet to ensure that peace we have granted one request to the pale faces; we have consented that, if those who dwell with us, yet are of their land, desire to leave us and go back with them, they are free to do so. Do you desire thus to return?"

"To return!" she said, looking first with amazement at him and then at us, "to return and leave you? Oh! Anuza, Anuza! My heart's dearest love!" while, as she spoke, she embraced the knee against which she reclined.

"You see," he said to us, "you see. And as it is with her so will it be with the others. Yet make your demand if you will."

Alas! all was in vain. In vain that Joice and Miss Mills pleaded with them as women sometimes can plead with their sisters for their good--what could they hope to effect? If they implored them to return to their own people they were answered that they could not leave their husbands, for so they spoke of the chiefs to whom they were allied. If they asked them to return to Christianity the reply was that their husbands' faith was their faith. It was hopeless, and soon we knew it to be so. The lives they led now were the only lives they had any knowledge of--their earlier ones at home, amongst their own people, were forgotten if they had ever understood them; their very parents, they told us, were but the shadow of a memory.

"Why, therefore," asked the fairest complexioned of them all, she who was the squaw of the Bear and the mother of his child, "should we go back to those we know not of, even though they be still alive? Will your faith, which preaches that a woman shall leave all to cleave unto her husband, ask me to leave mine and my child and go back to I know not what?"

"In truth," I heard one old colonist whisper to O'Rourke, who stood by his side, "there would be none for her to go back to. I do think she is the child of Martin Peake, who was stolen when a babe, and, if so, her father has been long since dead. Her mother lived until a year ago hoping ever that she might return, looking up the lane that led to the woods with wistful eyes, as though she might perhaps see her coming back at last; even keeping her little room ready against her coming. Yet it was never to be, and she died with her longing ungratified," and the man dashed

his rough hand across his eyes as he spoke, while I saw that those of the old adventurer also filled with tears as he listened. Then he said softly: "I can understand. I once had a daughter whom I loved dearly and--and she is dead and gone from me. Yet better so, far better than to be like this."

Therefore it was not to be! They refused to come with us, and set the love for their savage mates against all entreaties on our part. Nor could we find it in our hearts to blame them. We remembered other marriages that had taken place in earlier days between red and white; we recalled the union of John Rolfe with the Princess Pocahontas, as well as many more, and we knew that most of them had been happy. What could we do but cease to plead and go in peace?

Thus we set out again on our road to Pomfret, and, although some of the party were going back to ruined homes, I think that even so they were content. For, in so rich and wooded a land as this fertile Virginia, houses might soon be repaired and made whole again, crops easily brought to bear once more, and cattle replaced. And, against any loss that had been incurred, there was always the great set-off of peace with the Indians and security. All knew in that band--for well were they acquainted with their foes of old--that, during at least the present generation, the tribes would keep their word; if they made war again it would not be during our time. The Indian had not yet learned the art of lying--he was still uncivilised!

These did endeavour to offer some reparation for the wrong they had done the colony; they brought forth skins and furs, ornaments such as they deemed might prove acceptable, weapons, and, in some few instances, trinkets, gold, and precious stones--got we knew not whence--which they piled on the ground and bade us take, saying they had no more. But no man took aught from them, and so, after Kinchella had offered up a prayer of thanksgiving for our release and another that, if not now, at least at some future date, these poor heathens might be gathered into the true fold, we set forth. And never more did one of our party lay eyes upon any of those tribes again. As they had vowed, so the vow was kept.

As we rode on we could not but wonder what would be the fate of my wretched cousin, the author of all the woe that had recently befallen the, until now, happy little settlement.

"That they will find him and slay him," said Gregory, who knew much of their ways, "is certain. It is impossible he should escape or they forgive. Well, vile as he is, God help him!"

"Amen," said Joice, as she rode by my side. "Amen."

"Perhaps," said the old hunter, who had recognised Anuza's squaw, "he may strike the southern trail and make for the Seminoles; they hate all the Alleghany tribes like poison. If he could get them to listen to him, and promised to lead them up to their encampment, he might yet join on to them."

"Never," said Mr. Byrd. "He would have to join in the fight not shirk from it in the garb of a medicine chief. Amongst the Red Sticks<sup>[6]</sup> every man fights, and fighting is not his cue."

"What I can't fathom," remarked another, "is how the white girls never found him out. They should have known their own kind."

"It may be," Gregory said, "that he kept himself ever apart. His squaw was Indian, and, for his knowledge of our tongue, why! that he would attribute to a gift from his precious Sun God. Doubtless he told them he knew all tongues."

"And the girls," said Mr. Byrd, "were stolen when they were children. They could never have known--my God!" he exclaimed, breaking off, "what is that?" while, with his finger, he pointed to a sight that froze all our blood with horror.

We had reached the bend of a small river which joined, later on, the James, and were passing one side of it, a flat, muddy shore. On the other side there arose a stiff, almost perpendicular, bank, beneath which the river flowed; a bank that rose some seventy to eighty feet above the water's level. And here it was that we saw that which was so terrible to look upon.

Fixed into the earth was a long pole, or spar, of Virginian pine; attached to that pole was the naked body of a man--or was it the body of what had once been a man? It was bound to the staff by a cord of wampum, the arms were bound to it above the head by yet a second cord; plunged into the heart was an Indian knife, the hilt glistening in the rays of the evening sun. But worse, far worse to see than this--which we could do with ease since the stream was but a narrow one--was that the body was already nearly consumed with swarms nay, myriads--of huge ants that had crept up to it by the pole, and were already feeding on it so ravenously that, in a few more hours, there could be nothing left but the skeleton. Indeed, already our dilated eyes could see that the flesh of the lower limbs was gone--devoured; of the feet and legs there was naught left but the bones, while the body and the face were black with the host of venomous ants preying on them, so that the features could not be distinguished.

The women shrieked and hid their faces while the men sat appalled on their horses. Then with, as it seemed, one impulse, all but one of the latter dismounted and, wading through the stream that now, after the long drought, was but knee-deep, rushed at the steep bank and endeavoured to ascend it.

The impulse that so prompted all of us, except Kinchella, who remained with Joice and Miss Mills, was that *we guessed who and what that awful figure had once been.*

At first we could find no foothold by which to ascend; we strived in vain, we even endeavoured to dig out steps with our swords and hands; it was all unavailing. We should, indeed, have returned, desisting from our labour, had not at this moment one of the trappers espied, lower down, a slight path leading to the summit, a path doubtless used by the Indians when in the neighbourhood. And so, gaining that path, we reached the level above and drew near the horrid thing.

No need to ask who the creature had once been; all was answered by one quick glance. At the foot of the pole, at the foot of the thing itself, there lay a fawn-skin tunic and a silken cloak on which were wrought stars and moons and snakes, and a great blazing Sun, the insignia, or totems, of the false medicine man.

Yet, how had the deed been done? The Indians whom he had outraged and deceived lay far behind us in the mountains; they, therefore, could not have been his executioners. We had not far to seek ere this was discovered too. The crest of the bank was higher than the level behind it, which sloped downwards away from the river, and thus, when we stood on the other side, we could not see all that lay below that crest.

But now we saw, and, seeing, understood.

Near him, yet so far away that the venomous ants had not yet, at least, reached it, there was another body--the body of a woman. It lay on its back, the eyes staring up to the heavens, the tunic torn open at the left breast and in that breast another dagger buried, which still the right hand of the woman, an Indian, grasped and held as firm as when she struck herself her death blow.

So we knew all! We knew that he had escaped the vengeance of the tribe only to die at the hands of the woman who had loved him once, and whose love he had thought to replace--the hands of the woman who, having saved his life at the outset, had taken it from him when he was false to her.

And thus he perished, not by the hands of those from whom he was fleeing, but by those of Lamimi, his slighted and forsaken squaw.

## **PART IV**

### **THE NARRATIVE OF JOICE BAMPFYLD CONTINUED**

## **CHAPTER XXIX**

### **HOMeward BOUND**

It took not more than three months to put my house into a liveable condition once more, for, most happily, the injury which had been done to it in the Indian raid concerned more the woodwork and the fittings than aught else. Indeed, while this was a-doing, I also took occasion to have many improvements made in various portions of the manor that were sorely needed. Thus, in some of our upstairs rooms, our windows had in them nothing but oiled paper, while others were furnished with naught but Muscovy glass or sheets of mica, dating back from the time of the first Bampfyld who came to the colony. These I now replaced by crystal glass brought from England for the purpose.

Yet, in spite of changes and, I suppose, improvements, I could not restrain my tears when first

I set eyes on my saloon again. Oh! how sad it was to see the spinet and the harpsichord broken to pieces--everything stood exactly as we had left it that night--to see also my choice Segodia carpets stained with the dried blood that had been shed, and to observe my window-sashes, with their pretty gildings, in splinters.

"Yet cheer up, sweetheart," my lord said to me, as, leaning on his arm, I looked round this ruin and let fall my tears. "It is not irreparable, and might have been worse. And, when we come back from England, we will bring such pretty toys and knick-knacks with us that you shall forget all you have lost. I promise you, sweet, you shall." After which he strove to kiss away my tears, though still they fell.

This took place directly after we had all ridden into the courtyard on our return from captivity. And when the gentlemen whose houses had also been attacked as mine had been (including poor Gregory, who seemed heart-broken at my having fallen in love, yet not with him), and the other colonists had dispersed to their own homes, or what remained of them, we had instantly begun to inspect the damage done. Of the negroes we could discover no signs, though Buck and young Lamb searched the whole house from the cellars to the garrets for them, the former roaring many terrible threats and strange ejaculations at their heads in the hopes they might be in hiding and, on hearing him, come forth; but all was of no avail. Nor, when they searched in the late slaves' and bond-servants' quarters were they any more successful. Christian Lamb, my own maid, soon, however, re-appeared, she having remained in the house the whole time, and though her brother swore at her for a chicken-hearted wench and called her many other hard names, such as traitress and deserter, I was most thankful to see her again, she being a good, faithful creature, though timorous.

From her we learned that after the departure of O'Rourke and my dear lord--the former of whom was now engaged in finding provisions for us, if any remained--the negroes had all sallied forth in a body towards the coast, some with the intention of escaping from their servitude and the others to find a home until I returned, if ever, of which they seemed most doubtful. After this, she told us, the house had been quite deserted, there being none in it but herself--the other white indented servant women having also betaken themselves to the village for safety. Yet she determined to remain until she heard some news of us and of the party that had set forth to rescue us. Moreover, her alarm was lessened by the fact that a squadron of the Virginian Light Horse, from Jamestown, had come into the village with a view of following us and effecting a rescue if possible, but, on learning that a considerable band had set out for the purpose, they had decided to remain where they were, for the present, at least, and to await results.

And now, when at the end of those months my house was once more fit for habitation, and when all signs of the horrible attack that had been made on it had been removed, Gerald, coming to me one evening when I was sitting by my wood fire--for the evenings were turning chilly--said:

"My dearest, are you ready? The time draws near."

"Must it be so soon?" I asked coyly, and with a blush upon my cheeks that was not caused by the blaze of the logs. "Must it be now?"

"In very truth it must," he answered. "I must away to England as swiftly as may be. See here, sweet, what I have found at Jamestown to-day." Then with one arm round my waist, he drew forth with his disengaged hand a packet of letters from his pocket and began to read them to me.

"The Marquis," he said first, "grows old, nay, has grown old; he is seventy-five if an hour. List what he says," and continued his reading of a letter from that noble kinsman:

"I would have you here ere I die so that I may publicly announce you as my heir, and this I will do in my own house when you return, though even then I can of no certainty promise that the Lords will enrol you as such immediately after my death, since they are not so easily persuaded as their brothers in Dublin. Yet come, I say, come as soon as may be. Your mother, too, grows more feeble, worn almost to her grave by the slanders which your uncle and the man Considine--who scruples not to say openly that you are none other than *his* son--puts about you; and in truth I do think these calumnies will kill her ere long. She rages terribly against them both, and calls on me and many of the peers in power to punish them; yet what are we to do?" "The vile wretches!" I exclaimed, as I nestled close to him. "Oh! the vile wretches! Oh! my darling, that thus your birthright should be so assailed."

"Yet will I have vengeance," he exclaimed, while his eyes glowed with resentment. "Yet shall the fellow Considine regret that he has ever dared to call me his son. His--his. God! My uncle's drunken pander!" and for a while his rage was terrible to witness.

Then, taking up another letter, he said, "This also I found at Jamestown to-day. It is from her, from my mother."

She, too, wrote saying how earnestly she desired that he might soon be able to return home, and more especially so as she heard that the fleet under Sir Chaloner Ogle was about to do so. Then, after mentioning somewhat the same news as the Marquis had done, she went on:

"Oh! my dearest child, can'st thou picture to thyself all the horrors that I have endured since first you were impressed and torn away from me again, after our short but happy meeting? I

think it cannot be that you do so. For five years have I, with my wasted frame and ill health ever to contend against, pleaded your cause, worked hard to produce evidence of your birth, and was even so successful with the Marquis's aid as to defeat your vile uncle in the Irish courts and induce the Lords there to enrol you as Lord St. Amante. Yet, as I have thus striven, think of what else I have had to fight against. That most abhorred and execrable villain, Wolfe Considine, has thrown away the mask--if he ever wore it--and has now for two or three years boldly said--God! how can I write the words?--that when your erring father was petitioning the House of Lords for a divorce I was his, Considine's, friend, and that you are his son."

The paper shook in my loved one's hands as he read these words, and he muttered, "Considine, Considine, if ever you come within the point of my sword it shall go hard with you," and then went on with the perusal of the letter:

"That no one believes him--for none do so--matters not. The odium is still the same, and there are some in existence who remember how, at Bath and Tunbridge Wells, ere I had met your father, the wretch persecuted me with his attentions, which I loathed. Also, I remember that, on my becoming affianced to your father, he swore that I should rue it and regret it on my knees, even though he had to wait twenty years for his revenge. Alas! alas! I have rued it and regretted it again and again, though not as he intended. Yet, my child, and only one, if I could but see you properly acknowledged as the Marquis's heir and as such accepted, then would I forget my rue, then could I die happy--the end is not far off now. But ere that end comes, oh! my child, my child of many tears, come back to me, I beseech you. Let me once more clasp you to my arms and let me hear your kinsman proclaim you as his successor. It is for that I wait, for that I long unceasingly."

There was more in her letter saying, amongst other things, how Mr. Quin, whom afterwards I came to know and to respect most deeply, never slackened in his watchfulness over her; of how he was always in attendance on her and what services he performed for her. But what he had read was sufficient.

"You must go to England, Gerald," I said; "at all costs, you must go. Will the Admiral give you leave?"

He laughed aloud at this, saying: "Will the Admiral give me leave? Why, Joice, Sir Chaloner Ogle sailed a month ago, leaving me ere he went his consent to my being absent as long as necessary on urgent private affairs. He knows well how I stand, and wishes me well, too. And, dear heart, as you say, I must go--only I will not go alone."

I well understood his meaning yet could find no answer to his words. So again he went on whispering them in my ear. "No, not alone. My wife must go with me. And, Joice, to-night I will tell Kinchella to make all ready, to proclaim our banns, and to prepare to make us one. It shall be so, my sweet saint, my tender Virginian rose, my heart's best and only love; it shall be so, shall it not?"

What could I say but yes--what other answer make? No woman who had loved him as I had loved him (even ere I knew him, I think)--no woman who had dreamt of his sad story and then come to know him and see his beauty and grace and his fierce bravery exacted on her behalf, but must have answered yes, as I did. For he was all a woman's heart most longs for; all that she most aspires to possess; handsome and brave, yet gentle; fierce as the lion when roused, yet how tender and how true. So I whispered "Yes," and murmured my love to him and the compact was made; our fond troth plighted again with many a kiss.

It was in the old church, from the wooden tower of which the cannon had been fired so often on that dreadful night of death and horror, that we were married. As was the custom of the colony--though one, I think, that might well be changed--the minister took the first kiss from me, while my husband kissed my bridesmaid, Mary, and afterwards I had to submit to being kissed by every gentleman present, while all the while I wanted no other embrace than that of my dear lord. Yet it had to be borne, and one of the first to avail himself of this privilege was Gregory, who kissed me sadly, saying as he did so:

"Ah, Joice, 'twas otherwise I had hoped some day to kiss thy sweet brow. Yet 'twas not to be and so I must bear it as best I may," and he passed sadly down the aisle and away home, tarrying not for the drinkings nor merry-makings that afterwards set in. But, poor lad, he struggled with his love for me so well that at last he conquered it, and certainly his disappointment made no difference in his friendship for me or my husband. During our absence in England he managed my property as carefully as though it had been his own, and regularly sent us an exact account of all he had done, so that 'twas easy to see, and to admire in seeing, that his unaccepted love had not made an enemy of him.

Mr. Kinchella and Mary Mills we saw married a week after our own nuptials, so we left them also happy and content--which was a great joy to us to do. O'Rourke, too, we parted from as friends part from one another, he setting out for Savannah where he purposed to instal himself as agent of Mr. Oglethorpe and bidding us an affectionate farewell ere doing so. He also made an affidavit before an attorney at Jamestown of all he knew of the villainies of Robert St. Amante and the wretch Considine, and swore as well that, from the intimate knowledge he had of my lord's family, and also from having had him once in his charge, the Viscount St. Amante was most

undoubtedly the lawfully born child of the late lord. Moreover, he also swore (and produced letters from Considine proving his oath, which letters he gave to Gerald) that, during the separation of Lady St. Amande from her husband, he, Considine, was living an outlaw at Hamburg with a price upon his head, so that he could never have even seen her during that time.

The overseers of the bond-servants being, like all the others, free men now, were provided with means whereby either to establish themselves in the colony or to go elsewhere, though they, in common with the others, elected to remain as hired hands on my estate during my absence. Buck, however, who seemed never to have lost his rollicking disposition, being also provided with some money wherewith to adventure on his own account, bought the lease of the tavern in the village, and changed its name from that of the King's Head to the St. Amande Arms. Lamb, who had once been a sailor, became again one, while his sister, Christian, took passage with us to England as my maid.

## CHAPTER XXX

### IN THE LAND WHERE THEIR FATHERS DWELT

How shall I, brought up a plain colonial maiden, who had never seen anything more grand than the opening of our Virginian Assembly by the Governor, nor anything more of great life than an assembly ball or the meeting together of our first families at the races, dare to describe the wonders and splendours of London. For wonderful and splendid everything was, and marvellous to behold. From where we were at first installed until the Marquis could arrive in London from his country seat, namely, a busy inn called the Hercules Pillars, at Hyde Park Corner, a spot which my dear father had often told me was the centre of fashion, I saw so much going on that my head was ever in a whirl. Here from morn till night, under the balcony of our sitting-room windows, went on such a clatter and a dashing by of vehicles, including the fast coaches coming in and going out of London, and of huge carriages and carts and horses, that there was no peace, though, in dear truth, I loved to lean over that balcony and watch the turmoil. In the early November mornings--for 'twas that month ere we reached London--first would come lumbering by great carts piled high with vegetables, all of which, my lord said, London would have eaten up by nightfall--a thing not wonderful to understand, seeing that it was asserted that there were nearly half a million people in the town, or one-twelfth part of the whole country. Then great droves of beasts would pass, and sometimes--oh! sad sight--a wretched highwayman with his hands tied behind his back and escorted by the thief-catchers, while the passers-by hooted at him or beat at him with sticks and whips, or flung refuse at him.

"Such was Buck once," Gerald would say when he saw one of these; "and, perhaps O'Rourke, though I think he was more the spy. Ah! well, it is better to be honest men in Virginia or Georgia than like this."

Then, as the day went on, and a poor, thin sun struggled out of the mist, making some brightness around, there would ride forth gentlemen who were going a-hunting at Richmond, or Hampton, or Hounslow, very splendid in their coats. Others, too, would come down to ride in the park most beautifully dressed, and some would stroll along on foot, talking and laughing, and bowing to ladies in their chaises, or taking off their hats to a portly bishop who passed our inn every morning in a coach and six. And sometimes, too, a great lady or so would also go by in her coach and six, with, seated on the steps outside, a page, or sometimes a little black boy with a silver chain around his neck, and I never understood then why Gerald would pull me back into the room as though he wished me not to see these dames. Yet, when I learnt afterwards that one was the Countess of Suffolk and another the horrid woman, Melusina Schulemberg, I did comprehend his reason. And, even in the three days we lay at this inn, I learnt to hate the latter, for, going past one morning, she observed my handsome Gerald on the balcony and kissed her hand to him--as they say she did to any well-favoured gentleman she saw--and afterwards always peered out of the carriage as though seeking for him.

Soon, however, my pleasures of witnessing the bustle of this place came to an end. One dull November morning there drove up to the door of the Hercules Pillars a great coach and six, all emblazoned with coats-of-arms and decorated with rich hangings and much gilding, with, before it, three panting footmen, who, poor creatures, had always to run in front of it, and with, seated within it, a grave and soberly-clad gentleman.

"Why," exclaimed Gerald, who did not share my surprise at this gorgeous and, it seemed to me, sinfully extravagant spectacle--for why could not the gentleman travel as we do in Virginia, either a-horseback or on foot! "Why! 'Tis the Marquis. Joice, go, put on thy best dress--no! stay just as you are; faith, you are fair enough to charm any man." And then he ran downstairs to meet

his kinsman and presently brought him to our parlour.

"This is my wife, my lord," he said, presenting me to him, "of the family of Bampfyld, of Virginia."

Whereon the Marquis bowed to me with most stately grace in reply to my curtsy, and, taking my hand, kissed it. "Madam," he said, "we are honoured by an alliance with you. There is no better English blood than that of the Bampfylds, and sure there can be no fairer woman than the Lady St. Amande. Are all women as fair as your ladyship in the colonies?"

I simpered and blushed and knew not what to say, when Gerald diverted his attention by exclaiming, with a smile:

"Her name is Joice, my lord. Will you not, as the head of our family, thus call her?"

"Indeed I will. Joice--Joice; 'tis a pretty name, and well befits its pretty owner. And so, *Joice*," turning to me and speaking as though he had known me from a child, yet all the time with a most courtly manner, "you have finally determined to throw in your lot with my young kinsman, in spite of his troubles?"

"Oh! sir," I said; "oh! my lord, what woman who had ever seen or known him could refuse to love him? And I owe him my life; I would lay it down for him now if he willed it. He fought for me and mine, ay! shed his dear blood for me. I have a dress at home all stained with it which I will never part with. He sought for me amongst my capturers and would have rescued me if they had not been mercifully disposed; he was as a god in my eyes, and now he is my husband and I love him more than aught else upon this earth. Oh! sir, I do love him so."

Both he and Gerald smiled gently at my ardour, which, indeed, I could not repress, and then he said:

"Doubtless, Joice, doubtless. 'Tis perhaps not strange. And, child, you wish to see him righted thoroughly; is it not so?"

"Indeed, indeed, my lord!" I cried, "such is ever my fervent prayer. Yes, morning, noon, and night. And, surely, since the Irish Lords have acknowledged his right to the title he bears, those in England will not refuse to regard him as your heir."

"We must do our best. Yet, even if they will not give him my title when I am gone, I can do much for him. Providence hath greatly benefited me. There is much I can bequeath to him, and, for the rest, I can provide that if he gets it not none other shall. Above all, the Scoundrel Robert shall never have it."

"God bless you!" my husband and I exclaimed. "God bless you!"

"Now, listen," he continued, "to what I propose. Your mother follows me but a few stages behind--poor Louise! she is marvellously stirred at the thought of seeing her son again--and when she is arrived in town this is what I will do. 'Tis what I intended five years ago, had not Sir Chaloner's men impressed you and made a sailor of you. I will have a meeting of many peers of my acquaintance--Sir Robert"--he meant the great Sir Robert Walpole--"has promised that he will come as well as some others who will be useful--and then I will publicly acknowledge you as my successor. But," he went on, "there is something else to be done."

Gerald looked enquiringly at him as though doubtful as to what he was about to say, when the Marquis again took up the word.

"The two scoundrels, Robert St. Amande and Wolfe Considine, must be brought to bay; above all, the latter must be made to retract the villainous falsehoods he has spread about your mother."

"Ay, retract!" interrupted Gerald, hotly, "retract. He shall, indeed, or I will tear his lying tongue----"

"Nay, nay!" said his kinsman, putting up his hand. "Nay, hear me."

"I ask your lordship's pardon."

"This is my plan, agreed to by your injured mother. They are both in London now, ever spreading their calumnies about, though I hear that none heed them, and Robert St. Amande endeavours unsuccessfully to borrow money on what he terms his succession. Now, we have decided to ask both these men to attend at my house on the same morning on which I intend to proclaim you--only they are not to know that there will be any other persons present but themselves. Thus, they will suddenly find that they are surrounded by auditors, as well as some witnesses who knew you in your childhood. There will be, also, the papers you have forwarded me signed and testified to by O'Rourke, and by these means we hope either to extort the truth from them, or at least so to strike terror to them, that they shall prevaricate and contradict their own lying statements. And, remember, there will be a strong array against them."

"The idea is most excellent," exclaimed Gerald. "Surely thus they must be beaten down. And



will my mother be there, my lord?"

"Your mother will be there, but her presence will be unknown to them. Yet she vows that, if Considine does not deny before all assembled the wickedness of the slanders he has put about, she will come forward and confront him and dare him to utter them to her face.

"'Twill be a terrible ordeal for her," my husband said. "Heaven grant she may be able to endure it."

"She will endure it; she will so string herself up that none regarding her will be able to imagine her a weak woman who sometimes cannot raise herself even from her bed. Yet, since she has dwelt under my care----"

"For which I say again God bless you--for that and all the other luxuries and comforts you have surrounded her with."

"'Tis but little," replied the Marquis. "And she is desolate and the mother of my heir. 'Tis nothing. But, as I say, since she hath been with me I have seen some most marvellous moments of recovery with her, moments when she would suddenly exclaim that she was once more well and strong. And, to show me that she was so, she would lift some great weight or walk up and down her chamber a dozen times, yet ever afterwards there came directly a relapse when she would again sink into her chair helpless as a babe once more."

"Ay," said my husband thoughtfully, "so have I seen her too. Nor do I doubt that if she stands face to face with that craven hound, she will lack no strength to cow him."

In a little while you shall see that that strength was not lacking, you shall see how it was exerted against the miserable wretch who had blighted her life. But the place to tell it is not here.

And now the Marquis bade us prepare to accompany him to that great mansion of his in Lincoln's Inn Fields, of which my dear lord had told me; and, ere long, Gerald's servant and Christian Lamb between them had packed up our effects, we going in the gorgeous emblazoned coach and they following in a hackney. As we went I observed how great a man this noble kinsman of ours was, for many, both gentle and simple, raised their hats to the carriage as it passed along, and in the great square, which they call the Fields, there was quite a concourse to witness our arrival; the poor people shouting for the noble Marquis and cheering the Government, while his running footmen threw, by his orders, some silver pieces amongst them.

Oh, 'twas indeed a joyful day!--joyful in many ways--for, besides showing to us that which truly I had never had any doubts of, namely, that the Marquis of Amesbury was all for Gerald and determined, if he could, to right him, it brought together that poor mother and son who had so often and so long been parted. Nor could I restrain my tears, nor fail to weep for joy, as I saw them folded once more in each other's arms, and heard her whisper her love and fondness for him and murmur that, at last, they would never more be parted in this world.

"Never more be parted in this world." That was what she said. "Never more to be parted in this world." Verily she spake as a prophet, or as one who could divine the future.

And there was still one other meeting that took place which joyed my heart to see. 'Twas that of my husband and his faithful, old friend, Mr. Quin; the man who had sheltered him when he was a beggar, who had been as a father or an elder brother to him, and who, when 'twas no longer possible that he should serve Gerald, had transferred his honest, faithful allegiance to Gerald's mother. It pleased me, I say, to see those two embrace each other, to hear my husband call him his old friend and protector, and to see the joy upon the other's face as he returned that embrace and told him how handsome he had grown and how noble-looking a man he had become.

## **CHAPTER XXXI**

### **FACE TO FACE**

All were assembled in the great saloon, or withdrawing-room, of the Marquis's house.

The day had come for that nobleman to acknowledge his kinsman, Lord St. Amande, as his heir before all men.

The Marquis of Amesbury sat at a table near the fireplace, on which lay, amongst other things, the papers that O'Rourke had signed and sworn to, the certificates of Gerald's birth and of his



enrolment by Ulster King-of-Arms as the Viscount St. Amande in the peerage of Ireland, several affidavits from nurses and tutors to whom the lad had been put in the country, stating that the child delivered to them was always spoken of by the late lord as his son; and many other documents. At the end of the room were three witnesses who had been brought over from Ireland to testify that, to their certain knowledge and belief, Gerald was the lad they had known as the late lord's son. One of these witnesses was the Protestant clergyman of New Ross, now a very aged man; another was the steward of the estate where Gerald had been born; a third the nurse who had had him in charge from his earliest hours and had identified him by the marks upon his body.

Next to the Marquis, and on his right hand, Gerald was placed, and next to him I sat. On his left was no less a personage than the renowned Sir Robert Walpole, who had now ruled the country for many years, after having triumphed over all his enemies--even those who had had him dismissed from the Parliament and committed to the Tower. He was a man who, had one met him in the street, they would have been disposed to regard more as a jolly, beef-loving squire in London for a week's shopping and sight-seeing, than aught else. There, too, was William, third Duke of Devonshire--a courtly, grave gentleman, who had not yet, or barely, reached the prime of life; Lord Trevor and many others, to all of whom I was presented as the Lady St. Amande and future Marchioness of Amesbury. All greeted me most courteously, asking me many questions as to our colony and especially as to its loyalty, of which I was able to testify proudly, though I know not if I might have said as much of some of the more northern ones. The extremely polite, also, made me many compliments and, in their fashionable jargon, exclaimed that they trusted, now that I had shed the light of my eyes upon the mother country, I should never withdraw it wholly again. But these speeches I regarded only as foolishness and scarce worth answering.

And now the Marquis, addressing them, said:

"My lords and gentlemen and my good friends, you know what we are assembled here for. 'Tis for me to present you to my kinsman and heir. That I have already done individually; later on I shall ask you as a body to testify your willingness to acknowledge him as such. But first, and ere that is done, I wish to expose to you two villains--one of them, alas! also near to me in blood--who have long stood in the path of his lordship, who have endeavoured in every way to thwart his honest endeavours to come by his own, and who, in those endeavours, have assailed the fair fame of his mother, Louise, Dowager Viscountess St. Amande, who sits now behind that organ." And the Marquis pointed to a great organ made by Geisler of Salzburg in 1650, and brought by his father from there when making the grand tour.

'Twas there, indeed, that she had placed herself, being unwilling to be more regarded than was necessary, either by those who knew of her unhappy married days or who had known her in the full pride of her beauty. But as she had taken this place, where she could easily overhear all that passed, she had again reiterated her assertion that, should the two calumniators persist in their falsehoods and vile assertions, she would endeavour so to nerve herself to the task as to drag herself forward and confront them.

"To expose those villains, my lords and gentlemen," went on the Marquis, "this is what I have done. I have summoned Robert St. Amande to this house to-day--it wants but a quarter of an hour to the time when he should arrive," pointing to the great clock over the fireplace, "and I have requested him to come provided with the proofs which he says he can bring forward establishing his claim to be my successor. My lords, he has fallen into the snare, he has notified to me that he will be here at midday with Mr. Considine, his friend and secretary, when he will advance such proofs, as he states, that Lord St. Amande is not entitled to the rank he usurps, and desires in future to usurp, that he, Robert, must be the right and lawful heir."

"Was not this Mr. Wolfe Considine once proscribed?" asked a gentleman sitting near, who was no other than His Majesty's Attorney-General, Sir Philip Yorke. "It appears to me I know his name."

"He was proscribed in 1710 for most treasonable practices and fled to Hamburg, where he was supported by the Jacobites, but, on the accession of His late Majesty, he, with many others, obtained a withdrawal of that proscription on swearing allegiance to the House of Hanover. But, my lords and gentlemen, I will call your attention to the fact that this proscription entirely proves the grossness of the lie he asserts, that he is the father of Lord St. Amande, since he could not have been in England for some long time either before or after his lordship's birth."

"And is this Mr. Robert St. Amande's only ground on which to base his claim to both titles--Lord St. Amande's and yours?" asked Sir Robert Walpole.

"It would be of little effect if it were," exclaimed the Attorney-General, "since, even if true, his lordship must have been born in wedlock." And he took up a document to assure himself of the date of the marriage.

"He advances many other statements," continued the Marquis, "all of which he says he is prepared to prove, when called upon to do so, before the House of Lords. Doubtless he will bring forward some of these to-day, but, ere he comes, I desire to tell you that, in so coming, he imagines he will meet no one but myself. When, therefore, he and his precious comrade are admitted, you may be well prepared to see him exhibit many marks of surprise and consternation,

in which state we hope to show him in his true colours. And, my lords and gentlemen, it is for this reason that I have ventured to have your carriages and coaches sent to the other side of the Fields until required, so that they, amongst other things, shall not scare the birds away."

There arose a murmur of amusement at these precautions on the part of his lordship, who went on to explain that his footmen had also received their orders for conducting the expected visitors into the presence of those here assembled; and then, as the clock solemnly struck the hour, all sat waiting for the arrival of those two conspirators. And, I think, with the exception of Sir Robert Walpole, who shut his eyes as though about to indulge in a refreshing sleep, and the Duke of Devonshire, who conversed with Gerald and me on the state of the Indians in the colonies and seemed much interested therein, all present were greatly agitated at the impending meeting. Once I saw the sweet, sad face of my mother-in-law glance from behind the organ and smile at Gerald, as though bidding him be of good cheer--as, indeed, he well might be in this fair company, all so well disposed towards him; and several times Sir Philip Yorke muttered "Humph!" and "Ha!" as he turned over carefully the mass of papers before him and occasionally whispered a word to the Marquis.

"That was a precious plot," I heard him say, "of Mr. St. Amande's to get his nephew shipped to the plantations as a bond-servant. Our friend, Mr. Quin, seems to have outwitted him neatly. What did you say became of the other--the one called--humph! Robinson--nay, Roderick?"

"He died a fearful, terrible death," replied the Marquis, "after he left the service of her father," indicating me. Then he went on to tell him the history of that unhappy man while many of us glanced at the clock. They were already fifteen minutes late--'twas fifteen minutes after twelve--could they intend not to come?

My self-questioning was answered a moment later--through the hall there rang a violent peal upon the bell, as though the hand which caused it was a fierce, masterful one; and clearly could we hear a harsh voice exclaim:

"Show the way and announce us. Follow, Considine!"

"My uncle," whispered Gerald to me. "Now prepare to see two of the wickedest rascals unhung."

"The Viscount St. Amande," said the great footman, regarding the company, as I thought, with a bewildered air--doubtless he wondered how there could be two persons bearing the same title--"and Mr. Wolfe Considine," and a moment afterwards the new comers were before us.

The one whom I soon knew to be Robert St. Amande bore nothing in his features that seemed to me remarkable or to indicate a villain, unless it was a terrible scowl and a most fierce, piercing pair of black eyes. He was solemnly clad; indeed, he was in deep mourning for his second wife, who had been carried off but recently by that dreadful scourge the smallpox, so that there was no colour about him. His companion also wore black--I suppose for his master's wife--and was naught else but an ignoble copy of that master. Gazing on him, and observing the insolent leer upon his face, his tawdry attempts at finery even in his mourning, such as his steel-hilted sword inlaid with brass, his imitation lace fal-lal neckerchief, and silver shoe-buckles, I could well believe that here was an adventurer and outcast who might easily be suborned and bribed to swear any lie for a handful of guineas.

"So," exclaimed Robert St. Amande, as he cast his scowling glances round the room, though even as he so scowled 'twas easy enough to see that he was much taken aback by the sight of so many persons assembled, "so, you invite us to meet a great company, my lord Marquis and kinsman. 'Tis well, very well. Your Grace of Devonshire, I salute you," accompanying his words with a deep bow, half mock and half respectful. "And the Premier, as I live! Sir Robert, I am your most obedient, humble servant. Sir Philip, too; though, sir, you are, I think, none too well inclined towards me. Well, it must be endured. And, now, my lord Marquis, in the midst of this gallant company, enriched by the beauty of this fair lady, whom I know not, may I ask what your intentions are? Though, indeed, I can but guess that you have gathered your friends together to witness an act of justice which, though tardy, you intend to do at last."

These swaggering speeches were well enough made and with a surprising air of confidence--indeed, my lord hath often since said that neither Wilkes nor Booth, the play-actors, could have surpassed him--yet they had no effect. The Duke and the great Minister took no notice of his salutations, while the Attorney-General but shrugged his shoulders contemptuously at his remarks, and then the Marquis spake, saying:

"Robert St. Amande, your guess is indeed most accurate. It is to do an act of justice at last that I have requested your presence here."

"'Tis well," the other replied, while he threw himself into a chair, an act in which he was imitated by his follower. "'Tis well. Proceed, my lord Marquis."

Yet as he spake with such assurance, it seemed to me as though he blanched and turned white.

"It is, indeed, to do an act of justice at last!" the Marquis repeated. "Robert St. Amande, it is to

present my heir, the future Marquis of Amesbury, to my political friends that I have summoned them to-day. My lords and gentlemen and friends," and as he said the words he laid his hand on Gerald's shoulder and motioned him to rise, "this is my heir; this is the rightful Lord St. Amande and future possessor of my rank."

There was a murmur of applause from all assembled, as well as of greeting, while Robert St. Amande sprang to his feet, exclaiming:

"Him--you present him? That fellow! Why, 'tis none but the self-styled Gerald St. Amande." And he burst into a contemptuous laugh. "A pretty heir, that! A child born during a long separation of his father and mother, ay! a separation of years--if they were ever married at all----"

"Have a care!" exclaimed Gerald, also springing up from the seat he had resumed. "Have a care! or even this house shall not protect you now."

"I speak what I know. If they were ever married produce the proofs--and, even though you can do that, you must also prove that they were not separated for long before your birth. And on *that* score I, too, have my witness," and he glanced significantly at Wolfe Considine.

"Be tranquil, Gerald," exclaimed the Marquis to my husband, who made as though he would fly at the other's throat, as, indeed, I think he would have done had it not been for those who interposed between them. "Calm yourself. There is proof enough here to confound every statement of his," and he motioned, as he spoke, to the old clergyman from New Ross, who came forward at his bidding.

"Sir," exclaimed the Attorney-General, looking up from his papers at this venerable man, "I have here a certificate of the christening, signed by you and duly witnessed by the others, of Gerald St. Clair Nugent St. Amande, son of Viscount St. Amande, of New Ross. Do you recognise it?"

"I do," the old clergyman answered.

"'Tis the marriage certificate we desire to see," exclaimed Robert St. Amande. "The birth is not in dispute. What we do dispute is, first the marriage, then the paternity of the child, and, lastly, the identity of the person calling himself Gerald St. Amande with the real Gerald St. Amande, presuming the real Gerald St. Amande to have been lawfully born."

"We will endeavour to answer all your demands," Sir Philip Yorke said, glancing up at him. "Listen."

Then in a cold, clear voice, such as I think must have caused many an unhappy criminal to tremble for fear, he went on:

"The marriage between the late Viscount St. Amande, bearing himself the names of Gerald St. Clair Nugent St. Amande, with Louise Honoria Sheffield, was celebrated on the first of March, in the year of our Lord seventeen hundred and eight, at the Church of St. Olave's, at York. The certificate is here. You may see it for yourself."

Robert St. Amande waved his hand, exclaiming, "Since the Attorney-General testifies to it, who shall dispute it? It proves, however, nothing against our contention. Proceed, sir."

"Next we have the testimony of this reverend gentleman as to the birth and christening. That you cannot dispute with any hope of success. Here, too, is the woman who took charge of the infant at its birth. Norah Mackay, of New Ross, come forward."

With much fear and nervousness, this elderly woman--she who had first held my darling in her arms--came up the room, and, dropping many curtseys, stood before the great lawyer.

"Norah Mackay," he said, "you state that you remember the marks upon the neck and left arm of the child christened at New Ross as the infant son of Viscount and Viscountess St. Amande, in the year seventeen hundred and eleven?"

"I do, your honour's worship."

"And you have examined the neck and left arm of his lordship here," indicating Gerald, "and find thereon precisely and exactly the same marks?"

"I do, your honour's worship."

"You swear to that?"

"I swear to it."

"So be it."

"Ay," exclaimed Robert St. Amande, "she may swear to it fifty times an' she will. Doubtless fifty guineas would produce as many oaths. But such evidence establishes no claim, nor does it prove even then that my brother begot the brat. And this man here," pointing a lean and shaking

finger at my husband, whose self-control was most marvellous, "is not that babe, I swear. The babe who was born at New Ross was drowned in the Liffey in the year 'twenty-seven."

"Then," asked Sir Philip Yorke, "if such was the case to your knowledge, why, in the winter of that year, go out of your way to have this man whom you deemed an impostor shipped to the colonies to be sold as a slave in the plantations there? For that you did so endeavour we have, you know, O'Rourke's sworn testimony; and his accomplice, as you thought Mr. Quin to be, is in this house to produce your acquittance to him for so doing."

And he fixed his severe eyes on the other as he spoke.

## CHAPTER XXXII

### NEMESIS

Certainly Robert St. Amande looked now like a villain unmasked! All eyes were fixed upon him as he rolled his own round upon the assembled company; there was one pair, however, he did not see; the eyes of Louise, Lady St. Amande, who from behind the great pipes of the organ, had never ceased to gaze upon him and that other craven villain since they entered; and that he stood before them most thoroughly exposed he must have known well. Yet was his bravado such that he still endeavoured to brazen it all out; he still attempted to assert his wicked cause. Alas! I cannot think, even now, but that he would have desisted and have withdrawn ere it was too late could he have foreseen the dreadful tragedy that his conduct was to produce.

After a few seconds he again found his tongue; once more he nerved himself to address all in that saloon, defiant still and reckless in the blackness of his heart.

"He was to have been shipped to the plantations," he said, "not because I deemed him the rightful Gerald St. Amande, but because I knew him, even granting him to be the boy born at New Ross, to be smirched in his birth; because I knew my brother was not his father. 'Twas for the honour of the family; of my family, of yours, my lord Marquis, that no such child should ever sit in the place of honour. And wherein did I sin? Your house, my lord, the house in which I hope some day to sit as Marquis of Amesbury, has ere now refused the right of peerage to those born in wedlock when 'twas well known that, in spite of such birth, they had not been lawfully begotten. And that I knew of him; I know it and proclaim now." As he spoke he glared even more fiercely than before, so that his looks were terrible to see. Then he continued, "You, Sir Philip Yorke, you have produced your proofs to-day and have deemed them overwhelming. Now is the time, now the hour, for me to produce mine. I do so. You challenge me to bring forth evidence of the child's paternity other than that of my late brother. Behold it, then. Here sits the man who is the father of that other sitting there. 'Tis he, Wolfe Considine, the discarded admirer of Louise Sheffield before her marriage, the accepted lover of Louise St. Amande after her marriage, the father of Gerald St. Amande, the man who has been wrongfully installed as Lord St. Amande in the Irish peerage."

"God!" exclaimed my husband. "This can be borne no longer." And, as he spoke, he endeavoured to tear his sword from its sheath. Yet, between us, the Marquis and I did manage to appease him for the time, while the former whispered in his ear, "Tush, tush, be calm! Remember your mother hears all. Ere long we will bring her forth to confute them. Peace, I say."

Then, clearly and distinctly upon all ears, there fell the crisp tones of the Attorney-General addressing Robert St. Amande's accomplice. "You have heard, sir," he said, "that which Mr. St. Amande hath advanced. Do you confirm his words?"

A swift glance passed between them--'twas plain to be observed; the other hesitated a moment, and then, oh! unutterable villain, slowly he bowed his head and said, "I do confirm them."

I glanced at the organ as he spoke, I wondered how she behind it could sit there so calm and unmoved if the last of her strength was not yet gone; and then again Sir Philip Yorke was speaking: "Yet, Mr. Wolfe Considine, your confirmation is somewhat strange. You were, if I mistake not, proscribed as a rebel in the reign of Her late Majesty, Queen Anne. I have a full description of you here, handed to me by the Marquis. I will read it:--Wolfe Considine, late an officer in the First Royal Scots Regiment, from which he deserted before Oudenarde. Irishman, a spy in Scotland and traitor. Proscribed in seventeen hundred and ten and fled to Hamburg. Now, sir, since you were absent from England from that year until after the accession of the late King in seventeen hundred and fourteen, will you tell us how you could possibly be what you state you

are, the father of Lord St. Amande!"

"I-I-I was frequently back in England--in Ireland--at that time," he stammered, "disguised and unknown to the Government. 'Twas there, then, that I met Louise St. Amande."

A terrible cry rang down the room as he spoke; a cry betwixt a scream and a gasp, one that caused all our eyes to be turned to the spot whence it came. And there we saw that which was enough to appal us; which caused Gerald to spring to his feet and rush forward and made me tremble and desire to weep.

For, erect and strong, as though she had never known an illness; her eyes fixed with an awful glare upon the unhappy wretch; her hands twitching and closing and opening spasmodically, we saw advancing down the room towards us the woman so foully calumniated. Back from her she motioned her son, as though commanding him not to bar her passage; slowly but unhaltingly she came on until, at last, she stood full face in front of the coward-hearted scoundrel before her. "Liar," she hissed forth, "liar! Deny it! Deny it! Retract! Retract!"

He stood shivering before her, his ashen lips muttering and trembling, though no sound came from them; he seemed, indeed, as though stricken dumb.

"Liar," again she said, still with the dreadful stare in her eyes as though she gazed on some horror unspeakable, "liar! Retract! You sat once at his board and ate of his dish; when you were beggared he gave you money and clothed you; yet now you would steal his wife's honour from him; the honour from his child. Retract! Retract, ere it is too late!"

He was dumb. Dumb with fear and dismay! He could frame no words in answer to the spectre that had arisen before him; he could not meet the glance of the poor paralysed woman whose strength had come back to her so that she might confront him. Still she went on:

"Retract, I say." And with those eyes piercing his soul, she continued, "Was my early acquaintance with you--unsought by me and never desired--fit justification for hurling the name of wanton at me all these years? Was my poor unhappy husband's charity to you fit justification for branding his child so vilely? See, here he stands before you. See," and she struck Gerald, who remained by her side, so fiercely on the breast as she indicated him that he bore the bruise for some days. "See! Is he that thing you state? Answer, vile traducer. Answer me."

"For the love of God! be calm, mother. Heed him not," my husband cried.

But, instead, she heeded not her son and again continued, though as she spoke she wiped her lips with her handkerchief, and all saw that it had blood upon it when she had done so.

"Retract, I say! Retract, I say! What! Shall a woman cherish above all other things her honour only to have it fouled and maligned by any crawling villain who chooses to speak the word? Am I--are all women--at the mercy of such base things as you?"

She gazed at him a moment and again she reiterated:

"Retract! Retract! Retract, I say!"

Still his lips quivered but uttered no sound; once he gazed round the room as though seeking to escape; the perspiration stood in beads upon his brow; his knees shook under him. And then, unhappy wretch! he whispered: "I-I cannot; I dare not."

They were the last he ever uttered. Swift as lightning darting from the clouds, the right arm that had been so long paralysed was thrust forth; in an instant her hand had seized the sword that hung by his side and had torn it from its sheath; in another it had passed through his body, the hilt striking against his breast. There was a piercing scream from him, a thud as the body fell to the floor a moment after; a clang of steel as she, after drawing forth the weapon from him, let it fall from her now nerveless hand and, with a gasp, sunk into her son's arms.

"Oh, my dear, my dear!" she moaned, while from her lips there oozed a thin red stream! "Oh, my dear one, at last I have repaid his attempt upon our honour and now 'tis finished. My sweet, this is the end. I have not five minutes' life left to me. Farewell."

Once, as Gerald held her in his arms, she tried to put her own around his neck, he helping her to do so, and then, opening her eyes wide, she whispered, "Thrust a sword through a man's body, Gerald; through a man's body," and so passed away.

How shall I write further, how continue an account of that which I no longer witnessed? The room swam before my eyes; I heard a terrible cry escape from the white lips of Robert St. Amande; in a mist I saw the horror-stricken faces of the assembled guests and of the Marquis. I knew that Sir Robert Walpole called loudly for a physician and a chirurgeon to be fetched; I saw the dead man lying at my feet, the dead woman in her son's arms, and then I swooned and knew no more.

## THE NARRATIVE CONCLUDED BY GERALD, VISCOUNT ST. AMANDE

### "AFTER THESE STORMS AT LAST A CALM"

Many years have passed since those events occurred which have been written down by my dear wife and myself, and, hand in hand as ever, we are beginning to grow old. Thus I, who was but a boy when my father died and this history commenced, am now a middle-aged man fast nearing forty. My children, too, are no longer to be regarded as children; Gerald, my eldest boy, is promised a guidon in the Royal Regiment of Horse Guards Blue. My second son is at home in England in preparation for Oxford. My third, a little lad, is a midshipman serving under Sir Charles Knowles, and, by his last letter, I gather that he is almost as proud of the naval uniform which hath this year of grace, 1748, been authorised to the King's Navy, as of the attack on Port Louis, in St. Domingo, in which he took part. Of daughters I have been blessed with one alone, who in name, as in features and complexion, resembles what her dear mother must have been ere I had the good fortune to set eyes on her.

The Marquis of Amesbury has been dead twelve years, yet the House of Lords has not yet called me to take my seat there as his successor. This, however, is of supreme indifference to me--so much so, indeed, that I have not yet petitioned them to enrol me in his place, though Sir Robert Walpole, after he became Earl of Orford, frequently desired me to do so, saying that it would be better done in his lifetime than afterwards. Yet he is dead, too; and 'tis not done. Why should it be, I often ask myself, except for my children's sake? I dwell in Virginia, which spot I love exceedingly, and I am never like to dwell anywhere else; while as for the Marquis's wealth it has all come to me. Yet, as I say, for the children's sake I must some day make out my claim to the honour. When I do so there can be no opposition to it.

After that dreadful tragedy in Lincoln's Inn Fields, and after the Marquis had sternly bade my uncle go forth and never darken his doors again, Robert St. Amande--seeing, I suppose, that all was lost and being, indeed, then very near to absolute destitution--betook himself to the Temple Stairs, and, casting himself into the river, was swept away by the fast ebbing tide and drowned, his body never being recovered. He left a child, the boy by his second marriage that has heretofore been spoken of, who has ever since been my care, and who will be so as long as I live, as well as being provided for at my death, but that he can dispute my children's birthright is, of course, impossible. Nor, I think, is it probable he would have any desire to do so, being in character most amiable and gentle as well as grateful, and vastly different from his wretched half-brother, Roderick.

The remains of my dear mother lie in the vaults of her own people, and there the sad and loving heart of Louise St. Amande knows at least the peace that was never accorded it in this world. Poor mother! Poor stricken wife, how sad was your existence! The love you gave your husband was doomed to slight and contumely; the love you gave your child could never induce Fate to let that child stay long by your side. And often as I meditate on her and on her strange life and ending, I see her again as I saw her on that last day; I hear her last whisper, "Thrust a sword through a man's body, Gerald." As I do so I recognise fully that she had never forgotten the words we spoke together in her lodgings in Denzil Street until the time came for them to bring forth their fruits.

Of the others who have figured in this narrative let me now speak briefly. Oliver Quin, finding his occupation gone at my mother's death--whom during her life he would never quit, being always a most faithful and devoted servitor and friend--re-took up his old business, and is now a thriving dealer of beasts and black cattle on Tower Hill. Also has he been chosen as warden of the district in which he dwells--which is close by where my kidnapping took place so long ago--and he is a sidesman of his church, so that he is both prosperous, respectable, and respected. When I am in England, which is mostly once in every two or three years, we never fail to meet, he coming to pass an evening or so with me in the great house in the Fields, or I going to him in the City. And then, over a bottle of sound wine if it be summer, or a sneaker of punch if winter, we talk over our early adventures in Dublin and how we outwitted my uncle, and I retail again and again to him the sequel to those adventures in Virginia. Our wives know one another, too, for Quin hath married the daughter of a poor clergyman in the Minories, she having been a maid-servant in service of a rich cattle-dealer whom he knew; and they admire one another's babes and talk much mother's prattle together.

Kinchella likewise prospers in America, and doth well. He, too, has a thriving family and is happy. Mary, for so I now permit myself to call her, is my wife's greatest friend as ever, as their sons are my sons' greatest friends when all are at home. Kinchella's eldest is at Harvard; his youngest is at Trinity College, Dublin; and both are intended for the ministry. If they follow in their father's footsteps then must they be an ornament to that sacred calling, and go far towards

reforming that which still needs much reformation in our colonies--the private lives of our divines.

O'Rourke and I have never met again, yet I know that he is thriving though he has grown very old. He dwells always at Savannah, in which rising city he is one of the leading men, and we frequently have correspondence with one another. And very touching and pathetic it seemed to me to be when, on my writing him that, on my next journey home, I intended to visit Ireland on my affairs, he asked me to take with me some roots and cuttings to plant on his dead daughter's grave in Dublin. "She died young," he wrote, "and ere you knew me. Had she lived, may be your lordship would never have known me, for I might have made a better life of it. She was all I had and she was taken from me, and thus I turned reckless and dissolute. Thank God I have seen the evil of my ways at last."

Buck still keeps the tavern--with my wife's redemption acquittal, which she gave to him as to all the bond-servants, framed above his chimney-piece--and does well at that occupation and horse-rearing. Lamb is growing very rich, having again quitted the sea and possessing now a plantation and many servants both white and black of his own, and bids fair to found a family.

And now for ourselves, to conclude. That I am content with fate you must surely know; who could be aught else who has ever by his side an angel to guide, support, and minister to him? Through all the years since first we met we have lived happily together, loving each other most fondly, sharing each other's joys and troubles--which latter have been but few--and being all in all to ourselves, with only our children to partake of any portion of that love. She is still the same as ever, her sweet, fair face as beautiful, her golden hair with scarce a silver one in it; and, if her years have made her more matronly, they have not robbed her of one charm. Nor is the gentle disposition altered a jot; the trust and belief in others, the unselfish nature, the simplicity and innocence of mind are as they were on that summer day when first I saw her bending over her roses; the day on which God raised up and gave to me the loving companion, friend, and champion of my life and cause.

After I have smoked my big pipe out and drunk my nightcap down, and seen that all the servants are a-bed--for we live in her old house in the same way her father and his fathers lived before us--I go to my rest and, as I pass to it, look in to her retiring-room to give her one fond, good-night kiss. Yet, often, ere I pull aside the hangings, I have to pause and stand reverently without. For many a time that room has become a shrine; within that shrine there is a saint. A saint upon her knees, her fair white hands clasped, and in those hands her golden head buried. A saint who prays to her God to bless her husband and her children ever; a saint who thinks of nought for herself but of all for those dear to her, and who, in that self-forgetfulness, finds her deepest happiness.

Than to possess such a fond heart as this there is no more to be asked.

## FOOTNOTES

[Footnote 1](#): A gossiping, chatting, or drinking place.

[Footnote 2](#): The mastiffs in Virginia were trained to worry figures dressed as Indians, as well as being always taken out in any foray or chase after either a band of them or an individual, and the antipathy between these dogs and the savages was always very marked.

[Footnote 3](#): Unfortunately, such was the class of ministers who originally went out to the American colonies (they generally being outcasts from their own country) that, in this instance, Roderick St. Amante was not only speaking the truth but also representing very accurately the common feeling of the Indian tribes towards the colonial clergyman.

[Footnote 4](#): The incident of the Indian woman's mercy is not fictitious.

[Footnote 5](#): Indians taken prisoners by the colonists were sometimes sold into slavery in Canada or the West Indies, where they generally died soon.

[Footnote 6](#): So called from the poles smeared with blood which were erected before the Seminoles' tents when on the warpath. The French settlers also termed them "Bâtons Rouges," whence the name of the old capital of Louisiana.

## THE END

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